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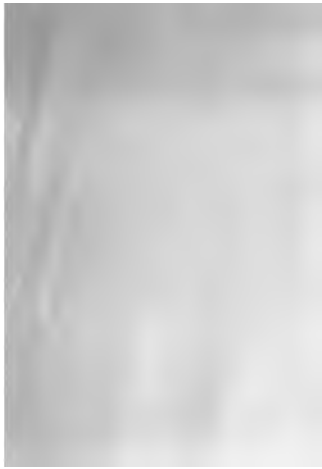
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LEGENDS OF TERROR!

AND

TALES

OF THE

WONDERFUL AND THE WILD.

—
Original and Select,
—

IN PROSE AND VERSE.

WITH HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATIONS.



All nations have their omens drear,
Their Legends wild of woe and fear.—*Scott.*

Here still the Legendary tale goes round
Of charms, and spells, of treasures lost and found,
Of fearful goblins, and malicious sprites,
Enchanted damsels, and enamoured knights.—*Drummond.*

The mightiest chiefs of British song
Scorned not such Legends to prolong;
They gleam thro' Spenser's eld'n dream.
And mix in Milton's heavenly theme — *Scott.*

London

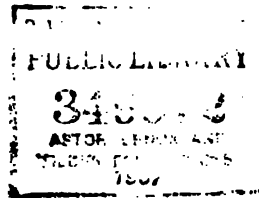
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LEGENDS OF TERROR,

AND

Tales of Wonder.



THE SPECTRE BRIDE;

OR,

The Legend of Hernswolf.

FROM THE GERMAN.

THE castle of Hernswolf, at the close of the year 1655, was the resort of merriment and gaiety. The baron of that name was the most powerful nobleman in Germany, and equally celebrated for the patriotic achievements of his sons, and the beauty of his only daughter. The estate of Hernswolf, which was situated in the centre of the Black Forest, had been given to one of his ancestors by the gratitude of the nation, and descended with other hereditary

possessions to the family of the present owner. It was a castellated, gothic mansion, built according to the fashion of the times, in the grandest style of architecture, and consisted principally of dark winding corridors, and vaulted tapestry rooms, magnificent indeed in their size, but ill-suited to private comfort, from the very circumstance of their dreary magnitude. A dark grove of pine and mountain ash encompassed the castle on every side, and threw an

aspect of gloom around the scene, which was seldom enlivened by the cheering sunshine of heaven.

* * * * *

The castle bells rung out a merry peal at the approach of a winter twilight, and the warder was stationed with his retinue on the battlements, to announce the arrival of the company who were invited to share the amusements that reigned within the walls. The Lady Clotilda, the baron's only daughter, had but just attained her seventeenth year, and a brilliant assembly was invited to celebrate the birth-day. The large vaulted apartments were thrown open for the reception of the numerous guests, and the gaieties of the evening had scarcely commenced, when the clock from the dungeon tower was heard to strike with unusual solemnity, and on the instant a tall stranger, arrayed in a deep suit of black, made his appearance in the ball-room. He bowed courteously on every side, but was received by all with the strictest reserve. No one knew who he was or whence he came, but it was evident from his appearance, that he was a nobleman of the first rank, and though his introduction was accepted with distrust, he was treated by all with respect. He addressed himself particularly to the daughter of the baron, and was so intelligent in his remarks, so lively in his sallies, and so fascinating in his address, that he quickly interested the feelings of his young and sensitive auditor. In fine, after some hesitation on the part of the host, who, with the rest of the company, was unable to approach the stranger with indifference, he was requested to remain a few days at the castle, an invitation which was cheerfully accepted.

The dead of the night drew on, and when all had retired to rest, the dull heavy bell was heard swinging to and fro in the grey tower, though there was scarcely a breath to move the forest trees. Many of the guests, when they met the next morning at the breakfast table averred that there had been sounds

as of the most heavenly music, while all persisted in affirming that they had heard awful noises, proceeding as seemed, from the apartment which that stranger at that time occupied. He soon however, made his appearance at the breakfast circle, and when the circumstances of the preceding night were alluded to, a dark smile of unutterable meaning played round his saturnine features, and then relapsed into an expression of the deepest melancholy. He addressed his conversation principally to Clotilda, and when he talked of the different climes he had visited, of the sunny regions of Italy, where the very air breathes the fragrance of flower and the summer breeze sighs over land of sweets; when he spoke to her of those delicious countries, where the smile of the day sinks into the soft beauty of the night, and the love-lime of heaven is never for an instant obscured, he drew tears of regret from the bosom of his fair auditor, and for the first time she regretted that she was yet at home.

Days rolled on, and every moment increased the fervour of the inexpressible sentiments with which the stranger had inspired her. He never discoursed of love, but he looked it in his language, his manner, in the insinuating tones of his voice, and in the slumbering softness of his smile, and when he found that he had succeeded in inspiring her with favourable sentiments towards him, a sneer of the most diabolical meaning spoke for an instant, and died again in his dark featured countenance. When he met her in the company of her parents, he was at once respectful and submissive, and it was only when alone with her, in her rambles through the dark recesses of the forest, that he assumed the guise of the more impassioned admirer.

As he was sitting one evening with the baron in the wainscotted apartment of the library, the conversation happened to turn upon supernatural agency, the stranger remained reserved and re-

during the discussion, but when baron in a jocular manner denied existence of spirits, and satirically mocked their appearance, his eyes glowed with unearthly lustre, and his form seemed to dilate to more than its natural dimensions. When the conversation ceased, a fearful pause of a few seconds occurred, and a chorus of celestial harmony was heard pealing through dark forest glade. All were enraptured with delight, but the stranger disturbed and gloomy; he looked a noble host with compassion, and a thing like a tear swam in his dark eyes.

After the lapse of a few seconds, he died gently in the distance, all was hushed as before. The moon after quitted the apartment, was followed almost immediately by the stranger. He had not long been gone, when an awful noise, as if a man in the agonies of death, was heard, and the baron was discovered dead along the corridors. His countenance was convulsed with pain, the gripe of a human hand was visible on his blackened throat. The moon was instantly given, the castle echoed in every direction, but the stranger was seen no more. The body of the baron, in the meantime, was duly committed to the earth, and the remembrance of the dreadful transaction, recalled but as a thing that once

* * * * *

After the departure of the stranger, he had indeed fascinated her very senses, the spirits of the gentle Clotilda entirely declined. She loved to walk, and late in the walks that he had frequented, to recall his last words; dwell on his honied smile; and wander to the spot where she had once disengaged herself from him of love. She avoided society, and never seemed to be lonely but when left alone in the solitude of her chamber. It was then that she gave vent to her affliction in tears; she loved that the pride of maidenesty concealed in public, burst forth

in the hours of privacy. So beautiful, yet so resigned was the fair mourner, that she seemed already an angel freed from the trammels of the world, and prepared to take her flight to heaven.

As she was one summer evening rambling to the sequestered spot that had been selected as her favourite residence, a slow step advanced towards her. She turned round, and to her infinite surprise discovered the stranger. He stepped gaily to her side, and commenced an animated conversation. "You left me," exclaimed the delighted girl; "and I thought all happiness was fled from me for ever; but you return, and shall we not again be happy?" "Happy," replied the stranger, with a scornful burst of derision, "Can I ever be happy again—can the—but excuse the agitation, my love, and impute it to the pleasure I experience at our meeting. Oh! I have many things to tell you; aye! and many kind words to receive; is it not so, sweet one? Come, tell me truly have you been happy in my absence? No! I see in that sunken eye, in that pallid cheek, that the poor wanderer has at least gained some slight interest in the heart of his beloved. I have roamed to other climes, I have seen other nations; I have met with other females, beautiful and accomplished, but I have met with but one angel, and she is here before me. Accept this simple offering of my affection, dearest," continued the stranger, plucking a heath-rose from its stem; "It is beautiful as the wild flowers that deck thy hair, and sweet as is the love I bear thee." "It is sweet, indeed," replied Clotilda, "but its sweetness must wither ere night closes around. It is beautiful, but its beauty is short-lived, as the love evinced by man. Let not this, then, be the type of thy attachment; bring me the delicate evergreen, the sweet flower that blossoms throughout the year; and I will say, as I wreath it in my hair, 'The violets have bloomed and died—the roses have flourished and decayed; but the evergreen is still

young, and so is the love of my wanderer. Friend of my heart!—you will not—cannot desert me. I live but in you; you are my hopes, my thoughts, my existence itself: and if I lose you, I lose my all—I was but a solitary wild flower in the wilderness of nature, until you transplanted me to a more genial soil; and can you now break the fond heart you first taught to glow with passion?—"Speak not thus," returned the stranger, "it rends my very soul to hear you;—leave me—forget me—avoid me for ever—or your eternal ruin must ensue. I am a thing abandoned of God and man—and did you but see the seared heart that scarcely beats within this moving mass of deformity, you would flee me, as you would an adder in your path. Here is my heart, love, feel how cold it is; there is no pulse that betrays its emotion; for all is chilled and dead as the friends I once knew."—"You are unhappy, love, and your poor Clotilda shall stay to succour you. Think not I can abandon you in your misfortunes. No! I will wander with thee through the wide world, and be thy servant, thy slave, if thou wilt have it so. I will shield thee from the night winds, that they blow not too roughly on thy unprotected head. I will defend thee from the tempest that howls around; and though the cold world may devote thy name to scorn—though friends may fall off, and associates wither in the grave, there shall be one fond heart who shall love thee better in thy misfortune, and cherish thee, bless thee still." She ceased, and her blue eye swam in tears, as she turned it glistening with affection towards the stranger. He averted his head from her gaze, and a scornful sneer of the darkest, the deadliest malice passed over his fine countenance. In an instant, the expression subsided; his fixed glassy eye resumed its unearthly chillness, and he turned once again to his companion.

It is the hour of sunset," he exclaimed; "the soft, the beauteous hour, when the hearts of lovers are happy,

and nature smiles in unison with the feelings; but to me it will smile no longer—ere the morrow dawns I shall be far, very far from the house of my beloved; from the scenes where my heart is enshrined, as in a sepulchre. But must I leave thee, sweetest flower of the wilderness, to be the sport of the whirlwind, the prey of the mountain blast?"—"No, we will not part," replied the impassioned girl: *where thou goest, will I go; thy home shall be my home; and thy God shall be my God,*—"Swear it, swear it," resumed the stranger, wildly grasping her by the hand; "swear to the fearful oath I shall dictate." He then desired her to kneel and holding his right hand in a menacing attitude towards heaven, and throwing back his dark raven locks, exclaimed with the ghastly smile of an infernal fiend, "May the curses of an offended God," he continued, in a strain of bitter imprecation, "haunt thee, cling to thee for ever—in the tempest and in the calm, in the day and in the night in sickness and in sorrow, in life and in death, shouldst thou swerve from the promise thou hast here made to be mine. May the dark spirits of the damned howl in thine ears the accursed chorus of fiends—may despair rack thy bosom with the quenchless flame of hell! May thy soul be as the leprosy-house of corruption, where the ghos of departed pleasure sits enshrined, as in a grave: where the hundred-headed worm never dies—where the fire is never extinguished. May a spirit of evil lord it over thy brow, and proclaim as thou passest by, 'THIS IS THE ABANDONED OF GOD AND MAN;' may fearful spectres haunt thee in the night season; may thy dearest friends drop day by day into the grave, and curse thee with their dying breath: may all that is most horrible in human nature, more solemn than language can frame, or lips can utter, may this, and more than this, be thy eternal portion, shouldst thou violate the oath that thou hast taken." He ceased—hardly know-

at he did, the terrified girl accepted the awful adjuration, and professed fidelity to him who was worth to be her lord. "Spirits of the dead, I thank thee for thine assistance," shouted the stranger; "I have my fair bride bravely. She is mine for ever.—Aye, body and thine mine; mine in life, and mine in death. What in tears my sweet one, the honey-moon is past? Why! thou hast cause for weeping: in next we meet, we shall meet the nuptial bond." He then gave a cold salute on the cheek of his bride, and softening down the terrible horrors of his countenance, requested her to meet him at eleven o'clock on the ensuing evening, in the chapel adjoining to the castle of the old lord. She turned round to him with a burning sigh, as if to implore aid from himself, but the stranger was gone.

Entering the castle, she was observed to be impressed with a sense of great melancholy. Her relations endeavoured to ascertain the cause of her uneasiness; but the treacherous oath she had sworn completely closed her faculties, and she was careful of betraying herself by even the intonation of her voice, or the variable expression of her countenance. When the evening was concluded, the family retired to rest; but she, who was unable to take repose, on account of the restlessness of her disposition, continued to remain alone in the library adjoining her apartment.

It was now deep midnight; every one had long since retired to rest, and the only sound that could be discerned was the sullen howl of the wind, as he bayed the waning moon. She remained in the library in a state of deep meditation. The lamp burned on the table, where she sat, and the lower end of the apartment was already more than half in shadow. The clock from the angle of the castle tolled out

the hour of twelve, and the sound echoed dismally in the solemn stillness of the night. Suddenly the oaken door at the farther end of the room was gently lifted on its latch, and a bloodless figure, apparelled in the habiliments of the grave, advanced slowly up the apartment. No sound heralded its approach, as it moved with noiseless steps to the table where the lady was stationed. She did not at first perceive it, till she felt a death-cold hand fast grasped in her own, and heard a solemn voice whisper in her ear, "Clotilda." She looked up, a dark figure was standing beside her; she endeavoured to scream, but her voice was unequal to the exertion; her eye was fixed, as if by magic, on the form, which slowly removed the garb that concealed its countenance, and disclosed the livid eyes, and skeleton shape of her father. It seemed to gaze on her with pity and regret, and mournfully exclaimed—"Clotilda, the dresses and the servants are ready, the church bell has tolled, and the priest is at the altar, but where is the affianced bride. There is room for her in the grave, and to-morrow shall she be with me."—"To-morrow?" faltered out the distracted girl; "the spirits of hell shall have registered it, and to-morrow must the bond be cancelled." The figure ceased—slowly retired, and was soon lost in the obscurity of distance.

The morning—evening—arrived: and already as the hall clock struck eight, Clotilda was on the road to the chapel. It was a dark, gloomy night, thick masses of dun clouds sailed across the firmament, and the roar of the winter wind echoed awfully through the forest trees. She reached the appointed place; a figure was in waiting for her—it advanced—and discovered the features of the stranger. "Why! this is well, my bride," he exclaimed, with a sneer; "and well will I repay thy fondness. Follow me." They proceeded together in silence through the winding avenues of the chapel, until they reached the adjoining cemetery.

Here they paused for an instant ; and the stranger, in a softened tone, said, " but one hour more, and the struggle will be over. And yet this heart of incarnate malice can feel, when it devotes so young, so pure a spirit to the grave. But it must—it must be," he proceeded, as the memory of her past love rushed on her mind ; for the fiend whom I obey has so willed it. Poor girl, I am leading thee indeed to our nuptials ; but the priest will be death, thy parents the mouldering skeletons that rot in heaps around ; and the witnesses of our union, the lazy worms that revel on the carious bones of the dead. Come, my young bride, the priest is impatient for his victim." As they proceeded, a dim blue light moved swiftly before them, and displayed at the extremity of the church-yard the portals of a vault. It was open, and they entered it in silence. The hollow wind came rushing through the gloomy abode of the dead ; and on every side were piled the mouldering remnants of coffins, which dropped piece by piece upon the damp earth. Every step they took was on a dead body ; and the bleached bones rattled horribly beneath their feet. In the centre of the vault rose a heap of unburied skeletons, whereon was seated a figure too awful even for the darkest imagination to conceive. As they approached it, the hollow vault rung with a hellish peal of laughter ; and every mouldering corpse seemed endued with unearthly life. The stranger paused, and as he grasped his victim in his hand, one sigh burst from his heart—one tear glistened in his eye. It was but for an instant ; the figure frowned awfully at his vacillation, and waved his gaunt hand.

The stranger advanced ; he made certain mystic circles in the air, uttered unearthly words, and paused in excess of terror. On a sudden he raised his voice, and wildly exclaimed—" Spouse of the spirit of darkness, a few moments are yet thine ; that thou may'st know to whom thou hast consigned thyself.

I am the undying spirit who cursed his Saviour ! He looked at me in the clasp of his existence, and that life yet passed away, for I am still on earth. I am eternal ; I am doomed to hell ! and must caterer's taste till the world is a scroll, and the heavens have passed away. I am thou may'st have read, and thou may'st have heard ; but thou may'st have heard the lion souls has my master me to ensnare, and then my accomplishment, and I may pose of the grave. Thou sandth soul that I have dares thee in thine hour of fate ; marked thee at once for Thy father did I murder in rity, and permitted to war fate ; and thyself have I thy simplicity. Ha ! the bravely, and thou shalt sweet one, to whom thou thine undying fortunes, for the seasons shall move on of nature—as long as I shall flash, and the thumpenance shall be eternal. and see to what thou art She looked, the vault split in different directions ; the vault asunder ; and the roar of fire was heard. A living ocean fire glowed in the abyss and blending with the flames damned, and the triumph of the fiends, rendered horrible than imagination. of souls were writhing in flames, and as the boiling ed them against the black adamant, they cursed with cries of despair ; and each in thunder across the waves ger rushed towards his victim instant he held her over marble, looked fondly in wept as he were a child but the impulse of a moment he grasped her in his arm

from him with fury; and as her last parting glance was cast in kindness on his face, shouted aloud, "not mine is the crime, but the religion that thou professest; for it is not said that there is a fire of eternity prepared for the souls of the wicked; and hast thou not incurred its torments?" She, poor girl, heard not, heeded not the shouts of the blasphemer. Her delicate form bound-

ed from rock to rock, over billow, and over foam; as she fell, the ocean lashed itself as it were in triumph to receive her soul, and as she sunk deep in the burning marle, ten thousand voices reveberated from the bottomless abyss, "Spirit of evil! here indeed is an eternity of torments prepared for thee; for here the worm never dies, and the fire is never quenched."

HANS HEILING'S ROCKS.

A Bohemian Legend.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF KÖRNER.

THERE lived many years ago, in a little village on the Eger, a rich farmer. The name of the village, tradition has not handed down to us, but it is generally believed to have been situated on the left bank of the Eger, opposite the village of Alch, which is well known to all the invalids of Carlsbad. Veit, such was the name of the farmer, had a pretty and amiable daughter, the joy and pride of the surrounding country.

Elsbeth was really very handsome; and besides that, so good and well educated, that it would not have been then easy to find her equal.

Near Veit's house stood a little cottage, which belonged to the young Arnold, whose father had lately died. He had learned the trade of a mason, and was just returned home for the first time after a long absence, at the period of his father's death. Like an affectionate son, he dropped tears of unfeigned grief upon the old man's grave, for he had received as his patrimony nothing but a miserable cottage. Arnold, however, enjoyed, in the stillness of his own bosom, a more valuable inheritance—truth and probity, and a lively sense of every thing good and beautiful. The elder Arnold was already in a declining

state of health, when his son arrived at the village, and his physical strength was not sufficient for the joy of again beholding him. The young man sedulously attended him, and in fact never stirred from his side, so that, previously to his father's decease, he saw none of his early friends and companions, except those who visited him as he sat by the bed of sickness.

Of all the other villagers there was none that took so lively an interest in Veit's daughter, Elsbeth, as Arnold; for they had grown up together, and he still entertained a pleasurable remembrance of the kind-hearted little maid, who had been so fond of him, and wept so bitterly when he was obliged to set out for the dwelling of his master, who resided at Prague. He was now a fine slender youth, and he had often said within himself, that Elsbeth must also be now full grown, and exceedingly handsome.

The third evening after her father's death, Arnold was musing in sorrow, upon the new made grave, when he heard a light step entering the churchyard behind him. He looked up, and saw a lovely girl gliding among the grave-hillocks with a basket of flowers

upon her arm. An elder-bush concealed him from the eyes of Elsbeth, for it was she who was coming to adorn with garlands the resting-place of her venerable neighbour.

She bent in tears over the turf, and spoke in a low tone as she folded her hands together: "Rest in peace, virtuous man! may the earth be less burthensome to thee than thy life!—though no flowers were strewed along thy path, yet shall thy grave at least be bedecked with them!"—Here Arnold sprang forward through the bushes—"Elsbeth!" cried he, as he pressed the terrified maiden in his arms, "Elsbeth, do you not know me?"—"Ah! Arnold! is it you?" stammered she, blushing; it is very, very long since we have seen one another."—And you are so handsome, so mild, so amiable—and you loved my father, and still cherish such an affectionate remembrance of him. Dear, delightful girl!"—"Yes, worthy Arnold, I loved him with all my heart," said she, gently disengaging herself from his embrace; "we have often conversed together about you—the only joy he knew was the possession of such a son."—"Was I really a source of joy to him?" interrupted Arnold, hastily; then do I thank thee, God, for having preserved me in probity and virtue! But, Elsbeth, only think how every thing is altered. Formerly we were little, and, as my father sat before the door, we played about his knees—you were so fond of me—and we could not live asunder—and now the good old man slumbers beneath us—we are grown up; and, though I have not had in my power to be with you, yet have I often thought of you.—"And I also of you," whispered Elsbeth, softly, as she tenderly gazed upon him with her large friendly eyes.

Then Arnold exclaimed with animation:—"Elsbeth, we already loved in childhood!—I was obliged to quit you—but here, on the grave of my father, where I once more behold you, where we both came to meditate in silence

upon him, I feel as if we had never been separated. The sentiment of a child awakens within me, fostered into the passion of a man.—Elsbeth, I love you—here, on this sacred spot, I declare it to you, for the first time, I love you! and you?"—But Elsbeth hid her glowing face in his breast, and wept heartily—"and you?" repeated Arnold, in a mournful and imploring tone. She gently raised her head, and looked full upon him through her tears, but with an expression of satisfaction. "Arnold, from the bottom of my heart, I am your's—I have ever, ever loved you!" He again pressed her to his bosom, and they sealed with kisses the confession of their hearts.

When the first transport of reciprocal affection was over, they sat in an ecstasy of bliss upon the grave. Arnold related his adventures, and longings for his home, while Elsbeth again dwelt upon his father, and their early childhood, those days of unclouded enjoyment. The sun was already a considerable time below the horizon, but they had not observed it. At last a bustle in the adjoining street awoke them from their reverie, and Elsbeth, after a hasty parting kiss, flew from the arms of Arnold towards her father's house. At the dead of the night, Arnold was still sitting upon the old man's grave, sunk in blissful recollections; and the morning was already dawning, when, with an overflowing and thankful heart, he entered his paternal cottage.

On the morrow, as Elsbeth was preparing her father's morning repast, the old Veit began to speak of Arnold. "I pity the poor youth," said he, "from my heart—you must certainly remember him, Elsbeth, for ye have often played together."—"How should I not?" stammered she, reddening. "I should be sorry if it were the case—it would appear as if you were too proud to think of the poor lad. It is true I have become rich, and the Arnolds have always continued poor creatures, —but they have always been honest,

at least the father, and I also hear very favourable accounts of the son."—"Really, father," interrupted Elsbeth, hastily, "he is an excellent young man."—"Ho, Elsbeth," retorted the father, "how have you learned that with such certainty?"—"They say so in the village," was the faltering answer. "I am glad of it; if I can assist him in any way, my exertions shall not be wanting."

Elsbeth, in order to terminate the conversation, during which her cheeks exhibited one continued blush, set about some of her household affairs, and thus escaped the scrutinizing glances of the suspicious old man. Before mid-day, Arnold met his beloved by appointment in the garden behind Veit's house. She related to him the entire conversation, which inspired him with the most favourable expectations. "Yes," said he in conclusion, "I have been considering all night what is best to be done. I shall go this very day to your father, openly declare to him our love, and desire to be united. I shall acquaint him with my pursuits, produce the testimonials which I have obtained from my master, and implore his blessing. He will be pleased with my candour, and consent: I shall then cheerfully depart on my travels, amass a little competence, return a faithful and joyous lover, and we will then be happy. Is it not true, sweet good Elsbeth?"—"Yes," cried the transported maid, as she hung upon his neck, "yes, my father will certainly give his consent—he is so fond of me!" They separated, full of the most sanguine hopes.

In the evening Arnold put on his best attire, once more visited his father's grave, fervently invoked his blessing, and then, with a beating heart, took the way to Veit's house. Elsbeth, trembling with joy, welcomed him, and forthwith introduced him to her father. "Neighbour Arnold," cried the old man, anticipating him, "what have you to offer me?"—"Myself," answered he. "That means?"—inquired

Veit. "Sir," began Arnold, with a voice tremulous at first, but afterwards more resolute and animated, "Sir, let me recover myself a little, and you will then understand me better. I am poor, but I have been regularly brought up to business, as these testimonials will certify. The whole world lies open before me; for it is not my intention to confine myself to the mechanical part of my profession, but to pursue the theory of it: I shall one day become a skilful architect—this promise I have given to my deceased father. But, Sir, all human efforts must centre in some object, and labour must be directed towards some fixed end. The houses which I build are not projected for the purpose of *erection* merely, but of *utility*; so is it with my profession. I do not devote myself to it for the mere sake of *study*, but with a view of deriving some *profit* from it, and that reward which I have proposed to myself, it rests with you to bestow. Promise me that it shall be mine, as soon as ever I have earned a competence, and I will devote myself to my profession with the utmost avidity."—"And what then do I possess," answered Veit, "which can be of such importance to you?"—"Your daughter—we love one another—I have, like an honest man, applied in the first instance to her father, and also refrained from saying much about the girl herself, as is the habit of many. No, I come to you after the good old fashion, and solicit a promise, that if, at the end of three years, I return home from my travels, and with some little property realized, you will not deny me your paternal blessing,—and that you will, in the mean time, suffer your daughter to continue for three years my betrothed bride."

"Young man," replied the father, "I have let you speak on—do you permit me to do the same, and I shall plainly and fairly declare to you my resolution. That you love my daughter gives me unfeigned pleasure, for you

are an honest youth; and I am still more pleased that you have openly applied to her father, which conduct indeed merits my decided approbation. Your principals term you a clever young man, and inspire you with hopes of advancement: I wish you joy with this; but hope is an uncertain good, and shall I rest the future prospects of my Elsbeth on so frail a foundation? It is possible, that, during these three years, proposals may be offered, which shall be more agreeable to my daughter, or at least to me. Shall I refuse such, because there is a possibility of your return? No, young man—I shall do no such thing. If, however, you return while Elsbeth is still disengaged, and with your fortune already made, I shall not oppose your wishes. For the present, not a word more on the subject.”—“But neighbour Veit,” faltered Arnold imploringly, and seized the old man’s hand, “only reflect——”—“There is no need of further reflection,” interrupted Veit, “and therefore God bless you,—or, if you wish to remain longer, you are welcome; but not a word more of Elsbeth.”—“And this is your final resolve?” stammered Arnold. “My final one,” returned the old man coolly. “Then God help me,” cried the youth, and was rushing out of the room; Veit caught him quickly by the hand, and detained him. “Young man, do not commit an indiscretion. If you are a man, and possessed of strength and fortitude, be collected, and suppress your feelings. The world is wide—seek to engage yourself in busy life, and your breast will recover its tranquillity. Now, farewell, and may good fortune accompany you in your wanderings.” With these words he let go his hold, and Arnold tottered to his cottage. Weeping bitterly, he packed up his bundle, bid adieu to his little patrimony, and then directed his steps towards the church-yard, in order to pay a parting visit to his father’s grave.

Elsbeth, who had, through the door, partially overheard the conversation, sat

drowned in tears. She had indulged dreams of future bliss, and now, hope itself seemed to be annihilated. Wishing to get a last sight of Arnold, she had stationed herself at the window of her apartment, and waited until he stepped out of the cottage, and bent toward the church-yard. She flew quickly to him, and found him praying on his father’s grave. “Arnold, Arnold, you then depart,” cried she, embracing him. “ah! I cannot let you go!” Arnold started up as if awakened up out of a dream—“I must, Elsbeth, I must. Forbear to break my heart with tears, for I must go.”—“Will you return, and when?”—“Elsbeth, I will labour as much as man can do—I will not squander a moment of my time in three years I return again. Will you continue true to me?”—“Yes, dear Arnold,” cried she, sobbing. “Even though your father should endeavour to compel you.”—“Let me drag to the church—even at the foot of the altar I will cry—no. Yes, Arnold, we will remain true to one another here and above yon sky. Sometime we shall meet again!”—“Then I part,” cried Arnold, while a ray of light beamed through the tears which filled their eyes, “let us part. No! do not do I shrink before any obstacles—enterprise shall be too great, or too audacious for me. With this I pledge my troth to you, and now farewell! in three years we shall meet again.”—He tore himself from her arms. “Arnold,” cried she, “do not forsake your Elsbeth!” but he was already gone. His white handkerchief waved from afar a last adieu, and he at length disappeared in the solitude of the wood.

Elsbeth flung herself down upon her father’s grave, and prayed fervently to God. Being confident that Arnold would be true to her, she became more calm, and appeared more collected in the presence of her father, who fixed his eyes shyly upon her, and inquired into the minute particulars.

Early every morning she performed a little pilgrimage to the spot where she had last embraced her Arnold; old Veit was well aware of this circumstance, but made no comment upon it, and was rather glad that Elsbeth could be so tranquil, and even at times cheerful.

A year passed away in this manner, and, to Elsbeth's great satisfaction, no suitor who had yet announced himself had met with the approval of her father. About the end of the second year, a person returned to the village after a long absence, who had left it early on account of some acts of gross libertinism, and had seen a great deal of the world. Hans Heiling had departed in extreme indigence, but returned in very opulent circumstances. It seemed as if he had come back to the village for the mere purpose of displaying his wealth to those who had formerly been inimical to him. It was at first believed that he would spend only a short time in it, as he was continually speaking of important affairs which required his presence; he appeared, however, shortly after, to be making preparations for a longer stay. Marvellous reports were spread throughout the village concerning him. Many an honest man shrugged his shoulders; and there were some who gave broad hints that they knew how he had amassed all his riches.

Be that as it might, Hans Heiling visited old Veit daily, and amused him by relating his travels; how he had been in Egypt, and sailed into regions still more remote; so that the old man enjoyed a great deal of pleasure from his acquaintance; and that evening seemed to him very tedious, of which Heiling did not pass some part in his chamber. He heard, to be sure, many whispers among his neighbours, but shook his head incredulously at them; but still there was one circumstance which excited some surprise in him,—that Hans Heiling shut himself up every Friday, and remained at home alone during the entire day. He put the question, therefore, to him straightway,

how he employed himself on such occasions; “I am bound by a vow to spend every Friday in private prayer,” was the answer. Veit was satisfied: Hans went in and out as before, and his views with regard to Elsbeth became every day more apparent. But she entertained an unaccountable aversion for this man, inasmuch that the blood seemed to curdle in her veins at the sight of him. Nevertheless he made formal proposals to the old man, and received as an answer, that he should first endeavour to discover the sentiments of the girl herself. He therefore took advantage of an evening, on which he knew that Veit was not at home, to sound her feelings.

Elsbeth was sitting at her spinning-wheel, as he stepped in at the door, and shuddered as she stood up to inform him that her father was not within. “Oh then, let us chat a little together, my charming girl,” was his reply; and with these words he sat down by her side. Elsbeth quickly moved away from him. Hans, considered this to be merely the effect of maiden timidity, and held the principle, that he who wishes to succeed with women must act with boldness, caught her suddenly round the waist, and said, in a flattering tone, “Will not the fair Elsbeth sit beside me?” But she tore herself out of his arms with an expression of aversion; and, with the words—“It is not becoming that I should remain alone with you,” made an effort to quit the room. But he followed, and embraced her more boldly: “Your father has assented to my proposals, fair Elsbeth; will you not then be mine? I shall not release you, until you make me that promise.” She vainly struggled to avoid his kisses, which burned upon her cheek, and increased her terror; in vain did she cry out for assistance,—his passion was in the highest state of excitement, and he was proceeding to take further liberties, when his eyes rested upon a little cross, which Elsbeth had, from a child worn about

her neck, as a token of remembrance received from her mother, who died early. Seized by some strange emotion, he let her go, appeared convulsed, and rushed out of the apartment. Elsbeth returned thanks to God for her deliverance; and when her father came home, related to him the outrageous behaviour of Heiling. Veit shook his head, and seemed much irritated. At his next meeting with Hans, he animadverted strongly upon his conduct; and the latter offered, as an apology, the impetuosity of his love. The occurrence, however, was so far fortunate for Elsbeth, that it released her for a long time from his assiduities. She wore openly upon her breast the cross which had, she knew not how, been her protection on that occasion: and observed that Heiling never addressed a single word whenever he found her so provided.

The third year was hastening to a close. Elsbeth, who had always employed some artifice to divert or interrupt the conversation, whenever her father spoke on the subject of an union with Heiling, became more and more cheerful. She daily visited old Arnold's grave, and then, crossing the Eger, ascended a height which lay on the road to Prague, silently indulging the hope of one time desecrating her true love on his way back to the village.

About this time, she one morning missed the little cross which was so dear and precious to her. She thought it must have been taken from her neck as she slept, for she never left it off; and her suspicions rested upon one of the maids, whom she had on the preceding evening overheard whispering with Heiling behind the house. In tears, she told it to her father, who laughed at her mistrust, asserting, that Heiling could set no such value upon the cross; that he was not a man for such amorous toying, and that she had certainly lost it in some other manner. Notwithstanding this, she remained unshaken in her opinion, and observed very plainly, that Heiling renewed his addresses with

great seriousness and circumspection. Her father, too, became every day more urgent, and at last declared openly, that it was his firm and unalterable will, that she should give her hand to Heiling,—that Arnold had certainly forgotten her, and three years were besides already past. Heiling, on his part, swore eternal love to her, in the presence of her father, adding, that he was not, perhaps, like many others, actuated by any mercenary motive,—no, she herself was the only object of his affection, for he had money in abundance, and would make her richer and happier than she had ever dreamed of becoming. But Elsbeth despised himself and his wealth; being, however, strongly importuned by both parties, and tortured by reflections on the supposed infidelity or death of her Arnold, she saw no other course before her, but that which lies open to all those in despair; she accordingly begged for a respite of three days, for, alas! she still cherished the idea, that her beloved would return. The three days were granted; and her two persecutors, full of the hope that they would soon behold the accomplishment of their wishes, quitted the cottage, as Veit was going to accompany his intended son-in-law on a walk. Just at this moment, the priest of the village, preceded by the sacristan, was coming down the street, on his way to administer the final consolation to a person who was at the point of death. Every one bowed before the image of the crucified Redeemer, and Veit, in particular, fell prostrate; but his companion sprang into the nearest house with an expression of horror. Veit looked after him astonished, and not without shuddering, and then shaking his head, returned to his home. Presently a messenger from Heiling entered, who informed him, that his master had just been seized with a sudden giddiness, and hoped that he would come to him, without forming any unfavourable surmises. But Veit replied, crossing himself:—"Go, tell him I shall be

happy to hear, that nothing worse than a mere giddiness has befallen him."

Elsbeth, meanwhile, sat weeping and praying on a hill at the entrance of the village, which commanded a view to a great extent along the road to Prague. A cloud of dust became visible in the distance; her heart throbbed violently; but as soon as she could distinguish objects, and descried a party of persons on horseback, in rich attire, her fond hopes were again blasted. In front of the train, there rode on the left of a venerable old man, a handsome youth, for whose eagerness the rapid pace of the horses seemed much too slow, and it was with difficulty that the old man could prevent him from galloping forward. Elsbeth was abashed at the number of men, and cast down her eyes, without looking any longer on the procession. On a sudden, the youth sprung from his steed and knelt before her:—"Elsbeth, is it possible? my dear beloved Elsbeth!" The terrified maid started up, but sunk in an ecstasy into the arms of the youth, exclaiming,— "Arnold, my Arnold!" They continued for a long time in a paroxysm of delight, lip to lip, and heart to heart. The companions of Arnold stood around the entranced pair, full of joyful emotion: the old man folded his hands in thankfulness to God; and never had the departing sun shone upon a happier groupe.

When the tumult of joy had in some manner subsided, it was a question between the lovers, which should first commence a recital of their adventures. Elsbeth began at last, and explained in a few words, her unhappy situation, and the terms on which she stood with Heiling. Arnold was shocked at the idea of the bare possibility of losing his Elsbeth; while the old man made accurate inquiries concerning Heiling; and finally exclaimed,— "Yes, my friends! it is the same wretch, who, in my native town, was guilty of these odominable acts, and escaped the hand of justice, only by the rapidity of his

flight. Let us thank God that we are here to frustrate his villainous intentions." Amid such discourses respecting Heiling and Elsbeth, they at length reached the village, but at rather a late hour.

Arnold triumphantly led Elsbeth to her father, who could hardly believe the evidence of his eyes, when he saw a number of rich-clad persons entering his cottage.— "Father of my Elsbeth," began Arnold, "I am here to solicit the hand of your daughter. I have become an opulent man—am in favour with individuals of exalted rank, and able to do even more than I promised."—"How!" cried the astonished Veit, "can you be the once poor Arnold, son of my deceased neighbour?"—"Yes, it is he," replied the old man, joining in the conversation, "the same who three years ago left this place in poverty and despair. He applied to me,—I immediately perceived that he would become a master of his profession, and consequently received him into my employment. In the discharge of his duty he invariably gave the utmost satisfaction; and I was, in a short time, able to entrust the most important matters to his superintendence. He has permanently established a character for himself in many great towns; and is at present engaged in executing a work which promises to be a master-piece. He has become rich,—been admitted to the society of dukes and counts, and shared their munificence. Bestow your daughter upon him, in performance of your promise. The wretch to whom you were about to sacrifice your Elsbeth has about a thousand times merited the gallows,—I know the villain well."—"Is this all true that you relate to me?" enquired Veit. "It is! it is!" repeated all present. "Then I should be sorry to oppose your wishes," said Veit, turning to Arnold; "distinguished artist, the girl is yours; and may the blessing of God be upon you." Unable to express their gratitude, the happy pair threw themselves at his feet: he

folded them to his bosom,—and constancy at last met its reward.

"Friend Veit," began the old man, after a long silence, interrupted only by the exclamations of joy which proceeded from the lovers, "Friend Veit, I should wish to make one more request of you. Unite your children to-morrow morning without delay, that I may have the pleasure of seeing my Arnold completely happy, whom I love as a son ; for heaven has bestowed upon me none of my own. The day after to-morrow I must return to Prague."—"Well, well," answered Veit quite exhilarated, "if it is so very agreeable to you, we shall so arrange it.—Children," said he, addressing himself to the young couple, "to-morrow is the day. Yonder at my farm on the Egerberg, I shall make preparations for the wedding. I will immediately apprise the priest ;—do you, Elsbeth, attend to your household concerns, and prepare to entertain your guests suitably to their dignity." Elsbeth obeyed ; and that Arnold slipped out for a moment after, and both remained in the garden, engaged in confidential dalliance, we find very natural.

The first thought which occurred to the good son, when he had recovered from his ecstasy, rested upon the grave of his father ; and he and Elsbeth went, therefore, arm in arm to the spot, which they had, at their last visit, quitted in despair.

At the grave they again plighted their troth, both inspired with a feeling of religious awe. "Does not," whispered Arnold, embracing his betrothed with ardour, "does not this moment of blessedness overbalance three whole years of pain ? We have attained the summit of our wishes,—life has no higher enjoyment to bestow,—it is only above that any purer bliss awaits us !" "Ah, that we could once die thus, arm on arm, heart on heart," sighed Elsbeth.—"Die !" repeated Arnold ; "yes on your breast ! Gracious Providence ! lay it not to our charge, that, even in

the overflowing of our present joy, we entertain a feeling of something still higher. With grateful hearts we acknowledge the abundance of thy bounty ! Yes, Elsbeth, let us pray here at our father's grave, and offer thanks giving for the beneficence of heaven !" It was a silent prayer, but fervent and sincere ; and the lovers returned home with indefinable emotion.

The morrow was a fine clear day ; it was Friday, and the Festival of St. Laurence. There was a bustle through the whole village ; at the door of every cottage stood youths and maidens in their holiday attire ; for Veit was rich, and every suitable preparation had been made for the nuptials. Heiling's door alone was shut, for it was Friday ; and it will be recollected, that he never let himself be seen on that day.

The procession to the church was presently set in motion, for the purpose of conducting the joyful pair to the loveliest of all solemnities. Veit and Arnold's principal walked together, and shed tears of unfeigned joy, on witnessing the happiness of their children. Veit had chosen an open place under a large linden in the middle of the village, for the celebration of the marriage-feast. Thither the train proceeded when the rites were at an end. The light, as it were, of heaven, shone from the eyes of the loving pair. The festive meal continued for several hours, and goblets crowned with flowers often rung to the toast, "Long live Arnold and his lovely bride."

At last, the new-married couple, with the two fathers, Arnold's friends, and some of Elsbeth's companions, forsook the linden for the farm on the Egerberg. The house was beautifully situated among the foliage which crowns the rocky precipice that rises out of the valley ; and, surrounded by a circle smaller in number, but consisting of more confidential friends ; the hours flew by like minutes, for the enraptured Arnold and his Elsbeth, The adorned bridal-chamber had also been

prepared in the farm-house, and a cheerful evening meal stood ready, under bowers of fruit trees, with which the garden was enriched. The most costly wines sparkled in the cups of the guests.

Twilight had already darkened the valley, but unnoticed by the joyful circle. At length the last faint glimmer of day disappeared, and a serene starry night saluted Arnold and his bride. The old Veit began even to speak of his youthful years, and entered so warmly into the subject, that midnight now approached, and Arnold and Elsbeth eagerly awaited the end of his speech. At last Veit concluded; and, with the words, "Good night, dear children," was preparing to escort them to the door of their chamber. At this moment the clock of the village below them struck twelve,—a fearful hurricane arose from the depth of the valley,—and Hans Heiling stood in the midst of the terrified assembly, with his countenance hideously distorted. "Satan," cried he, "I release you from your thralldom . . . but first annihilate these!"—"On that condition thou art mine!" answered a voice which issued from the howling blast.—"Thine I am, though all the torments of hell await me! but annihilate these!" A sort of fiery vapour now enveloped the hill, and Arnold, Elsbeth, Veit, and the guests stood transformed into rocks; the lovers tenderly embracing each other, and the rest with their hands folded, in the attitude of prayer. "Hans Heiling," thundered a fiendish voice through the howling blast, "they are blest in death, and their souls are flown to heaven; but the term of thy contract is expired, and thou art mine!" Hans Heiling flew from the top of the rock down the foaming Eger, which hissed as it received him, and no eye ever beheld him more.

Early on the following morning came the female friends of Elsbeth, with nosegays and garlands, to deck the new-married pair; and the whole village flocked after them. But the hand of destruction was visible every where;—they recognized the features of their friends in the groupe of rocks; and the maidens, sobbing aloud, wreathed their flowers around the stony forms of their once beloved friends. After this, all present sank upon their knees, and prayed for the souls of the departed. "Peace be with them," a venerable old man at length broke the deep silence with these words.—"Peace be with them,—they passed away in love and joy together—arm on arm and heart on heart they died. Be their graves perpetually adorned with fresh flowers, and let these rocks remain, as a memorial to us, that no evil spirit has power over pure hearts—that true love is approved even in death itself."

After that day, many an enamoured pair performed a pilgrimage to Hans Heiling's rocks, and invoked the blessing and protection of the souls in bliss. This pious usage has died away, but the tradition still lives in the hearts of the people; and even at this day, the guide who conducts strangers up the fearful valley of the Eger, to HANS HEILING'S ROCKS, pronounces the names of Arnold and Elsbeth, and points out the forms of stone into which they were metamorphosed, together with the father of the bride, and the remainder of the guests.

It is reported, that for many years, there was heard a frightful and unaccountable roaring of the Eger, at the part where Hans Heiling had precipitated himself into it; and no one ever passed by it without crossing himself, and commending his soul to the protection of heaven.

THE FATHER'S FATAL VOW !

—
 From the German.
 —

Opposite to Bingen, on the river Rhine, the ruined castle of Rüdesheim rock that overhangs the water ; and on an insulated crag, midway across stands an ancient ivy-covered tower, called the " Mausturm," or (Mouse) a marvellous tradition of the 10th century, respecting an Archbishop H devoured by a host of rats. But the mouldering walls of Rüdesheim m awaken the sympathies of the traveller by the following mournful legen

It was at the time when St. Bernard preached the gospel at Spire that Brömser, Knight of Rüdesheim, took up the Cross, and set out for the Holy Land. During one of the many disastrous battles of that Crusade, it was his fate to be captured by the infidels and transported to a spot whence his deliverance seemed hopeless. Though Fortune had thus deserted him, he still clung to his religion ; and with pious zeal vowed, that, in the event of recovering his freedom, his only child, Gisele, should dedicate her future life to the services of the Virgin in immediately taking the veil. Days, weeks, months, years, rolled heavily away, and still Brömser was a captive : at length, however, a series of successes enabled the Christians to penetrate as far as his place of thralldom, and the knight was again free. His enthusiasm in the cause had, however, subsided, and Brömser returned to Germany. He arrived at Rüdesheim, entered his castle gate, and in an instant was recognized by his daughter, now grown to woman-hood. She rushed into his arms blooming with all the graces, youth, beauty, and innocence, could impart, and beaming with a filial affection as ardent as it was sincere. How the blood froze in her father's veins as he recollected his vow ! and when he announced it to his daughter, animated with joy at his safe return, " Oh what a change was there ! " Gisele had given her heart to a neighbouring knight wholly worthy of her love, and the completion of their happiness awaited but the long looked-for return of her parent.

And was she thus suddenly to see her fairest hopes nipped in the bud,—her

dearest prospects blasted, ties thus violently torn as she threw herself at her father's feet, implored him to grant her a respite. She assured him of her determination to abandon her love, and her submission to the accomplishment of her vow ; but entreated that she might be forced from the spot where she first seen the light of day, and the presence of a parent so trusted, her present resolution evince the intensity of her love. The only pleasure she aspired to, was that of nursing her father's health. She reminded him of the numerous times he had borne her as an infant, in his arms ; of the irrevocable days, when she had been in all the playfulness of childhood on his knee ; and now, when that heaven could require he should leave him when most he needed him, Brömser's heart bled ; but the force of his vow stifled the tender parental affection. He ever refused his daughter with his usual sternness, she hesitated in her compliance, and the menace completed the frenzy. Her head became giddy, she forsook her, and she burst out from the room. A father's curse followed her like a plume of fire, as she flew along the balcony that overhung the Rhine. It was night ; she howled, and the waves lashed the rocks on which the castle stood. Gisele heard them not. She rushed forwards ;—the abyss was at her feet.

In the morning her distracted attendants found the mangled corpse of her mistress near the tower of H



THE MIDNIGHT EMBRACE

IN THE
HALLS OF WERDENDORFF!

—
from the German.
—

"The traveller full often the tale will inquire,
And wander the time-stricken ruins between,
The peasants, full oft, will encircle the fire,
And talk of Lord Albert and fair Josephine;
Will tell what grim spectres the wand'rer appal,
Whose feet so unhallowed o'er Werdendorff rove!
How lights more than mortal illumine the hall,
While Albert is clasped by his skeleton love!
Full oft will the damsel 'mid eve's sober gloom,
Review each sad spot of the desolate scene;
Will shuddering pass by the libertine's tomb,
And weep o'er the lovely but frail Josephine."

ERT, lord of the ancient castle of Werdendorff, on the borders of the forest, was a nobleman of elevation, and fascinating manners; heart was prone to deceit. He was versed in all the wily arts of man, and he paid slight attention to the fulfilling of either religious or

moral duties, when opposed as a bar to his pleasures.

At the distance of half a league from his stately abode, resided the fair Josephine in an humble cottage, happy, virtuous, and respected. Beauty and innocence were the only dower she possessed. Her father had been a subaltern

officer in the emperor's service. Her mother was the only child of a very poor, but very respectable pastor. Francisco, her father, had fallen in the field of battle when she had attained her fifth year. His disconsolate widow retired with her trifling pension from Vienna, where she had hitherto resided, to the vicinity of Werdendorff, where she lived with her darling child in a peaceful and retired seclusion now so congenial to their feelings. The education of Josephine she attended to with the most sedulous care, and was amply repaid by the docility of her pupil. At the age of sixteen, Josephine lost her parent, who, previous to her dissolution, gave every advice that a virtuous mind could dictate, with regard to the subsequent conduct of her daughter. Josephine listened to her virtuous counsels with attention, and while the pearly drops chased each other down her pallid cheeks, promised a strict adherence to the wishes of her dying parent. Alas! how little to be depended upon are the promises and resolutions of mortals!

The remains of the mother of Josephine being decently interred, the sorrowing girl soon felt herself obliged to grant less indulgence to heartfelt grief, that she might toil for each day's bread. Her parent's pension expired with her; and our fair maid, to pay the rent of her cottage, and defray her necessary expenditures, was obliged to leave her humble pallet with the first salute of the lark, and ply her needle with assiduous and unremitting industry. Her labour was crowned with success. She lived happy, virtuous, and respected, for the first three years after her mother's decease. She was then predestined to experience a fatal reverse: the veil of innocent simplicity was to be torn from her mind, and the vacancy filled up by the dark cloud of guilt.

Albert of Werdendorff beheld the maid in all her native pride of beauty, softened by angelic modesty, and her unconsciousness of the superlative charms she possessed. Albert longed to call

this fair flower his own; not as a tender admirer, to protect her honourably from all the storms of fate, but as a rude spoiler, that wantonly plucks the rose from its native branch, and then, regardless of its beauties, casts it to wither on the ground.

It is needless to describe minutely the various arts that Lord Albert descended to, in order to seduce the unsuspecting victim of his deceptions. His superior rank, fortune, and connections, were so many circumstances to furnish him with favourable pretext to forward his designs.

Though Albert was lord of the castle of Werdendorff, and had there a splendid establishment, yet he depended on his father, for a princely addition to his possessions. He made Josephine to believe, that it was impossible for him to espouse her during his father's life; but called on heaven, and every saint, to witness the inviolable faith and constancy he would always maintain towards her: that he should always regard her as his wife; and, as soon as he should be free to offer his hand, their marriage should be legally solemnized. Josephine had many virtuous sentiments; but Albert, by sophistry, overcame those scruples; and the unfortunate maiden added one more to the many that suffer their credulous hearts to be seduced by the wily serpent, like objects of their tender and faithful love.

Josephine's breast was no longer the abode of serenity. In Albert's presence her spirits were elated; she listened with delight to the repetition of his vows, and, blinded by delusive passion, esteemed herself one of the happiest of the happy. But in the lone hours of solitude, she was oft times miserable. Regret, remorse, and apprehension, would enter, though obtrusive guests. From the casement of her cottage, Josephine could behold the stately castle of Werdendorff, and discern its portals opened for the reception of guests invited to the noble banquets and festive balls, which often made its lofty roofs

resound with their mirth. On these occasions Josephine would sigh, and ponder on the wide difference between herself and Lord Albert in their stations, and wonder if her fond hopes would ever be realized.

At midnight, when all the inhabitants of the castle were wrapt in repose, was the time that Lord Albert paid his visits to Josephine's cottage, which hour was mutually chosen by the lovers for their interviews, that they might elude the observation of those around them. And when the moon gave no ray of light to Lord Albert in his progress over the dark and fenny moor, Josephine would place a lighted taper at her casement, to guide him to her humble abode.

Ah ! ill-fated maid ! thou did'st soon experience the dire truth, that men betray, and that vows can be broken ; and that illicit love, though at first ardent, will soon decay, and leave nought but wretchedness behind.

Albert had been Josephine's favoured lover about six months, when, one hapless night, Josephine had placed the taper in her window as usual ; and sat waiting the arrival of Albert in anxious expectation. More than once she conjectured she heard his well-known footsteps approach the door. She flew to open it, and her eye fixed on vacancy alone, while she shed bitter tears at the disappointment. Another and another night elapsed ; Albert came not ; and Josephine's anguish and suspense became insupportable.

On the fourth morning of Albert's unusual absence, Josephine arose from her pallet after a few hours of restless and perturbed sleep ; she approached the window, and her eyes taking their usual direction across the moor to the castle of Werdendorff, she beheld its gay banners streaming on the walls.

Anxious to learn the cause of this rejoicing, Josephine mingled with a groupe of rustic maidens who were repairing to the castle. She asked them, in tremulous accents, what propitious event they were celebrating at the cha-

teau ; but the villagers were as ignorant as herself. When they came to the outer portal of the edifice, they beheld a gay procession passing from the hall to the chapel.

The sentinel, in reply to Josephine's interrogatories, informed her, that Lord Albert was then gone to the chapel to seal his nuptial vows with Lady Guimilda, the proud daughter of a neighbouring baron, whose possessions were immense, and she the sole heiress.

Josephine replied not ; her heart was full, even to bursting. She retreated from her companions, and seeking the covert of a friendly wood, gave way to all her frantic ravings of despair, which was still aggravated by every passing gale, bearing along the echoes of the loud shouts of revelry that pervaded the castle, and proclaimed Albert's perjury and her ruin.

As soon as the first violence of her grief was abated, she began to cherish delusive ideas. She thought the sentinel might have deceived her ; or, at least, he might have been in an error himself, supposing Lord Albert the bridegroom of the proud Guimilda ; and she thought it more probable, that it was some friend of his, who had solemnized his marriage at Werdendorff castle.

Cherishing this weak hope, she returned to her cottage ; and partially disguising herself in a long mantle, and a thick white veil, she repaired at twilight to the castle, and, unobserved, mingled in the revelling crowd. But alas ! the sentinel's intelligence she soon found to be too true ; and the gayest among the gay throng was the false Albert and his bride Guimilda.

Once convinced, Josephine tarried no longer in the castle-hall. With torturing sensations, and faltering steps, she left the abode of her haughty rival, and once more sought her lonely dwelling. The night was dark, and the wind shook the rushes, and all around, like her own heart, was drear and forlorn. With folded arms, and her whole

person like the statue of despair, sat Josephine by the casement. Fond recollections caused her tears to flow, when she called to mind how oft in that window she had placed the taper to light her then ardent lover over the moor.

While she was thus reflecting, she heard footsteps approach her cottage-door; and presently she heard her own name softly pronounced. She instantly recognized Lord Albert's voice; and opening the casement, she cried indignantly, "Away to Guimilda, away to the pleasures that reign in Werdendorff castle. Why leave you my rival's bed to add another insult to the woes you have caused me?"

Lord Albert renewed his entreaties for admission; and Josephine, at length, imprudently yielded to his request.

Albert exerted all his eloquence to convince the fair one, that his heart had no share in the nuptial contract with Guimilda; that there Josephine's image reigned triumphant, while her rival could claim nought but his hand. By the stern command of his father, he protested he had joined his fate to Guimilda's, who would only leave him his fortune on that condition: but that his love to Josephine should never be diminished by that circumstance; but that he would transplant her to a more pleasing abode, where she might reside in elegant retirement, and appear in a situation more congenial to his wishes than her present dwelling would allow, or, indeed, her near vivacity to the castle render it prudent.

The soft blandishments of her deceiver again lured her to guile; and her anger was completely vanquished by love.

Again was the board spread with the choice delicacies, and delicious wines, that Lord Albert had brought with him from the castle; the flower-footed hours winged away with rapturous delight, and again the soft smile beamed on the lovely countenance of Josephine.

"Adieu, my beloved," said Lord Albert; "the first blush of morn em-

purples the east, and warns me from thy arms."

Josephine enquired affectionately when she was next to expect her loved lord. He replied, that he would return at the *dark hour of midnight*, and again clasp her in his arms.

Lorp Albert's bosom beat high as he sped homewards across the moor. The horrid deed he had committed, did not at that moment appal him. He congratulated himself on being freed from a mistress, whom satiety had for some time past made him detest.

In relating to Josephine the cause of his marriage with the Lady Guimilda, he had been guilty of a great falsehood. The known wealth of the heiress, at first, induced Lord Albert to visit at her father's villa; for avarice was a ruling passion with the youth. But when he beheld the haughty fair one, he instantly became a captive to her beauty, and loathed Josephine.

His nightly visits to Josephine, though conducted with much cautious secrecy, had by some means reached the ears of the proud Guimilda. No pity for the poor maiden filled her breast; she hated her fair rival, for having a prior claim to Lord Albert's heart. Her revengeful temper made her feel that she should never enjoy perfect happiness while Josephine existed. She thought that there was more than a probability, that, for all Albert's declarations to the contrary, when she conversed with him on the subject, that, after a short time would elapse, his heart might grow cold towards the legal partner of his fortune, and return with redoubled ardour to his deserted mistress. She knew the infirmities of her own temper; and the angelic sweetness of disposition which her informants had represented Josephine to possess, contrasted with her own hateur, caprice, and tyranny, made the confirmation of her fears appear as strong as proofs of holy writ.

To glut her revenge, and leave no room for apprehension, she formed the horrid project of demanding the follow-

ing sacrifices at the hands of Lord Albert.

This was the removal of Josephine by a poison which should take a quick effect, and cause her to breathe her last ere she should have time to reveal the name of her murderer. The time fixed on by Guimilda for the perpetration of this horrid deed, was their wedding night. Albert was to make some plausible excuse to his guests, to account for his absenting himself at that time, and then repair to Josephine's cottage; and, as he always, on those occasions, condescended to convey with his own hands, some refreshments, it would be an easy matter for him to infuse into the goblet of wine that he should present to his fair victim, a deadly but tasteless drug that Guimilda prepared for the fatal purpose. The proud Guimilda made a solemn vow, never to admit Lord Albert to her bed, till her horrific demand was complied with.

Alas! her destined husband was too pliantly moulded to her purpose: he made not half the resistance she expected to encounter; but, after a very few scruples, signified his perfect acquiescence with the will of this fiend in female form.

How Lord Albert effected his purpose has been previously described. He had nearly gained the castle on his return, when his own words recurred to his memory: at the dark hour of midnight he would again return, and clasp her in his arms. "Ill-fated Josephine!" exclaimed he, mentally, "ere that hour arrives, thy fluttering breath will flee amid agonizing pain; and thou, late so beauteous, wilt be a lifeless corse." The first light of the morning cheerfully illumined the dell; but Albert's heart was not gladdened by the scene.

The beams of the sun began to gild the turrets of Werdendorff, yet the bridal hall was not concluded. In vain the blaze of beauty met Lord Albert's eyes; he sighed amid surrounding splendour; for conscience had strongly

entwined her chains around his heart. Guimilda was impatient to know if her lord had accomplished the dire deed; and, on his answering in the affirmative, she experienced the most extravagant and unnatural transports. But Albert was clouded with horror; and he kept constantly repeating the words, "At midnight's dark hour thou shalt embrace me again."

On the next evening the guests again assembled in the halls of Werdendorff, again the musicians tuned their instruments to notes of joy; and again the gay knights and their fair partners joined in the mazy dance. Lord Albert alone seemed abstracted; and his woe-expressive countenance gave rise to a variety of conjectures, all very remote from the truth. Guimilda perceived the agony of his mind (which her hardened heart considered as a weakness,) with extreme displeasure; nor was she slow in whispering to him the most keen reproaches for the pusillanimity of his conduct, in appearing in this manner before their guests.

But in vain Lord Albert endeavoured to arouse himself, and put on a gay unembarrassed air. His mind, in a few hours, had undergone a total revolution. He now regarded Guimilda as an agent of infernal malice, sent to plunge his soul into an irremediable abyss of guilt. The artless behaviour of his murdered love was the contrast; her gentle unupbraiding manners, the affectionate looks with which she would hang enraptured over him, and listen to the tender oaths he had so basely violated, was in these thoughts; yet they every moment rushed unbidden on his brain.

As midnight's dark hour was proclaimed by the turret bell, Albert's limbs shook with fear. "I hear," said he, aloud, "the fatal summons that calls me hence. Guimilda, farewell for ever! this is thy work."

Guimilda was going to make some reply, when a tremendous storm suddenly shook the battlements of the castle: the thunder's loud peals burst on

the ancient walls, while the lightning's pointed glare flashed with appalling repetition through the painted casements. Dim burnt the numberless tapers, when Josephine's death-like form glided from the portal, and, with solemn pace, proceeded along the hall to the spot where Lord Albert stood. Pale was her face, and her features seemed to retain the convulsive marks of the horrid death to which Guimilda had revengefully consigned her. Clad in the habiliments of the grave, her appearance was awe-inspiring. In a hollow, deep-toned voice, she addressed her perjured lover :—

"Thou false one! Base assassin of her whom thou lured'st from the flowery paths of virtue; her whom thou had'st sworn to cherish and protect while life was left thee. Thou hast cut short the thread of my existence: but think not to escape the punishment due to thy crimes. 'Tis midnight's dark hour; the hour by thyself appointed: delay not, therefore, thy promised embrace."

With these words Josephine wound her arms around his trembling form. "I am come from the confines of the dead," said she, "to make thee fulfil thy parting promise." She dragged him by a force he could not resist to her breast: she pressed her clammy lips to his; and held him fast in her noisome icy embrace.

At length the horrid spectre released him from her grasp. He started back in breathless agony, and sank senseless on the floor. Thrice he raised his frenzied eye to gaze on his supernatural visitant; thrice he raised his hands, as if to implore the mercy of offended heaven; and then expired with a heavy groan.

Again loud thunder shook the castle to its very foundation. The affrighted guests, rushed from the hall, rather choosing to brave the fury of the elements, than remain spectators of the horrid scene within its walls. Even the proud Guimilda fled with terror and dismay. She sought refuge in a convent, and stood about a league's distance

from the castle: here she remained till death put a period to her mental sufferings, which far exceeded her corporeal ones; though they were many, and severe; for she exhausted her frame by the variety and frequencies of the vigorous penance she imposed on herself, as a chastisement for her heinous, regretted crime.

As soon as Lord Albert's body was interred, the domestics hastily left the horrid castle. The edifice, being greatly damaged by the storm, soon fell to decay. Its dismantled ramparts were skirted with thorns; and the proud turrets of Werdendorff lay scattered on the plain.

Full oft, when the traveller wanders among the time-stricken ruins, a peasant will lead him to his cot, and relate the sad story of Albert and Josephine, and warn the stranger not to rove among the avenues of the castle, lest he should be assailed by the grim spectre, who always punish the temerity of those who intrude with unhallowed steps in the mansion where they keep their mysterious orgies. The hall of the castle still remains entire amid the Gothic ruins. On the anniversary of that fatal night when Josephine's spectre gave the midnight embrace to the false Albert, the same scene is again acted, by supernatural beings, Guimilda, her husband, and his murdered love, traverse the haunted hall, which is then illumined with a more than mortal light: and the groans of the spectre lord can be heard afar, while he is clasped in the arms of Josephine's implacable ghost.

Oft will the village maidens, at the sober gloom of evening, review the isolated scene, and relate to those of their juvenile companions, yet unacquainted with the tragic tale, all the particulars of that wonderful legend; while they shuddering pass the mouldering tomb that covers the libertine's remains, to weep over the lowly violet-covered grave of the fair, but frail Josephine.

THE FIRE-KING,

OR,

Albert and Rosalie.

—
"The blessings of the evil Genii, which are curses, were upon him."—EASTERN TALE.
—

ballad was written at the request of the late Mr. Lewis, to be inserted in his "Tales of Wonder." It is one in a series of four ballads, on the subject of Elementary Spirits. The story is, however, partly historical; for it is recorded, that, during the struggles of the Latin kingdom of Jerusalem, a knight-templar, called St. Albert, deserted to the Saracens, and defeated the Christians in many combats, till he was finally routed and slain, in a conflict with King Baldwin, under the walls of Jerusalem.

BOLD knights and fair dames, to my harp give an ear,
Of love, and of war, and of wonder to hear;
And you haply may sigh, in the midst of your glee,
At the tale of Count Albert, and fair Rosalie.

O see you that castle, so strong and so high?
And see you that lady, the tear in her eye?
And see you that palmer, from Palestine's land,
The shell on his hat, and the staff in his hand?

"Now palmer, grey palmer, O tell unto me,
What news bring you home of the Holy Countrie?
And how goes the warfare by Gallilee's strand?
And how fare our nobles, the flower of the land?"—

"O well goes the warfare by Gallilee's wave,
For Gilead, and Nablous, and Ramah we have;
And well fare our nobles by Mount Lebanon,
For the Heathens have lost, and the Christians have won."—

A fair chain of gold 'mid her ringlets there hung?
O'er the palmer's grey locks the chain as she hung;
"Oh! palmer, grey palmer, this chain be thy fee,
For the news thou hast brought from the Holy Countrie.

"And palmer, good palmer, by Gallilee's wave,
O saw ye Count Albert, the gentle and brave?
When the Crescent went back, and the Red-cross rushed on,
O saw ye him foremost on Mount Lebanon?"—

"O lady, fair lady, the tree green it grows;
O lady, fair lady, the stream pure it flows;
Your castle stands strong, and your hopes soar on high;
But lady, fair lady, all blossoms do die.

"The green boughs they wither, the thunderbolt falls,
It leaves of your castle but levin-scorched walls;
The pure stream runs muddy; the gay hope is gone;
Count Albert is prisoner on Mount Lebanon."

O she's ta'en a horse, should be fleet at her speed;
And she's ta'en a sword, should be sharp at her need;
And she has ta'en shipping for Palestine's land,
To ransom Count Albert from Soldanrie's hand.

LEGENDS OF TERROR.

Small thought had Count Albert on fair Rosalie,
Small thought on his faith, or his knighthood, had he;
A heathenish damsel his light heart had won,
The Soldan's fair daughter of Mount Lebanon.

"O Christian, brave Christian, my love would'st thou be;
Three things must thou do ere I hearken to thee:
Our laws and our worship on thee shalt thou take;
And this thou shalt next do for Zulema's sake.

"And, next, in the cavern, were burns evermore
The mystical flames which the Curdman's adore,
Alone, and in silence, three nights shalt thou wake;
And this thou shalt next do for Zulema's sake.

"And, last, thou shalt aid us with council and hand,
To drive the Frank robber from Palestine's land;
For my lord and my love then Count Albert I'll take,
When all this is accomplished for Zulema's sake."

He has thrown by his helmet and cross-handled sword,
Renouncing his knighthood, denying his Lord;
He has taken the green caftan, and turban put on,
For the love of the maiden of fair Lebanon.

And in the dread cavern, deep, deep under ground,
Which fifty steel gates and steel portals surround,
He has watched until day break; but sign saw he none,
Save the flame burning bright on its altar of stone.

Amazed was the princeess, the Soldan amazed,
Sore murmured the priests as on Albert they gazed;
They searched all his garments, and, under his weeds,
They found, and took from him, his rosary beads.

Again in the cavern, deep, deep under ground,
He watched the lone night, while the winds whistled round;
Far off was their murmur, it came not more nigh,
The flame burned unmoved, and nought else did he spy.

Loud murmured the priests, and amazed was the king,
While many dark spells of their witchcraft they sing;
They searched Albert's body, and lo! on his breast
Was the sign of the cross, by his father impressed.

The priests they erase it with care and with pain,
And the recreant returned to the cavern again;
But, as he descended, a whisper there fell!
It was his good angel that bade him farewell!

High bristled his hair, his heart fluttered and beat,
And he turned him five steps, half resolved to retreat;
But his heart it was hardened, his purpose was gone,
When he thought of the maiden of fair Lebanon.

Scarce passed he the archway, the threshold scarce trod,
When the winds from the four points of heaven were abroad;
They made each steel portal to rattle and ring,
And, borne on the blast, came the dread Fire-King.

Full sore rocked the cavern where'er he drew nigh,
The fire on the altar blazed bickering and high;
In volcanic explosions the mountains proclaim
The dreadful approach of the Monarch of Flame.

Unmeasured in height, undistinguished in form,
His breath it was lightning, his voice it was storm;
I ween the stout heart of Count Albert was tame,
When he saw in his terrors the Monarch of Flame.

In his hand a broad faultless blue glimmer'd through smoke,
And Mount Lebanon shook, as the monarch he spoke:—
"With this brand shalt thou conquer, thus long and no more,
Till thou bend to the cross, and the Virgin adore."—

The cloud-shrouded arm gives the weapon; and see!
The recreant receives the charmed gift on his knee:
The thunders grow distant, and faint gleam the fires,
As, borne on the whirlwind, the phantom retires.

Count Albert has armed him the Paynim among,
Though his heart it was false, yet his arm it was strong;
And the Red-cross waxed faint, and the Crescent came on,
From the day he commanded on Mount Lebanon.

From Lebanon's forests to Gallilee's wave,
The sands of Samarr drank the blood of the brave;
Till the knights of the temple, and knights of St. John,
With Salem's King, Baldwin, against him came on.

The war-cymbals clattered, the trumpets replied:
The lances were couched, and they closed on each side;
And horsemen and horses Count Albert o'erthrew,
Till he pierced the thick tumult King Baldwin unto.

Against the charmed blade which Count Albert did wield,
The fence had been vain of the king's red-cross shield;
But a page thrust him forward the monarch before,
And cleft the proud turban the renegade wore.

So fell was the dint, that Count Albert stooped low
Before the crossed shield, to his steel saddle bow;
And scarce had he bent to the red-cross his head,—
"Euxas grace, notre dame," he unwittingly said.

Scarcely he sighted the charmed sword, for its virtue was o'er;
It sprung from his grasp, and was never seen more;
But true men have said, that the lightning's red wing
Did waft back the brand to the dread Fire-King.

He clenched his set teeth, and his gauntletted hand;
He stretched, with one buffet, that page on the strand;
As back from the stripling the broken casque rolled,
You might see the blue eyes, and the ringlets of gold.

Short time had Count Albert in horror to stare
On those death-swimming eye balls, and blood-clotted hair;
For down came the Templars, like Cedron in flood,
And dyed their long lances in Saracens' blood.

LEGENDS OF TERROR.

The Saracens, Cerdenn's, and Ismaelites yield
To the scallion, the saltier, and crescented shield;
And the eagles were gorged with the infidel dead,
From Bethesda's fountains to Naphtali's head.

The battle is over on Bethesda's plain,—
Oh! who is yon Paynim lies stretched 'mid the slain?
And who is yon page lying cold at his knee?—
Oh! who but Count Albert and fair Rosalie.

The lady was buried in Salem's blessed bound,
The Count he was left to the vulture and hoard;
Her soul to high mercy Our Lady did bring;
His went on the blast to the dread Fire-King.

Yet many a minstrel, in harping can tell,
How the Red-cross it conquered, the Crescent it fell;
And lords and gay ladies have sighed 'mid their glee,
At the tale of Count Albert and fair Rosalie.

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN!

OR,

VANDERDECKEN'S MESSAGE HOME.

A Maritime Legend.

The following singular tale is founded on a subject, generally credited by Dutch seamen, and we believe by many of the lower class of mariners of our own country.—It was originally printed in Blackwood's Magazine, and is supposed to be narrated by a passenger in a ship bound for the Cape.

Our ship, after touching at the Cape, went out again, and soon losing sight of the Table Mountain, began to be assailed by the impetuous attacks of the sea, which is well known to be more formidable there than in most parts of the known ocean. The day had grown dull and hazy, and the breeze, which had formerly blown fresh, now sometimes subsided almost entirely, and then recovering its strength, for a short time, and changing its direction, blew with temporary violence, and died away again, as if exercising a melancholy caprice. A heavy swell began to come from the south-east. Our sails flapped against the masts, and the ship rolled from side to side, as heavily as if she were water-logged. There was so much that she would not steer.

About two P. M., we had a squall, accompanied by thunder and rain. The seamen, growing restless, looked anxiously a-head. They said we would have a dirty night of it, and that it would not be worth while to turn into their hammocks. As the second mate was describing a gale he had encountered off Cape Race, Newfoundland, we were suddenly taken all a-back, and a blast came upon us furiously. We continued to scud under a double reefed mainsail and foretop-sail till dark, but, as the sea ran high, the captain thought it safest to bring her to. The watch on deck consisted of four men, one of whom was appointed to keep a look-out a-head; for the weather was so thick, that we could not see two cables' length from the bows. This man

name was Tom Willis, went to the bows, as if to observe; and when the others called inquiring what he was looking would give no definite answer. Therefore went also to the bows, peered startled, and at first said; but presently one of them "William, go call the watch." seamen having been asleep in hammocks, murmured at this humble summons, and called to know looked upon deck. To which Willis replied, "Come up and What we are minding is not out a head." Hearing this, they ran up without on their jackets, and when they to the bows, there was a whis-

of them asked, "Where is she? I can't see her." To which another "The last flash of lightning there was not a reef in one of the sails; but we, who know her history, know that all her canvass will carry her into port."

At this time the talking of the seamen brought some of the passengers on deck. They could see nothing, however, as the ship was surrounded by darkness, and by the noise of the waves, and the seamen evaded questions that were put to them.

At this juncture the chaplain came on deck. He was a man of grave and demure, and was much liked by the seamen, who called him George. He had overheard one man asking another, "If he had seen the Flying Dutchman before, and knew the story about her?" To which the other replied, "I have heard nothing about in these seas. What reason she never reaches port?"

The first speaker replied, "They have different reasons for it, but my reason is this: She was an Amsterdam ship and sailed from that port seventy years ago. Her master's name was Vanderdecken. He was a staunch seaman, and would have his own way,

in spite of the devil. For all that, never a sail under him had reason to complain; though how it is on board with them now, nobody knows; the story is this, that in doubling the Cape, they were a long day trying to weather the Table Bay, which we saw this morning. However, the wind headed them, and went against them more and more, and Vanderdecken walked the deck, swearing at the wind. Just after sunset a vessel spoke him, asking if he did not mean to go into the bay that night. Vanderdecken replied, "May I be eternally damned if I do, though I should beat about to the day of judgment!" And to be sure, Vanderdecken never did go into that bay; for it is believed that he continues to beat about in these seas still, and will do so long enough. This vessel is never seen but with foul weather along with her."

To which another replied, "We must keep clear of her. They say that her captain means his jolly boat, when a vessel comes in sight, and tries hard to get alongside, to put letters on board, but no good comes to them who have communication with them."

Tom Willis said, "There is such a sea between us at present, as should keep us safe from such visits."

To which the other answered: "We cannot trust to that if Vanderdecken sends out his men."

Some of this conversation having been overheard by the passengers, there was a commotion among them. In the meantime, the noise of the waves against the vessel could scarcely be distinguished from the sounds of the distant thunder. The wind had extinguished the light in the binnacle, where the compass was, and no one could tell which way the ship's head lay. The passengers were afraid to ask questions, lest they should augment the secret sensation of fear which chilled every heart, or learn any more than they already knew. For while they attributed their agitation of mind to the state of the weather, it was sufficiently

perceptible that their alarms also arose from a cause which they did not acknowledge.

The lamp at the binnacle being re-lighted, they perceived that the ship lay closer to the wind than she had hitherto done, and the spirits of the passengers were somewhat revived.

Nevertheless, neither the tempestuous state of the atmosphere, nor the thunder had ceased; and soon a vivid flash of lightning shewed the waves tumbling around us; and, in the distance, the Flying Dutchman scudding furiously before the wind, under a press of canvas. The sight was but momentary, but it was sufficient to remove all doubt from the minds of the passengers. One of the men cried aloud, "There she goes, top-gallants and all."

The chaplain had brought up his prayer-book, in order that he might draw from thence something to fortify and tranquillize the minds of the rest. Therefore, taking his seat near the binnacle, so that the light shone upon the white leaves of the book, he, in a solemn tone, read out the service for those distressed at sea. The sailors stood around with folded arms, and looked as if they thought it would be of little use. But this served to occupy the attention of those on deck for a while.

In the meantime, the flashes of lightning becoming less vivid, shewed nothing else, far or near, but the billows weltering round the vessel. The sailors seemed to think that they had not yet seen the worst, but confined their remarks and prognostications to their own circle.

At this time, the captain, who had hitherto remained in his birth, came on deck, and with a gay and unconcerned air, inquired what was the cause of the general dread. He said he thought they had already seen the worst of the weather, and wondered that his men had raised such a hubbub about a capful of wind. Mention being made of the Flying Dutchman, the captain laughed.

He said, "he would like very much to see any vessel carrying top-gallant-sail in such a night, for it would be a sight worth looking at." The chaplain, taking him by one of the buttons of his coat, drew him aside, and appeared to enter into serious conversation with him.

While they were talking together, the captain was heard to say, "Let us look to our own ship, and not mind such things;" and accordingly, he sent a man aloft, to see if all was right about the fore-top-sail yard, which was chafing the mast with a loud noise.

It was Tom Willis who went up; and when he came down, he said that all was tight, and that he hoped it would soon get clearer; and that they would see no more of what they were most afraid of.

The captain and first mate were heard laughing loudly together, while the chaplain observed, that it would be better to repress such unseasonable gaiety. The second mate, a native of Scotland, whose name was Duncan Saunderson, having attended one of the University classes at Aberdeen, thought himself too wise to believe all that the sailors said, and took part with the captain. He jestingly told Tom Willis, to borrow his grandam's spectacles the next time he was sent to keep a look-out a-head. Tom walked sulkily away, muttering, that he would nevertheless trust to his own eyes till morning, and accordingly took his station at the bow, and appeared to watch as attentively as before.

The sound of talking soon ceased, for many returned to their births, and we heard nothing but the clanking of the ropes upon the masts, and the bumping of the billows a-head, as the vessel successively took the seas.

But after a considerable interval of darkness, gleams of lightning began to re-appear. Tom Willis suddenly called out, "Vanderdecken, again! Vanderdecken, again! I see them letting down a boat."

All who were on deck ran down to the bows. The next flash of lightning shone far and wide over the raging sea, and shewed us not only the Flying Dutchman at a distance, but also a boat coming from her with four men. The boat was within two cables' length of our ship's side.

The man who first saw her, ran to the captain, and asked whether they should hail her or not. The captain, walking about in great agitation, made no reply. The first mate cried, "Who's going to heave a rope to that boat?" The men looked at each other without offering to do anything. The boat had come very near the chains, when Tom Willis called out, "What do you want? or what devil has blown you here in such weather?" A piercing voice from the boat, replied in English, "We want to see your captain." The captain took no notice of this, and Vanderdecken's boat having come close along side, one of the men came upon deck, and appeared like a fatigued and weather-beaten seaman, holding some letters in his hand.

Our sailors all drew back. The chaplain, however, looking stedfastly upon him, went forward a few steps, and asked, "What is the purpose of this visit?"

The stranger replied, "We have long been kept here by foul weather, and Vanderdecken wishes to send these letters to his friends in Europe."

Our captain now came forward, and said as firmly as he could, "I wish Vanderdecken would put his letters on board of any other vessel rather than mine."

The stranger replied, "We have tried many a ship, but most of them refuse our letters."

Upon which Tom Willis muttered, "It will be best for us if we do the same, for they say, there is sometimes a sinking weight in your paper."

The stranger took no notice of this, but asked where we were from. On being told that we were from Portsmouth, he said, as if with strong feeling

"Would that you had rather been from Amsterdam. Oh that we saw it again! we must see our friends again." When he uttered these words, the men who were in the boat below, wrung their hands, and cried in a piercing tone, in Dutch, "Oh that we saw it again! We have been long here beating about, but we must see our friends again."

The chaplain asked the stranger, "How long have you been at sea?"

He replied, "We have lost our count; for our almanack was blown overboard. Our ship, you see, is there still; so why should you ask how long we have been at sea; for Vanderdecken only wishes to write home and comfort his friends."

To which the chaplain replied, "Your letters, I fear, would be of no use in Amsterdam, even if they were delivered, for the persons to whom they are addressed are probably no longer to be found there, except under very ancient green turf in the church-yard."

The unwelcome stranger then wrung his hands and appeared to weep; and replied, "It is impossible. We cannot believe you. We have been long driving about here, but country not relations cannot be so easily forgotten. There is not a rain drop in the air but feels itself kindred to all the rest, and they fall back into the sea to meet with each other again. How then can kindred blood be made to forget where it came from? Even our bodies are part of the ground of Holland; and Vanderdecken says, if he once were come to Amsterdam, he would rather be changed into a stone post, well fixed into the ground, than leave it again; if that were to die elsewhere. But in the meantime, we only ask you to take these letters."

The chaplain looking at him with astonishment, said, "This is the fragility of natural affection, which rebels against all measures of time and distance."

The stranger continued, "Here is a letter from our second mate, to his dear and only remaining friend, his uncle,

the merchant who lives in the second house on Stuncken Yacht Quay."

He held forth the letter, but no one would approach to take it.

Tom Willis raised his voice, and said, "One of our men, here, says that he was in Amsterdam last dinner, and he knows for certain, that the street called Stuncken Yacht Quay, was pulled down sixty years ago, and now there is only a large church at that place."

The man from the Flying Dutchman said, "It is impossible, we cannot believe you. Here is another letter from myself, in which I have sent a bank note to my dear sister, to buy some gallant lace, to make her a high head dress."

Tom Willis hearing this, said, "It is most likely that her head now lies under a tomb-stone, which will outlast all the changes of the fashion. But on what house is your bank note?"

The stranger replied, "On the house of Vanderbrucker and Company."

The man of whom Tom Willis had spoken, said, "I guess there will now be some discount upon it, for that banking house has gone to destruction forty years ago; and Vanderbrucker was afterwards missing.—But to remember these things is like raking up the bottom of an old canal."

The stranger called out passionately, "It is impossible!—We cannot believe it! It is cruel to say such things to people in our condition. There is a letter from our captain himself, to his much beloved and faithful wife, whom he left at a pleasant summer dwelling, on the border of the Haarlemmer Mer. She promised to have the house beautifully painted and gilded before he came back, and get a new set of looking-glasses for the principal chamber, that she might see as many images of Vanderdecken, as if she had six husbands at once."

The man replied, "There has been time enough for her to have had six husbands since then; but were she still alive, there is no fear that Vanderdecken ever got home to disturb her."

On hearing this the stranger shed tears, and said, if they would take the letters, he would leave it and looking around he offered the cel to the captain, chaplain, and the rest of the crew successively, but drew back as it was offered, and put hands behind his back. He then the letters upon the deck, and placed upon them a piece of iron, which lying near, to prevent them from being blown away. Having done this swung himself over the gang-way and went into the boat.

We heard the others speak to but the rise of a sudden squall prevented us from distinguishing his reply. The boat was seen to quit the ship's side, and, in a few moments, there were no more traces of her than if she had never been there. The sailors rubbed their eyes, as if doubting what they had perceived, but the parcel still lay on the deck, and proved the reality of all that had passed.

Duncan Saunderson, the Scotch steward, asked the captain if he should take them up, and put them in the letter-box. Receiving no reply, he would have lifted them if it had not been for Tom Willis, who pulled him back, saying that nobody should touch them.

In the meantime, the captain went down to the cabin, and the chaplain having followed him, found him at a bottle-case, pouring out a large draught of brandy. The captain, although somewhat disconcerted, immediately offered the glass to him, saying, "Here comes, is what is good in a cold night." The chaplain declined drinking anything, and the captain having swallowed the bumper, they both returned to the deck, where they found the men giving their opinions concerning what should be done with the letters.

Willis proposed to pick them up with a harpoon, and throw them overboard.

Another speaker said, "I have always heard it asserted that it is not safe to accept them voluntarily, when they are left to throw them on the ship."

"Let no one touch them," said the carpenter. "The way to do with the letters from the Flying Dutchman is to case them upon deck, by nailing boards over them, so that if he sends back for them, they are still there to give him."

The carpenter went to fetch his tools. During his absence the ship gave so violent a pitch, that the piece of iron slid

off the letters, and they were whirled overboard by the wind, like birds of evil omen whirling through the air. There was a cry of joy amongst the sailors, and they ascribed the favourable change which soon took place in the weather, to our having got quit of Vanderdecken. We soon got under weigh again. The night watch being set, the rest of the crew retired to their births.

PETER KLAUS.

The Legend of the Goatherd.

The following legend is offered to our readers, not only on the score of its intrinsic merit, but as being the undoubted source from which Geoffry Crayon drew his *Rip Van Winkle*. This story is to be found in Büsching's Popular Tales, where it is followed by a second legend on the same subject; both have reference to the celebrated Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, who is the subject of many a winter's tale amongst the Germans. According to this primal story, he once took refuge, with a party of followers, in the Kyffhäuser mountains, where he still lives, under the influence of magic. Here he sits, with his friends, on a bench, before a table in a state of apparent slumber. His red beard has grown down to his feet, while his head nods and his eyes twinkle as if he slept uneasily, or were about to wake. At times this slumber is interrupted, but his naps are tolerably long, something about a hundred years' duration. In his waking moments, he is supposed to be fond of music, and there is a tale of a party of musicians, who thought proper to treat him with a regular concert. Each was rewarded with a green bough; but upon their return to earth, they all flung away his gifts, save one, and he kept the bough only as a memorial of the adventure; great, however, was his surprise, when, upon shewing it to his wife, every leaf was changed into a golden dollar. But even the first tale of the Emperor's prolonged slumber can hardly be deemed original; and, perhaps, is nothing more than a popular version of the Seven Sleepers, not a little disfigured by time, and the peculiar superstitions of the country.

PETER KLAUS was a goatherd of Etendorf, and tended his flocks in the Kyffhäuser mountains; here he was accustomed to let them rest every evening in a mead surrounded by an old wall, while he made his muster of them; but for some days he had remarked that one of his finest goats always disappeared some time after coming to this spot, and did not join the flock till late: watching her more attentively, he observed that she slipped through an opening in the wall, upon which he crept after the animal, and found her in a sort of cave, busily employed in gleaning the oat-grains that dropped down singly from the roof. He looked up, shook his ears, amidst the shower of corn that now fell down upon

him, but with all his enquiry could discover nothing. At last he heard above the stamp of horses, from whose mangers it was probable the oats had fallen.

Peter was yet standing in astonishment at the sound of horses in so unusual a place, when a boy appeared, who by signs, without speaking a word, desired him to follow. Accordingly he ascended a few steps and passed over a walled court in a hollow, closed in on all sides by lofty rocks, where a partial twilight shot through the over-spreading foilage of the shrubs. Here, upon a smooth fresh lawn, he found twelve knights playing gravely at nine-pins, and not one spoke a syllable; with equal silence Peter was installed in the office of setting up the nine-pins.

At first he performed this duty with knees that knocked again each other, as he now and then stole a partial look at the long beards and slashed doublets of the noble knights. By degrees, however, custom gave him courage; he gazed on every thing with firmer look, and at last even ventured to drink out of a bowl that stood near him; from which the wine exhaled a most delicious odour. The glowing juice made him feel as if re-animated, and whenever he found the least weariness, he again drew fresh vigour from the inexhaustible goblet. Sleep at last overcame him.

Upon waking, Peter found himself in the very same enclosed mead where he was wont to tell his herd. He rubbed his eyes, but could see no sign either of dog or goats, and was, besides, not a little astonished at the high grass, and shrubs, and trees, which he had never observed there. Not well knowing what to think, he continued his way over all the places that he had been accustomed to frequent with his goats, but no where could he find any traces of them; below him he saw Sittendorf, and, at length, with hasty steps he descended.

The people, whom he met before the village, were all strangers to him; they had not the dress of his acquaintance, nor yet did they exactly speak their language; and, when he asked after his goats, all stared and touched their chins. At last he did the same almost involuntary, and found his beard lengthened by a foot at least, upon which he began to conclude that himself and those about him were equally under the influence of enchantment; still he recognized the mountain he had descended, for the Kyffhäuser; the houses too, with their yards and gardens, were all familiar to him, and to the passing questions of a traveller, several boys replied by the name of Sittendorf.

With increasing doubt he now walked through the village to his house: it was much decayed, and before it lay a strange goatherd's boy in a ragged frock, by whose side was a dog worn lank by age, that growled and snarled when he spoke to him. He then entered the

cottage through an opening which had once been closed by a door; he found all so void and waste, that he tottered out again at the back door, if intoxicated, and called his children by their names; but none heard—none answered.

In a short time, women and children thronged around the stranger with long hoary beard, and all, as if by wager, joined in inquiring what he wanted. Before his own house he asked others after his wife, or children, but even of himself seemed so strange, that, to get rid of these querulous questions, he mentioned the first name that occurred to him, "Kurt Steffen." The bystanders looked at each other in silence, till at last an old woman said, "He has been in the church-yard these twenty years, and you'll not go there to-day?" "Veiten Meier?"—"Heaven rest his soul!" replied an ancient dame, leaning upon her crutch, "heaven rest his soul! he has lain these fifteen years in the house that he will never leave."

The goatherd shuddered, as in the last speaker he recognized his neighbour, who seemed to have suddenly grown old; but he had lost all desire for further question. At this moment a brisk young woman pressed through the anxious inquirers, carrying an infant in her arms, and leading by the hand a girl about fourteen years old, all three the very image of his wife. With increasing surprise he asked her name: "Maria!" "And your father's?" "Peter Klaus, heaven rest his soul! It is now twenty years since we sought him, day and night, on the Kyffhäuser mountains, when his flock returned without him; I was then but seven years old."

The goatherd could contain himself no longer; "I am Peter Klaus," he cried, "I am Peter Klaus, and none else," and he snatched the child from his daughter's arms. All for a moment stood as petrified, till at length one voice, and another, and another, exclaimed, "Yes, this is Peter Klaus! Welcome, neighbour! Welcome, after twenty years!"



THE DRUID-SEER OF MALWOOD;

OR,

THE DEATH OF THE RED-KING.

An English Legend.

Oh! who beneath yon mighty oak,
 Uprears his pallid form?
 Why hollow sounds the raven's croak?
 Why howls the rising storm?
 The Red-King shrinks with threatening scowl,
 The Monk advances nigh;
 Loose his grey weeds and shadowy cowl,
 Hung o'er his frowning eye.

Records that William the Second, or "The Red-King," as he is commonly called (the sandy colour of his hair) on the day that he hunted, for the last time, in the Forest, was warned of his approaching death, by a monk, who mysteriously appeared to him, when separated from his companions, and told him of the curse which over his family on account of his father's tyranny, in laying waste so large a tract of country for the purpose of amusement. This tale has been related by William of Malmesbury, who also observes that "not only William the Second, but Richard, a son of the Conqueror, and a son of Robert, Duke of Normandy, are said to have died in this *severo Dei judicio*."

In his "Forest Scenery," has a remark which tends to illustrate the tradition. There is an oak at Cadenham, or Canterton, a little to the north of Castle Malwood, which buds every year in the depth of winter; the buds fall off in a few days; the tree lies torpid, like other deciduous trees during the remainder of the winter and awakes again in the spring at the usual season.

Camden, in his history of the New Forest, speaks of the premature vegetation of the oak from which Tyrrell's arrow glanced; and we have been informed that another tree with the same property of early germination, has lately been found near the spot where Rufus' monument now stands.

In Milner's "Winchester" it is stated that "the old tree against which the arrow glanced, had become so decayed and mutilated, that the late Lord Delawar, to preserve the remembrance of the spot, caused a triangular stone to be erected about five feet high, and inscribed thus:—

"Here stood an oak tree on which an arrow shot by Sir Walter Tyrrell, at a stag, glanced and struck King William the Second, surnamed Rufus, on the breast, of which he instantly died, on the 2nd day of August, Anno 1100."

King William the Second, surnamed Rufus, being slain as before related, was laid in a cart belonging to one Purkiss, and drawn from hence to Winchester, and was buried in the cathedral church of that city."

ANNO 1745.

"That where an event so memorable had happened, might not be hereafter unknown, this stone was set up by John Lord Delawar, who had seen the tree growing in this place."

Purkiss, on whose cart the king was placed, was a charcoal maker, and his lineal descendants, (still named Purkiss), live within the distance of a bow shot from the spot where William fell, in a neat cottage, and still continue to follow the trade of their ancestors; and according to the tradition of the country, have never been sufficiently rich to keep a complete team, nor poor enough to apply for parish relief since the event thus commemorated.

THE morn beams brightly in the eastern sky, and the Red-King looks proudly from the vaulted cornices of merry Malwood hall, to mark the deer as they come bounding across the lawn. And hark! the forest bugle sounds cherrily to the chase; echo lengthens out the note from her deep glades and caverned recesses, and wafts it to the ear of the attentive monarch; he in the pride of his royalty with his trusty henchman by his side, vaults lightly on his fiery charger, and hurries forward in the pastime. The heavy sounding draw-bridge is raised, and the warder's bell from the northern angle of the battlements, summon the adjacent tenantry to the chase. The pawing courser snuffs the perfumed air, and its ruffled mane waves wildly to the wind. But say, shall the Red-King ever return to the proud keep of Malwood? Shall his cheek be flushed in the coming twilight with the ruddy glow of gaiety? From the gay turrets that swing loosely to the midnight gale, the raven whooped

his death dirge: the winds caught the sound and bore it on their heavily flapping wings, and the spirits of destruction shouted it back from their cloud-capped palace of storms.

What form steals dimly along the dark avenue of pines, where the deer sweep trimly by?—What sound breaks on the tranquil solitude of day, and points with the spectral hand to the death-devoted monarch as he hastens onward with his suite? It is the Druid-Seer of Malwood! him, of whom peasants have read, and holy monks have spoken; who has been from the birth of time; who has never felt death, and of whom no man knows aught. "Sir King," he exclaims, confronting with his gaunt form, the path of England's monarch; "hie thee on to the chase, but the spirit of evil shall ride swifter still. He passed me even now, as I called on him from his cloudy palace of skulls, and breathed his visions into my soul; his ministers of wrath hymned aloud the death-dirge, and the dark bosomed

seem rolled back the voice! Thus through me he repeats the words of mystery and horror! Sound the horn of triumph in the corniced galleries of Castle Malwood; but there is a sound that shall peal a louder strain in the dark depth of midnight. It is the voice of the victims of thine ambition, who cry from their cold graves where the slimy worm enfolds them in its embraces, to the denouncing judgment of heaven."—"I know thee not, old seer," replied the scared monarch, "I fear thee not, for the spirits of the damned are leagued with me, and the blood-sealed compact of hell has awarded destruction only, when the immutable laws of vegetable nature are reversed, and the winter-battered oak that now withers in the dark forests of Cadendam, blooms with luxuriant foliage, borrowed from the genial sunshine of summer."—"Ha! laughst thou, Sir King? Then know from me, that ere the day sinks behind the western hills, and the moon-beam glimmers on the ocean wave, I tell thee we shall meet again! Ride on then in thy devoted splendour, but the steed shall return without its rider, for ere the west wind whistles over the stubble, and the black cock whizzes across the moor; the corpse of England's monarch shall slumber on the mountain heather!"

Like a dream of light he hath passed—passed in silence from the horror-stricken gaze of the alarmed monarch. Stillness is again on the hills—the breeze slumbers on the mountain ash—tranquillity spreads her leaden pinions round, save where the echoing horn of the royal huntsman sounds faintly in the distance.

* * * * *

The forests trees are bare, and the wind makes hollow moan among the branches, as the Red-King hurries home by twilight to the gay keep of Malwood. But see! the old oak of the forest is in sight, and the monarch pauses awhile to gaze on its ruined honours. Why does the Red-King trem-

ble? Why flits the changing colour from his face, as the sun-beam that sparkles and fades through the darkling thunder-clouds? He reins his jaded steed beneath the tree; he moves fearfully towards it, and by the dim light of the uprising moon-beam, sees it blooming in the full luxuriance of summer! A deer flits across his path, and the hand of Sir Walter Tyrrell, him whom the monarch delights to honour, is raised to bend the bow of death. The spirit of evil, as he rides on the wings of the wind, arrests the grey-goose shaft in its path, and hurls it with sinewy grasp at the defenceless breast of the Red-King—he falls—he totters against the charmed oak, and the crimson life-blood rolls in a purple tide from the gaping wound. The Druid-Seer of the forest stands triumphant by his side, and his giant-form assumes the gaunt livid hues of a decayed skeleton!—Life scarce ebbs through the carious bones, thinly clad in the cadaverous livery of death. His glassy eyes from which a livid lightning flashed, are fixed in exultation on the Red monarch, while with a demoniac grin, he reminds him of his blood-sealed compact of evil, that has awarded destruction only "when the immutable laws of vegetative nature are reversed, and the winter-battered oak that withers in the gloomy forests of Cadendam blooms with luxuriant foliage borrowed from the genial sunshine of summer."

The proud king starts with agony at the unholy recollection—the death-rattle choaks his blackened throat—the ague of approaching dissolution convulses his quivering limbs with anguish—his hollow filmy eyes start from their blood-red sockets—a moment more and the bursting spirit of the proud king hath passed away!

* * * * *

In the dark-browed cathedral of Saint Swithin, the voice of wailing is heard! There is a mighty pomp of people moving in solemn abstraction to the shrine

of departed greatness, and dropping the tear of pity over the untimely fall of royal splendour. The hollow-sounding organ peals through the arched cloisters, and the death-watch burns dimly by the

bier of England's monarch. He hath passed away like the light of a meteor—like the bark that floats gently down the stream of time; and all that is now known of him, is, that he once was!

LHAM-DEARG;

OR,

The Legend of Bloody-Hand.

The Forest of Glenmore, in the Northern Highlands, is believed to be haunted by a Spirit called Lham-Dearg, in the array of an ancient warrior having a Bloody-Hand, from which he takes his name—"He insists upon all those whom he meets doing battle with him."—*Note to Marmion, Canto III.*

SAY peasant, why streams from yon forest a light,
Whose red beams illumine the darkness of night?
And say, what the sound from that forest so drear,
That enborrows my soul as it floats on mine ear?

A stranger, I travel far distant from home,
And fain through the gloom of that forest would roam;
But I feel my heart chilled as approaching it nigh,
The sound meets my ear, and red gleam mine eye.

"Oh traveller! I pray thee, now enter my gate,
And a tale fraught with horror my tongue shall relate;
Of Glenmore's dark forest, O traveller beware!
Lest the red-handed fiend should thy footsteps ensnare.

Come, enter, thou'rt welcome till midnight is o'er,
To the traveller old Bruce ever opens his door;
Though humble my fare, it is wholesome and sweet,
And my ale, if thou'rt weary, will prove a rich treat.

Many years have I dwelt, sweet Contentment my guest,
On the borders of Glenmore with happiness blest;
And oft-times have warned the poor traveller away,
Or his eyes had been closed 'ere the first beam of day.

Come, seat thee, the faggot rekindled shall blaze,
Secure from the spells yon foul demon can raise;
Our hearts shall o'erflow to the Being above,
With praise and with gratitude, glory and love.

Then mark, as the tale to thy ears I reveal,
And let silence awhile on thy lips press her seal,
While I tell the dread fate of Laird Duncan the brave,
Who neglected the God that alone could him save."

From time immemorial in Glenmore's dread shade,
Foul witches, and spirits of darkness have played,
But the chief who presides o'er the terrible band,
The most cruel, most fell, is the fierce Bloody-Hand.

Like a warrior he prowls, clad in armour so bright,
While his eyes of blood-red pierce the mantle of night ;
And forth from his nostrils there issue red flames,
Though a warrior in form, him a demon proclaims.

On his casque a red plume fans the chilling night air,
And his hand dyed with blood, a keen sword doth bear,
And all who dare stray into Glenmore's dark gloom,
Must his challenge receive, and encounter their doom.

And if they forget to their Maker to pray,
The demon's keen steel to their breasts find its way ;
While his hand plucks the heart from the wound he hath made,
All the demons dance round as he carves with his blade.

To each he apports the horrid repast,
And the banquet of blood is devoured full fast !
He divides every limb, and he severs each bone,
But the heart he reserves for his eating alone.

Thou start'st—but each word that I tell thee, is true,
And ages unborn will his cruelty rue,
And many whose kindred have there met their doom,
Will shrink when thought bears them to Glenmore's dread gloom.

Laird Duncan was brave as the lion in war,
In yon castle he dwelt, which is seen from afar,
Whose turrets o'erlook with majestic pride
The spot were their master so horribly died.

When our monarch so bold to the field bent his way,
Laird Duncan was foremost his service to pay ;
No Laird in all Scotland so loyal had proved,
No Laird in all Scotland so truly beloved.

But his bosom was fickle, and wavering, and strange,
And in love his affections were given to range ;
His smile was deceitful—persuasively fair,
And his eyes would a passion, ne'er thought of declare.

He wooed lovely Morna, and gained her soft heart ;
And swore from her arms he would never depart ;
“ Oh believe me,” he cried, “ I have wavered before,
But trust me, sweet maid, I will waver no more !”

Lovely Morna was fair, but of gold she had none—
Her parents were poor—she was quickly undone ;
A maiden more wealthy attracted his eye ;
He left lovely Morna deserted to die.

Macdonald's proud heiress his bride soon became,
Her beauty—her wealth caught the trumpet of fame
For of all Caledonia's beauties she shone
The wealthiest, and nearly allied to the throne.

Now raised to the summit of splendour and state,
He neglected the power that made him so great,
His mind became haughty, imperious, and vain,
And his vassals were treated with pride and disdain.

His heart ne'er was humbled in prayer to his God,
He slighted His mercy and spurned at his rod ;
Inglorious, no longer in valour he shone,
Degraded Laird Duncan had lost his renown.

One eve as he traversed near Glenmore's dark shade,
His courser wild snorting flew over the glade,
He entered the forest where Bloody-Hand dire,
His victims to snare had enkindled his fire.

'Tis true, though his courage long dormant had lain,
Yet when danger assailed him, he roused it again :
But ah ! he forgot to implore heavenly aid,
And his mangled form soon on the cold earth was laid.

The fiends dance around him with horrible yell,
While his spirit is borne in wild triumph to hell !
Oh ! beware then lone traveller, and rest here till dawn,
For the spectres all fly at the breaking of morn.

Now traveller, I've told thee, why streams forth that light,
Whose red beams illumine the darkness of night ;
I've told what the sound from that forest so drear,
That enshrouds thy soul as it floats on thine ear !"

THE ASTROLOGER'S PREDICTION ;

OR,
THE MANIAC'S FATE !

At the commencement of the eighteenth century, the Illuminati, or sect of Astrologers, had excited considerable sensation on the continent. Blending philosophy with enthusiasm, and uniting to a knowledge of every chemical process a profound acquaintance with astronomy, their influence over the superstitious feelings of their countrymen was prodigious. In one or two instances the infatuation was attended with fatal consequences ; but in no case was the result so dreadful as in the subsequent narrative :—

REGINALD, sole heir of the illustrious family of Di Venoni, was remarkable, from his earliest infancy, for a wild, enthusiastic disposition. His father, it was currently reported, had died of an hereditary insanity ; and his friends, when they marked the wild mysterious intelligency of his eye, and the determined energy of his aspect, would often assert that the dreadful malady still lingered in the veins of young Reginald. Whether such was the case or not, certain it is, that his mode of existence was but ill calculated to eradicate any symptoms of insanity. Left at an early age to the guidance of his mother, who since

the death of her husband had lived in the strictest seclusion, he experienced but little variety to divert or enliven his attention. The gloomy chateau in which he resided, was situated in Suabia on the borders of the Black Forest. It was a wild isolated mansion, built after the fashion of the day in the gloomiest style of Gothic architecture. At a distance rose the ruins of the once celebrated Castle of Rudstein, of which at present but a mouldering tower remained ; and, beyond, the landscape was terminated by the deep shades and impenetrable recesses of the Black Forest.

Such was the spot in which the youth

of Reginald was immured. But his solitude was soon to be relieved by the arrival of an unexpected residence. On the anniversary of his eighteenth year an old man, apparently worn down with age and infirmity, took up his abode at the ruined tower of Rudstein. He seldom stirred out during the day; and from the singular circumstance of his perpetually burning a lamp in the tower, the villagers naturally enough concluded that he was an emissary of the devil. This report soon acquired considerable notoriety; and having at last reached the ears of Reginald through the medium of a gossiping gardener, his curiosity was awakened, and he resolved to introduce himself into the presence of the sage, and ascertain the motives of his singular seclusion. Impressed with this resolution he abruptly quitted the chateau of his mother, and bent his steps towards the ruined tower, which was situated at a trifling distance from his estate. It was a gloomy night, and the spirit of the storm seemed abroad on the wings of the wind. As the clock from the village church struck twelve, he gained the ruin; and ascending the time-worn stair-case, that tottered at each step he took, reached with some labour the apartment of the philosopher. The door was thrown open, and the old man was seated by the grated casement. His appearance was awfully impressive. A long white beard depended from his chin, and his feeble frame with difficulty sustained a horoscope that was directed to the heavens. Books, written in unknown characters of cabalism, were promiscuously strewed about the floor; and an alabaster vase, engraved with the sign of the Zodiac, and circled by mysterious letters, was stationed on the table. The appearance of the Astrologer himself was equally impressive. He was habited in a suit of black velvet, fancifully embroidered with gold, and belted with a band of silver. His thin locks hung streaming in the wind, and his right hand grasped a wand of ebony. On the entrance of a stranger he rose from

his seat, and bent a scrutinizing glance on the anxious countenance of Reginald.

"Child of ill-starred fortunes!" he exclaimed in a hollow tone, "dost thou come to pry into the secrets of futurity? Avoid me, for thy life, or, what is dearer still, thine eternal happiness! for I say unto thee, Reginald Di Venoni, it is better that thou hadst never been born, than permitted to seal thy ruin in a spot which, in after years, shall be the witness of thy fall."

The countenance of the Astrologer as he uttered these words was singularly terrific, and rung in the ears of Reginald like his death-knell. "I am innocent, father!" he falteringly replied, "nor will my disposition suffer me to perpetrate the sins you speak of."—"Hah!" resumed the prophet, "man is indeed innocent, till the express moment of his damnation; but the star of thy destiny already wanes in the heavens, and the fortunes of the proud family of Venoni must decline with it. Look to the west! Yon planet that shines so brightly in the night-sky, is the star of thy nativity. When next thou shalt behold it, shooting downward like a meteor through the hemisphere, think on the words of the prophet and tremble. A deed of blood will be done, and thou art he that shall perpetrate it!"

At this instant the moon peeped forth from the dun clouds that lagged slowly in the firmament, and shed a mild radiance upon the earth. To the west, a single bright star was visible. It was the star of Reginald's nativity. He gazed with eyes fixed in the breathless intensity of expectation, and watched it till the passing clouds concealed its radiance from his view. The Astrologer, in the meantime, had resumed his station at the window. He raised the horoscope to heaven. His frame seemed trembling with convulsion. Twice he passed his hand across his brow, and shuddered as he beheld the aspect of the heavens. "But a few days," he said, "are yet left me on earth, and then

shall my spirit know the eternal repose of the grave. The star of my nativity is dim and pale. It will never be bright again, and the aged one will never know comfort more. Away!" he continued, motioning Reginald from his sight, "disturb not the last moments of a dying man; in three days return, and under the base of this ruin inter the corpse that you will find mouldering within. Away!"

Impressed with a strange awe, Reginald could make no reply. He remained as it were entranced; and after the lapse of a few minutes rushed from the tower, and returned in a state of disquietude to the gloomy chateau of his mother.

The three days had now elapsed, and, faithful to his promise, Reginald pursued his route back to the tower. He reached it at night-fall, and tremblingly entered the fatal apartment. All within was silent, but his steps returned a hollow echo as he passed. The wind sighed around the ruin, and the raven from the roofless turrets had already commenced his death-song. He entered. The Astrologer, as before, was seated by the window, apparently in profound abstraction, and the horoscope was placed by his side. Fearful of disturbing his repose, Reginald approached with caution. The old man stirred not. Emboldened by so unexpected a silence, he advanced, and looked at the face of the Astrologer. It was a corpse he gazed on,—the relic of what had once been life. Petrified with horror at the sight, the memory of his former promise escaped him, and he rushed in agony from the apartment.

For many days the fever of his mind continued unabated. He frequently became delirious, and in the hour of his lunacy was accustomed to talk of an evil spirit that had visited him in his slumbers. His mother was shocked at such evident symptoms of derangement. She remembered the fate of her husband; and implored Reginald, as he valued her affection, to recruit the agitation of

his spirits by travelling. With some difficulty he was induced to quit the home of his infancy. The expostulations of the countess at last prevailed, and he left the chateau Di Venoni for the sunny climes of Italy.

Time rolled on; and a constant succession of novelty had produced so beneficial an effect, that scarcely any traces remained of the once mysterious and enthusiastic Venoni. Occasionally his mind was disturbed and gloomy, but a perpetual recurrence of amusement diverted the influence of past recollection, and rendered him at least as tranquil as it was in the power of his nature to permit. He continued for years abroad, during which time he wrote frequently to his mother, who still continued at the chateau Di Venoni, and at last announced his intention of settling finally at Venice. He had remained but a few months in the city, when, at the gay period of the Carnival, he was introduced, as a foreign nobleman, to the beautiful daughter of the Doge. She was amiable, accomplished, and endowed with every requisite to ensure permanent felicity. Reginald was charmed with her beauty, and infatuated with the excellent qualities of her mind. He confessed his attachment, and was informed with a blush that the affection was mutual. Nothing, therefore, remained but application to the Doge; who was instantly addressed on the subject, and implored to consummate the felicity of the young couple. The request was attended with success, and the happiness of the lovers was complete.

On the day fixed for the wedding, a brilliant assemblage of beauty thronged the ducal palace of St. Mark. All Venice crowded to the festival; and, in the presence of the gayest noblemen of Italy, Reginald Count Di Venoni received the hand of Marcelia, the envied daughter of the Doge. In the evening, a masqued festival was given at the palace; but the young couple, anxious to be alone, escaped the scene of re-

hurried in their gondola to a boat that was prepared for their

a fine moonlight night. The beams of the planets sparkled on the bosom of the Adriatic, and tones of music, "by distance more sweet," came wafted on the breeze. A thousand lamps, from the illuminated squares of the city, re-echoed their burnished hues along the shore, and the mellow chaunt of the choir kept time to the gentle rocking of their oars. The hearts of the young were full, and the witching hour passed with all its magic into their souls. On a sudden a deep groan escaped the overheated heart of Reginald. He had seen the western hemisphere, and which, at that moment, flashed in the horizon, reminded him of the awful scene which he had witnessed in the tower of Rudstein. His mind was filled with delirious brilliancy; but not a shower of tears came to his relief, the consequence might have been fatal. But the gentle caresses of his young bride sufficed for the present in soothing his agitation, and restoring his mind to its tranquil temperament.

Months had now elapsed from the date of his marriage, and the young Reginald was happy. He loved her, and was tenderly beloved in return. Nothing, therefore, remained to disturb his felicity but the presence of his mother, the Countess. He wrote frequently to entreat that she would reside with him at Venice, but was informed by her confessor in return that she was dangerously ill, and required the immediate attendance of

On the receipt of this afflictive intelligence he hurried with Marcelia to the chateau Di Venoni. She was still alive when he entered, and received him with an affectionate embrace. But the exertion of the protracted interview with her was too great for the agitated spi-

rits of the parent, and she expired in the act of folding him to her arms.

From this moment the mind of Reginald assumed a tone of the most confirmed dejection. He followed his mother to the grave, and was observed to smile with unutterable meaning as he returned home from the funeral. The chateau Di Venoni increased the native depression of his spirits, and the appearance of the ruined tower never failed to imprint a dark frown upon his brow. He would wander for days from his home, and when he returned, the moody expression of his countenance alarmed the affection of his wife. She did all in her power to assuage his anguish, but his melancholy remained unabated. Sometimes, when the fit was on him, he would repulse her with fury; but, in his gentler moments, would gaze on her as on a sweet vision of vanished happiness.

He was one evening wandering with her through the village, when his conversation assumed a more dejected tone than usual. The sun was slowly setting, and their route back to the chateau lay through the churchyard where the ashes of the Countess reposed. Reginald seated himself with Marcelia by the grave, and plucking a few wild flowers from the turf, exclaimed, "Are you not anxious to join my mother, sweet girl? She has gone to the land of the blest—to the land of love and sunshine! If we are happy in this world, what will be our state of happiness in the next? Let us fly to unite our bliss with her's, and the measure of our joy will be full." As he uttered these words his eye glared with delirium, and his hand seemed searching for a weapon. Marcelia alarmed at his appearance, hurried him from the spot, and clasping his hand in her's, drew him gently onward.

The sun in the meantime had sunk, and the stars of evening came out in their glory. Brilliant above all shone the fatal western planet, the star of Reginald's nativity. He observed it with

horror, and pointed it out to the notice of Marcelia. "The hand of heaven is in it!" he mentally exclaimed, "and the proud fortunes of Venoni hasten to a close." At this instant the ruined tower of Rudstein appeared in sight, with the moon shining full upon it. "It is the place," resumed the maniac, "where a deed of blood must be done, and I am he that must perpetrate it! But fear not, my poor girl," he added, in a milder tone, while the tears sprang to his eyes, "thy Reginald cannot harm thee; he may be wretched, but he never shall be guilty!" With these words he reached the chateau, and threw himself on his couch in restless anxiety of mind.

Night waned, morning dawned on the upland lands of the scenery, and with it came a renewal of Reginald's disorder. The day was stormy, and in unison with the troubled feeling of his spirit. He had been absent from Marcelia since day-break, and had given her no promise of return. But as she was seated at twilight near the lattice, playing on her harp a favourite Venetian canzonet, the folding doors flew open, and Reginald made his appearance. His eye was red with the deepest—the deadliest madness, and his whole frame seemed unusually convulsed. "'Twas not a dream," he exclaimed, "I have seen her and she has beckoned us to follow." "Seen her, seen who?" said Marcelia, alarmed at his phrenzy. "My mother," replied the maniac. "Listen while I repeat the horrid narrative. Methought as I was wandering in the forest, a sylph of heaven approached, and revealed the countenance of my mother, I flew to join her but was withheld by a sage who pointed to the western star. On a sudden loud shrieks were heard, and the sylph assumed the guise of a demon. Her figure towered to an awful height, and she pointed in scornful derision to thee; yes, to thee, my Marcelia. With rage she drew thee towards me. I seized—murdered thee; and hollow groans

broke on the midnight gale. The of the fiendish Astrologer was shouting as from a charnel house, destiny is accomplished, and the may retire with honour." Then thought, the fair front of heaven obscured, and thick gout of clammy blood showered down rents from the blackened clouds west. The star shot through the and—the phantom of my mother beckoned me to follow."

The maniac ceased, and rust agony from the apartment. He followed and discovered him leaning a trance against the wainscot of library. With gentlest motion she his hand in her's, and led him in open air. They rambled on, he of the gathering storm, until the covered themselves at the base of tower of Rudstein. Suddenly the maniac paused. A horrid thought flashing across his brain, as with grasp he seized Marcelia in his and bore her to the fatal apartment vain she shrieked for help, for "Dear Reginald, it is Marcelia speaks, you cannot surely harm He heard—he heeded not, nor staid his steps, till he reached the of death. On a sudden his countenance lost its wildness, and assumed a fearful, but composed look of confirmed madness. He advanced to window, and gazed on the stormy of heaven. Dark clouds fitted the horizon, and the hollow th echoed awfully in distance. To west the fatal star was still visible shone with sickly lustre. At that instant a flash of lightning re-illumined the whole apartment, and threw a red glare upon a skeleton that moved upon the floor. Reginald observed it with affright, and remembered unburied Astrologer. He advanced Marcelia, and pointing to the moon. "A dark cloud is sailing he shudderingly exclaimed, "but the full orb again shines forth, shalt die, I will accompany the

and hand in hand will we pass presence of our mother." The girl shrieked for pity, but her as lost in the angry ravings of m. The cloud, in the meantime, n,—it approached—the moon nmed, darkened, and finally burs its gloom. The maniac marked r, and rushed with a fearful cry his victim. With murderous on he grasped her throat, while pless hand and half strangled tion, implored his compassion. one final struggle the hollow attle announced that life was ex-and that the murderer held a in his arms. An interval of now occurred, and on the partial tion of his mind, Reginald disd himself the unconscious mur-of Marcelia. Madness—deepest as again took possession of his as. He laughed—he shouted

aloud with the unearthly yellings of a fiend, and in the raging violence of his delirium, hurled himself headlong from the summit of the tower.

In the morning the bodies of the young couple were discovered, and buried in the same tomb. The fatal ruin of Rudstein still exists; but is now commonly avoided as the residence of the spirits of the departed. Day by day it slowly crumbles to earth, and affords a shelter for the night raven, or the wild brutes of the forests. Superstition has consecrated it to herself, and the tradition of the country has invested it with all the awful appendages of a charnel house. The wanderer who passes at night-fall, shudders while he surveys its utter desolation, and exclaims as he journeys on "Surely this is a spot where guilt may thrive in safety, or bigotry weave a spell to enthral her misguided votaries."

THE WATER-LADY.

An Austrian Tradition.

There is a mystery in these sombre shades,
A secret horror in this dark, deep flood;
'T seems as if beings of another race
Here lurk invisible, except what time
Eve's dusky hour, and night's congenial gloom,
Permit them to show themselves in human guise.—
Men say that fays, and elves, and water spirits,
Affect such haunts—and this is surely one.

the banks of one of the streams into the Inn, a river that runs re Danube near Passau, are the ns of an old castle, not far from a n defile or glen, where the waters, hemmed in, rush with impetuosity gh fragments of rock impeding course. Of these, the following l is related:—
e last possessor of the castle, had not been inhabited for se-centuries, was Count Albert, a ful nobleman, descended from an

illustrious ancestry; daring, enthusias-tic, and addicted to study; but his studies were of such a nature that they incurred for him, among his credulous dependants, the imputation of hold-ing unhallowed intercourse with super-natural beings. Independently, how-ever, of the censures his conduct oc-casioned in this respect, he was admired by all for possessing in an eminent degree, personal courage and prowess, qualities so necessary, and therefore so highly prized in those ages. Yet even

those who were most forward to commend his undauntedness could not forbear blaming the indiscretions of his curiosity, which led him to venture into scenes that would, by the fancied horror attached to them, have appalled the bravest of his followers. During the most stormy weather, when the spirits of the air were supposed to be wreaking their fury on the elements—in the depth of night, at that hour when the souls of the departed were supposed to re-visit the earth, and forms obscure and horrible to appear to the unfortunate traveller who should be bewildered on his way,—even at such seasons would Albert venture into the recesses of the woods, enjoy the conflicts of nature on the blasted heath, and explore the wildest solitudes around his domain.

Such practices occasioned much conjecture and rumour—and many prophesied, that some terrible visitation would overtake the man, who, if not actually leagued with the powers of darkness, delighted in all that was horrific and appalling; nor did the less scrupulous or the more imaginative hesitate to relate, with particular circumstance and detail, the dreadful mysteries he was reported, at such times, to have witnessed.

In the defile, which, as has been stated, was in the immediate vicinity of the castle, it was said, that a fairy, or spirit, named by the peasantry the “Water Lady,” had been heard by night, singing within a cave hollowed in the rock, just above the most dangerous part of the current.

Albert was determined to ascertain the truth, and, if possible, obtain an interview with the supernatural inhabitant of the “Black Water Vault.” Such a daring project excited the horror of all who heard it: since many were the tales respecting persons having been enticed to listen to the strains of the spirit, and afterwards perishing in the foaming waters; for she was said to delight in attracting the unwary, and the curious. But though the design of the

young Count appeared so fraught with danger, and obstinate temerity, it could induce him to abandon the enterprise: neither the intreaties of his friends nor those of Bertha, his beloved bride, whom he was shortly to conduct to the altar; it rather seemed, if all obstacles and dissuasives could irritate his unhallowed curiosity. One evening, the third of the new moon, Count, attended by two companions whom he had prevailed upon to accompany him in rowing his boat, and steering among the eddies of the torrent, parted for the scene of research.—He proceeded in silence, for Albert was buried in thought, the others were free from apprehension. No soon as they approach the narrow pass where the foaming and congregated waters dash furiously through the constricted channel, than was heard the voice of one within the cavern.

The music was so strongly sweet and fascinating, that, although struck with awe at the supernatural sounds, they were induced to advance. A form soon dimly descried: it was that of a female arrayed in floating drapery, her features they might not discern, she wore a thick veil. They could not approach the spot so as to be able to catch distinctly the following words, which were chaunted in a tone of solemn adjuration.

By the treasures of my cave,
More than avarice could crave,
More than Fortune yet e'er gave
I charge thee, youth, appear.
Here I wait thy will and hest,
Here with me thou'lt safely rest:
Thou art he, my chosen guest;
Then enter thou, nor fear.
Mortal, now, in dead of night,
Magic spell of friendly sprite,
To favour thee, hath bound arise
Aught that would thee harm.
Hither, hasten, youthful rover:
In my secret, inmost bower,
Thou shalt find a worthy dower
Defy not, then, my charm.

By this time they had arrived at the site to the cave: Albert motioned

companions to stay the bark, and really had they obeyed, when having passed into the flood, he was soon deserted by them, climbing up the jutting rocks below the cavern—he entered beneath its low-browed opening, and disappeared. Gazing upon each other with looks of dread, and fearing to speak, lest there should be horror in the tones of their own voices, they retired some distance, waiting in the hope that the adventurer might re-appear : at length they returned to the castle, in the same silence of terror as they had hitherto observed. “Where was their companion, the Count—had he perished?—How had they lost him—what had they beheld?” These and similar questions were put to them by the terrified inmates ; their replies were brief, vague, and incoherent, but all of dreadful import ; and no doubt remained as to the youth’s having become the victim of his own temerity.

The following morning when the family were assembled, and preparing to commence their matin repast, Lord Albert advanced into the hall, and took his wonted station at the table, with the usual salutations. All started as if a spectre had stood before them—yet, strange to say, no one dared to address him as to his absence, or his mysterious return—for he had apparently but just quitted his chamber, clad in his wonted morning apparel ; every one was as spell bound, since no sooner did any attempt to question the Count, than he felt the words die away upon his lips. There sat a wondrous paleness upon his brow, yet was it not sad ; there was, too, a more than common fire in the expression of his eye ; he was thoughtful—at times abstracted, but instantly roused himself, and essayed to animate the conversation. If the silence of the others was singular, that of Albert himself was equally so, for he took no notice whatever of the occurrences of the preceding evening. No sooner had he quitted the hall, than every one began to inquire of his neighbour, if he knew

when, or how the Count had returned—to wonder at their own silence on this topic, and impute it to some magic charm. Day after day did they continue to express to each other their astonishment their surmises, their apprehensions ; but even his most familiar friends did not venture ever to speak a syllable to him on the subject of their curiosity : among other circumstances, which were whispered about, it had been remarked, that instead of the ring the Count used to wear, which was of great value and family antiquity, he now had one, of which the circlet itself, and not the ornament, was apparently cut out of a single piece of emerald, and, as some averred, who had taken the opportunity of examining it, unperceived by its wearer, inscribed with mystic characters.

In time, however, these circumstances ceased to be the theme of their conversation, and even appeared forgotten during the preparations for the approaching nuptials between the Count and the Lady Bertha ; and were never mentioned during the gaieties attendant upon their solemnization. On the evening after their bridal day, while the Count was conversing apart with one of his guests, in the recess of an oriel window, the faint beam of the new moon fell upon his face—he looked up aghast, as if struck by some sudden, dreadful recollection, and, dashing his hand against his forehead, rushed wildly out of the apartment. Consternation seized all who witnessed this dreadful burst of dismay, of which none could tell the cause.

Retired from his guests, the Count was hastily pacing to and fro, in a long gallery leading to his private apartments, when Bertha broke in upon him. She did not notice his extreme disorder, being herself hardly less agitated ; but informed him, that on the preceding night, a figure, veiled in long flowing drapery, had been standing at their chamber door, and the next morning a ring picked up by her attendants on the

very spot where this mysterious appearance had been observed. She then gave the ring to her lord, it was that which he had formerly worn. "Fatal, fatal night! Listen, Bertha!" exclaimed he, in a tone of anguish. "Impelled by curiosity, I visited the cave of the 'Water-Lady;' it was on the third of the moon. She compelled me to an interchange of rings. It was from her hand that I received this fatal one, which you observe on my finger, and which I am bound by a solemn vow never to lay aside. I vowed also,"—he shuddered as he spoke—"to consent to receive a visit from her on the third of the moon; this I was obliged to do, or incur all the consequence of her wrath, while yet in her power: from that fatal period, I have been obliged to submit to these intercourses with a strange being—the consequence of my unhallowed curiosity. Last night was due to her!" Bertha listened in horror; the Count looked on his finger, the circlet of emerald was gone; how he knew not, but he hoped that he was now released from his terrible vow, yet felt a strange presentiment of impending misfortune. Bertha, notwithstanding her own distress, endeavoured to cheer him, but became alarmed herself at the ashy paleness of his countenance: he tried to persuade her he was not so disturbed

as she imagined, and turned to a mirror, for the purpose of seeing what his features were the deadly aspect he fancied; but a cry of horror issued from his lips: the mirror had reflected his dress, but neither his hands nor his face. He felt that he was under the ban of that mysterious being, of whom his fate was so strangely linked. A deadly chill darted through his heart, he rushed to his chamber, but no sooner had he laid his fingers upon the bolt of the door, than he felt them grasped by a cold icy hand. "Albert," cried a voice "thou hast broken the compact so solemnly ratified between us: last night was the third of the moon: but that spirits may not be trifled with, Bertha had followed her bridegroom, she had heard the awful voice—she felt that some strange visitation was at hand, yet was not, therefore, deterred from entering the apartment.

The next day, no traces of either Albert or Bertha could be discovered; they were never seen again; and it was agreed that they had perished by the revenge of the "Water-Lady." The castle was deserted; became a ruin, and the peasantry used ever afterwards to point out with dismay, the fatal cavern of the "Black Water Lady," and to relate to the traveller the legend of the "Water-Lady."

THE HARP.

A Tale.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KÖRNER.

THE secretary Sellner had begun to taste the first spring of happiness with his youthful bride. Their union was not founded on the vague and evanescent passion which often lives and dies almost in the same moment—sympathy and esteem formed the basis of their attachment. Time and experience,

without diminishing the ardour, but confirmed the permanence of the mutual sentiments. It was long since they had discovered that they were formed for each other, but want of fortune imposed the necessity of a tedious probation: till Sellner, by obtaining the patent for a place, found himself

vision of an easy competence, the following Sunday brought triumph his long betrothed. A succession of ceremonious hours that the young couple devoted to each other. But it was this generous duty fulfilment they eagerly escaped from isolation of society to their delicious ; and the fine summer evenings too short for plans and anticipations of future felicity. Sellner's flute and Josephine's harp filled up the intervals of conversation, and with their perfect unison seemed to sound the prelude to many succeeding years of concord. One evening, when he had played longer than usual, he suddenly complained of head-ache ; but, in reality, risen with this notion of indisposition, but concealment from her anxious husband : nascently susceptible of nervous commotion the attention which she had devoted to the music, and the emotions it produced in her delicate frame, had induced a slight indisposition to fever, which was now evidently ill. A physician was called in, who so little anticipated danger, that he promised a cure for-morrow. But after a night spent in torment, her disorder was pronounced as fever, which completely baffled efforts of medical skill, and on the morrow he was confessedly mortal. Josephine herself was perfectly sensible of the approaching dissolution, and resigned resignation submitted to her

pressing her husband, for the last time he exclaimed, " My dear Edith, heaven can witness it is with unfeigned regret that I depart from this world, where I have found with thee a state of supreme felicity ; but I am no longer permitted to leave those arms, doubt not thy faithful Josephine shall still hover round thee as a guardian-angel encircle thee, and we meet again." She had just uttered these words when she

sunk on her pillow, and soon fell into a slumber, from which she awoke no more ; and when the clock was striking nine, it was observed that she had breathed her last. The agonies of Sellner may be more easily conceived than described ; during some days it appeared doubtful whether he would survive ; and when, after a confinement of some weeks, he was at length permitted to leave his chamber, the powers of youth seemed paralyzed, his limbs were enfeebled, his frame emaciated, and he sunk into a state of stupor, from which he was only to be roused by the bitterness of grief. To this poignant anguish succeeded a fixed melancholy ; a deep sorrow consecrated the memory of his beloved ; her apartment remained precisely in the state in which it had been left previous to her death ; on the work-table lay her unfinished task ; the harp stood in its accustomed nook untouched and silent ; every night Sellner went in a sort of pilgrimage to the sanctuary of his love, and taking his flute, breathed forth, in deep plaintive tones, his fervent aspirations for the cherished shade. He was thus standing in Josephine's apartment, lost in thought, when a broad gleam of moonlight fell on the open window, and from the neighbouring tower the watchman proclaimed the ninth hour ; at this moment, as if some invisible spirit, the harp was heard to respond to his flute in perfect unison. Thunderstruck at this prodigy, Sellner suspended his flute, and the harp became silent ; he then began, with deep emotion, Josephine's favourite air, when the harp resumed its melodious vibrations, thrilling with ecstasy. At this confirmation of his hopes he sunk on the ground, no longer doubting the presence of the beloved spirit ; and whilst he opened his arms to clasp her to his breast, he seemed to drink in the breath of spring, and a pale glimmering light flitted before his eyes. " I know thee, blessed spirit ! " exclaimed the bewildered Sellner, " thou didst promise to hover

round my steps, to encircle me with thy immortal love. Thou hast redeemed thy word ; it is thy breath that glows on my lips ; I feel myself surrounded by thy presence." With rapturous emotion he snatched the flute, and the harp again responded, but gradually its tones became softer, till the melodious murmurs ceased, and all again was silent. Sellner's feeble frame was completely disordered by these tumultuous emotions ; when he threw himself on his bed, it was only to rave deliriously of the harp. After a sleepless night he rose only to anticipate the renewal of his emotions ; with unspeakable impatience he awaited the return of evening, when he again repaired to Josephine's apartment ; where, as before, when the clock struck nine, the harp began to play, in concert with the flute, and prolonged its melodious accompaniment till the tones gradually subsided to a faint and tremulous vibration, and all again was silent. Exhausted by this second trial, it was with difficulty that Sellner tottered to his chamber, where the visible alteration in his appearance excited so much alarm, that the physician was again called in, who, with sorrow and dismay, detected aggravated symptoms of the fever which had proved so fatal to Josephine ; and so rapid was its progress that in two days the patient's fate appeared inevitable. Sellner became more composed, and revealed to the physician the secret of his late mysterious communications, avowing his be-

lief that he should not survive the approaching evening. No arguments could remove from his mind this fatal notion ; as the day declined, it gained strength ; and he earnestly entreated, as a last request, to be conveyed to Josephine's apartment. The prayer was granted. Sellner no sooner reached the unknown spot than he gazed with insatiable satisfaction on every object endearing affectionate remembrance.

The evening hour advanced ; he dismissed his attendants, the physician alone remaining in the apartment. When the clock struck nine Sellner's countenance was suddenly illumined by the glow of hope and pleasure that flushed his wan cheeks, and he passionately exclaimed—" Josephine, greet me once more at parting, that I may not come the pangs of death." At these words the harp breathed forth a strain of jubilee, a sudden gleam of light waved round the dying man, who, on beholding the sign, exclaimed—" I come I come to thee !" and sunk senseless on the couch. It was in vain that the astonished physician hastened to his assistance, and he too late discovered that life had yielded in the conflict. It was long before he could bring himself to divulge the mysterious circumstances which had preceded Sellner's dissolution ; but once, in a moment of confidence, he was insensibly led to make the detail to a few intimate friends, and finally produced the harp, which he had appropriated to himself as a legacy from the dead.



THE GHOST WITH THE GOLDEN CASKET.

A Scottish Tradition.

Is my soul tamed
And baby-rid with the thought that flood or field
Can render back, to scare men and the moon,
The fiery shapes of the corpses they enwomb?
And what if 'tis so—shall I lose the crown
Of my most golden hope, 'cause its fair circle
Is haunted by a shadow?

wing is one of a series of interesting tales on the traditions of the Scottish coast, and was originally printed in the London Magazine.

he Scottish side of the sea of
is seen from Allanbay and
was the beautiful old castle of
rock, standing on a small
promontory, bounded by the
h on one side, by the deep sea
er, by the almost impassable
of Solway on a third; while far
may be observed the three
Dumfries, and the high green
Dalswinton and Keir. It was
the residence of the almost

princely names of Douglas, Seaton,
Kirkpatrick, and Maxwell: it is now
the dwelling place of the hawk and the
owl; its courts are a lair for cattle, and
its walls afford a midnight shelter to the
passing smuggler; or, like those of the
city doomed in Scripture, are places for
the fishermen to dry their nets. Be-
tween this fine old ruin and the banks
of the Nith, at the foot of a grove of
pines, and within a stone cast of tide-
mark, the remains of a rude cottage

are yet visible to the curious eye—the bramble and the wild plum have in vain tried to triumph over the huge, gray, granite blocks which composed the foundations of its walls. The vestiges of a small garden may still be traced, more particularly in summer, when roses and lilies, and other relics of its former beauty begin to open their bloom, clinging amid the neglect and desolation of the place, with something like human affection to the soil. This rustic ruin presents no attractions to the eye of the profound antiquary, compared to those of its more stately companion, Caerlaverock castle; but with this rude cottage and its garden, tradition connects a tale so wild, and so moving, as to elevate it, in the contemplation of the peasantry, above all the princely feasts and feudal atrocities of its neighbour.

It is now some fifty years since I visited the parish of Caerlaverock; but the memory of its people, its scenery, and the story of the Ghost with the Golden Casket, are as fresh with me as matters of yesterday. I had walked out to the river bank one sweet afternoon in July, when the fishermen were hastening to dip their nets in the coming tide, and the broad waters of the Solway sea were swelling and leaping against bank and cliff, as far as the eye could reach. It was studded over with boats, and its more unfrequented bays were white with water-fowl. I sat down on a small grassy mound between the cottage ruins and the old garden plat, and gazed, with all the hitherto untasted pleasure of a stranger, on the beautiful scene before me. On the right, and beyond the river, the mouldering relics of the ancient religion of Scotland ascended, in unassimilating beauty, above the humble kirk of New Abbey and its squalid village; farther to the south rose the white sharp cliffs of Barnhourie,—while on the left stood the ancient keeps of Cumlongan, and Torthorald, and the castle of Caerlaverock. Over the

lain of Criffel, confronting its more stately, but less beautiful neighbour Skiddaw; while between them flowed the deep, wide, sea of Solway, hemmed with cliff, and castle, and town. As I sat looking on the increasing multitude of waters, and watching the success of the fishermen, I became aware of the approach of an old man, leading, one would conduct a dog in a string, a fine young milch cow, in a halter of twisted hair, which passing through the ends of two pieces of flat wood, fitted to the animal's cheek-bones, pressed her nose, and gave her great pain whenever she became disobedient. The cow seemed willing to enjoy the luxury of browse on the rich pasture which surrounded the little ruined cottage; but this humble wish she was not to be indulged, for the aged owner, coiling the tether, and seizing her closely by the head, conducted her past the tempting herbage, towards a small and cropped hillock, a good stone cast distant. In this piece of self-denial the animal seemed reluctant to sympathise—she snuffed the fresh green pasture, plunged, and startled, and nearly broke away. What the old man's strength seemed nearly unequal to, was accomplished by speech.—“Bonnie la bonnie lady,” said he, in a soothing tone, “it canna be, it mauna be hinnie! hinnie! what would become of my three bonny grand-bairns, my fatherless and mitherless by that flood afore us, if they supped meat and tasted butter, that came from greensward of this doomed and unblest spot?” The animal appeared to comprehend something in her own language from the speech of her owner: she abated her resistance; and indeed only in a passing glance at the deep herbage, passed on to her death pasture. I had often heard of the singular superstitions of the Scottish peasantry, and that every hillock had its song, every hill its ballad, and every valley its tale. I followed with my eye the old man and his cow; he went

way, till, seating himself on the ground, retaining still the tether in his hand, he said, "Now, bonnie lady, fill on this good greensward—some and holy, compared to the doomed cottage of auld Lyrane—leave that to smugglers' tillie O'Brandyburn and Roar-O'Kemstane will ca' the haunted bit—they are godless bits." I looked at the peasant; he was a stout hale old man with a weather-beaten face, furrowed by time, and, perhaps, by sorrow. Though summer was warmest, he wore a broad dark mantle, fastened at the bosom with a clasp of steel,—a broad bonnet beneath the circumference of which straggled a few thin locks, as if driven snow, shining like amethyst, softer than the finest flax,—his legs were warmly cased in red boot hose. Having laid down on the grass, he looked leisurely at me, and espying me—perhaps, and dressed above the manner of the peasantry, he acknowledged my presence by touching his bonnet; and, if willing to communicate anything of importance, he stuck the end of his stick in the ground, and came forward to the garden fence. Wishing to know the peasant's reasons for avoiding me, I thus addressed him:—"A pretty spot, my aged friend, but your face looks so fresh and abundant; I would advise thee to bring me hither; and while she can browse, I would gladly listen to the story of thy white locks, for I mean to have been bleached in my days." "Aye, aye," said he, shaking his white head and smiling, "they have braved the ravages of sixteen and are touching this pasture, Sir, I body who would like their crop it—the aged cattle shun the bushes bloom, but bear the birds never build in the— the children never come near

to play—and the aged never choose it for a resting-place; but pointing it out, as they pass, to the young, tell them the story of its desolation. Sae ye see, Sir, having nae good will to such a spot of earth myself, I like little to see a stranger sitting in such an unblessed place; and I would as good as advise ye to come owre with me to the crowslip knoll—there are reasons mony that an honest man should nae sit there." I arose at once, and seating myself beside the peasant on the crowslip knoll, desired to know something of the history of the spot from which he had just warned me. The Caledonian looked on me with an air of embarrassment:—"I am just thinking," said he, "that as ye are an Englishman, I should nae acquaint ye with such a story. Ye'll make it, I'm doubting, a matter of reproach and vaunt, when ye gae hame, how Willie Borlan o' Caerlaverock told ye a tale of Scottish iniquity, that cowed all the stories in southron book or history." This unexpected obstacle was soon removed. "My sage and considerate friend," I said, "I have the blood in my bosom will keep me from revealing such a tale to the scoffer and scerner. I am something of a Caerlaverock man—the grandson of Marion Stobie of Dookdub." The peasant seized my hand—"Marion Stobie! bonnie Marion Stobie o' Dookdub—whom I wooed sae sair, and loved sae lang!—Man I love ye for her sake, and well was it for her braw English bridegroom, that William Borlan—frail and faded now—but strong and in manhood then, was a thousand miles from Caerlaverock, rolling on the salt sea, when she was bridged:—ye have the glance of her ee,—I could ken't yet amang ten thousand, gray as my head is. I shall tell the grandson of bonnie Marion Stobie ony tale he likes to ask for; and the story of the Ghost and the Gowd Casket shall be foremost."

"You may imagine, then," said the old Caerlaverock peasant, rising at once with the commencement of his story

from his native dialect into very passable English—"you may imagine these ruined walls raised again in their beauty—whitened, and covered with a coating of green broom; that garden, now desolate, filled with herbs in their season, and with flowers, hemmed round with a fence of cherry and plum-trees; and the whole possessed by a young fisherman, who won a fair subsistence for his wife and children, from the waters of the Solway sea: you may imagine it, too, as far from the present time as fifty years. There are only two persons living now, who remember when the Bonne-Homme-Richard, the first ship ever Richard Faulder commanded, was wrecked on the Pellock sand—one of these persons now addresses you—the other is the fisherman who once owned that cottage—whose name ought never to be mentioned, and whose life seems lengthened as a warning to the earth, how fierce God's judgments are. Life changes—all breathing things have their time and their season; but the Solway flows in the same beauty—Criffel rises in the same majesty—the light of morning comes, and the full moon arises now, as they did then—but this moralizing matters little. It was about the middle of harvest—I remember the day well—it had been sultry and suffocating, accompanied by rushings of wind,—sudden convulsions of the water, and cloudings of the sun; I heard my father sigh, and say, 'dool—dool to them found on the deep sea to-night—there will happen strong storm and fearful tempest.' The day closed, and the moon came over Skiddaw: all was perfectly clear and still—frequent dashings and whirling agitations of the sea were soon heard mingling with the hasty clang of the water-fowls' wings, as they forsook the waves, and sought shelter among the hollows of the rocks. The storm was nigh. The sky darkened down at once—clap after clap of thunder followed, and lightning flashed so vividly, and so frequently, that the wide and agitated ex-

pense of Solway was visible from side to side—from St. Bees to Barnhourie. A very heavy rain, mingled with hail, succeeded; and a wind accompanied it, so fierce, and so high, that the white foam of the sea was showered as thick as snow on the summit of Caerlaverock castle. Through this perilous sea, and amid this darkness and tempest, a bark was observed coming swiftly down the middle of the sea—her sails rent—and her decks crowded with people. The carry, as it is called, of the tempest was direct from St. Bees to Caerlaverock; and experienced swains could see that the bark would be driven full on the fatal shoals of the Scottish side—but the lightning was so fierce that few dared venture to look on the approaching vessel, or take measures for endeavouring to preserve the lives of the unfortunate mariners. My father stood on the threshold of his door, and beheld all that passed in the bosom of the sea. The bark approached fast—her canvas rent to threads, her masts nearly levelled with the deck, and the sea foaming over her so deep, and so strong, as to threaten to sweep the remains of her crew from the little refuge the broken masts and splintered beams still afforded them. She now seemed within half a mile from the shore, when a strong flash of lightning, that appeared to hang over the bark for a moment, shewed the figure of a lady, richly dressed, clinging to a youth who was pressing her to his bosom. My father exclaimed, 'Saddle me my black horse, and saddle me my grey, and bring them down to the Deadman's bank'—and swift in action as he was in resolve, he hastened to the shore, his servants following with his horses. The shore of Solway presented then, as it does now, the same varying line of coast—and the house of my father stood in the bosom of a little bay, nearly a mile from where we sit. The remains of an old forest interposed between the bay and Deadman's bank, and the bay at our feet; and mariners had learnt to visit

that if it were their doom to be wrecked, it might be in the bay of dounce William Borlan, rather than that of Gilbert Gyrape, the proprietor of that ruined cottage. But human wishes are vanities, wished either by sea or land. I have heard my father say he could never forget the cries of the mariners, as the bark smote on the Pellock-bank, and the flood rushed through the chasms made by the concussion—but he would far less forget the agony of a lady—the loveliest that could be looked upon, and the calm and affectionate courage of the young man who supported her, and endeavoured to save her from destruction. Richard Faulder, the only man who survived, has often sat at my fire side, and sung me a very rude, but a very moving ballad, which he made on this accomplished and unhappy pair: and the old mariner assured me he had only added rhymes, and a descriptive line or two, to the language in which Sir William Musgrave endeavoured to soothe and support his wife."

It seemed a thing truly singular, that at this very moment two young fishermen, who sat on the margin of the sea below us, watching their halvets, should sing, and with much sweetness, the very song the old man had described. They warbled verse and verse alternately; and rock and bay seemed to retain, and then release the sound. Nothing is so sweet as a song by the sea-side on a tranquil evening.

Sir William Musgrave.

FIRST FISHERMAN.

"O lady, lady, why do you weep!
Though the wind be loosed on the raging deep,
Though the heaven be mirker, than mirk may be,
And our frail bark ships a fearful sea,—
Yet thou art safe—as on that sweet night
When our bridal candles gleamed far and bright."—
There came a shriek, and there came a sound,
And the Solway roared, and the ship spun round.

SECOND FISHERMAN.

"O lady, lady, why do you cry!
Though the waves be flashing top-mast high,
Though our frail bark yields to the dashing brine,
And heaven and earth shew no saving sign,
There is one who comes in the time of need,
And curbs the waves as we curb a steed."—
The lightning came with the whirlwind blast,
And cleaved the prow, and smote down the mast.

FIRST FISHERMAN.

"O lady, lady, weep not, nor wail,
Though the sea runs howe as Dalswinton vale,
Then flashes high as Barbourie brave,
And yawns for thee, like the yearning grave—
Though 'twixt thee and the ravening flood
There is but my arm, and this splintering wood,
The fell quicksand, or the famished brine,
Can ne'er harm a face so fair as thine.

BOTH.

"O lady, lady, be bold and brave,
Spread thy wide breast to the fearful wave
And cling to me, with that white right hand,
And I'll set thee safe on the good dry land."—
A lightning flash on the shallop strook,
The Solway roar'd, and Caerlaverock shook,
From the sinking ship there were shriekings cast,
That were heard above the tempest's blast.—

The young fishermen having concluded their song, my companion proceeded. "The lightning still flashed vivid and fast, and the storm raged with unabated fury; for between the ship and the shore, the sea broke in frightful undulation, and leaped on the green-sward several fathoms deep abreast. My father mounted on one horse, and holding another in his hand, stood prepared to give all the aid that a brave man could, to the unhappy mariners; but neither horse nor man could endure the onset of that tremendous surge. The bark bore for a time the fury of the element, but a strong eastern wind came suddenly upon her, and, crushing her between the wave and the freestone bank, drove her from the entrance of my father's little bay towards the dwelling of Gibbie Gyrape, and the thick forest intervening, she was out of sight in a moment. My father saw, for the last time, the lady and her husband looking shoreward from the side of the vessel, as she drifted along; and as he galloped round the head of the forest, he heard for the last time the outcry of some, and the wail and intercession of others. When he came before the fisherman's house, a fearful sight presented itself; the ship dashed to atoms, covered the shore with its wreck, and with the bodies of the mariners; not a living soul escaped, save Richard Faulder, whom the fiend who guides the spectre-shallop of Solway had rendered proof to perils on the deep. The fisherman himself came suddenly from his

cottage, all dripping and drenched, and my father addressed him. 'Oh Gilbert, Gilbert, what a fearful sight is this; has heaven blessed thee with making thee the means of saving a human soul?'—'Nor soul nor body have I saved,' said the fisherman doggedly: 'I have done my best; the storm proved too stark, and the lightning too fierce for me; their boat alone came near with a lady and a casket of gold; but she was swallowed up with the surge.' My father confessed afterwards, that he was touched with the tone in which these words were delivered, and made answer, 'If thou hast done thy best to save souls to-night, a bright reward will be thine; if thou hast been fonder for gain than for working the mariners' redemption, thou hast much to answer for.' As he uttered these words, an immense wave rolled landward as far as the place where they stood; it almost left its foam on their faces, and suddenly receding, deposited at their feet the dead body of the lady. As my father lifted her in his arms, he observed that the jewels which had adorned her hair, at that time worn long, had been forcibly rent away: the diamonds and gold that enclosed her neck, and ornamented the bosom of her rich satin dress, had been torn off; the rings removed from her fingers; and on her neck, lately so lily-white and pure, there appeared the marks of hands—not laid there in love and gentleness, but with a fierce and deadly grasp. The lady was buried with the body of her husband, side by side, in Caerlaverock burial-ground. My father never openly accused Gilbert the fisherman of having murdered the lady for her riches as she reached the shore, preserved, as was supposed, from sinking, by her long, wide, and stiff satin robes; but from that hour till the hour of his death, my father never broke bread with him; never shook him or his by the hand; nor spoke with them in wrath or in love. The fisherman from that time too waxed rich and prosperous; and

from being the needy proprietor of a halve-net, and the tenant at will of a rude cottage, he became, by purchase, lord of a handsome inheritance; proceeded to build a bonny mansion, and called it Gyrape-ha'; and became a leading man in a flock of a purer kind of Presbyterians; and a precept and example to the community.

"Though the portioner of Gyrape-ha' prospered wonderously, his claims to parochial distinction, and the continuance of his fortune, were treated with scorn by many, and with doubt by all: though nothing open or direct was said; looks more cutting at times than the keenest speech, and actions, still more expressive, shewed that the hearts of honest men were alienated; the cause was left to his own interpretation. The peasant scrupled to become his servant; sailors hesitated to receive his grain on board, lest perils should find them on the deep; the beggar ceased to solicit an *alms*; the drover, and horse couper, an unscrupling generation, found out a more distant mode of concluding bargains than by shaking his hand; his daughters, handsome and blue-eyed, were neither wooed nor married; no maiden would hold tryste with his sons; though maidens were then as little loth as they are now; and the aged peasant, as he passed his new mansion, would shake his head and say 'The voice of spilt blood will be lifted up against thee; and a spirit shall come up from the waters will make the corner-stone of thy habitation tremble and quake. It happened, during the summer which succeeded this unfortunate shipwreck, that I accompanied my father to the Solway, to examine his nets. It was near midnight—the tide was making, and I sat down by his side and watched the coming of the waters. The shore was glittering in star-light as far as the eye could reach. Gilbert, the fisherman, had that morning removed from his cottage to his new mansion; the former was, therefore, untenanted; and the latter

stage ground on the crest of
 drew down to us the sound of
 music, and dancing; a re-
 ception in Scotland, on taking
 of a new house. As we lay
 king on the swelling sea, and
 the water-fowl swimming and
 the encreasing waters, the
 the merriment became more
 y father listened to the mirth
 the sea—looked to the de-
 ce, and then to the new
 and said, ‘My son, I have a
 give thee, treasure it in thy
 practise it in thy life—the
 of him of Gyrape-ha’ are
 ave an eye that would wile
 its of the wisest—their father
 —I say nought of the way
 it—they will have golden
 utable. But I would rather
 d aneath the gowans in Ca-
 kirk-yard, and son have I
 e thee, than see thee lay it
 al pillow with the begotten
 , though she had Nithsdale
 vry. Let not my words be
 on the ocean. I may not
 e why this warning is given.
 t fatal shipwreck, I would
 Prudence Gyrape, in her
 a better bride than some
 olden dowers. I have long
 ne one would see a sight;
 while holding my halve-net
 ight tide, have I looked for
 to appear—for where blood
 re doth the spirit haunt for
 I give warning to man. May
 bened to endure the sight!’
 not, being accustomed to
 father’s counsel as a matter
 debated—as a solemn com-
 heard something like the
 wings on the water—accom-
 a slight curling motion of
 God haid his right hand
 said my father, breathing
 emotion and awe, and look-
 sea with a gaze so intense
 s seemed to dilate, and the
 forehead to project forward,

and bristle into life. I looked, but
 observed nothing, save a long line of
 thin and quivering light, dancing along
 the surface of the sea: it ascended the
 bank, on which it seemed to linger for
 a moment, and then entering the fish-
 erman’s cottage, made roof and rafters
 gleam with a sudden illumination. ‘I’ll
 tell thee what, Gibbie Gyrape,’ said my
 father, ‘I wouldna be the owner of thy
 heart, and the proprietor of thy right
 hand, for all the treasures in earth and
 ocean.’ A loud and piercing scream
 from the cottage made us thrill with
 fear, and in a moment the figures of
 three human beings rushed into the
 open air, and run towards us with a
 swiftness which supernatural dread alone
 could inspire. We instantly knew them
 to be three noted smugglers, who in-
 fested the country; and rallying when
 they found my father maintain his ground
 they thus mingled their fears and the
 secrets of their trade—for terror fairly
 overpowered their habitual caution. ‘I
 vow by the night tide, and the crooked
 timber,’ said Willie Weethause, ‘I
 never beheld sic a light as yon since our
 distillation pipe took fire, and made a
 burnt, instead of a drink-offering of
 our spirits. I’ll uphold it comes for
 nae good—a warning may be—sae ye
 may gang on, Wattie Bouseaway, wi’
 yere wickedness—as for me, I’ve gae
 hame and repent.’ ‘Saulless bodie!’
 said his companion, whose natural har-
 dihood was considerably supported by
 his communion with the brandy cup.
 ‘Saulless bodie, for a staff o’ fire and a
 maiden’s shadow would ye forswear the
 gallant trade. Saul to gude! but auld
 Miller Morison shall turn yere thrapple
 into a drain-pipe to wyse the waste wa-
 ter from his mill, if ye turn back now,
 and help us nae through with as strong
 an importation as ever cheered the throat
 and cheeped on the crapin. Confound
 the fizenless bodie! he glowers as if
 this fine starlight were something frae
 the warst side of the world, and thae
 staring e’en o’ his are busy shaping
 heaven’s sweetest and balmyest air into

the figures of wraiths and goblins.' 'Robin Telfer,' said my father, addressing the third smuggler, 'tell me nought of the secrets of your perilous craft, but tell me what you have seen, and why ye uttered that fearful scream, that made the wood-doves start from Caerlaverock pines.' 'I'll tell ye what, goodman,' said the mariner, 'I have seen the fires o' heaven running as thick along the sky, and on the surface of the ocean, as ye ever saw the blaze on a bowl o' punch at a merrymaking, and neither quaked nor screamed; but ye'll mind the light that came to that cottage to-night was one for some fearful purport, which let the wise expound; sae it lessened nae one's courage to quail for sic an apparition. Od! if I thought living soul would ever make the start I gied an upcast to me, I'd drill his breast bane wi' my dirk like a turnip lanthorn.' My father mollified the wrath of this maritime desperado, by assuring him, he beheld the light go from the sea to the cottage, and that he shook with terror, for it seemed no common light. 'Ou, God! then,' said hopeful Robin, 'since it was one o' our ain cannie sea-appearitions I care less about it; I took it for some landward sprite! and now I think on't, where were my teen? did it no stand amang its ain light, with its long hanks of hair dripping, and drenched: with a casket of gold in ae hand, and the other guarding its throat. I'll be bound it's the ghost o' some sonsie lass that has had her neck nipped for her gold; and had she stayed till I emptied the bicker o' brandy, I would have ask'd a cannie question or twae.' Willie Weethouse had now fairly overcome his consternation, and began to feel all his love for the gallant trade, as his comrade called it, return. 'The tide serves, lads! the tide serves; let us slip our drap o' brandy into the bit bonnie boat, and tottle away amang the sweet starlight as far as the Kingholm or town quarry; ye ken we have to meet Bailie Gardevine, and laird Souk-away o' Ladlemouth.' They returned,

not without hesitation and fear, to the old cottage; carried their brandy to the boat; and as my father and I went home, we heard the dipping of their oars in the Nith, along the banks of which they sold their liquor, and told their tale of fear, magnifying its horror at every step, and introducing abundance of variations.

"The story of the Ghost with the Golden Casket, flew over the country side with all its variations, and with many comments: some said they saw her, and some thought they saw her appear again; and those who had the hardihood to keep watch on the beach at midnight, had their tales to tell of terrible lights and strange visions. With one who delighted in the marvellous, the spectre was decked in attributes that made the circle of auditors tighten round the hearth; while others, who allowed to a ghost only a certain quantity of thin air to clothe itself in, reduced it in their description to a very unpoetic shadow, or a kind of better sort of wisp—the wisp, that could for its own amusement counterfeit the human shape. There were many who, like my father, beheld the singular illumination appear at midnight on the coast; saw also something sailing along with it in the form of a lady in bright garments, her hair long and wet, and shining in diamonds; and heard a struggle, and the shriek of a creature drowning. The belief of the peasantry did not long confine the apparition to the sea coast; it was seen sometimes late at night far inland, and following Gilbert, the fisherman, like a human shadow—like a pure light—like a white garment—and often in the shape, and with the attributes, in which it disturbed the carousal of the rascals. I heard douce Thomas Haining, a God-fearing man, and an elder of the Burgher congregation, and on whose word I could well tippen, when drunk was kept from his head,—I heard him say that as he rode home late from the Roodfair of Dumfries—the night was dark, there lay a dusting of snow on

the ground, and no one appeared on the road but himself, he was liting and singing the cannie end of the auld sang, "There's a cuttie stool in our kirk," which was made on some foolish quean's misfortune, when he heard the sound of horses' feet behind him at full gallop, and ere he could look round, who should flee past, urging his horse with whip and spur, but Gilbert the fisherman! "Little wonder that he galloped," said the elder, "for a fearful form hovered around him, making many a clutch at him, and with every clutch uttering a shriek most piercing to hear." But why should I make a long story of a common tale? The curse of spilt blood fell on him, and on his children, and on all he possessed; his sons and daughters died—his flocks perished—his grain grew, but never filled the ear; and fire came from heaven, or rose from hell, and consumed his house, and all that was therein. He is now a man of ninety years—a fugitive and a vagabond on the earth—without a house to put his white head in—with the unexpiated curse still clinging to him."

While my companion was making this summary of human wretchedness, I observed the figure of a man, stooping to the earth with extreme age, gliding through among the bushes of the ruined cottage, and approaching the advancing tide. He wore a loose great coat, patched to the ground, and fastened round his waist by a belt and buckle, the remains of stockings and shoes were on his feet; a kind of fisherman's cap surmounted some remaining white hairs, while a long peeled stick supported him as he went. My companion gave an involuntary shudder when he saw him. "Lo, and behold, now, here comes Gilbert, the Fisherman; once every twenty-four hours doth he come, let the wind and the rain be as they will, to the nightly tide, to work o'er again, in imagination, his auld tragedy of un-

righteousness. See how he waves his hand, as if he welcomed some one from sea—he raises his voice too, as if something in the water required his counsel; and see how he dashes up to the middle, and grapples with the water as if he clutched a human being." I looked on the old man, and heard him call in a hollow and broken voice; "O hoy! the ship, O hoy; turn your boat's head ashore; and my bonnie lady, keep haud o' yere casket. Hech bet! that wave would have sunk a three decker, let be a slender boat; see, see, an' she binna sailing aboon the water like a wild swan;" and, wading deeper in the tide as he spoke, he seemed to clutch at something with both hands, and struggle with it in the water. "Na! na! dinna haud your white hands to me; ye wear owre mickle gowd in your hair, and o'er many diamonds on your bosom, to 'scape drowning. There's as mickle gowd in this casket as would have sunk thee seventy fathom deep." And he continued to hold his hands under the water, muttering all the while. "She's half gane now, and I'll be a braw laird, and build a bonny house, and gang crouselly to kirk and market; now I may let the waves work their will; my work will be ta'en for theirs." He turned to wade to the shore, but a large and heavy wave came full dash upon him, and bore him off his feet, and ere any assistance reached him, all human aid was too late; for nature was so exhausted with the fulness of years, and with his exertions, that a spoonful of water would have drowned him. The body of this miserable old man was interred, after some opposition from the peasantry, beneath the wall of the kirk-yard; and from that time, the Ghost with the Golden Casket was seen no more, and only continued to haunt the evening tale of the hind and the farmer.

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SECRETS OF CABALISM; OR, RAVENSTONE AND ALICE OF HUNTINGDON.

On the evening of the 29th of June 1555, in one of the narrow streets near the Poultry Compter, in London, a dark square-built ruffian, in a thrum cap and leathern jerkin, suddenly sprung forth from his hiding-place, and struck his dagger with all his force against the breast of a man passing by. "By my holidam," said the man, that would have craved no thanks if my coat-hardy had been thinner—but thou shalt have a jape (a fool's mark) for thy leman to know thee by,"—and flourishing a short gisarme, or double-pointed weapon, in his left hand, with his right, on which he seemed to wear an iron glove, he stamped a sufficient mark on the assassin's face, and vanished in a moment.

"Why, thou Lozel!" said another ruffian, starting from beneath a pent-house, "wast playing at barley-break with a wooden knife? Thou wilt hardly earn twenty pounds this bout."

"A plague on his cloak, Coniers!—he must have had a gambeson under it.—Thou mayest earn the coin thyself;—thou hast gotten a gold ring and twenty shillings in part payment."

"Get thee gone to thy needle and bawlekin again; like a woman's tailor as thou art!—Thou hast struck a wrong man, and he has taken away thy nose that he may swear to the right one.—That last quart of huff-cap made froth of thy brains."

"My basilard is sharp enough for thee, I warrant," muttered his disappointed companion, as he drew his tough hyke or cloak over his bruises, and slunk into a darker alley. Meanwhile, the subject of their discourse and of their villany strode with increased haste towards the Compter-prison, and

ed for the condemned prisoner, adford. The keeper knew

Bishop Gardiner's secretary, and admitted him without hesitation, hoping that he brought terms of grace to the pious man, whose meek demeanour in the prison had won love from all about him. The secretary found him on his knees, as his custom was, eating his spare meal in that humble posture, and meditating with his hat drawn over his face. He rose to receive his visitors and his tall slender person, held gracefully erect, aided a countenance which derived from a faint bloom and a beard of rich brown, an expression of youthful beauty such as a painter would not have deemed unworthy the great giver of the creed for which he suffered. Gardiner's secretary uncovered his head, and, bending it humbly, kissed his hand with tears. "Be of good comfort, brother," said Bradford,—"I have done nothing in this realm except in godly quietness, unless at Paul's Cross, where I bestirred myself to save him who is now Bishop of Bath, when his rash sermon provoked the multitude."

"Ah, Bradford! Bradford!" replied his visitor, "thou didst save him who will now burn thee. Had it not been for thee, I had run him through with my sword that day!" Bradford started back, and looked earnestly,—"I know thy voice now, and I remember that voice said those same words in my ear when the turmoil was at Paul's Cross. For what comest thou now? a man of blood is no fit company for a sinner going to die."

"Not while I live, my most dear tutor; I am Rufford of Edlesburgh."

The old man threw his arms about his neck, and hung on it for an ins

"It is twelve years since I saw _____, and my heart grieved when I heard a voice like thine in the fierce riot at

Paul's Cross. Art thou here bodily, or, do I only dream? There is a rumour abroad, that thy old enemy, Coniers, slew thee at Huntingdon last year."

"He meant well, John Bradford, but I had a thick hilted pourpoint and a tough leathern cap; I have met his minions more than once, and they know what print my hand leaves. Enough of this—I am not in England now as Giles Rufford; I shall do thee better service as what I seem."

"Seeming never was good service," said the divine: "what hast thou to do with me, who am in God's hands?"

"He makes medicines of asps and vipers," answered his pupil; "I shall serve him if I save his minister, though it be by subtlety. I have crept into Gardiner's favour by my skill in strange tongues and Hebrew secrets, therefore I am now his secretary: and I have an ally in the very chamber of our queen-mistress."

"That woman is not unwise or unmerciful," replied Bradford, "in things that touch not her faith; but I will be helped by no unfair practice on her. Mercy with God's mercy will be welcome, but I am readier to die than to be his forsworn servant."

"Master, there can be no evil in gathering the fruit Providence has ripened for us. Gardiner was Wolsey's disciple once, and hath more heathen learning in him than Catholic zeal. There is a leaven left of his old studies which will work us good. He believes in the cabalism of the Jews, and reads strange books from Padua and Antwerp, which tell him of lucky and lucky days. He shall be made to think to-morrow full of evil omens, and his superstition shall shake his cruelty."

"Thou art but a green youth still," rejoined Bradford, "if thou knowest not that cruelty is superstition's child. Take heed that his heathenish witchcraft doth not shake both thy wit and thy safety. For though I sleep but little, and have few dreams of earthly

things, there came, as I think, a vision raised by no holy art, into my prison last night. And it had such a touch of heaven's beauty in its face, and such rare music in its voice, that it well might tempt me to believe its promise. But I remembered my frailty, and was safe."

The secretary's eyes shone brightly, and half a smile opened his lips. But he lowered both his eyes and his voice as he replied, "What did this fair vision promise?"

"Safety and release, if I would trust her, and be pledged to obey her."—There was a long pause before the young man spoke again.—"Do you not remember, my foster-father, the wild laurel that grew near my birth-place? An astrologer at Pisa told me it should not wither till the day of my death. And it seems to me, when I walked under its shade, that the leaves made strange music, as if a spirit had touched them. It is greener and richer than its neighbours, and the fountain that flows near its root has, as men believe, a rare power of healing—the dreams that visit me when I sleep near it are always the visitings of a courteous and lovely spirit. What if the legends of Greece and Syria speak truth? May we not both have guardian spirits that choose earthly shapes?"

"My son," replied Bradford, "those thoughts are the diamond-drops that lie on the young roses of life; but the Sun of Truth and Reason should disperse them. Man has one guardian, and he needs no more unless he forgets that One. Thou wast called in thy youth the silken pleader, because thy words were like fine threads spun into a rich tissue. Be wary lest they entangle thee, and become a snare instead of a banner fit to guide Christians. I am a blighted tree marked for the fire, and thou canst not save me by searing the freshness of thy young laurel for my sake."

"I will shame the astrologer to-morrow," said the pupil; "and therefore

I must make this hour brief. She who rules the queen's secrets has had a bribe to make Mary merciful. There is hope of a birth at court, and death ought not to be busy. Fare-ye-well! but do not distrust that fair apparition if it should open these prison-doors to-morrow."—So saying, the young man departed without heeding Bradford's monitory gesture.

Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, and High Chancellor by Mary's favour, sat that night alone and thoughtful in his closet. He had been the chief commissioner appointed to preside at Bradford's trial: and though he had eagerly urged his colleagues to condemn him, he secretly abhorred the time-serving cruelty of Bishop Bonner and the cowardice of Bourne, who had not dared to save the life of the benefactor he had begged to save his own. "You have tarried late," said Gardiner, as his secretary entered—"the stars are waning, and their intelligence will be imperfect."

"I traced it before midnight," replied the Secretary, "but I needed the help of your lordship's science."

"It is strange," said the patron, leaning thoughtfully on one of Roger Bacon's volumes, "that men in every age and climate, and of every creed, have this appetite for an useless knowledge—and it would be stranger, if both profane and sacred history did not shew us that such knowledge had been sometimes granted, though in vain.—What is that paper in thy hand?"

"It is a clumsy calculation, my lord, of this night's aspect. I learned in Araby, as your lordship knows, some small guesses at Chaldean astrology; but I deem the characters and engraven signs of the Hermetic men more powerful in arresting the intelligent bodies in the heavens. They were the symbols used by Pythagoras and Zoroaster, and their great master Apollonius."

"Ignatius Loyola and Athanasius Kircher, did not disdain them," replied the Bishop, crossing himself—

"But what was the fruit of thy calculation?"

"Nothing," answered his secretary humbly—"nothing at least not already known to one more able than myself. The first of July is a day of evil omen, and the last day of June has a doubtful influence. My intelligence says, if life be taken on that day, a mitre will be among ashes."

"Ha! and the heretics will think it if Bradford dies, for they are wont to say, he is worthier of a bishopric than we of a parish priesthood. Thou hast not yet told all."

"My lord, I see the rest dimly.—There are symbols of a falling star and a flame quenched in blood. They tell of a gorgeous funeral soon."

Gardiner was silent several minutes before he raised his head. "Thou knowest, Ravenstone, that I was like the Jesuit Loyola, a student of earthly things, and a servant in profane wars before I took the cross. Therefore I sinned not when I learned as he did. And thou knowest he thought much of heathen and Egyptian conjuration; but that is not my secret. Plato and Socrates had their attendant demons. I have seen, it may be, such a one in a dream last night. Methought there stood by me in an oratory a woman of queen-like beauty and strange beauty. She shewed me, as it were beyond a mist, a green tree growing near a fountain, and the star that shone on that fountain was the brightest in the sky: but presently the tree grew wide and broad, and the light of the star set behind it. Then I saw in my cathedral at Winchester my own effigies on a tomb, but all the inscription was effaced and broken except the date, and I read 'the first day of July.'—Is it not strange, Ravenstone, that a dream should so well tally with thy planetary reckoning? Yet I was once told by a witch-woman, that the Bishop of Winchester should read our Queen Mary's funeral-sermon."

"So he may, my lord," said the

secretary, who called himself Ravenstone, "but there may be a White Bishop of Winchester."

"Ah! I trow thy meaning—White is a shrewd churchman, and looks for my place. Harken to me, then—I have a thought that evil is gathering against me to-night; to profit by a dream, I will go privily from London within this hour, and abide in secret at Winchester till the ides of June are past. But take thou my signet-ring, and put my seal and countersign to Bradford's death-warrant when it comes from court."

"Does my lord think it will be sent?" said the secretary calmly—"They say the queen's bed-chamber-woman has told her, she will be the mother of no living thing if she harms ought that has life."

"Tush—that woman is a crafty giglet, but we need such helps when a queen reigns. It was well done, Ravenstone, to promise her Giles Rufford's lands. Since the man is dead, and his heir murdered him, we will make Alice of Huntingdon his heiress."

Not a muscle in the pretended Ravenstone's face changed, and his deep black eye was steady as he replied—"It will be well done, my lord, if she is faithful. At what hour is John Bradford to die?"

"Bid the marshal of the prison have a care of him till four o'clock to-morrow morning, for he is a gay and glorious talker; and so was his namesake, mad John of Munster, even among red hot irons. Look to the warrant, Ravenstone, and see it speedily sent to Newgate. That done—nay, come nearer—I would speak in thine ear. There is a coffer in my private chamber which I have left unlocked. Attach my signet-ring to the silver chain, and let me know what thou shalt hear; but let this be done in the very noon of night, when no eye nor ear but thine can

t
; It promised, and his hand
; joy as he received the
; already almost midnight,

and Gardiner, as he stole out of his house, stopped to look at the moon's rainbow, then deemed a rare and awful omen. "Alice of Huntingdon is busy," said he, with a ghastly smile, "but the dead man's land will be free enough for the blue-eyed witch—she cannot buy a husband without it."—And stealing a look at Ravenstone, the Chancellor-bishop departed.

"I am a fool," said young Ravenstone to himself, "and worse than a fool, to heed how this wanton giglet may be made fit for a knave's bribe,—and yet that this dull bigot, this surly and selfish drone, should have such glimpses of a poet's paradise, is a wonder worth envying. I have heard and seen men in love with Platonic superstition under the hot skies of Spain, where the air seems as if it was the breathing of kind spirits and the waters are bright enough for the dwelling; but here! in this foggy island—in this old man's dark head and iron heart! I will see what familiar demon stoops to hold converse with such a sorcerer."

And young Ravenstone locked himself in his chamber, not ill-pleased that his better purpose would serve as covert and gilding for his secret passion to pry into his patron's mystery. He arrayed his person in the apparel he had provided to equip him as Gardiner's representative; and while he threw it over the close purpoint and tunic which fitted his comely figure, he smiled in scorn as he remembered the ugliness and decrepitude he meant to counterfeit. At the eleventh hour, when the darkness of the narrow streets, interrupted only by a few lanterns swinging above his head, made his passage safe, he admitted himself into the Bishop's house by a private postern, of which he kept a master-key. By the same key's help he entered the chamber, and ringing his patron's silver bell, gave notice to the page in waiting that his presence was needful. When this confidential servant entered, he was not surprised to see, as he supposed, the bishop

seated behind his leathern screen muffled in his huge rochet or lawn garment, as if he had privately returned from council, according to his custom. "Hath no messenger arrived from the court?" said the counterfeit prelate. "None, my lord, for the queen, they say is sore sick."—"Tarry not an instant if one cometh, and see that the marshal of the compter be waiting here to take my warrant, and execute it at his peril before day-break." The page retired; and Ravenstone, now alone, saw the coffer standing on its solitary pedestal near him. It was unlocked, and he found within it only a deep silver bowl with a chain poised exactly in its centre. Ravenstone was no stranger to the mode of divination practised with such instruments. What could he risk by suspending the signet-ring as Gardiner had requested? His curiosity prevailed, and the ring when attached to the silver chain vibrated of itself, and struck the sides of the bowl three times distinctly. He listened eagerly to its clear and deep sound, expecting some response, and when he looked up, Alice of Huntingdon stood by his side.

This woman had a queen-like stature, to which the height of her volu-
pure, or veil, twisted in large white folds like an Asiatic turban, gave increased majesty. Her supertunic, of a thick stuff, in those days called Stammel, hung from her shoulders with that ample flow which distinguishes the drapery of a Dian in ancient sculpture. "You summoned me," she said, "and I attend you."

Ravenstone, though he believed himself sporting with the superstition of Gardiner as with a tool, felt startled by her sudden appearance: and a thrill of the same superstitious awe he had mocked in his patron, passed through his own blood. But he recollected his purpose and his disguise; and still keeping the cowering attitude which befit the bishop, he replied, "Where wilt thou in divination if thou knowest need?"

"I have studied thy ruling planet," said Alice of Huntingdon, "and as thy wishes are without number, so they are without a place in thy destiny. But I have read the signs of Mary Tudor's, and I know which of her high officers will lose his staff this night."

"Knowest thou the marks of his visage, Alice?" asked the counterfeit bishop, bending down his head, and drawing his hood still farther over it.

"Hear them," replied Alice: "a swarthy colour, hanging look, frowning brows, eyes an inch within his head, hooked nose, wide nostrils, ever snuffing the wind, a sparrow-mouth, great hands, long talons rather than nails on his feet, which make him shuffle in his gait as in his actions—these are the marks of his visage and his shape; none can tell his wit, for it has all shapes. Dost thou know this portrait, my Lord of Winchester?"

"Full well, woman," answered Ravenstone, "and his trust is in a witch whose blue eyes shame heaven for lending its colour to hypocrisy; and her flattery has made boys think the tree she loved and the fountain she smiled on became holy. And now she serves two masters, one blinded by his folly, the other by his age."

Ravenstone, as he spoke, dropped the rochet-hood from his shoulders, and shaking back his long jet-black hair, stood before her in the firmness and grace of his youthful figure. Alice did not shrink or recede a step. She laughed, but it was a laugh so musical, and aided by a glance of such sweet mirth, that Ravenstone relaxed the stern grasp he had laid upon her mantle. "The warrant, Alice! It is midnight, and the marshal waits—where is the warrant for John Bradford's release?"

"It is in my hand," she said, "and needs only thy sign and seal; here is the hand-writing of our queen."

Ravenstone snatched the parchment, but did not rashly sign without unfolding it. Thou art deceived, Alice, or willing to deceive; this is a marriage

contract, investing thee with the lands of Giles Rufford as thy dowry."

"And to whom," asked she, smiling, "does my queen-mistress licence me to give it by her own manual sign?"

Ravenstone looked again, and saw his name entered, and himself described as the husband chosen for her maid of honour by Queen Mary. "Has she also signed," he said, the reprieve of John Bradford?"

"It is in my hand, and now in thy sight Henry Ravenstone; but the seal that will save thy friend may not be placed till thou hast given sign and seal to this contract. Choose!—"

The warrant for Bradford's liberation was spread before him, and her other hand held the contract of espousals. He smiled as he met the gaze of her keen blue eyes, and wrote the name of Henry Ravenstone in the blank left for it. She added her own without removing those keen eyes from his; and placing the parchment in her gipsire, suffered him to take the warrant of his friend's release. It was full and clear, but when he turned to seek the chancellor's signet-ring, the coffer had closed upon it. "Blame thyself, Ravenstone!" said Alice of Huntingdon; "thou hast laughed at the tales of imps and fairies, yet thou hadst woman's weakness enough to pry into that coffer and expect a miracle. As if thy master had not wit sufficient to devise a safe place for his ring, which thy curiosity placed there more than thy obedience! Didst thou think I came into this chamber like a sylph or an elfin, without hearing the stroke on the silver bowl which gave notice thou wast here? Truly, Ravenstone, man's vanity is the only witch that governs him."

"Beautiful demon! when the crafty churchman who tutors thy cunning has no need of it, will thy other master, the great Prince of Fire, save thee from the stake?"

"My trust in myself," she answered; and throwing her cloak and wimple on the ground, she loosened her bright

hair till it fell to her feet, and waving round her uncovered shoulders, and amongst the thin blue silk that clung to her shape, like wreaths of gold. Her eyes, large and brilliant as the wild leopard's, shone with such imperial beauty as almost to create the triumph they demanded. "Be no rebel to my power, Ravenstone, for it is thy safety. Gardiner has ordered Bradford's death without appeal, and feigned his dream of danger to decoy thee here! But I have earned a fair estate by serving him, and thou mayest share it with me." "Thy wages are not yet paid, Alice!" he replied, grinding his teeth, "That fair estate is mine, and that contract can avail thee nothing without my will—Henry Ravenstone is a name as false as thy promise to save Bradford." Alice paused an instant, then laughing shrilly, clapped her hands thrice. In that instant the chamber was filled with armed men, who surrounded and struck down their victim notwithstanding his desperate defence. "This is not the bishop!" one of the men exclaimed, "this is not Stephen of Winchester; we shall not be paid for this. He is Giles Rufford of Huntingdon," answered his companion, the ruffian Coniers, "and I am already paid." Alice would have escaped had not the length of her dishevelled hair enabled her treacherous accomplices to seize it. They twined it round her throat to stifle her cries, making her boasted beauty the instrument of her destruction. She was dragged to Newgate on a charge of sorcery, and executed the next morning by John Bradford's side, in male attire, lest her rare loveliness should excite compassion. He knew her, and looking at the laurel-stems mingled with the faggots, said, as if conscious of his young friend's death—"Alas! the green tree has perished for my sake!"—It was indeed his favourite laurel, which had been hewn down with cruel malice for this purpose. The people, just even in their superstitions to a good man's memory,

still believe the earth remains parched and barren where John Bradford perished on the first of July 1555; and his heart, which escaped the flames, like his fellow martyr's, Archbishop Cranmer's, was embalmed and wrapped in

laurel-leaves. His memory is sanctified by the religion he honoured, while Alice of Huntingdon's sunk among dust and ashes, as a worthy emblem of the Cabalism she practised.

THE INCHCAPE ROCK ;

OR,

THE ROVER'S FATE!

The Bell Rock, or, "Inch-Cape Rock," as it is more commonly designated by Mariners, is a sunken rock of the North-east coast of Scotland, and was formerly very dangerous to sailors. The Abbots of Aberbrothock or Aberbrothwick, a religious foundation, standing near the coast, caused a large bell to be erected on a float near to the rock, so as to ring by the agitation of the sea, and by this simple means to indicate to the bewildered seaman the perilous situation in which he was placed. There is a tradition current among the inhabitants of the coast, that the bell was cut from the float and stolen, and that the person who committed this nefarious act, afterwards met his fate by shipwreck on this very rock, during a dark and stormy night. On this tradition the following poem is founded.—We understand that there has lately been a very expensive beacon, of the most durable description, erected near the spot.

No stir in the air, no stir on the sea,
The ship lies as still, as still as may be,
Her sails have neither breath nor motion,
Her keel lies steady in the ocean;
Without either sound or sense of their shock
The waves roll'd over the Inch Cape Rock;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inch Cape bell.
That bell had a holy Abbot hung,
And on a floating raft it swung;
And, as the billows rose or fell,
Still louder and louder was heard the knell;
The sailors bore off from this perilous rock
And bless'd the good abbot of Aberbrothock.

And now that bell and its float were seen
Like a darker spot on the ocean green,
The sun in heaven rode high and gay
All things were happy on that day,
The sea-gull screamed as she flitted around,
And there was pleasure in the sound.
Sir Ralph, the Rover, walked the deck,
His eye was on that dark green speck;
He felt the influence of the spring,
It made him whistle, it made him sing:
His heart was mirthful to excess
But the pirate's mirth was wickedness;
His eye was on the bell and float,
"My men," he said, "get out the boat,
And row me to the Inch Cape Rock,
I'll plague the old Abbot of Aberbrothock."

The boat they lower, the boat they row,
And to the Inch Cape Rock they go,
Ralph has leant him o'er the boat,
And the bell from off the float,
Takes the bell with a glinging sound,
And then the crew's a-crowd,

Quoth the Rover, "The next that comes to
the rock,
Won't bless the old Abbot of Aberbrothock."

Sir Ralph, the Rover, sailed away,
He scour'd the seas for many a day,
Till, having gained of gold full store,
He home returned to Scotland's shore.
The wind had blown a gale all day
Towards evening it had died away;
The mist was so thick on the ocean green,
Nor cape nor headland could be seen,
On the deck the Rover takes his stand,
The weather's so thick, I can spy no land,
Quoth another, "Twill be lighter soon,
Yonder's the beam of the rising moon;"
"Can't hear," said one, "the breaker
roar,

Yonder, methinks, should be the shore;
Yet where we are I cannot tell,
Would to heaven we could hear the Inch
Cape bell."

Though the wind is down, the tide is strong,
The vessel quickly drifts along—
At once she strikes with a dreadful shock,
"Oh Christ! she has struck on the Inch
Cape Rock!"

Sir Ralph, the Rover, tore his hair,
He curst himself in his despair!
The rock had burst an opening wide,
The waves rushed in on every side,
Yet even in that hour of fear
One only sound could the Rover hear;
A sound as if with the Inch Cape bell,
The fends below were ringing his knell.



DER FREISCHÜTZ.

WILLIAM THE FATAL MARKSMAN!

OR,

The Seven Charmed Bullets.

FROM THE GERMAN.

"How horrid, dark, and wild and drear,
Doth this gaping gulph appear!
It seems the hue of hell to wear.
The bellowing thunder bursts the clouds;
The moon with blood hath stained her light!
What forms are these in misty shrouds,
That stalk before my awe-struck sight?"

The extraordinary interest which the above tale has excited, from its having been made a musical exhibition at almost every theatre in England, and a vehicle for the delightful strains of the celebrated German composer, Von Weber, has rendered it universally popular. The incantation, with all its accompanying devilries—the casting of the magic balls—the agency of the Demon Huntsman, and other infernal powers, and mysterious and unearthly music, hold such a thrilling power over the senses, that in spite of our better reason, we can but see and admire.

As we profess in our work to present our readers with the *original* romances and traditions of every nation, we give this highly interesting tale from its primitive sources. ("The popular tales and Romances of the Northern nations") without any abridgment or alteration of our own, so that those who have witnessed the dramatic exhibition, will

easily see in what instances it has departed from the original. The present tale will be found to describe most powerfully the scenes of horror above mentioned.

The term "*Der Frolchütz*" requires explanation. It implies "Free" or "Fatal Bullet"—"*Free Shot*," which signifies a ball, destined by fate, or the devil, to hit a certain object, and which it must do, though discharged from a piece pointed in a direction diametrically opposite to that object.

The following narrative we think it necessary to insert previous to our commencing the tale, as it gives some account of the popular German superstition, on which it appears the whole story hinges. It is from the pen of Captain L. Forster, an officer in the Gotha contingent of troops attached to the French army during the sway of Bonaparte. It was in the year 1811, during, if I mistake not, the march from Hamburgh to Stralsund, with the two officers of my company, the lieutenants B. and C. von W., that we were quartered at an ancient castle, inhabited only by the keeper. We found but a single habitable room, which we were obliged to share with our servants; and as we had not only made a long march that day, but were wet through with a soaking rain, we seated ourselves soon after supper, round the fire-place, in which a cheerful fire had been kindled. The conversation turned on a variety of topics, till at length it fixed upon hunting and shooting. Many curious stories were related, many instances of excellent shots were mentioned, and at last various allusions were made to the secret arts of gamekeepers. These led to a narrative, with which, on account of (I may say) its horrible singularity, I was particularly struck, and which I will endeavour to repeat as nearly as possible in the words of the relater.

Ulrick, the servant of lieutenant B., who was born in a woodland village of the duchy of Gotha, and, as he said, had associated much with gamekeepers from his youth, and been accustomed to shooting, began as follows: 'Yes, captain, you may think as you please about it, but gamekeepers are up to things that are really astonishing. With a Mr. C., head forester at Fr—th, there lived an old gamekeeper, who could certainly do more than merely eat bread. He had, to all appearance, an ordinary gun, with which he never used any thing but ball, whether he was firing at hares, birds, or any other sort of game, and he was never known to miss, even at distances exceeding by twice or thrice the usual range of such a piece. But this was not done fairly, for it is certain old Nick had a hand in it.' We laughed. 'Laugh as you please,' said Ulrick, 'still it is positively true. You shall hear. One evening we were sitting together; the old man I am speaking of, several young keepers, and Charles, the son of the head forester. We were talking of the excellence of the old man's gun; on which he observed that what we had hitherto seen was nothing to what he could do; adding that he would immediately fire out of the window, if he would first decide in what part of the country he should shoot a piece of game, and what kind of game it should be. This appeared incredible to us; but for fun we mentioned a spot in the forest, about a mile from the house, and desired him to shoot a fox there. He fired out of the window, and we repaired to the spot specified, and there sure enough we found a fox that had been just shot. The son of the head forester, then quite a young man, very curious to know by what means this was done, and the old man promised to teach him the trick, if he had courage to learn it. Charles was desirous of learning; desisted at the decisive moment, frightened by terrible apparitions.' 'Well,' said Ulrick, 'but Charles, I suppose, told you in what way a person was to set about it?' 'Oh, yes. You must strive to gain possession of a host already consecrated for the holy communion. With this, and a gun loaded with ball, you repair, on the night of Christmas eve, to the forest; nail the host to a tree, go back to a little distance from it, and with a voice renounce the belief in the blessed trinity. Hereupon you fire at the host; this done, you will find upon it three drops of blood; these you wipe off with a piece of paper, and then make a hole (which may be done at home) in any part of the stock of the gun, put the paper into it, and close it up again. When all these ceremonies have been duly performed, every ball fired from this piece is sure to hit whatever the owner pleases.'

I expressed my surprise that any one could be silly enough to believe such absurd stuff; but Ulrick persisted in his assertion, that the thing was nevertheless true. 'For,' continued he, 'Charles contrived to procure a host, and went out into the forest with the old man, on the night of Christmas eve. According to his direction, he nailed the host to a tree, and repeated the oath of abjuration; but when he took aim to fire, the host was gone, and he saw our Saviour nailed to the cross, and trans-

infernal shapes dancing about him; on which he threw down his gun, and
 ant events of the campaign in Russia, the eleven months which I passed in
 during the siege of that city, and many as well cheerful as melancholy hours
 have spent since that evening, were not capable of erasing Ulrick's narrative
 from my mind. I knew not whether to regard it as a fabrication of Ulrick's
 are not so, whether Charles might not have been the dupe of a heated ima-
 and fancied he saw things which in reality had no existence.
 ighth, after the surrender of Dantzic, I joined the battalion to which I belonged,
 re, and assumed the command of a company, I was reminded of Ulrick's story
 me of the serjeant. This serjeant was called Charles C—r, and he was a
 F. I inquired if he was the son of the head forester of that place. He
 the affirmative; consequently I could no longer doubt that he was the same
 been Ulrick had mentioned. During the next march, after I had conversed
 a good while, and found him to be a tolerably well informed man, I turned
 away, as if by accident, to the circumstances related by Ulrick. Charles re-
 story to me in nearly the same words.
 quite at a loss what to think; for though I shall never be so weak as to believe
 to be possible, still, as every impartial person must admit, the coincidence
 instances was extremely striking. Of the two cases which I had previously
 as probable, of course one (namely, that Ulrick had invented the story) fell to
 id; and the other (that Charles had been the dupe of an overheated imagina-
 more and more of its plausibility, for I found him to be nothing of a visionary
 he wishes to pass off his inventions for truth. Admitting, however, that all
 otherwise, whence the perfect accordance between the accounts of Charles
 k (who had not seen each other in the intermediate time), concerning the old
 deer's gun, and his shooting the fox?
 sh of my readers to form his own opinion of this matter, I can solemnly assure
 it came to my knowledge in the manner above related; for though, in the
 time, my memory may err in regard to some unimportant collateral circum-
 still they may rely upon its fidelity in regard to the principal facts, as they in-
 ne too deeply to be forgotten or incorrectly retained.

en, dame," said Bertram, the
 of Linden to his wife, "once
 en: it's not many things that
 leny to thy asking; but for
 1, Anne, drive it out of thy
 t and branch, the sooner the
 d never encourage the lass to
 : about it. When she knows
 she submits; and all goes
 see no good that comes of
 shilly shally, and letting the
 herself with hopes of what
 e."
 Bertram, dear Bertram," re-
 Anne, "why not? could not
 ire as happily with the bai-
 : as with the hunter Robert?
 don't know what a fine lad
 ; so good, so kind-hearted—"
 enough," interrupted Ber-
 kind-hearted, I dare say, but
 for all that. Now look here,

Anne: for better than two hundred
 years has this farm in the forest of Lin-
 den come down from father to child in
 my family. Hadst thou brought me a
 son, well and good; the farm would
 have gone to him; and the lass might
 have married whom she would. But,
 as the case stands,—no, I say. It's
 not altogether Robert that I care about.
 I don't stand upon trifles; and, if the
 man is not to your or the girl's, why
 not look out any other active huntsman
 that may take my office betimes, and
 give us a comfortable fire-side in our
 old-age: Robert, or not Robert, so that
 it be a lad of the forest.

For the clerk's sake old Anne would
 have ventured to wheedle her husband
 a little longer: but the forester, who
 knew by experience the efficacy of fe-
 male eloquence, was resolved not to
 expose his own firmness of purpose to

any further assaults or trials ; and taking down his gun from the wall, he walked out into the forest.

Scarcely had he turned the corner of the house, when a rosy, light-haired face looked in at the door. It was Katharine ; smiling and blushing, she stopped for a moment in agitation, and said, " Have you succeeded, mother ? was it ' yes,' dear mother ?—Then, bounding into the room, she fell on her mother's neck for an answer.

" Ah, Kate, be not too confident when thou shouldst be prepared for the worst. Thy father is a good man, as good as ever stepped, but he has his fancies ; and he is resolved to give thee to none but a hunter : he has set his heart upon it ; and he'll not go from his word ; I know him too well."

Katharine wept, and avowed her determination to die sooner than to part from her William. Her mother comforted and scolded her by turns, and at length ended by joining her tears to her daughter's. " She was promising to make one more assault on the old forester's heart, when a knock was heard at the door—and in stepped William.—" Ah, William !" exclaimed Katharine, with streaming eyes—" we must part : seek some other sweetheart : me you must never marry ; father is resolved to give me to Robert, because he is a huntsman. But, if I am to part from you, to my dying day, dear William, I will remain faithful to you."

The bursts of wounded feeling were softened in the report of the mother : she exclaimed to the bewildered William, who knew not what to make of Katharine's ejaculations, that Bertram had no objections to him personally ; but that, simply, with a view to the reverend interest in his place as forester, he insisted on having a son-in-law who understood hunting.

" Is that all ?" said William, recoiling in composure, and at the same time turning to his sobbing girl to his aid. " Then be of good cheer, Kate. I am not

unskilled in hunting ; for at one time I was apprenticed to my uncle, Kuno von Busch, the forester-general ; and it was only to gratify my god-father, the bailiff, that I exchanged the gun for the writing-desk. What care I for this version of the bailiff's place, unless might take my Kate into the bailiff's house as mistress ? If you can content to look no higher than your mother did, and Will the forester is less dear to you than Will the bailiff, then let me die if I won't quit clerkship in an instant."

" Oh ! thou dear kind lad," said Katharine, whilst the clouds dispersed from her fair forehead, and her eyes swam in a shower of glittering tears. " if thou wilt do this for my sake, I do so, and speak to my father with delay—before he can make any promise to Robert."

" Stay, Kate ; I'll go after him this moment. He's gone to the forest search of the venison, that is to be delivered to-morrow into the office. Give me a gun and a pouch : I'll meet him with a jolly salutation—and offer services to him as his hunting-boy."

The mother and the daughter upon his neck ; helped to equip him with the best of their skill ; and looked at him, as he disappeared in the forest with hope, but yet with some anxiety.

" This William's a fine fellow !" exclaimed the forester, as he returned home from the chase : who would have believed for such a good shot in the flourish of a crow-quill ? Well : to-morrow shall speak with the bailiff myself ; it would be a sad pity if he were not to pursue the noble profession of hunter. Why, he'll make a second Kuno. I know who Kuno was, I suppose ?" he, turning to William.

William acknowledged that he did not.

" Not know who Kuno was ! my soul ! to think that I should not have told you that ? Why, Kate, you're to understand, was my great grand-father's father ; and was

ry first man that ever occupied and cultivated this farm. He began the world no better, I'll assure you, than a poor riding boy; and lived servant with a young knight of Wippach. Well, once it happened that this young gentleman of Wippach was present with many other knights and nobles at a great hunt held by the duke. And at this hunt the dogs turned up a stag, upon which a man was seated wringing his hands and crying piteously: for, in those days, there was a tyrannical custom among the great lords, that, when a poor man had committed any slight matter of trespass against the forest-ward, they would take and bind him on the back of a stag, so that he was raised and gored to death by the herd: if he escaped dying that way, he perished of hunger and thirst. Well, when the duke saw this—oh lord! but he was angry; and gave command to stop the hunting; and then and there he promised a high reward to any man that would undertake to hit the stag; and threatened him with the severest displeasure in case he wounded the man; and he was resolved, if possible, to take him alive, that he might learn who it was that had been bold enough to break the law. Now, amongst all the nobility, not a man could be found that would undertake the job on these terms: they feared the reward, mind you, but not the risk. So, at last, who should step forward but Kuno, my own great grandfather's father—the very man that you see painted in that picture. He spoke boldly to the duke, and said, "My noble liege, if it is your pleasure, with God's blessing, I will run the hazard: I mine, my life is at your grace's disposal; and must pay the forfeit; for these and worldly goods I have none to ransom it; but I pity the poor man, and, without fee or reward, I would have exposed my life to the same hazard, if I had seen him in the hands of robbers." This speech pleased the duke; it pleased him right well; and he bade Kuno try his luck; and again

he promised him the reward in case he hit; but did not repeat his threat in case he missed. Kuno took his gun; cocked it in God's name; and, commending the ball with a pious prayer to the guidance of good angels, spent no time in taking aim, but fired, with a cheerful faith, right into the midst of the thicket; the same moment out rushed the hart, staggered, and fell; the man was unwounded, except that his hands and face were somewhat scratched by the bushes.

"The noble duke kept his word, and gave Kuno, as his reward the farm of the forest to himself and his heirs for ever. But, lord bless us! good fortune never wanted envy; and the favour of Providence, as Kuno soon learned, is followed by the jealousy of man. Many a man there was, in those days, who would gladly have had Kuno's reward; and what did they do but persuaded the duke that Kuno's shot had hit the mark through witchcraft and black arts: 'For,' says he, 'Kuno never took any aim, but fired at random—a devil's shot; and a devil's shot, you are to understand, never fails of hitting the mark, for needs must that the devil drives.' So hereupon a regulation was made, and from this the custom came, that every descendant of Kuno must undergo a trial, and fire what they call his probational shot, before he is admitted tenant."

William, who had listened to this story with lively interest, rose from his seat when it was ended, pressed the old man's hand, and promised, under his tuition, to make himself a huntsman such as even old father Kuno should have had no cause to blush for. William had scarcely lived a whole fortnight in his capacity of huntsman, when old Bertram, who liked him better every day, gave a formal consent to his marriage with Katharine. This promise, however, was to be kept secret until the day of the probationary shot. Meantime the bridegroom elect passed his time in rapturous elevation of spirits,

and forgot himself and all the world in the paradise of youthful love.—The fact, however, was, that, from that very day, William had met with an unaccountable run of ill-luck in hunting. Sometimes his gun would miss fire; at other times, instead of a deer, he would hit the trunk of a tree. His hunting-bag contained, instead of partridges, daws and crows, and instead of a hare, perhaps a dead cat. At last the forester began to reproach him in good earnest for his heedlessness; and Kate herself became anxious for the event of his examination.

William redoubled his attention and diligence; but, the nearer the day of trial advanced, so much the more was he persecuted by his bad luck. Nearly every shot missed; and at length he grew almost afraid of pulling a trigger, for fear of doing some mischief; for he had already hit a cow at pasture, and narrowly escaped wounding the herdsman.

"I stick to my own opinion," said the huntsman one night, "somebody has cast a spell over William; for in the regular course of nature such things could never happen; and the spell he must undo before he'll have any luck."

"Take my word for it, William," said Rudolph, "it is just what I tell you. Go some Friday at midnight to a cross-road, and make a circle round about you with a ramrod or a bloody sword; bless it three times in the same words the priest uses, but in the name of Samiel—"

"Hush!" interrupted the forester angrily: "dost know what that name is? he's one of Satan's host. God keep thee and all christians out of his power!"

William crossed himself, and would hear no more; Rudolph persisted in his opinion. All night long he continued to clean his gun, to examine the screws, spring, and every part of the lock level; and at break of day, he tried his luck once more. A deer stood round him in mockery

of his skill. At ten paces distance he levelled at a buck; twice his gun flashed in the pan; the third time the deer darted off unhurt through the bushes. Cursing his fate, the unhappy hunter threw himself despondingly beneath a tree; at that moment a rustling was heard in the bushes, and out limped an old soldier with a wooden leg.

"Good morning to you, comrade," said the soldier, "why so gloomy, why so gloomy? Is it body or purse that's ailing, health or wealth is it that you're sighing for? Or has somebody put a charm upon your gun? Come, give us a bit of tobacco; and let's have a little chat together."

With a surly air William gave him what he asked for, and the soldier threw himself by his side on the grass. The conversation fell on hunting, and William related his own bad luck.

"Let me see your gun," said the soldier. "Ah, I thought so: this gun has been charmed, and you'll never get a true aim with it again: and more than that, let me tell you, if the charm was laid according to the rules of art, you'll have no better luck with any other gun you take in hand."

William shuddered, and would have urged some objection against witchcraft; but the stranger offered to leave the question to a simple test. "To all soldiers, the like of me," said he, "here's nothing at all surprising in it. Bless your soul; I could tell you a stranger by half, from this time till mid-night. Now, here, for instance, is a ball that cannot fail to go true, because it's a gifted ball, and is proof against all the arts of darkness. Just try it now: just give it a trial. I'll answer for it."

William loaded his piece, and looked about for an aim. At a great height above the forest, like a moving spot, was hovering a large bird of prey. "There! that old devil, there, shoot him." William laughed, for the bird was floating in a region so elevated to be scarcely discernible to the eye. "Nay, never doubt," repeated

oldier, I'll wager my wooden bring him down." William black speck was seen rapidly g; and a great vulture fell to the ground.

that's nothing at all," said r, observing the speechless ent of his companion, "not aking of. It's no great mat- to cast balls as good as le more is wanted than some ter of skill, and a stout heart : rk must be done in the night.

here's a few braces of my ou," and so saying he limped d with astonishment William cond of the balls, and again object at an otherwise inac- stance : he then charged with ary balls, and missed the nd most obvious mark. On d trial, he determined to go oldier ; but he had disappear- depths of the forest ; all was when William returned, as with a load of venison, and tical evidence to old Bertram s still the same marksman he n himself in his noviciate. l now have told the reason of ll-luck, and what course he to remove it ; but, without owing why, he shrank from the inevitable balls, and laid : upon a flaw in his gun, d escaped his notice until the night.

, dame," said the forester, wrong now, dame, I wonder ? raft lay in the gun that want- ng ; and the little devil, that account should have thrown father Kuno's picture to early ing, I'm partly of opinion lies ered nail."

t's that about a devil ?" ask- m.

othing but nonsense," replied an : "this morning just as the s striking seven, the picture of itself ; and so my wife that all is not right about the

"Just as it was striking seven ? Ha !" And the old soldier flashed across William's thoughts, who had taken his leave at the identical time.

In a few days William had so fami- liarised himself to the use of the enchant- ed balls, that he no longer regarded them with any misgiving. Every day he roamed about in the forest, hoping to meet the wooden-leg again ; for his stock of balls had sunk to a single pair : and the most rigorous parsimony became needful, if he would not put to hazard his final success on the day of trial. One day, therefore, he positively re- fused attending the old forester a hunt- ing ; for, on the next day, the duke's commissioner was expected ; and i might so happen that, before the regular probation, he would call for some exhi- bition of his skill. At night, however, instead of a commissioner came a mes- senger from him to bespeak a very large delivery of game for court, and to countermand the preparations for his own reception until that day sennight.

On the receipt of this news, William was ready to sink to the ground ; and his alarm would certainly have raised suspicions, had it not been ascribed to the delay of his marriage. He was now under the necessity of going out to hunt, and of sacrificing, at least, one of his balls. With the other he vowed to himself that he would not part for any purpose on earth, except for the final shot before the commissioner, which was to decide his fate for life.

Bertram scolded, when William came back from the forest with only a single buck : for the quantity of venison order- ed was very considerable. Next day he was still more provoked on seeing Rudolph return loaded with game, and William with an empty bag. At night he threatened to dismiss him from his house, and revoke his consent to his marriage with Katharine, unless he brought home, at least, two roe- deer on the following morning. Ka- tharine herself was in the greatest distress, and conjured him for love of her to apply his utmost zeal, and not

to think so much about her whilst engaged in hunting.

In a despairing mood William set off for the forest. Kate, in any case, he looked upon as lost; and all that remained for him was a sad alternative between the two modes of losing her, whether by the result of this day's hunting, or of the trial before the commissioner. This was an alternative on which he felt himself incapable of deciding; and he was standing lost in gloomy contemplation of his wretched fate, when all at once a troop of deer advanced close upon him. Mechanically he felt for his last ball; it seemed to weigh a hundred weight in his hand. Already he had resolved to reserve this treasure at any price, when suddenly he saw the old wooden-leg at a distance, and apparently directing his steps towards himself. Joyfully he dropped his ball into the barrel, fired, and two roe-bucks fell to the ground. William left them lying, and hurried after the wooden-leg; but he had wholly disappeared. Father Bertram was well satisfied with William; but not so was William with himself. The whole day long he went about in gloomy despondency; the tenderness and caresses of Kate had no power to restore him to serenity. At night-fall, he was still buried in abstraction; and, seated in a chair, he hardly noticed the lively conversation between the forester and Rudolph, till at length the former awoke him out of his reverie.

"What, William, I say," cried Bertram, "sure you'll never sit by and hearken quietly whilst such scandalous things are said as Rudolph has just been saying of our forefather Kuno. I'll not sit and hear such things said of our Kuno. What, man? Kuno died in his bed quietly, and with a christian's peace, amongst his children and children's children; but the man that tampered with the powers of darkness never makes a good end. I know that by what I saw myself at Prague in Bohemia, when I was an apprentice lad."

"Aye, what was that?" cried

Rudolph and the rest: "tell us, dear father."

"What was it? why bad enough," said Bertram, "it makes me shudder when I think on it. There was, at that time, a young man in Prague, one George Smith by name, a wild daring sort of fellow. And a very fair hunter he might have proved; but he was too hasty by far, and flung his shots away in a manner. One day, when we had been joking him on this, his pride mounted so high, that nothing would serve him but he must defy all the hunters in a body: he would beat any of them at shooting: and no game should escape him, whether in the air or in the forest. This was his boast: but ill he kept his word. Two days after comes a strange huntsman bolt upon us out of a thicket, and tells us that a little way off, on the main road, a man was lying half dead, and with nobody to look after him. We lads made up to the spot, and there, sure enough, lay poor George, torn and clawed all to pieces, just as if he had fallen amongst wild cats; not a word could he speak, for he was quite senseless, and hardly shewed any signs of life. We carried him to a house: one of us set off with the news to Prague; and thither he was soon fetched. Well, this George Smith, before he died, made confession that he had set about casting devil's balls, with an old upland hunter; devil's balls, you understand never miss; and because he failed in something that he should have done, the devil had handled him so roughly, that what must pay for it but his precious life?"

"But did George not relate what it was that brought such rough treatment upon him?"

"Aye, sure enough, before the magistrate he confessed all. As it drew towards midnight, it seems he had come with the old hunter to a cross where they made a circle with a sword; and in this circle they laid skull and bones cross-ways. Then the old man told George what he was to

In the stroke of eleven, he was to begin casting the balls, in number sixty and three, neither more nor less; one over or one under, as soon as twelve o'clock struck, he was a lost man. And during all this work, he was not to speak a word, nor to step out of the circle, let what would happen. Sixty of the balls were to carry true, and only three were to miss. Smith began casting the balls; but such shocking and hideous apparitions flocked about him, that at last he shrieked out, and rushed right out of the circle: instantly he fell down senseless to the ground, and never recovered his recollection till he found himself at Prague, in the hands of the surgeon, and with a clergyman by his side.

"God preserve all Christian people from such snares of Satan," said the minister's wife, crossing herself. The minister went to bed, and left William in the most wretched state of agitation. In vain he threw himself on the bed; and sleep fled from his eyes. The delirium of a heated fancy presented to his eyes by turns, in confused groups, the old wooden-legged soldier, George, Katherine, and the ducal commissioner. Now the unfortunate boy of Prague held up his hand before him, as a bloody token of warning; and then in a moment his threatening aspect would hang into the face of Kate, fainting and pale as death; and near her stood the wooden-leg, his countenance overpoured with a fiendish laugh of mockery. At another time he was standing before the commissioner in the act of firing a probationary shot; he levelled, took aim, fired, and—missed. Katherine fainted away, her father rejected him for ever; then came the wooden-leg, and presented him with fresh balls; at too late, no second trial was allowed him.

So passed the night with William. At the earliest dawn he went into the tent, and bent his steps, not altogether without design, to the spot where he had met the old soldier. The fresh

breezy air of the morning had chased away from his mind the gloomy phantoms of the night. "Fool!" said he to himself, "because a mystery is above thy comprehension, must it therefore be from hell? And what is there so much out of the course of nature in that which I am seeking, that supernatural powers need come to help me? Man controls the mighty powers of the brute into obedience to his will; why should he not, by the same natural arts, impress motion and direction upon the course of a bit of lifeless inert metal? Nature teems with operations which we do not comprehend; and am I to trifle away my happiness for a superannuated prejudice? I will call up no spiritual beings, but I will summon and make use of the occult powers of nature, never troubling myself whether I can decypher her mysteries or not. I shall go in quest of the old soldier; and, if I should not find him, I shall take care to keep up my courage better than that same George of Prague; he was urged on by pride, but I by the voice of love and honour."

In this manner did William discuss his own intentions: but the old soldier was nowhere to be found. Nobody, of whom he enquired, had seen any such man as he had described. The next day was spent in the same search, and with no better success.

"So be it then!" said William internally: "the days that remain for my purpose are numbered. This very night will I go to the cross-road in the forest. It is a lonely spot; nobody will be there to witness my nocturnal labours: and I'll take care not to quit the circle till my work is done." Twilight had set in; and William had provided himself with lead, bullet-mould, coals, and all other requisites, that he might be ready to slip out of the house unobserved immediately after supper. He was just on the point of departing, and had already wished the forester a good night, when the latter stopped him and took his hand.

"William," said he, "I know not what is come to me, but so it is, that this evening I have an awe upon my mind, as if from some danger, God knows what, hanging over me. Oblige me by staying this night with me. Don't look so cast down, my lad: it's only to guard against possibilities."

William was at first disposed to excuse himself: but Kate commended her father so earnestly to his care, that her requests were not to be resisted; and he staid with a good grace, and put off the execution of his plan until the succeeding night.

A second night, and a second resolve, was in like manner broken through by the unexpected arrival of a dear uncle of William's.

The third night came, and now whatever was to be done, must be done, for the next was the day of trial. From morning to night had old Anne, with her daughter Kate, bustled about the house, to make arrangements for the suitable reception of her dignified guest, the commissioner; and at night-fall every thing was ready. Anne embraced William on his return from the forest, and, for the first time, saluted him with the endearing name of son. The eyes of Kate sparkled with the tender emotions of a youthful bride, loving and beloved. The table was decked with festal flowers, and viands more luxurious than usual were brought out by the mother.

"This night," said Bertram, "we will keep the bridal feast: to-morrow we shall not be alone, and cannot, therefore, sit so confidentially and affectionately together; let us be happy then, as happy as if the pleasure of our lives were to be crowded into this one night."

The forester embraced his family, and was deeply moved. "But, Bertram," said his wife, "let us be as happy as we will to-night. I've a notion that the people will be happier to-morrow."

"You know what I mean?"

"I know what you mean;

and let the children know it also, that they may enjoy their happiness beforehand. Do you hear, children? The vicar is invited to-morrow, and as soon as William has passed his examination——"

At this moment a rustling noise and a loud cry from Katharine interrupted the forester's speech. Kuno's portrait had again fallen from the wall, and a corner of the frame had wounded Katharine on the temples. The nail appeared to have been fixed too loosely in the wall, for it fell after the picture, and brought away part of the plaster. "What, in God's name, can be the reason," said Bertram with vexation, "that this picture can't be made to hang as it should do? This is now the second time that it has alarmed us."

William was thrown into dreadful agitation when he beheld the death-pale countenance of Kate, and the blood upon her temples. Just so had she appeared to him on the night of his hideous visions; and all the sad images of that memorable night now rushed upon his mind, and tormented him afresh. The violent shock tended greatly to stagger him in his plans for the night; but the wine, which he drank in large draughts, and more hastily than usual, for the purpose of hiding his anguish, filled him with a frantic spirit of hardihood: he resolved afresh to make the attempt boldly, and no longer saw any thing in his purpose, but the honourable spectacle of love and courage struggling with danger.

The clock struck nine. William's heart beat violently. He sought for some pretext for withdrawing, but in vain: what pretext could a man find for quitting his young bride on their bridal festival? Time flew faster than an arrow: in the arms of love, that should have crowned him with happiness, he suffered the pangs of agony. Ten o'clock was now past, and the decisive moment was at hand. Without taking leave, William, from the side of his bride, directed

de the house with his imple-
labour, when old Anne came
. "Whither away, William,
ie of night?" asked she anx-
"I shot a deer, and forgot it
urry," was the answer. In
begged him to stay; all her
were flung away, and even
caresses of Kate, whose mind
her, that some mystery lay
his hurry and agitation. Wil-
himself from them both, and
to the forest.

moon was in the wane, and, at
was rising, and resting with a
orb upon the horizon. Gloomy
ere flying over head, and at
darkened the whole country,
y fits, the moon again lit up.
ery birches and the aspen
like apparitions in the forest;
poplars seemed, to William's
vision, pale shadowy forms
oned him to retire. He shud-
d it suddenly struck him, that
t miraculous disturbance of his
m the two preceding nights,
with the repeated and ominous
the picture, were the last dis-
from a wicked enterprise, ad-
o him by his better angel that
ready to forsake him.

again he faltered in his pur-
lready he was on the point of
, when suddenly a voice ap-
o whisper to him, "Fool!
not already accepted magical
it only for the trouble of
, that thou wouldst forego the
vest of its gifts?" He stood
e moon issued in splendour
ind a dark cloud, and illumi-
peaceful roof of the forester's
he could see Katharine's cham-
ow, glancing under the silvery
the blindness of love, he
out his arm towards it, and
ally stepped homewards.—
e a second whisper from the
a sudden gust of wind brought
of the clock striking the half
Away to business!" it seemed

to say. "Right, right!" he said aloud,
"away to business! It is weak and
childish to turn back from a business
half accomplished; it is folly to re-
nounce the main advantage, having
already perhaps risked one's salvation
for a trifle. No, let me go through
with it."

He stepped forwards with long strides:
the wind drove the agitated clouds again
over the face of the moon, and William
plunged into the thickest gloom of the
forest.

At length he stood upon the cross-
way. At length the magic circle was
drawn; the skulls were fixed, and the
bones were laid round about. The
moon buried itself deeper and deeper
in the clouds; and no light was shed
upon the midnight deed, except from
the red lurid gleam of the fire, that
waxed and waned by fits, under the
gusty squalls of the wind. A remote
church-clock proclaimed that it was
now within a quarter of eleven. Wil-
liam put the ladle upon the fire, and
threw in the lead, together with three
bullets, which had already hit the mark
once: a practice, amongst those who
cast the "fatal bullets," which he re-
membered to have heard in his appren-
ticeship. In the forest was now heard
a pattering of rain. At intervals came
fitting motions of owls, bats, and other
light-shunning creatures, scared by the
sudden gleams of the fire: some, drop-
ping from the surrounding boughs,
placed themselves on the magic circle,
where, by their low dull croaking, they
seemed holding dialogues, in some un-
known tongue, with the dead men's
skulls. Their numbers increased; and,
amongst them were indistinct outlines
of misty forms, that went and came,
some with brutal, some with human
faces. Their vapoury lineaments fluc-
tuated and obeyed the motions of the
wind: one only stood unchanged, and
like a shadow near to the circle; and
settled the sad light of its eyes sted-
fastly upon William. Sometimes it
would raise its pale hands, and seem to

sigh : and when it raised its hands, the fire would burn more sullenly ; but a grey owl would then fan with his wings and rekindle the decaying embers. William averted his eyes : for the countenance of his buried mother seemed to look out for the cloudy figure, with piteous expressions of unutterable anguish. Suddenly it struck eleven ; and then the shadow vanished, with the action of one who prays and breathes up sighs to heaven. The owls and the night-ravens flitted croaking about ; and the skulls and bones rattled beneath their wings. William kneeled down on his coaly hearth ; and with the last stroke of eleven, out fell the first bullet.

The owls, and the bones, were now silent. But along the road came an old crooked beldame pell-mell against the magic circle. She was hung round with wooden spoons, ladles, and other kitchen utensils ; and made a hideous rattling as she moved. The owls saluted her with hooting, and stroked her with their wings. At the circle, she bowed to the bones and skulls ; but the coals shot forth lambent tongues of flame against her, and she drew back her withered hands. Then she paced round the circle, and with a grin presented her wares to William. " Give me the bones," said she, in a harsh guttural tone, " and I'll give thee some spoons.

Give the skulls to me, love :
What's the trumpery to thee, love :

And then she chaunted, with a scornful air,

There's nothing can help : 'tis an hour too late ;
Nothing can step betwixt thee and thy fate.
Shoot in the light, or shoot in the dark.
Thy bullets, be sure, shall go true to the mark.
" Shoot the dove," says the word of command ;
And the forerster hold, with " the skilful hand,"
Levies and fires : oh ! marksmen good !
The dove lies bathed in its innocent blood !
Here's to the man that shoots the dove !
Come for the prize to me, my love !

William was aghast with horror : but he remained quiet within the circle, and pursued his labours. The old woman whom he well knew. A crazy beggar had formerly roamed

about the neighbourhood in this attire ; till at last she was lodged in a mad-house. He was at a loss to discover, whether the object now before him were the reality or an allusion. After some little pause, the old crone scattered her lumber to the right and left with an angry air, and then tottered slowly away into the gloomy depths of the forest, singing these words :

" This to the left, and that to the right :
This and that for the bridal-night.
Marksmen fine, be sure and steady,
The bride she is dressed—the priest he is ready,
To-morrow, to-morrow, when day-light departs,
And twilight is spread over broken hearts,
When the fight is fought, when the race is run,
When the strife and the anguish are over and done,
When the bridal-bed is decked with a wedding-shawl,
And the innocent dove has died at thy feet ;
Then comes a bridegroom for me, I trow,
That shall live with me in gay hours of woe.
Here's to him that shoots the dove !
Come for the prize to me, my love !"

Now came all at once a rattling as of wheels, and the cracking of postillions' whips. A carriage and six drove up with outriders. " What the devil's this that stops the way ?" cried the man who rode the leaders. " Make way there, I say, clear the road." William looked up, and saw sparks of fire darting from the horses' hoofs, and a circle of flame about the carriage-wheels. By this he knew it to be a work of the fiend, and never stirred. " Push on, my lads, drive over him, helter-skelter," cried the same postilion, looking back to the others ; and in a moment the whole equipage moved rapidly upon the circle. William cowered down to the ground, beneath the dash of the leader's fore legs ; but the airy train, and the carriage, soared into the air with a whistling sound, round and round the circle, and vanished in a hurricane, which moved not a leaf of the trees. Some time elapsed before William recovered from his consternation. However, he compelled his trembling hands to keep firm, and cast a few bullets. At that moment, a well-known church clock at a distance, began to strike. At first the sound was a sound of comfort, connecting, as with the tones of some friendly voice, the

world with the dismal circle in the flood, that else seemed cut it as by an impassable gulph: clock struck twice, thrice,—shuddered at the rapid flight for his work was not a third shced, then it struck a fourth he was appalled; every limb pained; and the mould slipped from his nerveless hand. With the cry of despair, he listened to the knell it completed the full hour; the knell then vibrated on the bell, and died away. To the solemn hour of midnight, the owl too bold an undertaking, even the owls of darkness. However, but his watch, looked, and it was no more than half past

ering his courage, and now led against all fresh allusions, ended his labours with energy. The quiet was all around him,—the owl only at intervals by the owls he a low muttering, and now rattled the skulls and bones

All at once a crashing was heard from the bushes. The sound was to the experienced hunter's ear; he looked around; and as he saw a wild boar sprang out and ran to the circle. "This," said William, "is no deception;" he sprang up, seized his gun, and fired hastily at the wild beast; but the bullet issued from the flint: he was hanger; but the bristly monster, the carriage and horses, soared into the air and vanished. William, thus repeatedly baffled, ended to bring up the lost time. The pellets were already cast; he sprang up; and suddenly the clouds and the moon again threw a light over the whole country. A voice was heard from the forest, crying out, in great alarm, "William! William!" It was the voice of Kate. William saw her from the bushes, and fearfully approached her. Behind her panted

the old woman, stretching her withered spidery arms after the flying girl, and endeavouring to catch hold of her floating garments. Katharine now collected the last remains of her exhausted strength for flight: at that moment, the old wooden-leg stepped across her path; for an instant it checked her speed, and then the old hag caught her with her bony hands. William could contain himself no longer: he threw the mould with the last bullet out of his hands, and would have leaped out of the circle: but just then the clock struck twelve; the fiendish vision had vanished; the owls threw the skulls and bones confusedly together, and flew away; the fire went out; and William sunk exhausted to the ground.

Now came up slowly a horseman upon a black horse. He stopped at the effaced outline of the magic circle, and spoke thus: "Thou hast stood thy trial well: what would'st thou have of me?"

"Nothing of thee, nothing at all," said William, "what I want—I have prepared for myself."

"Aye; but with my help: therefore part belongs to me."

"By no means, by no means: I bargained for no help; I summoned thee not."

The horsemen laughed scornfully; "Thou art bolder," said he, "than such as thou art wont to be. Take the balls which thou hast cast!"

*Sixty for thee, three for me:
The sixty go true, the three go wild;
All will be plain, when we meet again."*

William averted his face: "I will never meet thee again," said he, "leave me."

"Why turnest thou away?" said the stranger, with a dreadful laugh: "dost thou know me?"

"No, no," said William, shuddering: "I know thee not! I wish not to know thee. Be thou who thou mayest, leave me!"

The Black Horseman turned away from his horse, and said with a gloomy so-

lemnity of voice. "Thou dost know me: the very hair of thy head, which stands on end, confesses for thee that thou dost. I am he—whom at this moment thou namest in thy heart with horror." So saying, he vanished, followed by the dreary sound of withered leaves, and the echo of blasted boughs falling from the trees beneath which he had stood.

"Merciful God! what has happened to you, William?" exclaimed Katharine and her mother, as William returned, pale and agitated after midnight, "you look as if fresh risen from the grave."

"Nothing, nothing," said William, "nothing but the night air;—the truth is, I am a little feverish."

"William, William!" said old Bertram, "you cannot deceive me: something has met you in the forest. Why would you not stop at home? Something has crossed you on the road, I'll swear."

William was struck with the old man's seriousness, and replied, "Well, yes; I acknowledge something has crossed me; but wait for nine days: before then, you know yourself that—"

"Gladly, gladly, son," said Bertram, and God be praised, that it is any thing of that kind that can wait for nine days. Trouble him not wife; Kate, leave him at peace! now my good lad, go to bed, and rest thyself. 'Night,' says the proverb, 'is no man's friend.' But be of good cheer: the man that is in his vocation, and walks only in lawful paths, may bid defiance to the fiends of darkness, and all their works."

William needed his utmost powers of dissimulation to disguise from the old man's penetration how little his suspicions had done him injustice. This indulgent affection of Father Bertram, and such unshaken confidence in his uprightness wrung his heart. He hurried to his bed-room, with full determination to destroy the accursed bullets.

"One only will I keep, only one will I use," said he, holding out his suppliant hands pressed palm to palm,

with bitter tears towards heaven. "Oh let the purpose, let the purpose, plead for the offence; plead for me the anguish of my heart, and the trial which I could not bear! I will humble, I will abase myself in the sight of God: with a thousand, with ten thousand penitential acts I will wash out the guilt of my transgression. But can I, can I now go back, without making shipwreck of all things—of my happiness, of my honour, my darling Katharine?"

Somewhat tranquillized by this view of his own conduct, he beheld the morning dawn with more calmness than he had anticipated.

The ducal commissioner arrived, and expressed a wish previous to the decisive trial, of making a little hunting excursion in company with the young forester. "For," said he, "between ourselves, the hunter's skill is best shewn in the forest."

William turned pale, and would have made excuses, but as these availed nothing with the commissioner, he begged at least that he might be allowed to stand his trial first. Old Bertram shook his head thoughtfully. "William, William," said he, with a deep tremulous tone. William withdrew instantly, and in a few moments he was equipped for the chase, and with Bertram followed the commissioner into the forest.

The old forester sought to suppress his misgivings, but struggled in vain to assume a cheerful aspect. Katharine was dejected and agitated, and went about her household labours as if dreaming. "Was it not possible," she asked her father, "to put off the trial?"—"I thought of that also," replied he, and he kissed her in silence. Recovering himself immediately, he congratulated his daughter on the day—and reminded her of her bridal garland.

The garland had been locked up by old Anne in a drawer; and hastily attempting to open it she injured the lock. A child was therefore dispatched to a shop to fetch another garland for

the bride. "Bring the handsomest you have," cried dame Anne after the child; but the child, in its simplicity, looked upon that which glittered most; and this happened to be a bride's funeral garland of myrtle and rosemary twined with silver, which the mistress of the shop, not knowing the circumstances, allowed the child to carry off. The bride and her mother well understood the ominous import of this accident! each shuddered; and flinging their arms about the other's neck, sought to stifle her horror in a laugh at the child's blunder. The lock was now opened once more; it opened readily; the coronals were exchanged; and the beautiful tresses of Katharine were wreathed with the blooming garland of a bride.

The hunting party returned. The commissioner was inexhaustible in William's praise. "After such proofs of skill," said he, "it seems ridiculous that I should call for any other test; but to satisfy old ordinances we are sometimes obliged to do more than is absolutely needful; and so we will dispatch the matter as briefly as possible. Yonder is a dove sitting on that pillar: level and bring her down."

"Oh! not *that*, not *that*, for God's sake, William," cried Katharine, hastening to the spot; "shoot not for God's sake at the dove. Ah! William, last night I dreamed that I was a white dove; and my mother put a ring about my neck; then came you, and in a moment my mother was covered with blood."

William drew back his piece which he had already levelled; but the Commissioner laughed—"Eh! what!" said he, "so timorous? That will never do

for a forester's wife: courage, young bride, courage!—Or stay, may be the dove is a pet dove of your own?"

"No," said Katharine, "but the dream has sadly sunk my spirits"—"Well, then," said the Commissioner, "if that's all, pluck 'em up again! and so fire away, Mr. Forester."

He fired; and at the same instant, with a piercing shriek, fell Katharine to the ground.

"Strange girl!" said the Commissioner, fancying that she had fallen only from panic, and raised her up, but a stream of blood flowed down her face; her forehead was shattered; and a bullet lay sunk in the wound.

"What is the matter?" exclaimed William, as the cry resounded behind him. He turned and saw Katharine with a deadly paleness lying stretched in her blood. By her side stood the old wooden leg, laughing in fiendish mockery, and snarling out—

"Sixty go true.
Three go skew."

In the madness of his wrath, William drew his hanger, and made a thrust at the hideous creature. "Accursed devil!" cried he in tones of despair—"Is it thus thou hast deluded me?" More he had no power to utter; for he sank insensible on the ground close by his bleeding bride.

The Commissioner and the priest sought vainly to speak comfort to the desolate parents. Scarce had the aged mother laid the ominous funeral garland upon the bosom of her daughter's corpse, when she swept away the last tears of her unfathomable grief. The solitary father soon followed her. William, the Fatal Marksman, wore away his days in a madhouse.

THE DEMON'S ISLE.

An Original Legendary Ballad.

Merrily, merrily, danced a bark
The ocean surges o'er,
But the tempest-bend came wild and dark,
And the bark was seen no more.
The blast was high in the starless sky,
Where the forky flash was glaring,
And the desert shore was sprinkled with
gore.
Where the sea-bird his prey was tearing!

Slowly, slowly, the pale Dawn crept
From the dark embrace of Night;
The storm was hushed and the wild winds
slept,
Save a murmuring breeze that lightly swept
A raft o'er the surges white;
Sir Egbert there, with his lady fair,
For weary life were striving,
And the burdened mast, on the current fast,
To the Demon's Isle was driving.

Sadly, sadly, o'er paths unblest,
They pass'd with footsteps sore,
O'er tangled wilds that ne'er were press'd
By mortal foot before;
The wild dog howled and the she-wolf
growled,
The wanderers' hearts dismayed,
And the serpent rolled his scaly fold,
Where their lonely steps were straying!

Deadly, deadly night-shade arched
The path of the hapless pair,
Their limbs were faint and their lips were
parched,
And their hearts sank in deep despair,
For save the fruit of that poisonous root,
Nor berry nor herb was growing,
And many a snake hissed loud in the brake,
Where the lonely stream was flowing!

Darkly, darkly fell the shade
Of night on the Demon's Isle;
His lady's couch Sir Egbert made
Where a withering fire hung the glade,
And he vowed with sleepless eye and blade
To watch around the while.

"I'll hurl the wolf in you craggy gulph,
If near thy slumbers prowling,
And the serpent shall start and glide apart
To hear the savage howling."

Fatally, fatally Egbert drank,
Of the deadly dew as it fell,
Till in slumbers deep his eye-lids sank
O'erpower'd with a magic spell.
At the raven's croak with a start he woke,
His flesh with terror creeping,
And he softly stepped where his lady had
slept,
But he found no lady sleeping!

Wildly, wildly o'er rock and steep,
Then traversed the phrenzied knight,
With many a curse on his treacherous
sleep,
And many a curse more dread and deep
On the treacherous elfin-sprite!
Up started then, from his gloomy den,
The Fiend in his anger proudly,
"I care not for ban of a perjured man!"
He cried to Sir Egbert loudly.

Boldly, boldly Sir Egbert's brow
He crossed, then hallowed his blade,
Cried "Holy Virgin, Oh! help me now!"
And cleft down the elfin shade,
With an eldritch scream, like a fading
dream,
The grisly shape departed,
And his lady dear, from the cavern door,
To his eager bosom started!

Gaily, gaily carols the lark
At the smile of the rising morn,
And gaily, gaily, speeds a bark
O'er the ocean surges borne!
Sir Egbert there, and his lady fair,
A boundless joy's pervading,
And the Demon's Isle, from their ken the
while,
Far, far o'er the billow is fading!



THE DEVIL'S LADDER;
OR,
THE GNOMES OF THE REDRICH.

from the German of Alois Schreiber.

"He spake—the elfin demon sternly spake—
His tiny people gave attentive ear,
And bent to the earth submissive,
Then strait obeyed their leader's strict command;
And slinging o'er their arms the gleamy spade
And ponderous axe, bore them with shoutings loud
From out the cavern's gloom, to the high Redrich's foot,
And quick as glancing thought, or lightning's quiv'ring flash,
A hollow pathway broke thro' the dark rock's deep soil,
To the high dwelling of the wond'ring maid."

Nor far from Lorrach, upon the extreme frontiers of the Rhine province, are still to be seen the ruins of an ancient castle, which was formerly inhabited by Sibo, of Lorrach, a knight of great courage, but of a character any thing rather than gentle. It happened once, in a stormy eve, that a little old man knocked at his castle-gate, and

besought his hospitality,—a request which was not a little enforced by the shrill voice of the wind, as it whistled through his streaming locks, almost as white as the snows that fell fast about him. The knight, however, was not in one of his mildest moods, nor did the wild dwarfish figure of the stranger plead much for him with one who was

by no means an admirer of poverty, whatever shape it might assume. His repulse, therefore, was not couched in the gentlest language; and, indeed, deserved praise, rather for its energetic conciseness, than for any other quality. The little old man was equally sparing of words on his part, and simply saying, "I will requite your kindness," passed on his way with a most provoking serenity of temper.

At the time, Sibö did not take this threat very much to heart; but it soon appeared to be something more than an empty menace; for the next day he missed his daughter, a lovely girl in her tenth year, who was already celebrated for her beauty throughout the whole province. People were immediately sent out to seek her in every direction, and at last, the knight, finding none of his messengers return, set out himself for the same purpose. For a long time he was no more successful in the search than his vassals; nobody had seen her, nobody could give him any information, till he met with an old shepherd, who said, "That early in the day he had seen a young girl gathering flowers at the foot of the Redrich mountain; that, in a little time after, several dwarfs had approached the child, and, having seized her in their arms, tripped up to the summit of the rock with as much facility as if they had been walking on a plain. God forbid!" added the shepherd, making the sign of the cross, "God forbid, that they were of those evil spirits who dwell in the hidden centre of the mountain: they are easily excited to anger, which is too often fatal to its victims." The knight, alarmed at this recital, cast his eyes to the summit of the Redrich, and there, indeed, was Garlinda, who seemed to stretch forth her arms for assistance. Stung with all the impotency of passion, he instantly assembled his vassals, to see if there was not one among the number who could climb the precipice; but, though several made the effort, none succeeded.

He then ordered them to provide

instruments for cutting a pathway in the rock; this attempt, however, was not a jot more successful than the first, for no sooner had the workmen begun to use their axes, than such a shower of stones was poured upon their heads from the mountain-top, that they were compelled to fly for safety. At the same time a voice was heard, which seemed to proceed from the depths of the Redrich, and which distinctly uttered these words:—"It is thus that we requite the hospitality of the knight of Lorrach."

Sibö, finding earthly arms of no avail against the gnomes, had now recourse to heaven; and as he had certain private reasons for distrusting the efficacy of his own prayers, he bribed the monks and nuns of the neighbourhood to employ their intercession. But these holy folks prospered no better with their beads than the peasants had done with their pick-axes; the gnomes continued as immovable as their own mountain, and nothing was left to console the poor Sibö, except the certainty of his daughter's living. His first looks at day-break, and his last at night-fall, were given to the Redrich, and each time he could see Garlinda on its summit, stretching out her little arms in mournful greeting to her father.

But, to do justice to the gnomes they took all possible care of their little foundling, and suffered her to want for nothing: they built for her a beautiful little cottage, the walls of which were covered with shells and crystals, and stones of a thousand colours. Their wives, too, made her necklaces of pearl and emerald wreaths, and found every hour some fresh amusements for her youth, which grew up in a continued round of delight, like a snow-drop in the first gentle visitings of the spring. Indeed, she seemed to be a general favourite, and more particularly so with one old gnome, the sister of him who had tempted her by the flowers on the Redrich. Often would she say to her pupil, when her young eyes were for a

at dimmed with a transient region of past times:—"Be of good my dear child; I am preparing a dowry, such as was never yet to the daughter of a king."

rolled away four years, and Siborly renounced all hope of again his Garlinda, when Ruthelm, a and valiant knight, returned from ry, where he had acquired a glo- anne, by his deeds against the in-

His castle being only half a distant from Lorrach, he was not hearing of Sibor's loss, upon he determined to recover the fair; or perish in the attempt. With sign, he sought the old knight, as still buried in grief for his er's absence, and made him ac- ad with his purpose. Sibor grasp- young warrior's hand, and a the first he had known for many passed over his hard features as- ed; "Look out from this win- ry gallant stranger; as far as the reach, it looks upon the lands; below, too, in the castle vaults, thers keep their prisoners, I lock gold, enough to purchase another province. Bring me back my er, and all this shall be yours,— rize beyond all this,—my daugh- and. Go forth, my young knight, even's blessing go with you."

elmi immediately betook him- the foot of the Redrich to ex- as ground, but he soon saw that ld be impossible to climb the in without aid from some quarter, sides were absolutely perpendi-

Still he was unwilling to give purpose; he walked round and he rock, exploring every cleft nty, wishing that he had wings, ring the shrubs that nodded sad- most triumphantly near the; as if in defiance of his efforts. ready to burst with vexation, he out to desist, when the moon- one stood before him on a sud- dly appeared him:—

! No! my spruce knight; you

have heard, it seems, of the beautiful Garlinda, whose abode is on the sum- mit of these rocks. Is it not so, my mighty man of arms? Well, I'll be your friend in this business: she is my pupil, and I promise you she is yours, as soon as you can get her."

"Be it so," replied the knight, holding out his hand in token that the offer was accepted.

"I am but a dwarf in comparison with you," replied the little man, "but my word is as good as yours notwith- standing. If you can manage to climb the precipice, I shall give you up the maiden; and though the road is some- what rough, the prize will more than recompense your labour. About it, therefore, and good luck attend you on your journey."

Having uttered these words, the dwarf disappeared, with loud bursts of laughter, to the great indignation of Ruthelm, whose wit was altogether in his elbows. He measured the cliff with angry eyes, and at last exclaimed,— "Climb it, quotha! yes, indeed, if I had wings."

"It may happen without wings," said a voice close beside him; and the knight, looking round, perceived a little old woman, who gently tapped him on the shoulder: "I have heard all that passed just now between you and my brother. He was once offended by Sibor, but the knight has long since paid the penalty of that offence; and besides the maiden has none of her father's harshness; she is beautiful, good, and compassionate to the wants of others; I am certain, that she would never re- fuse hospitality, even though it were to a beggar. For my part, I love her as if she were my own child, and have long wished that some noble knight would choose her as his bride. It seems that you have done so; and my brother has given you his word, a pledge that with us is sacred. Take, therefore, this silver bell; go with it to the Wisper Valley, where you will find a mine, which has long ceased to be worked,

and which you will easily recognise by the beech-tree and the fir that twine their boughs together at its entrance. Go in without fear, and ring the bell thrice, for within lives my younger brother, who will come to you the moment he hears its sound. At the same time the bell will be a token to him that you are sent from me. Request him to make a ladder for you up to the summit of the Redrich; he will easily accomplish this task before the break of day, and, when done, you may trust to it without the slightest fear of danger."

Ruthelm did as the old woman had directed; he set out instantly for the Wisper Valley, where he soon found the mine in question, with the two trees twined together at its opening. Here he paused in something like terror; it was one of those still nights, when the mind has leisure for apprehension. The moon shone sadly on the wet grass, and not a star was visible. For a moment his cheek was pale, but in the next moment it was red with shame, and he rang the bell with a most defying vehemence, as if to atone for his momentary alarm. At the third sound, a little man arose from the depths of the mine, habited in grey, and carrying a lamp, in which burnt a pale blue meteor. To the gnome's question of what did he want, the knight boldly replied by a plain story of his adventure; and the friendly dwarf, bidding him be of good cheer, desired that he would visit the Redrich by the break of day; at the same time he took from his pocket a whistle, which he blew thrice, when the whole valley swarmed with little gnomes, carrying saws and axes, and other instruments of labour. A sign from their leader was enough; they set off in the direction of the Redrich, when, in a few moments only, it was evident their task had begun by the horrible din that might be heard even in the Wisper Valley. Highly delighted with this result, the knight bent his way homewards, his heart beating as fast as the hammers of the gnomes, the

noise of which accompanied him in his journey, and entertained him in his castle. Nor indeed did Ruthelm desire better music, for besides that the knights of those warlike times were more celebrated for hard blows than for fine ears, every sound of the axe was a step in the ladder, and every step in the ladder was a step nearer to Garlinda, with whom he had contrived to be desperately in love, without the superfluity of seeing her.

No sooner had the morning begun to dawn, than he set out for the Redrich, where he found that the gnomes had not made all that nightly clatter to no purpose; a ladder was firmly planted against the rock, and reached to the very top of the mountain. There was a slight throb of fear at his heart, as he mounted the lower steps, but his courage increased in proportion to his advance. In a short time he arrived happily at the summit, precisely as the light of day was breaking in the east, when the first object presented to his eyes was Garlinda, who sweetly slumbered on a bank of flowers. The knight was riveted to the spot, and his heart beat high with pleasure as he gazed on the sleeping beauty; but when she opened her bright blue eyes, and turned their mild lustre upon him, he almost sunk beneath the gush of ecstasy that thrilled through every vein. In an instant he was at her feet, and poured forth the story of his love, with a vehemence that at once confounded and pleased the object of it. She blushed, and wept, and smiled as she wept, her eyes sparkling through her tears, like the sunbeams shooting through a spring shower.

At this moment they were interrupted by the unexpected appearance of the gnome who had carried off Garlinda; behind him was his sister, testifying by her smiles how much pleased she was by the happy meeting of the lovers. At first the dwarf frowned angrily at the sight of Ruthelm; but, when he perceived the ladder, he readily guessed how all had happened, and burst into a

sudden fit of laughter, exclaiming,—
 “Another trick played me by my good old sister! I have promised though, and will keep my word. Take that which you have come so far to seek, and be more hospitable than your father. That you may not, however, gain your prize too easily, you shall return by the same way that you came; for our pupil we have a more convenient road, and heaven grant it may prove the road to her happiness.”

Ruthelm willingly descended the ladder, though not without some little peril to his own neck, while the gnome and his sister led the maiden by a path that traversed the interior of the mountain, and opened at its foot by a secret outlet. Here they were to part, and the old woman, presenting her with a box formed of petrified palm-wood, and filled with jewels, thus addressed her: “Take this, my dear child; it is the dowry that I have so long and often promised you. And do not forget your mountain friends, for in the various

evils of the world you are going to visit, a day, perhaps, may come, when you will need their power. You’ll think of this, my child.”—Garlinda thanked the dwarf, and wept in thanking her.

And now Ruthelm conducted the fair one to her father, though not without many a lingering look cast back upon the mountain she had quitted. To describe the old man’s joy would be impossible; mindful of the past, he immediately gave orders that all who sought the hospitality of his castle should be feasted there with the utmost kindness for the space of eight days; and Ruthelm received the hand of Garlinda, in recompense of his knightly service. Both lived to the evening of a long and happy life, blest in themselves and no less blest in their posterity.

For many years the ladder still remained attached to the mountain, and was looked upon by the neighbouring peasants as the work of a demon. Hence it is that the Redrich is yet known by the name of “The Devil’s Ladder.”

GORTZ OF FRANCKFORT;

OR,

THE ILLUSIONS OF A DREAM.

—
 from the German.
 —

A GREAT concourse of people were assembled, from all parts of Europe, at the great annual fair at Franckfort, in the beginning of the fourteenth century. Among the rest, was the Lady Bertha, and the young Julia, her niece, from beyond the Alps. Lady Bertha was the widow of an officer in the Imperial guard, whose brother, also in the army, had been killed in endeavouring to screen him from the fatal effects of a blow which was aimed at him by a desperate enemy. The brother received the wound, and, after struggling a few minutes, expired in his arms. The

last word that trembled on his lips, was —“Julia!” this was sufficient for the colonel. He, from that moment, considered Julia as the sacred legacy of his dying brother; and as soon as he returned from the campaign, introduced the young orphan (for her mother had expired in giving her life) to his wife, the affectionate and virtuous Bertha, who readily adopted the interesting charge, and had ever treated her with maternal affection.

After the death of the colonel, who had fallen in a subsequent action, the Lady Bertha was attacked by a slow

consuming illness, which it was apprehended would carry her prematurely to her grave. To avert the effects so fatal, the physicians ordered her to travel.

They reached Frankfort near the time of the fair, and she determined to avail herself of the opportunity to shew Julia a little of the world. One day they followed the crowd to view the wonderful tricks of a conjuror, who, in league with a gipsy, performed such astonishing feats, that it was the general opinion, that he was, certainly, if not the devil himself, at least his prime minister and favourite agent. The dead could not rest quiet in their tombs for him, nor the pocket books, &c. of the spectators in their pockets. But the company ceased laughing at these exhibitions of his power, to wonder at his insight into the past, and his predictions of the future—predictions so mysterious and unintelligible, as fully exercised the talents of those to whom they were addressed, while they impressed their minds with a strong conviction of truth. By oracles so impressive, he stimulated curiosity, and excited interest. Every one pressed him to be told that which had already befallen them; and, by his accuracy in that respect, to judge of the probability of his prophecies, when he suddenly proposed to unveil the secret thoughts of any person present. Incredulity sat on the stretched features of every one of them, and but few presented themselves to the test. Every one, however, who made the trial, confessed, in their turn, that he had really read their hearts, and discovered their hidden imaginations.

He, at length, approached the seat where the Lady Bertha and her niece were placed; and, after some unimportant tricks to the aunt, proposed to shew Julia the whole progress of her future life. Julia shrunk back, blushing and dismayed; nor could all the encouragement of her aunt induce her to submit to such an exhibition. The

gipsy and the conjuror now gave the company to understand, that they would make her a party without her assent, and were even proceeding to take some steps for that purpose, when a loud and solemn voice uttered, "If thou dar'st, Gortz!"

The magician hesitated and turned pale; he remounted the elevated seat he had quitted to address Julia, and cast a wishful look through the crowd; but he drew back his eyes with an expression of disappointment, while the spectators, full of astonishment, inquired in vain, "who had spoken?" No one could point out the person who uttered words that had so instantaneous and awful an effect on the multitude. Curiosity was suspended, or rather directed to a new object; nor did Gortz for some minutes seem anxious to send it to himself. He was too deeply engaged in a scrutinizing survey of his audience, to make any attempt to renew the diversions.

At length he seemed to be fully satisfied, and again left his exalted station. He performed with less dexterity than before some of his former feats; and the agitation of his mind was visible, in the perturbation of his manners. He proceeded, however, and meeting with no further interruption, gradually recovered his spirits.

At length, he proposed to shew to Julia the form of her future husband. She, trembling, replied, that she had no curiosity, and besought her aunt to quit the place, and return to the inn. The Lady Bertha, however, who said she had more curiosity than her niece, or whether she did not credit the differences of so young a creature such subject so interesting, encouraged the man to proceed, assuring Julia, that there could be no harm in it, as it was done so publicly; and that it could not be a real ghost, because the man who was to be her husband, could not yet be dead, and therefore she need not be alarmed.

Julia remonstrated against the man

piety of these proceedings. She alleged, that, in order to shew the appearance of a living person, it was necessary to throw them into a lethargic state, and to separate the soul from the body; that this could not be done but by the most horrid incantations, equally revolting to humanity and religion; and concluded, by requesting to be spared this time, and to be allowed to return home; both of which requests the Lady Bertha, who felt a childish curiosity and amusement in all that passed, decidedly refused; and the conjuror proceeded in his preparations for the intended display of his power. He addressed Julia in an awful tone of voice, beseeching her not to be alarmed. She, whose countenance was all innocence and virtue, needed not, he assured her, to admit any fear.

"I cannot endure," replied she, firmly, "to witness these nefarious arts, I conjure you, by all that is sacred, to desist!"

The same voice repeated, "GORTZ!"

The magician trembled more than before, and it was longer before he recovered. At length, however, Bertha desired to be told her future fortune, and withdrew with Gortz to a remote corner of the room. Julia was not allowed to follow, and she trembled at finding herself thus alone in the midst of strangers. She looked with anxiety at her aunt, wishing she would return, when, on turning her head on one side, she perceived at her elbow a tall man, of a most singular appearance, whose whole attention seemed engrossed by her. Surprised that she had not before remarked so extraordinary a person, and alarmed, she knew not wherefore, at his steady gaze, she would have crossed the room to the spot where her aunt yet remained in close conference with Gortz, but her trembling limbs were unequal to support her. A thousand times she wished herself out of this scene of magic and infernal incantation, but she had no means of quitting it. Even were she out of it, she was ig-

norant of the way back to the hotel. She could not contemplate the appearance of the strange man beside her, though he as fully engrossed her thoughts as she did his gaze. His eyes were fixed upon her, and which ever way she turned, she seemed to feel their piercing brilliancy. At length the Lady Bertha returned to her seat, apparently much pleased with the communications of Gortz. Julia now, with redoubled earnestness, besought her aunt to return home; but the old lady assured her, there was much to come still more worthy of their attention than any thing they had yet seen, and declared there was nothing to fear.

After a while, Gortz again approached her, and seemed determined, by a species of artificial courage, to proceed in his incantations. She was about to speak again, and she felt herself touched on the shoulder next her gazing companion. She looked around, and he said, in a voice, which, though softened to female tenderness, she instantly recognized for the same that had already twice checked Gortz, "Suffer him to continue, and fear not; I will protect you."

As much terrified at the mysterious protection thus offered her, as at the settled purpose of Gortz, she would have turned to renew her solicitations to her aunt, but she found herself unable to articulate. She gazed, therefore, in vacant silence, at the magician. At herself-created protector she dared not look. She knew not how to define even to herself, the feeling that prevented her from observing him; but she continued conscious to the emanations of his eyes. Gortz meanwhile proceeded; yet, every now and then, cast an eager and inquiring glance around, and seemed overcome with some indescribable emotions. He frequently turned his eyes to the spot where the mystic stranger still remained, as if something there annoyed him; yet the stranger addressed him not, nor seemed to take any measures to interrupt his proceedings.

Gortz kindled a fire, and drew a circle round it. He stepped within the circle, and muttered some unintelligible words, as he threw into the fire a number of ingredients that he drew from a bag beneath his garment. Julia saw but imperfectly what he threw in, yet something appeared to her like different parts of a human body. Shuddering with horror, she turned to see how her strange companion looked, but he was gone. She was much surprised; she had not been conscious of his departure. Alarmed at this circumstance, she knew not what to conclude; and she was half inclined to believe that the extraordinary effect his eyes seemed to have had upon her, must have arisen from her imagination being strongly impressed with wildness and terror.

Gortz now stepped out of the circle, and spoke in a low voice to the gipsy; but he kept his wand still within the mystic line. He returned, continued his incantations, and appeared much dismayed. The fire burnt very dimly; and the gipsy handed him a craise, which he emptied on the fire. It hissed extremely, and a column of thick black smoke enveloped the magician.

The voice of Gortz was heard from amidst the obscurity, exclaiming some mystic words, which Julia did not understand. At length the smoke dissipated, but the fire was extinguished. Without quitting the circle, Gortz rekindled the fire, and called aloud to Julia to advance within the hallowed line. The old lady bade her go. Julia shuddered, and hesitated. The aunt repeated her orders, which, as she endeavoured to obey, she beheld, with an astonishment that weakened her confidence in her visual organs, a figure, in every particular, resembling herself, step as if immediately from her seat into the magic circle. She saw pleasure beam in the eyes of Gortz; but she had yet self-possession enough to remark great perturbation flashing on the countenance of the gipsy. She turned to look for the stranger, but nobody was

to be seen. She felt surprised, and cast her eyes on her aunt; but, finding herself unable to express her wonder at what had just happened; nor was her wonder lessened, on observing that the Lady Bertha looked on with astonishment, and betrayed no alarm on witnessing a second Julia.

The true Julia immediately conjectured that her mysterious protector, whose power she attributed the illusion she had witnessed, and rendered himself visible to her aunt, and perhaps to all the spectators; and more earnestly than ever did she wish herself at a distance from this scene of mystery and magic. Her reflections, were, however, suddenly interrupted by a violent commotion within the magic circle. The gipsy, who had not entered it, seemed extremely agitated, and kept her eyes fixed on the spot with every mark of alarm and apprehension. The sounds of contention were heard, but the words were in an unknown language; Julia distinguished the voice both of her new friend and Gortz in high altercation. At length the whole place was filled with a thick and blinding smoke; the vaulted roof re-echoed with agonizing shrieks of despair and laughs of triumph. The spectators all endeavoured to rise, and find their way out, but the hall was in confusion and distant. Julia could perceive that her aunt also was there. She herself, unwilling to quit her position and equally afraid to move, would have caught her robe, and detained her with a forcible grasp, but she was incapable of moving her hands, nor could she utter a single articulate sound! Overwhelmed with fresh alarm, she saw the Lady Bertha quit her place; and felt that, however the powers of speech and motion were denied her, the internal motions of her mind were not lessened.

After a state of confusion that beggars all description, the tumult subsided, the smoke gradually dispersed, and Julia found herself alone in a large vaulted apartment, which she scarcely recognized for the same that had so lately

been crowded with spectators. The benches, however, remained, and the ashes of the fire still emitted a sulphurous smell. At a small distance beyond the magic circle, she observed a bundle of rags; and going up to examine it, (for her state of immovability was now at an end,) she perceived, with indescribable dismay, the lifeless body of Gortz. Struck with horror she determined to use her recovered powers in flying from so terrible a scene; nor did the reflection, that she was ignorant of her way, at all diminish her impatience to be gone; but when she strove to unclothe the door, it was fast, beyond her utmost strength to open it. More than ever appalled, she sunk, for a few minutes, into hopeless desertion: she believed herself singled out for the most alarming purpose, and knew not how to obtain relief.

At length her natural courage and spirit revived. It was not, she felt, by yielding to languor and despair, that her situation was to be amended; exertion only could give her a chance for escaping; and while the most distant hope remained of effecting her liberation, she resolved to substitute effort for lamentations, and with this view, having uttered a few fervent ejaculations, she turned her thoughts towards the windows. They were high, and she knew not whither they might lead her; yet she piled bench on bench, till she could nearly reach them, when the whole fabric of her diligence fell with a tremendous noise to the ground. Not even now wholly discouraged, she began once more to erect the scaffolding, which was to lead, not indeed to liberty itself, but only perhaps to the sad conviction that liberty was out of her reach; yet as she proceeded, she exclaimed aloud, "Oh! would I had followed my aunt!"—"Wish it not," replied the same voice that had before addressed her, "she looked instantly could see no one. and with terror, her trembling hand lift one more bench, and she was desponding. She

could not utter a word, earnestly as she wished to inquire the reason of her being thus singled out a victim so alarming; and the tears, which fell rapidly from her eyes, were almost the only indications she gave of existence. At length the same voice, in an accent mild as the song of the dove, said, "Look up, Julia, and behold him who has detained thee." She was scarcely able to obey the command; yet, when she raised her eyes to the being before her, she was equally incapable of withdrawing them.

She beheld a man, tall, majestic, of a noble and commanding aspect, clothed in a dress of a fashion she had never before seen, and bearing in one hand a small ivory wand, deeply inscribed with some very peculiar characters. His hair and beard were long, and perfectly white; yet his countenance, which was singularly, though sternly, handsome, shewed no signs of age. His eye, in particular, possessed a degree of brilliancy, Julia had never seen equalled by that of any human being; and she recognized in it the mysterious expression that had prevented her returning his attentive gaze at the exhibition.

Her beautiful proportions, the grace, the elegance of her figure, the dazzling whiteness of her skin, the glowing coral of her lips, the vernal rose of her cheeks, seemed by turns to court and rivet the stranger's notice. At length he seated himself beside her, took her hand, and having surveyed it with singular attention, said, as to himself, "In point of external beauty, she will do."

Julia, lost in wonder, which scarcely suffered her to comprehend all that passed, heard these words but imperfectly, and tremulously murmured, "Did you speak?"

"I did," he replied, carefully entwining her taper and flexible fingers with his own. "I have excited your wonder, Julia; but I will gratify your curiosity. I have long waited your arrival at Frankfort. I have waited it with impatience: for who does not

wait, with impatience that event which is to crown their happiness."

"Surely, surely," exclaimed the trembling dæmnel, "I heard not aright. My senses are bewildered by fear! How can my arrival here be connected with your happiness?" "Most closely interwoven," replied he: "our fingers are not more completely twisted together than your happiness and mine!"

Julia shuddered. The singular expression of his eye again struck her; she turned heart-sick away; and a pallid lividness chased the roses from her cheek. She strove to separate her fingers from those of her mysterious companion; but the effort was beyond her, and she desisted in despair.

"Fear me not, Julia," resumed he; "I will not hurt you!" "And my aunt," said Julia, in a voice of agony; let me go to my aunt; she will be miserable for the loss of me!"

"Your aunt shall be taken care of," said her companion; "but she is ignorant that she has lost you!"—"Oh heavens!" exclaimed Julia, "then she is dead!"

The mysterious stranger denied that she was dead; but the idea, of which Julia could not divest herself, made her so miserable, that he said, "No, no, she is not dead; she is only deluded." "Deluded!" exclaimed the terrified girl, "What then am I!—Oh let me see her!"

"Some other time," replied he; "at present she is satisfied: she believes you are with her. The same form, which, to your great surprise, personated you during the exhibition, is with her at this moment: and this counterfeit Julia is so well tutored, that the good lady must have more than mortal penetration (which does not, I think, fall to her share) to distinguish the difference."

"Oh Heavens!" cried Julia, "she will, perhaps, leave Frankfort, and leave me behind!"

"Perhaps she will," replied her companion; "but you are safe; and the time will come, when you shall be

re-united to your aunt. In the mean time, you shall not only be safe, but splendidly happy!"

"Impossible!" exclaimed she. "Where shall I find a friend?"

"I will be your friend, father, brother, all," answered this singular being, whose eyes now once more flashed intolerable on her.

Again Julia shuddered.

"You fear me," said he; "do you not?" "Can I avoid it?" asked she. "At present," answered he, "perhaps you cannot: but I trust you will soon conquer this fear. If you submit instantly and cheerfully to my will, you will not only secure my protection, but make me for ever your indulgent friend! If, on the contrary, you dispute my authority, and seek to evade my power, you will not obtain your freedom, but you will make me your enemy. The concern I feel for you, makes me fear you will choose this way; but know you are mine; my power is as firmly established over you, as if you had actually given me your consent; and whatever trouble you may occasion me before you pronounce your acquiescence, it will be done at last."

"Consent!—To what?" asked Julia, with a countenance of dismay.

"To be mine," replied he; "wholly, irrevocably, and unreservedly mine! My wife; my beloved, my adored wife!"—"This is strange," said she.

"I grant it," replied he: "but I will tell you the tale from the beginning. I was close at hand, Julia, when your father received his death wound from a German corporal. I heard him, in a faltering voice, recommend you to your uncle, his brother. I witnessed, applauded, and confirmed, the good resolution the worthy officer took at that moment, to adopt and cherish the legacy of his brother. I justify your innocence and worth; speediness of this adoption, fixed on you for my own sake, eagerly: your arrival at Frankfort

ere I knew I was to have the first lot of you. Though I had never seen you, I knew you instantly; and judged that Gortz would alarm you, I remained to protect you. He mistook me for a competitor of his, but he soon saw better. He felt my power; and he who would have injured you, is now no more. And now, Julia, learn that your aunt has left Franckfort; she many leagues hence in company with your resemblance. I have expedited her journey, that I might devote myself wholly to you. I now wait your answer. Will you be mine? Remember, though I ask it, that you are mine! Fate has given you to me; and is so spare you, not to insure to me a possession of you, that I thus again demand, Will you be mine?"

The beams of his eyes fell full upon her, and she sickened and fainted. When she recovered her senses, she found herself in a magnificent chamber, lying on a bed of state, which was handsomely adorned with gold. She gazed through the windows, venerable trees waving their enormous branches; while the beams of the king sun tinged some distant mountains with a purple light. The certainty that she was no longer in Franckfort instantly possessed her; but, instead of recalling the mysterious order of her fate, she remained silent, and ruminated on the singular events of the day. Impressed with an indelible and unconquerable terror of the specter, she rejoiced that her swoon had prevented her from giving a direct answer to his question; and indeed, could she but ascertain that she was alone, to attempt once more to escape, and to defy the grant he used to have obtained of her.

This, in fact, she utterly disbelieved. Her uncle, the late captain, never took any step of consequence without consulting it to his wife: had she been trusted to any body, no oaths of secrecy could have bound her aunt to reveal it: she was certain she should never hear of a fact so important to

her: besides, had this contract existed, would Lady Bertha have permitted, and even encouraged, as she had done, an attachment between her and Ferdinand, an amiable and ingenious youth, who waited only till he should have completed his studies, to ask, and, no doubt, to obtain, his father's permission to marry her. All these circumstances, which rushed on the mind of Julia, militated entirely against the existence of such a contract, and led her to consider herself as fully authorized to attempt to regain her liberty.

While she thus revolved, in her own mind, the singular predicament she was in, she, from time to time, looked round, and listened, to ascertain whether any one beside herself was in the room; when suddenly her extraordinary pursuer stood before her, and his eyes again flashed upon her. "Are you deceived?" said he. "I ask you not to speak; give me but your hand, and rise the partner of my power and my prosperity."

"Where am I?" said Julia.

"In my castle," he replied, "in the woods four miles from Franckfort. In your own castle, if you will but give me your hand!"

"Alas!" replied she, willing to gain time, yet fearful of offending him, "what is a hand without a heart? You are worthy, no doubt, of both, and I am unwilling to give you the one without the other!"

"I have not then your heart?" inquired he.

"No," replied Julia; "I scarcely yet know myself whether I have one. Allow me a little time to familiarize myself to the idea of becoming your wife."

"I am desirous to oblige you," he answered; "but beware, Julia, how you endeavour to deceive me, you can do nothing, you can think nothing, that I shall not be instantly apprized of. Remember, therefore, it will not be safe to try to impose on me!"

"You will, however," said she, "allow me some time?"

"A week," he answered; "and if you are desirous to oblige me, as I have shewn myself complaisant to you, you will live in my society for that time, and not prejudice yourself against me!"

Julia, who knew not whether she dreaded most to encounter his anger or his eyes, was at a loss what to reply, till he took her hand, and inquired if she were well. She readily acknowledged that she felt no indisposition, but should be glad to rise. He gently kissed the hand he held: and promised to send a woman to assist her.

The moment her mysterious lover had left the chamber, Julia jumped off the bed on which she had been laid after her unconscious and rapid journey from Franckfort, and hastily shaking her clothes, ran to the window; for she was far more solicitous about her situation than about her dress. Presently, however, a decent elderly woman made her appearance, with every appurtenance of a lady's toilet. Julia was sorry for the disturbance, for she felt her tears rise irresistibly for the loss of her aunt; and she dared not shew them before any one. She was taught caution by terror, and quietly submitted to the pleasure of her waiting-woman, who arranged her hair in a very few minutes, and assisted in all the rest of her dress without uttering a word. She then withdrew in the same silence, which Julia was no way disposed to break. The ready tears gushed to her eyes the moment the woman had quitted the room; but she felt too much awe of her mysterious lover to dare to indulge them even when alone. She could not feel quite certain that he would not know, and be offended, if she wept.

She now thought she ought to obey him, but knew not whither to go, if she left her chamber. Her eyes too were irresistibly attracted by the beautiful scenery the windows presented to them. The castle, which appeared to be an immense and magnificent structure, stood in a large and ancient forest, which had been cleared of all

its underwood for a considerable distance, by which means the castle stood in an open grove of venerable and spreading trees, surrounded by the most fine and verdant turf. Long vistas, judiciously opened through the forest, led the eye to distant scenes of beauty and fertility; while some abrupt openings displayed the horizon crowned with noble and romantic mountains. The rushing of a waterfall at no great distance was heard, though it was concealed from sight; and Julia, ever enthusiastically fond of the beautiful and sublime of nature, felt her soul gradually stolen away from the singularity of her situation, and soothed to tranquillity by the noble, yet reposing, objects before her: yet she recollected the request of the strange lord of this domain, and would have joined him, had she known where to find him.

The shades of evening began to veil the charms of the scene she was contemplating in obscurity; and she turned from the window, exclaiming, "Whither shall I go, if I leave this room?"

"Whither would you go?" replied the voice she already knew too well.

"I would have obeyed you," she answered, trembling, "and sought your society, had I known the way."

"Speak but your wishes aloud, my Julia," said he, "and they shall always be gratified."

He held Julia's hand, as he led her from her apartment along a magnificent gallery, whose walls were painted by the hand of no inferior master. They descended a noble staircase of the finest marble, the balustrades of which were gilt; and Julia, who had been accustomed to a very simple mode of life, was dazzled at the splendour every where displayed. Six servants were employed in lighting up a spacious hall they had to cross, while as many more rapidly advanced to open the door of a saloon, compared to which, as she had hitherto seen was poverty seemed sparkling all over with while flowers of the most hues and odour filled the air.

serial music floated at
gh the dome, at times
y. choirs of the most me-
then again lessening by
single instrument alone
were no performers to be
ent of the saloon was a
h was placed a sofa of
namented with a fringe
is spot was the astonish-
cted, and placed on the
med the throne of luxury;
traordinary companion,
quishing her captive
himself beside her, and,
quisite tenderness, be-
consider herself as the
he saw, and himself
voted of her slaves.
ish, my Julia," said he,
lovely bosom by gentle-
ness: yet remember,"
er delicate fingers, "re-
me mine!"

of menace and submis-
Julia, who found herself
his power, in a room
ly furnished, where not
but themselves appeared,
ry thing bespoke the un-
ptuousness of the master.
es a small table, covered
exquisite dainties, ap-
recess, and Julia gazed
Her lover besought her
refreshment. She had
e she quitted the hotel
and she really wanted
fered him, therefore, to
but she merely took
ats; and resolved to
ig salt, while she staid;
s was the magnificence
e was surrounded, she
at to escape. At length
n her to drink a glass of
quisite; but Julia was
insisted on diluting it

was over, which had
with many wild strains
e, Julia wished to retire,
emission of her myste-

rious master. He led her to the door
of her apartment, and imprinting on
her fair hand a tender, yet respectful
kiss, bade her farewell. The same
sedate personage attended to assist her
at her evening toilet; but Julia, weary
of restraint, gave her to understand
that she required no help, but wished
to be left alone. The good nation
curtsied, and left her: but Julia ob-
served that she locked the door of her
apartment on the outside. This cir-
cumstance a good deal appalled her.
She endeavoured to secure it on the
inside also; but, as she was drawing
the bolts, recollected, with a sigh, how
little safety from intrusion she should
derive from any fastenings, while
under the roof of a being so strangely
potent. Oppressed with feelings she
could not control, she threw herself
upon a sofa, and ruminated on her
situation. She shuddered at the idea
of being so completely in the power of
her persecutor. She shuddered still
more at the idea of his power itself.
Power thus manifested must be illegal;
must be—she hesitated to pronounce
the word—*infernal*! The death of
Gorta, the deception passed on her
aunt, the singular captivity in which
she was detained, all struck her as
corroborating proofs of the truth of her
surmise. From this inference, the
upright mind of Julia naturally de-
duced another, that to resist infernal
power must be right; and though very
inadequate to support such resistance,
she determined to do all that left in her
power; and consoling herself with the
reflection, that to do right always brings
its own reward, she resolved to support
with fortitude this week of trial; and
then boldly disavow her belief of the
contract, and peremptorily assert her
will to depart instantly.

The utter and absolute impossibility
that such a contract should exist, she
was well convinced of. Who but a
father could ever have power to con-
clude such a treaty? And would a
father, at the moment of his death,
consign an infant daughter to an utter

stranger? For this man pretended to an early friendship to both her father and her uncle, and founded his claim solely on a contract entered into when her father quitted the world. "Of whom then," musingly thought Julia, "of whom then did he obtain the promise of this wretched hand?"

The singularity of her lover's foreknowledge of her journey to Frankfurt now struck her. Where could he have gained intelligence which was scarcely certain to ourselves? The question could be answered only by referring the solution of the enigma to some preternatural power. This idea made her shudder; and the more she reflected, the more she felt determined on her plan of temporising for the week, and boldly asserting her resistance at the end of it. The week appeared to her an eternity. The various pleasures which succeeded each other, seemed to Julia more tedious than the uninteresting tricks of the conjuror. She felt herself the victim of a specious delusion, from which she was unable to emancipate herself; and she thought the hours lingered in their course. Rightful as was the resistance by which she meant to attempt to break the confinement which bound her, any active emotion seemed, at some moments, preferable to such languid acquiescence in the luxuries of the place; yet, at other moments, she felt too fearful to anticipate the period of trial, by previously announcing her decided negative. The dreadful words, "At all events you are mine!" continually resounded in her ears; yet the close of all her deliberations constantly was, that she would not be so with her own consent.

At length the dreaded, yet wished-for period drew near. She had retired for the last time to her chamber. The next day was to decide her fate; and she passed the night in recalling to her mind the various graces of her Perfidious, and the extreme surprise by which power so unobscure as that of her

persecutor must have been; and it is difficult to say which platonism contributed to the she felt when the morning of the eventful day. Her toilet refused on that day to be dull. She attired Julia with more grace; and she could not be herself, as the numerous and mirrors reflected her graceful; she looked uncommonly low heart beat with terrible emotion proceeded to the saloon; her gave redoubled lustre to her animation to her cheeks; her sensibility throbbed violently pulse; and she entered the with an air at once eager and

Her lover, ever splendid in was now unusually so. He meet her, advanced to take her hand, led her into the saloon; and described a circle sword. She resolutely stepped it, and said aloud, "Is it circles you would owe my devotion?" He himself left it and with the most respectful taking her hand, said, "May myself your visible emotion venerable symptom for me? now voluntarily yield your this symbolical inter-union?"

"No!" exclaimed Julia now, nor never will I yield arts of magic and incantation

Her lover looked much but more alarmed. Julia observed the happy dance; and in a first tone of voice, "you, by all the power of I restore me to my friends!" uttered those sacred names which no magical delusion could in a moment found he bed in the hotel in Frankfurt her aunt sitting by her, his hand; and gazing on her with earnest attention.

"Where am I?" said Julia "and was it all a dream?"

"Yes, my child; and a most

plied the Lady Bertha, "to its effects on you?"
 "How long have I been asleep?"
 the still trembling girl.
 "Ever since the morning," answered
 the aunt; "ever since the morn-
 ing when the smoke of the vile con-
 fire overcame you, and I had
 reaved hither while insensible."
 "Dear aunt," resumed the in-
 Julia, "I must have slept a
 week."
 "My dear child," she replied,
 "I have anxiously awaited your
 return both on account of your un-
 happy sleep, and because I have letters
 from you."
 Julia's heart bounded with an in-
 joy, and she eagerly inquired
 about the post.
 "Where we may return home,"
 the old lady: "my health is suf-
 ficiently benefited; and Ferdinand has

obtained his father's consent, and is
 anxious for your union."

Julia's dream had done much towards
 increasing her affection for this young
 man; and she joyfully stepped into the
 carriage which was to carry her back.
 On their journey she related to her aunt
 the strange events of her dream, and
 learned, with surprise, that she had
 not been ten minutes in the hall of ex-
 hibition; for that she had fainted
 almost instantly, and been taken back
 to the hotel.

The Lady Bertha listened to her
 niece's relation with wonder. Julia
 deduced from it the important maxim,
 that a steady adherence to the interests
 of virtue, and a resolute refusal to
 concur in all schemes of vice, will
 ultimately conquer all difficulties, and
 be crowned with the most permanent
 and brilliant success.

THE MAID OF DONALBLAYNE.

A Scottish Legendary Ballad.

"The dashing surges gently break,
 The moon illumines the watery plain;
 The zephyrs fan the sails,—Awake!
 My blue-eyed maid of Donalblayne!

My soul disdains each meaner art,
 No studied terms my passion prove;
 While warm with life thy Malcolm's heart
 Shall beat with never-dying love!

A captive at thy feet I've sigh'd—
 Five tedious years I've sued in vain;
 Then bless these arms, my bonny bride,
 My blue-eyed maid of Donalblayne!"

The lovely maid descended slow,
 And paced the stairs with cautious tread;
 She felt her kindling blushes glow
 And thus in faltering accents said:—

"And must I pass the salt-sea wave?
 And must I quit a woman's fears?
 Must I, an exiled outcast, have
 A father's curse, a mother's tears?

And shall I, wand'ring o'er the deep,
 Glenalpin's boasted lineage stain?
 And leave an aged sire to weep
 His faithless maid of Donalblayne?"

And wilt thou love me, gentle youth,
 When these few charms for aye are down?
 "Sweet maid, this heart with love and truth
 Shall ever beat for thee alone."
 No footstep stir'd, the winds were hush'd;
 Each eye was closed in balmy rest;
 To Marion's arms Lord Malcolm rush'd,
 And clasp'd the trembler to his breast:
 The vessel swept the dimpled tide,
 And bounded lightly o'er the main;
 But Marion hung her head, and sigh'd
 A long adieu to Donalblayne!
 The Keelie, from his coral cave,
 Beheld the gallant vessel glide;
 And destined to a watery grave,
 Lord Malcolm and his bonny bride!
 He sprang up from his dark abode,
 He bade the blasts the sea deform:
 On whirlwind's wings sublime he rode,
 And furious urged the howling storm!
 Lord Malcolm saw the bartering wave,
 Impending with relentless sweep;
 It whelm'd the shatter'd bark, and gave
 Its trembling burthen to the deep!
 Young Malcolm stemm'd the boiling tide,
 And long the lovely Marion bore;
 Then clasp'd in death his bonny bride,
 And struggling sank, to rise no more!
 The clouds dispersed, the morning blush'd,
 The orb of day majestic beam'd;
 The winds in softest sleep were hush'd,
 And bright the liquid mirror gleam'd.
 Rage fired Glenalpin's haughty soul,
 He curs'd Duncathmore's hostile Thane;
 "Thy ruffian hand," he cried, "hath stole
 My child, the flower of Donalblayne!"
 He saw the wreck, he sought the strand,
 Where breathless corpses mingled lay;
 He knelt upon the wave-beat sand,
 And clasp'd his Marion's lifeless clay.
 He climb'd the sea-rock's beating brow,
 Exulting mark'd the dashing wave;
 Then cast one frenzied look below,
 And rush'd unbidden to the grave!
 With silver splendour o'er the tide
 When steals the moon's enamour'd beam;
 Their shrouded ghosts will wailing glide,
 Beneath the wan and chilly gleam.
 O'er ocean, when the midnight bell
 Its sad and sullen murmur flings,
 Will Marion strike, with wildest swell,
 Her shadowy lyre's fantastic strings!
 The fisher oft, whose fear-struck eyes
 See lights illumine the restless main,
 Suspends his dashing oar, and cries,
 "Alas! sweet maid of Donalblayne!"—



THE WILD HUNTSMAN!

OR,

THE DEMON'S SKELETON CHASE.

A Legend of the Rhine.

FROM THE GERMAN OF BÄRER.

O'er hill and dale, thro' glen and mire,
Thro' dew and cloud, through storm and night,
Thro' earth and water, air and fire,
The Phantom Huntsmen wing their flight!

Thro' blood-red heat, and freezing cold,
The Jager spirits rushing glide;
When lightnings gleam and thunders roll,
With horrid screams they fiercely ride.

And as the awful sound comes near,
And on the whirlwind's wing is borne;
The 'frighted peasant starts to hear
The yell of their midnight horn!

Regular tradition of the "Wild Huntsmen," (Die Wilde Jäger) is a superstition popular in Germany, and generally believed by the peasants of that country. The opera of "Der Freischütz" is partly founded upon it, and which it will serve to trace. The meaning of the *Skeleton Chase* in the air, during the incantation scene, is explained by the following ballad.

Any of our readers after perusing this Legend, may be desirous of obtaining more information respecting these imaginary sportsmen, we beg to observe, that they will find their curiosity fully satisfied, by perusing the first volume of the German Romance "The Necromancer," (Der Geister-banner.)

The or
the

allad is by Bürger, the author of the well known "Leonora." In "under," collected by the late M. G. Lewis, there is a translation by Sir Walter Scott. The following is freely translated from the although the writer does not aspire to a competition with that great, he trusts, that if it cannot boast of his poetical genius, it will be closely the meaning and spirit of the original German composition. to observe that the appellation "*Wildgrave*," means warden of the eneur, formerly one of the great officers of the Emperor's court—th our Lord Warden of the royal forests. The term is derived from *Das*, wild game, animals feræ naturæ; and *Graff*, Earl, Comes, *grave* means Warden of the Marches; *Landgrave*, Governor of an *ingrave*, commander of the Rhone, &c. &c.

W Monthly Magazine," has also made use of the above superstition allad, which from its connection with our subject, we are induced to

pla.

The Night Huntsman.

as deep as the slumberer's hour,
hidest not hear the blast
age horn, from the mountain tower,
Wild Night Huntsman past.
of the stormy chase went by,
dark unquiet sky!

convent's chaunted rite was staid,
d the hermit dropp'd his beads,
the forest rang through its deepest shade,
with the neigh of the phantom steeds;
the church-bells pealed to the rocking wind,
e Wild Night-Huntsman past!

form has swept with the chase away,
ere is stillness in the sky;
he mother looks on her son to-day
th a troubled heart and eye,
the maiden's brow hath a shade of care
at the gleam of her golden hair!

And
Away through the humming

From the chieftain's hand the wine-cup fell,
At the banquet's festive board,
And a sudden pause came o'er the swell
Of the barp's triumphal chord:
And the *minnesinger's* joyous lay
In the hall died fast away.

The Rhine flows bright, but its waves, 'ere long,
Must hear a voice of war,
And a clash of spears our hills among,
And a trumpet from afar;
And the brave on a bloody turf must lie,
For the Wild Night Huntsman hath gone by!

"HALLOO on horse, on foot, away!"

Shrill sounds the haughty Wildgrave's horn,
High rears his steed, brooks no delay,
And pawing snuffs the gales of morn.
They're off—the hounds loud opening cluster round,
With voices, whips, and horns, the echoing hills resound.

Gilt by the Sunday morning's ray,
His castle's stately tow'rs appeared;
The chimes and bell announce the day
Of prayer and rest—and distant heard
Are sounds of holy song, and pious lays
Of grateful mortals to their Maker's praise.

Straight thro' the church-yard's sacred shade,
The impetuous Earl, ne'er heeding wrong,
Dashing o'er graves but newly made,
With whoop and halloo mars their song.
When sudden! on his left a blood-red knight,
Another, clad in silver, took his right!

* The ruined castle of Rodenstein whence the *Wild Huntsman* is supposed to issue with his phantom train, and traverse the air to the opposite castle of Schnellerts.

† *Minnesingers*,—love singers; wandering minstrels of Germany.

‡ It is a popular belief in the Odenwald that the passing of the *Wild Huntsman* announces the approach of war.

Say who these knights? what dost thou bring?
 The deep depths the misty way gleam;
 Blooming the one and wild as spring,
 His looks internal peace confess;
 The other dark, and of departure proud,
 Whose eyes flash lightning as from thunder cloud.

"Welcome! well met!—No other place,
 Not heaven itself affords such joys!"
 (The Wildgrave cried) "Full noble chase
 Surpasses all—Hast! forward, boys!
 Away!" Rising, he swung his cap around,
 With voice and hand, then cheered each favourite hound.

"I'll suit thy horn with help, say,
 The fair knight spoke with clearer mind,
 "Return:—no good you'll reap this day
 Your angel warns." With looks most wild,
 The other sternly cried, "Hast on my lord—
 Act like a prince—heed not that diviner's word."

"Well said my neighbour on the left,
 Thou art a hero to my mind;
 Let those of generous soul be left,
 With canting words remain behind."
 "Yes, please Sir, although it should not please,
 Happen what may, this day I'll hunt at ease."

Held in and out, hill up and down,
 Still rushing forward, on they fly
 O'er verdant lawns, o'er waters as brown;
 The rival hounds still follow nigh,
 Seet from you brake a milk-white stag they round,
 Mark well his side—observe his branching brow.

And louder still the Earl's horn blow,
 And speedier still both hounds and hound,
 With wild uproar pursuing slow,
 Some headlong fell, dashed to the ground.
 "Go hurl to hell! why should I be staid?
 Enow remain, my pleasure I'll enjoy."

Now prostrate in the ripening corn
 The panting stag his form conceals;
 But vain his wiles, his hope forlorn,
 His steamy scent his haunt reveals:
 The farmer kneels:—"Have mercy, prince, you'll have
 Not harm the dear-bought earnings of the poor!"

The gentle knight now forward bears,
 And offers counsel mild and good;
 But the red-knight derides his fears,
 And fires him on to deeds of blood:
 With scorn the generous dictates he declines,
 And in the bad knight's toils himself entwine.

"Begone," (he roared) "such coward clown—
 At him his panting steps he turns;
 "I swear my hounds shall hunt thee down,
 If still thy clamours dim my ears,
 My words to prove—Ho! comrades dash along,
 Sound well your whips, and let him feel the throng."

He said,—'twas done,—with desperate bound,
 O'er fence he flies, and chases bold;
 With action eager, horse and hound
 Streaming pursue, like victory wind.
 The suite and pack dispersing quickly spread
 Wide waste. Alas! the farmer's hopes are dead.

Now by the approaching din alarm'd,
O'er rocks and walls, o'er hill and dale,
Arous'd, close run, but yet unharm'd,
The stag attains a flowery dale,
And mingling with the peaceful herds, he tries
To shun the pack and lose its murderous cries.

The staunch hounds rush thro' stream and flood.

Away they sweep thro' wood and brake,
True to the scent and breathing blood,
Nor e'er the streaming track forsake.
Suppliant the trembling hind the Earl addressed,
And urged with lowly suit his just request.

"Mercy! dread lord! some pity shew!
Reflect that in this pasture feed,
The orphan's stock, the widow's cow;
Await,—the deer I'll drive with speed;
Spare to the poor their all, their only trust
In pity stay—be merciful and just."

Again the good knight forward bears,
And offers counsel mild and good;
Still the left man derides his fears,
And fires the Earl to deeds of blood:
With scorn the generous dictates he declines,
And in the bad knight's toils himself entwines.

"Villain to dare my sport delay!
Halloo! brave dogs! have at them ho!"
And every hound in furious way
Assailed the flock and laid it low.
"Vengeance and blood!" the mangled herdsman cries,
"Vengeance and blood!" re-echoes to the skies!

Defiled with gore, all wet with foam,
The hart scarce clears the field of blood
With nerves unstrung, weak, faint, and blown,
He sinking reached the distant wood:
Into the inmost shade he breaks,
And in a hermit's cell a refuge takes.

"Give o'er!" the holy hermit prayed,
"Nor God's Asylum dare profane;
To heaven his creatures cry for aid,
And think not Earl they cry in vain;
Once more be warned by me, avert thy fate,
Perdition waits—Repent ere yet too late."

Once more the good knight forward bears,
And offers counsel mild and good;
But the left knight derides his fears,
And leads him on to deeds of blood:
With scorn the pious dictates he declines,
And in the *Demon's* toils himself entwines.

"Perdition here—perdition there!
Avaunt!" he cried with threatening tone,
"And if my game in heaven were,
Thou doating fool! I'd hunt it down.
Not thou, not God, nor aught shall me annoy—
Spite of ye all my pleasure I'll enjoy:"

"Forward! halloo! lead on my friends!
He swings his whip, his horn he sounds;
When lo! the hermit's cell descends,
Behind him sink both men and hounds.
In lieu of all the clamour of the chase,
A dreadful silence, still as death, took place.

John J. Angerson

Appalled the Wildgrave looks around;
His whip he swings,—it makes no sound;
He tries his horn,—it yields no sound;
He calls, but cannot hear his voice;
His steed he strikes,—and spurs in vain he strives;
Fixed to the earth, it could no longer move.

Gloomy and dark the air appeared;
And darker yet, till like the grave;
While dismal yells from far are heard,
Like distant sea and dashing wave:
O'er head a blaze of light burst thro' the gloom,
A voice, like thunder, thus proclaim'd his doom:
'Thou tyrant fell! of hellish mind,
Who thus the Almighty pow'r defies,
Foe to the brute and human kind,
Their wrongs and blood in judgment rise,
And dreadful summon thee to nature's lord,
Where high the Avenger holds his flaming sword.

"Fly! monster, fly!—and from this day
Be char'd by Hell, till time be o'er,
That thy example may dismay
Princes and kings for evermore;
Who in their cruel sports for nothing care,
And neither creature nor creator spare."

Aghast the Wildgrave shudd'ring stood,
Scarce beats his heart, scarce heaves his breast,
And icy horrors freeze his blood—
Blue vapours all the grove invest;
Before him roar bleak blasts of thund'ring wind,
Whilst sulphurous storms of hail invade him from behind.

Around him sparks and flashes glow,
With red, and green, and bluish flame;
Against him fiery billows flow;
Within which demons darkling gleam:
Lo: from the gulph a thousand hell-hounds rise,
With howl and yell, urged on by dismal cries.

By fear impelled he breaks away,
And through the world loud screaming flies;
The howling fiends pursue their prey,
And in dire discord blend their cries.
By day they chase the Wildgrave under ground,
At night in air is heard the horrid sound!

And oft at midnight's solemn hour,
When thunders roll, and lightning's glare,
And sulph'rous hail-storms arrowy shower;
Whirlwind and storm uprend the air;
When sheeted ghosts from out the grave
Arise, and shrieking, dance around;
The phantom race, on fiery wate,
Rush thro' the skies with yelling sound.

With "Hailoo! forward! hark! away!
We onward ride till judgment day!
We forward ride upon the blast,
Scourged on by hell till time be past!"
Such the Wild Huntsman's hellish chase,
That lasts till judgment's awful day;
Which oft on high through airy space,
Affrights the traveller on his way.

THE HAUNTED SHIPS;

OR,

THE SPECTRE HULKS OF SOLWAY BAY.

A Tradition of the Scottish Coast.

Though my mind's not
 Hoodwink'd with rustic marvels, I do think
 There are more things in the grove, the air, the flood,
 Yea, and the charnell'd earth, than what wise man,
 Who walks so proud as if his form alone
 Fill'd the wide temple of the universe,
 Will let a frail maid say. I'd write i' the creed
 O' the sagest head alive, that fearful forms,
 Holy or reprobate, do page men's heels;
 That shapes, too horrid for our gaze, stand o'er
 The murderer's dust, and for revenge glare up,
 Even till the stars weep fire for very pity.

Along the Coast of Solway, romantic on the Scottish side, with its woodlands, and bays, and cliffs, and headlands; and interesting on the English side, with its many beautiful towns with their shadows on the water, rich pastures, safe harbours, and numerous ships; there still linger many traditional stories of a maritime nature, most of them connected with superstitions singularly wild and unusual. To the curious these tales afford a rich fund of entertainment, from the many diversities of the same story; some dry and barren, and stripped of all the embellishments of poetry; others dressed out in all the riches of a superstitious belief and haunted imagination. In this they resemble the inland traditions of the peasants; but many of the oral treasures of the Galwegian or the Cumbrian coast have the stamp of the Dane and the Norsemen upon them, and claim but a remote or faint affinity with the legitimate legends of Caledonia. Something like a rude prosaic outline of several of the most noted of the northern ballads, the adventures and depredations of the old ocean kings still lends life to the evening tale; and, among others, the story of the Haunted Ships is still popular among the maritime peasantry.

ONE fine harvest evening, (says the relator of the tradition, a writer in the London Magazine), I went on board the shallop of Richard Faulder, of Allanbay; and, committing ourselves to the waters, we allowed a gentle wind from the east to waft us at its pleasure towards the Scottish coast. We passed the sharp promontory of Siddick: and skirting the land within a stone cast, glided along the shore till we came within sight of the ruined Abbey of Sweetheart. The green mountain of Crieffell ascended beside us; and the bleat of the flocks from its summit, together with the winding of the evening horn of the reapers, came softened into something like music over land and sea. We pushed our shallop into a

deep and wooded bay, and sat silently looking on the serene beauty of the place. The moon glimmered in her rising through the tall shafts of the pines of Caerlaverock, and the sky, with scarce a cloud, showered down on wood, and headland, and bay, the twinkling beams of a thousand stars, rendering every object visible. The tide too was coming with that swift and silent swell observable when the wind is gentle; the woody curves along the land were filling with the flood till it touched the green branches of the drooping trees; while in the centre current the roll and the plunge of a pellocks told to the experienced man that salmon were abundant. we looked, we saw an old man emerge

that winded to the shore
grove of doddered hazel; he
halve-net on his back, while
came a girl, bearing a small
with which the fishers are
dexterous in striking their
he senior seated himself on a
stone which overlooked the
aside his bonnet, and sub-
bosom and neck to the re-
sea-breeze; and taking his
from his attendant, sat with
ty and composure of a spirit
hood, with his ministering
ehind him. We pushed our
the shore, and soon stood at
"This old Mark Macoran,
er, with his grand-daughter
said Richard Faulder, in a
hat had nothing of fear in it;
as every creak and cavern, and
in Solway, has seen the spec-
that haunts the Isle of Man;*
him bark, and at every bark

has seen a ship sink; and he has seen,
too, the haunted ships in full sail; and
if all tales be true, he has sailed in them
himself;—he's an awful person." Though I perceived in the communica-
tion of my friend something of the su-
perstition of the sailor, I could not
help thinking that common rumour had
made a happy choice in singling out
old Mark to maintain her intercourse
with the invisible world. His hair,
which seemed to have refused all inter-
course with the comb, hung matted
upon his shoulders: a kind of mantle,
or rather blanket, pinned with a wooden
skewer round his neck, fell mid-leg
down, concealing all his nether gar-
ments as far as a pair of hose, darned
with yarn of all conceivable colours,
and a pair of shoes, patched and re-
paired till nothing of the original struc-
ture remained, and clasped on his feet
with two massy silver buckles. If the
dress of the old man was rude and sor-

attle of Peel, in Man, is said to be haunted by several apparitions, among
aldron, an old Mankish writer, tells the following curious story of one in
of a dog. "They say that an apparition called in their language the
dog, in the shape of a large black spaniel, with curly shaggy hair, has been
seen in every room, but particularly in the guard-chamber, where, as soon
dies were lighted, it came and lay down before the fire in presence of all
us, who at length by being so much accustomed to the sight of it, lost great
e terror they were seized with at its first appearance. They had, however,
ve of it, believing it to be an evil spirit which waited to do them hurt, and
forbore profane swearing and talking in its company. They did not like
be left alone with it. It being the custom, therefore, for one of the guard
gates at a certain hour, and carry the keys to the captain, to whose apart-
way led through the chapel, they agreed that they should always take a com-
the *malikie dog* was always seen to come from the passage at the close of
return to it as soon as the morning dawned; they therefore considered that
its peculiar residence. One night, one fellow being drunk, and thereby
more daring than ordinary, laughed at his companions, and would take the
ough not his turn so to do: Saying he would try whether it was dog or
ter his departure a dreadful noise was heard, but no one dared follow him;
s returned, pale as death, and loud and noisy as he had been, he had become
and sober enough; he lived three days afterwards, and never spoke during
er made any sign to those around him, but died in horrible agonies. The
og was never seen afterwards, and the passage was blocked up and another

ter Scott alludes to this tale in the following lines of his "Lay of the last

"But none of all the astonished train
Were so dismay'd as Deloraine:
His blood did freeze, his brain did burn,
'Twas feared his mind would ne'er return:
For he was speechless, ghastly, wan,
Like him of whom the story ran
That spoke the *Spectre Hound* in Man."—Ed.

did, that of his grand-daughter was gay and even rich. She wore a bodice of fine wool, wrought round the bosom with alternate leaf and lily, and a kirtle of the same fabric, which, almost touching her white and delicate ankle, showed her snowy feet so fairy-light and round that they scarcely seemed to touch the grass where she stood. Her hair, a natural ornament which woman seeks much to improve, was of bright glossy brown, and encumbered rather than adorned with a snood, set thick with marine productions, among which the small clear pearl found in the Solway was conspicuous. Nature had not trusted to a handsome shame and a sylph-like air, for young Barbara's influence over the heart of man; but had bestowed a pair of large bright blue eyes, swimming in liquid light, so full of love and gentleness, and joy, that all the sailors from Annan-water to far Saint Bees acknowledged their power, and sung songs about the bonnie lass of Mark Macmoran. She stood holding a small gaff-hook of polished steel in her hand, and seemed not dissatisfied with the glances I bestowed on her from time to time, and which I held more than requited by a single glance of those eyes which retained so many capricious hearts in subjection.

The tide, though rapidly augmenting, had not yet filled the bay at our feet. The moon now streamed fairly over the tops of Caerlaverock pines, and shewed the expanse of ocean dimpling and swelling, on which sloops and shallops came dancing, and displaying at every turn their extent of white sail against the beam of the moon. I looked on old Mark, the mariner, who, seated motionless on his grey stone, kept his eye fixed on the increasing waters with a look of seriousness and sorrow in which I saw little of the calculating spirit of a mere fisherman. Though he looked on the coming tide, his eyes seemed to dwell particularly on the black and decayed hulls of two

vessels, which, half immersed in the quicksand, still addressed to every heart a tale of shipwreck and desolation. The tide wheeled and foamed around them; and creeping inch by inch up the side, at last fairly threw its waters over the top, and a long and hollow eddy shewed the resistance which the liquid element received. The moment they were fairly buried in the water the old man clasped his hands together, and said, "Blessed be the tide that will break over and bury ye for ever! Not to mariners, and sorrowful to wives and mothers, has the time been ye have choked up this deep and bonny bay. For evil were you sent, and for evil have you continued. Every season finds from you its song of wail and wail, its funeral processions, and its shrouded corse. Woe to the land where the wood grew that made ye! cursed be the axe that hewed ye on the mountains, the hands that joined ye together, the bay that ye first swam in, and the wind that wafted ye here! seven times have ye put my life in peril, three fair sons have ye swept from my side, and two bonnie grand-bairns; and now, even now, your waters foam and flash for my destruction, did I venture my infirm limbs in quest of food in your deadly bay. I see by that ripple and that foam, and hear by the sound and singing of your surge, that ye yearn for another victim, but it shall not be me nor mine." Even as the old mariner addressed himself to the wrecked ships a young man appeared at the southern extremity of the bay, holding his halve-net in his hand, and hastening into the current. Mark rose, still shouted, and waved him back from a place which, to a person unacquainted with the dangers of the bay, real and superstitious, seemed sufficiently perilous: his grand-daughter too added her voice to his, and waved her white hands; but the more they strove the faster advanced the peasant till he stood to his middle in the water, while the tide increased every moment in depth

and strength. "Andrew, Andrew," cried the young woman, in a voice quivering with emotion, "turn, turn, I tell you. Oh! the ships, the haunted ships!" but the appearance of a fine run of fish had more influence with the peasant than the voice of bonnie Barbara, and forward he dashed, net in hand. In a moment he was borne off his feet, and mingled like foam with the water, and hurried towards the fatal eddies which whirled and roared round the sunken ships. But he was a powerful young man, and an expert swimmer: he seized on one of the projecting ribs of the nearest hulk, and clinging to it with the grasp of despair, uttered yell after yell, sustaining himself against the prodigious rush of the current. From a sheeling of turf and straw, within the pitch of a bar from the spot where we stood, came out an old woman bent with age, and leaning on a crutch. "I hear the voice of that lad Andrew Lammie; can the child be drowning that he skirls sae uncannilie?" said the old woman, seating herself on the ground, and looking earnestly at the water. "Ou aye," she continued, "he's doomed, he's doomed; heart and hand can never save him; boats, ropes, and man's strength and wit, all vain! vain! he's doomed, he's doomed!" By this time, I had thrown myself into the shallop, followed reluctantly by Richard Faulder, over whose courage and kindness of heart superstition has great power; and with one push from the shore, and some exertion in skulling, we came within a quoit-cast of the unfortunate fisherman. He staid not to profit by our aid: for when he perceived us near, he uttered a piercing shriek of joy, and bounded towards us through the agitated element the full length of an oar. I saw him for a second on the surface of the water; but the eddying current sucked him down; and all I ever beheld of him again was his hand held above the flood, and clutching in agony at some imaginary aid. I sat gazing in

horror on the vacant sea before us: but a breathing-time before, a human being, full of youth, and strength, and hope, was there: his cries were still ringing in my ears and echoing in the woods; and now nothing was seen or heard save the turbulent expanse of water, and the sound of its chafing on the shores. We pushed back our shallop, and resumed our station on the cliff beside the old mariner and his descendant. "Wherefore sought ye to peril your own lives fruitlessly?" said Mark, "in attempting to save the doomed. Whoso touches those infernal ships never survives to tell the tale. Woe to the man who is found nigh them at midnight when the tide has subsided and they arise in their former beauty, with fore-castle and deck, and sail, and pennon, and shroud. Then is seen the streaming of lights along the water from their cabin windows, and then is heard the sound of mirth and the clamour of tongues, and the infernal whoop and halloo, and song, ringing far and wide. Woe to the man who comes nigh them." To all this my Allanbay companion listened with a breathless attention. I felt something touched with a superstition to which I partly believed I had seen one victim offered up: and I inquired of the old mariner, "How and when came these haunted ships there? To me they seem but the melancholy relics of some unhappy voyagers, and much more likely to warn people to shun destruction, than entice and delude them to it." "And so," said the old man with a smile, which had more of sorrow in it than of mirth; "and so, young man, these black and shattered hulks seem to the eye of the multitude. But things are not what they seem: that water, a kind and convenient servant to the wants of man, which seems so smooth, and so dimpling, and so gentle, has swallowed up a human soul even now; and the place which it covers, so fair and so level, is a faithless quicksand, out of which none escape. Things are other-

wise than they seem. Had you lived as long as I have had the sorrow to live; had you seen the storms, and braved the perils, and endured the distresses which have befallen me; had you sat gazing out on the dreary ocean at midnight on a haunted coast; had you seen comrade after comrade, brother after brother, and son after son, swept away by the merciless ocean from your very side; had you seen the shapes of friends, doomed to the wave and the quicksand, appearing to you in the dreams and the visions of the night, then would your mind have been prepared for crediting the maritime legends of mariners; and the two haunted Danish ships would have had their terrors for you, as they have for all who sojourn on this coast. Of the time and the cause of their destruction I know nothing certain: they have stood as you have seen them for uncounted time; and while all other ships wrecked on this unhappy coast have gone to pieces, and rotted, and sunk away in a few years, these two haunted hulks have neither sunk in the quicksand, nor had a single spar or board been displaced. Maritime legend says, that two ships of Denmark having had permission, for a time, to work deeds of darkness and dolour on the deep, were at last condemned to the whirlpool and the sunken rock, and were wrecked in this bonnie bay, as a sign to seamen to be gentle and devout. The night when they were lost was a harvest evening of uncommon mildness and beauty: the sun had newly set; the moon came brighter and brighter out; and the reapers, laying their sickles at the root of the standing corn, stood on rock and bank, looking at the increasing magnitude of the waters, for sea and land were visible from Saint Bees to Barn-hourie. The sails of two vessels were soon seen bent for the Scottish coast; and with a speed outrunning the swiftest ship, they approached the dangerous quicksands and headland of Borran-point. On the deck of the foremost

ship not a living soul was seen, or shape, unless something in darkness and form resembling a human shadow could be called a shape, which fitted from extremity to extremity of the ship, with the appearance of trimming the sails and directing the vessel's course. But the decks of its companion were crowded with human shapes; the captain, and mate, and sailor, and cabin boy, all seemed there; and from them the sound of mirth and minstrelsy echoed over land and water. The coast which they skirted along was one of extreme danger; and the reapers shouted to warn them to beware of sand-bank and rock; but of this friendly counsel no notice was taken, except that a large and famished dog, which sat on the prow, answered every shout with a long, loud, and melancholy howl. The deep sand-bank of Carsethorn was expected to arrest the career of these desperate navigators; but they passed, with the celerity of water-fowl, over an obstruction which had wrecked many pretty ships.

"Old men shook their heads and departed, saying 'We have seen the fiend sailing in a bottomless ship; let us go home and pray;' but one young and wilful man said, 'Fiend! I'll warrant it's nae fiend, but douce Janet Withershins, the witch, holding a carouse with some of her Cumberland comers, and mickle red wine will be spilt atween them. Dod I would gladly have a toothfu'! I'll warrant its nane o' your cauld sour slae-water like a bottle of Bailie Skrinkie's port, but right drap-o-my-heart's-blood stuff that would waken a body out of their last linen. I wonder where the cutters will anchor their craft?' 'And I'll vow,' said another, rustic, 'the wine they quaff is none of your visionary drink, such as a drouthie body has dished out to his lips in a dream; is it shadowy and unsubstantial li' vessels they sail in, which are mae of a cockle shell or a cast-off-ship or the paring of a seaman's right thur

will: I will get a basket out of a witch's squire, myself,—said Marian Mathers of Dunstiefoot, whom they tried to bury in the cold kirk-yard of Dunstie, but the counter raised as fast as they laid her down; and nae where else would she lie but in the bonnie gait kirk-yard of Kler, among douce and amiable folk. So I'll vow that the wine of a witch's cup is as fell liquor as ever did a kindly turn to a poor man's heart; and be they fiends or be they witches, if they have red wine asteer, I'll risk a drouket sark for as glorious tout out.' 'Silence, ye sinners,' said the minister's son of a neighbouring parish, who united in his own person his father's lack of devotion with his mother's love of liquor. 'Whisht!—Speak as if ye had the fear of something holy before ye. Let the vessels run their own way to destruction: who can stay the eastern wind, and the current of the Solway sea? I can find ye scripture warrant for that: so let them try their strength on Blawhooly rocks, and their might on the broad quicksand. There's a surf running there would knock the ribs together of a galley built by the imps of the pit, and commanded by the Prince of Darkness. Bonnie and bravely they sail away there; but before the blast blows by they'll be wrecked; and red wine and strong brandy will be as rife as dyke-water, and we'll drink the health of bonnie Bell Blackness out of her left-foot slipper.' The speech of the young profligate was applauded by several of his companions, and away they flew to the bay of Blawhooly, from whence they never returned. The two vessels were observed all at once to stop in the bosom of the bay, on the spot where their hulls now appear: the mirth and the minstrelsy waxed louder than ever; and the forms of maidens with instruments of music and wine cups in their hands, thronged the decks. A boat was lowered; and the same shadowy pilot who conducted the ships made it start towards the shore with

the rapidity of lightning, and its head knocked against the bank where the four young men stood, who longed for the unblest drink. They leaped in with a laugh, and with a laugh were they welcomed on deck; wine cups were given to each, and as they raised them to their lips the vessels melted away beneath their feet; and one loud shriek, mingled with laughter still louder, was heard over land and water for many miles. Nothing more was heard or seen till the morning, when the crowd who came to the beach saw with fear and wonder the two Haunted Ships, such as they now seem, masts and tackle gone; nor mark, nor sign, by which their name, country, or destination, could be known, was left remaining. Such is the tradition of the mariners; and its truth has been attested by many families whose sons and whose fathers have been drowned in the haunted bay of Blawhooly."

"And trow ye," said the old woman, who, attracted from her hut by the drowning cries of the young fisherman, had remained an auditor of the mariner's legend; "And trow ye, Mark Macmoran, that the tale of the Haunted Ships is done? I can say no to that. Mickle have mine ears heard; but more mine eyes have witnessed since I came to dwell in this humble home by the side of the deep sea. I mind the night weel: it was on Hallowmass eve: the nuts were cracked, the apples were ate, and spell and charm were tried at my fire-side; till, weary with diving into the dark waves of futurity, the lads and lasses fairly took to the more visible blessings of kind words, tender clasps, and gentle courtship. Soft words in a maiden's ear, and a kindlie kiss o' her lip, were old world matters to me, Mark Macmoran; though I naean not to say that I have been free of the folly of daumering and daffin with a youth in my day, and keeping tryste with him in dark and lonely places. However, as I may say, these times of enjoyment were passed and gone with me;

the mair's the pity that pleasure should fly sae fast away—and as I could nae make sport I thought I should not mar any; so out I sauntered into the fresh cold air, and sat down behind that old oak, and looked abroad on the wide sea. I had my ain sad thoughts, ye may think, at the time: it was in that very bay my blythe good-man perished, with seven more in his company,—and on that very bank where ye see the waves leaping and foaming, I saw seven stately corsees streaked, but the dearest was the eighth. It was a woeful sight to me, a widow, with four bonnie boys, with nought to support them but these twa hands, and God's blessing and a cow's grass. I have never liked to live out of sight of this bay since that time; and mony's the moonlight night I sit looking on these watery mountains and these waste shores; it does my heart good, whatever it may do to my head. So ye see it was Hallowmass night; and looking on sea and land sat I; and my heart wandering to other thoughts soon made me forget my youthful company at hame. It might be near the howe hour of the night: the tide was making, and its singing brought strange old world stories with it; and I thought on the dangers that sailors endure, the fates they meet with, and the fearful forms they see. My own blythe good-man had seen sights that made him grave enough at times, though he aye tried to laugh them away. Aweel, atween that very rock aneath us and the coming tide, I saw, or thought I saw, for the tale is so dream-like that the whole might pass for a vision of the night, I saw the form of a man: his plaid was gray; his face was gray; and his hair, which hung low down till it nearly came to the middle of his back, was as white as the white sea-foam. He began to howk and dig under the bank; an' God be near me, thought I, this maun be the unblest spirit of auld Adam Gowdgowpin, the miser, who is doomed to dig for shipwrecked treasure, and count how many

millions are hidden for ever from man's enjoyment. The form found something which in shape and hue seemed a left-foot slipper of brass; so down to the tide he marched, and placing it on the water, whirled it thrice round; and the infernal slipper dilated at every turn, till it became a bonnie barge with its sails bent, and on board leaped the form and scudded swiftly away. He came to one of the Haunted Ships, and striking it with his oar, a fair ship with mast, and canvass, and mariners, started up: he touched the other Haunted Ship, and produced the like transformation; and away the three spectre ships bounded, leaving a track of fire behind them on the billows which was long unextinguished. Now was nae that a bonnie and a fearful sight to see beneath the light of the Hallowmass moon? But the tale is far frae finished; for mariners say that once a year, on a certain night, if ye stand on the Berranpoint, ye will see the infernal shallops coming smothering through the Solway; ye will hear the same laugh, and song, and mirth, and minstrelsy, which our ancestors heard; see them bound over the sand-banks and sunken rocks like sea-gulls, cast their anchor in Blawhooly bay, while the shadowy figure lowers down the boat, and augments their numbers with the four unhappy mortals to whose memory a stone stands in the kirk-yard with a sinking ship and a shoreless sea cut upon it. Then the spectre ships vanish, and the drowning shriek of mortals, and the rejoicing laugh of fiends are heard, and the old haill is left as a memorial that the old spiritual kingdom has not departed from the earth. But I maun away, and trim my little cottage fire, and make it burn and blaze up bonnie, to warm the crickets, and my cold and crazy bones, that maun soon be laid aneath the green sod in the eerie kirk-yard. And away the old dame tottered to her cottage secured the door on the inside, and soon the hearth-flame was seen to

and gleam through key-hole
 shadow.
 "I tell ye what," said the old
 man, in a subdued tone, and with a
 and suspicious glance of his
 at the old sybil, "it's a word
 ye not very well be uttered, but
 are many mistakes made in
 stories of old Moll Moray there,
 she lives, knows not mickle more
 as is willing to tell of the Haunted
 and their unhallowed mariners.
 as cannibals and quietly; no one
 how she is fed or supported;
 dress is aye whole, her cottage
 makes, and her table lacks neither
 white and red, nor of fowl and
 and white bread and brown. It
 dear scoff to Jock Matheson,
 he called old Moll the uncannie
 of Blawhooly: his boat ran
 and rounded in the centre of the
 —every body said it was en-
 —and down it went head fore-
 and had nae Jock been a swim-
 equal to a sheldrake he would
 and the fish;—but I'll warrant it
 the lad's speech; and he never
 ad himself safe till he made auld
 a present of a new kirtle and a
 of cheese." "O father," said
 and daughter Barbara, "ye
 wrong poor old Mary Moray:
 we could it be to an old woman
 r, who has no wrongs to redress,
 ion to work out against mankind,
 thing to seek of enjoyment save
 in hour and a quiet grave—what
 did the fellowship of fiends and
 assumption of evil spirits be to her?
 y Jenny Primrose puts rowan-
 above the door-head when she
 d Mary coming; I know the
 wife of Kittlenakel wears rowan-
 leaves in the headband of her
 kirtle, and all for the sake of
 the unsonsie glances of Mary's
 15. and I know that the old laird
 stroutwater drives his seven cows
 pasture with a wand of witch-
 keep Mary from milking them.
 at has all that to do with haunted

shallops, visionary mariners, and bot-
 tomless boats? I have heard myself as
 pleasant a tale about the Haunted Ships
 and their unworldly crews as any one
 would wish to hear in a winter evening.
 It was told to me by young Benjie
 Macharg, one summer night, sitting on
 Abridland bank: the lad intended a
 sort of love meeting; but all that he
 could talk of was about smearing sheep
 and shearing sheep, and of the wife
 which the Norway elves of the Haunted
 Ships made for his uncle Sandie
 Macharg. And I shall tell ye the tale
 as the honest lad told it to me. Alex-
 ander Macharg, besides being the laird
 of two acres of peatmoor, two kale gar-
 dens, and the owner of seven good
 milch cows, a pair of horses, and six
 pet sheep, was the husband of one of
 the handsomest women in seven pa-
 rishes. Many a lad sighed the day he
 was bridged; and a Nightsdale laird
 and two Annandale moorland farmers
 drank themselves to their last linen
 as well as their last shilling, through
 sorrow for her loss. But married was
 the dame; and home she was carried,
 to bear rule over her home and her
 husband, as an honest woman should.
 Now ye maun ken that though the
 flesh and blood lovers of Alexander's
 bonnie wife all ceased to love and to
 sue her after she became another's,
 there were certain admirers who did
 not consider their claims at all abated
 or their hopes lessened by the kirk's
 famous obstacle of matrimony. Ye
 have heard how the devout minister of
 Tinwald had a fair son carried away,
 and bedded against his liking to an un-
 christened bride, whom the elves and
 fairies provided: ye have heard how
 the bonnie bride of the drunken laird
 of Soukitup was stolen by the fairies
 out at the back-window of the bridal
 chamber, the time the bridegroom was
 groping his way to the chamber door;
 and ye have heard—but why need I
 multiply cases? such things in the
 ancient days were as common as candle-
 light. So ye'll no hinder certain water

elves and sea fairies, who sometimes keep festival and summer mirth in these old haunted hulks, from falling in love with the well-faured wife of Laird Macharg; and to their plots and contrivances they went how they might accomplish to sunder man and wife, and sundering such a man and such a wife was like sundering the green leaf from the summer, or the fragrance from the flower. So it fell on a time that Laird Macharg took his halve-net on his back, and his steel spear in his hand, and down to Blawhooly bay gade he, and into the water he went right between the two haunted hulks, and placing his net awaited the coming of the tide. The night, ye maun ken, was mirk, and the wind lowne, and the singing of the increasing waters among the shells and the pebbles was heard for sundry miles. All at once lights began to glance and twinkle on board the two Haunted Ships from every hole and seam, and presently the sound as of a hatchet employed in squaring timber echoed far and wide. But if the toil of these unearthly workmen amazed the laird, how much more was his amazement increased when a sharp shrill voice called out, 'Ho! brother, what are you doing now?' A voice still shriller responded from the other haunts-ship, 'I'm making a wife to Sandie Macharg!' and a loud quavering laugh running from ship to ship, and from bank to bank, told the joy they expected from their labour. Now the laird, besides being a devout and a God-fearing man, was shrewd and bold; and in plot, and contrivance, and skill in conducting his designs, was fairly an overmatch for any dozen land elves; but the water elves are far more subtle; besides, their haunts and their dwellings being in the great deep, pursuit and detection is hopeless if they succeed in carrying their prey to the waves. But ye shall hear. Home flew the laird,—collected his family around the hearth,—spoke of the signs and the sins of the times, and talked of

mortification and prayer for averting calamity; and finally taking his father's Bible, brass clasps, black print, and covered with calf-skin, from the shelf, he proceeded without let or stint to perform domestic worship. I should have told ye that he bolted and locked the door, shut up all inlet to the house, threw salt into the fire, and proceeded in every way like a man skilful in guarding against the plots of fairies and fiends. His wife looked on all this with wonder; but she saw something in her husband's looks that hindered her from intruding either question or advice, and a wise woman was she. Near the mid hour of the night the rush of a horse's feet was heard, and the sound of a rider leaping from its back, and a heavy knock came to the door, accompanied by a voice, saying, 'The cummer drink's hot, and the knave bairn is expected at Laird Laurie's to-night; sae mount, good-wife, and come.' 'Preserve me!' said the wife of Sandie Macharg; 'that's news indeed; who could have thought it? the laird has been heirless for seventeen years! Now Sandie, my man, fetch me my skirt and hood.' But he laid his arm round his wife's neck, and said, 'If all the lairds in Galloway go heirless, over this door threshold shall you not stir to-night; and I have said, and I have sworn it: seek not to know why nor wherefore—but, Lord, send us thy blessed morn-light.' The wife looked for a moment in her husband's eyes, and desisted from further entreaty. 'But let us send a civil message to the gossips, Sandie; and hadnae ye better say I am sair laid with a sudden sickness; though its sinful-like to send the puir messenger a mile agate with a lie in his mouth without a glass of brandy.' 'To such a messenger, and to those who sent him, no apology is needed,' said the austere laird, 'so let him depart.' And the clatter of hoofs was heard, and the mutt precatious of its rider on the treatment he had experienced.

Sandie, my lad,' said his wife, laying an arm particularly white and round about his neck as she spoke, 'are you not a queer man and a stern? I have been your wedded wife now these three years; and beside my dower, have brought you three as bonny bairns as ever smiled aneath a summer sun. O man, you are a douce man, and fitter to be an elder than even Willie Greer himself, I have the minister's ain word for't, to put on these hard-hearted looks, and gang waving your arms that way, as if ye said, 'I winna take the counsel of sic a hempie as you,' your ain leal wife; I will and I maun have an explanation.' To all this Sandie Macharg replied, 'It is written—"wives, obey your husbands;" but we have stayed in our devotion, so let us pray; and down he knelt; his wife knelt also, for she was as devout as bonnie; and beside them knelt their household, and all lights were extinguished. 'Now this beats a', muttered his wife to herself; "however, I shall be obedient for a time; but if I dinna ken what all this is for before the morn by sunket-time, tongue is nae longer a tongue, nor my hands worth wearing.' The voice of her husband in prayer interrupted this mental soliloquy; and ardently did he beseech to be preserved from the wiles of the fiends and the snares of Satan; from witches, ghosts, goblins, alves, fairies, spunkies, and water-kelpies; from the spectre shallop of Solway; from spirits visible and invisible; from the Haunted Ships and their unearthly tenants; from maritime spirits that plotted against godly men, and fall in love with their wives—' Nay, but his presence be near us!' said his wife, in a low tone of dismay. 'God guide my gude-man's wits: I never heard such a prayer from human lips before. But Sandie, my man, lordsake rise: what fearful light is this?—barn and byre, and stable, maun be in a blaze; and Hawkie and Hurley, Doddie and Cherrie, and Damson-plum, will be smothered with red, and scorched

with flame.' And a flood of light, but not so gross as a common fire, which ascended to heaven and filled all the court before the house, amply justified the good-wife's suspicions. But to the terrors of fire Sandie was as immovable as he was to the imaginary groans of the barren wife of Laird Laurie; and he held his wife, and threatened the weight of his right-hand—and it was a heavy one—to all who ventured abroad or even unbolted the door. The neighing and prancing of horses, and the bellowing of cows, augmented the horrors of the night; and to any one who only heard the din, it seemed that the whole onstead was in a blaze, and homes and cattle perished in the flame. All wiles, common or extraordinary, were put in practice to entice or force the honest farmer and his wife to open the door; and when the like success attended every new stratagem, silence for a little while ensued, and a long, loud, and shrilling laugh wound up the dramatic efforts of the night. In the morning, when Laird Macharg went to the door, he found standing against one of the pilasters a piece of black ship oak, rudely fashioned into something like human form, and which skilful people declared would have been clothed with seeming flesh and blood, had he admitted his visitants. A synod of wise men and women sat upon the woman of timber, and she was finally ordered to be devoured by fire, and that in the open air. A fire was soon made, and into it the elfin sculpture was tossed from the prongs of two pair of pitchforks. And the blaze that arose was awful to behold; and hissings, and burstings, and loud cracklings, and strange noises, were heard in the midst of the flame; and when the whole sunk into ashes, a drinking cup of some precious metal was found; and this cup, fashioned no doubt by elfin skill, but rendered harmless by the purification with fire, the sons and daughters of Sandie Macharg and his wife drink out of to this very day."

THE MAGIC RING.

A Legendary Fragment.

"When the silent stars are shooting,
And the answering owls are hooting,
Shall my soul be upon thine,
With a power, and with a sign—"

At the midnight hour they met, the moon was in the wane, they dared not gaze upon her whilst they framed the magic spell. From the mossy bank the glow-worm's glimmering light played on the stream below. They stood beneath the alders dank, and spake the words of fear. He placed the mystic circlet on her hand, and watched the appointed time. From a maniac's grave they had stolen the earth, they scattered the dust on the stream, they gazed on the northern star. That star withdrew her sparkling rays, and veiled her in a cloud in darkness, and with dread they uttered the awful spell.—The spirits of evil rejoiced, the wind moaned sadly around, the glow-worms quenched their fires, and they who had tempted their fate, who had scattered the maniac's dust, read their doom in the sighs of the wind, and wished the dread accents untold.

The forester departed, he roamed in other climes, the past appeared a dream, he thought not of his plighted vows, nor remembered the force of the spell. She dwelt in the forest glades, beside that limpid stream, far from the haunts of men in deepest solitude. Now days and months had fled, but the forester returned not; the fifth day of the week, when clouds enveloped the northern star, the wind was abroad in the oaks, and the mist and rain were eddying in the valley, the maiden bent her steps to that half-dreaded spot, beside the alders dank. She gazed upon

the bright blue gem, the token of the spell; its colour was unchanged, for the wearer still was true. She longed to prove her lover's faith, and watched the heavens with dread; she uttered the words that wake the dead, and looked on the magic ring; the blue stone turned to deadly white, and she knew her lover false. The spirits that heard the charm rejoiced in the echoes around, the midnight fogs fell damp and thick, but the chill was in her soul; consumption hovered in the mist and crept into her breast.

Her eye was bright, her cheek was fair, but the spell had numbered her days.—She dropt like the flower of the field, and passed from the face of the earth.—She sleeps beside the maniac's grave, beneath the northern star.—The forester returned.—The abode of her he once loved was desolate—the thoughts of former days resumed their power, the secret spell still worked upon his mind; it haunted him in sleep, it haunted him by day, it was around, unseen, but every where—it stamped his features with a dire deceit, the eye that met avoided him, the hearts of all turned from him, he sought affection but he found it not, he lived unloved, unwept he died; no holy prayers e'er blessed his grave, or bid his troubled spirit rest—his ashes moulder in the wind, the pilgrim shuns the spot, for there the spirits of evil perform their unearthly rites, and frame the spells of death.



THE FIELD OF TERROR.

A Tale.

FROM THE GERMAN OF THE BARON DE LA MOTTE FOUQUE.

— The spot, though fair to view,
Was by the peasants' tale a blighted place :
Who told, in timid phrase, how ghostly shapes
In madd'ning circles danced upon its surface,
And with their deadly breath blasted the earth,
Till Rubezahl, the goblin treasurer
Of the hidden stores that fill the bowels
Of the gloomy Harz, became to man
A friend, and a firm compact made.
The spot has since been blest—the summer sun
Shines forth serene—and nature bursts
In beauty on the clime.

readers may duly appreciate this little tale, it may be permitted us to remind
at among the mountains, in the north of Germany, there is one which has
to possess, among other minerals, the magnet, in such abundance, that the
of the husbandman were there found to be impracticable. As one fable
begets another, it followed, of course, that this difficulty was ascribed to the
agency of malignant demons. It remained, however, for the genius of
to moralize this legend ; and probably, one ought not to rate the intelligence
under so low as to suppose that the moral of the following tale will not imme-
e discovered. It may be considered, indeed, but a new modification of our
chivalric legend of a knight, assailed by all the delusive horrors of witchcraft
try, which vanish, one after another, before his invincible courage and con-
(A Legend, by the way, which has been so well given in the "Bridal of
n," and in Vol. III. of Drake's "Literary Hours.") It will doubtless be per-
hat the adventures of Conrad are, in reality, no more than those of many a
er—who with courage and perseverance, struggles against the difficulties of
e—and, at last, even from sterile fields, on which he is haunted by the demons
sensation, indolence, and despondency, may, by contented industry, gain a
t livelihood, a comparative affluence.

At the foot of the Giant, or Ogre Mountain, (so called from its pre-eminent height), in a fertile district of Sillesia, there fell to be divided among several relations the property of a rich commoner, who had died without children, and whose various farms were scattered about in different quarters of this romantic country.

For this purpose, they had assembled in a small inn of the head village, and would have very soon come to an amicable agreement on the division of their inheritance, had it not been that it included the Field of Terror; which, of course, no one was inclined to receive for his portion.

Yet the surface of this field was adorned with blooming flowers, and a variety of wild shrubs and underwood, betokening at once the fertility of the soil, and the neglect of the husbandman. Many years indeed had passed since any one had ventured there with a plough, nor had any seeds been planted or sown but those which Nature herself supplied. Or if some bold adventurer had now and then made such an attempt, the work-oxen were invariably seized with an uncontrollable fury;—even the ploughman and sower fled in wild affright,—complaining that horrible spectres floated around them, pretending to join in their labour,—and looking over their shoulders with an hideous confidence and familiarity, which no mortal courage could endure.

Who should now take this accursed and ominous field into his allotment became the grand question in debate. To every one it appeared (according to the usual way of the world) that what to himself was even an idea insupportable, might, by his neighbour, be encountered without risk or hesitation. Thus they continued disputing till a late hour of the evening. At last, after an interval of silence, one of the party announced the following suggestion.

"We are," said he "according to the injunctions of our predecessor, obliged to make some provision for a

poor cousin, who lives here in this village. To us the girl is but very distantly related—besides, she will probably soon have a good husband to protect her, for she is amiable and prudent, and is commonly called the beautiful Sabina. Therefore, my counsel is, that we freely give to our cousin in a present this "Field of Terror." We shall then have at once fulfilled our duty, and supplied a dowry for Sabina; which, unpromising as it appears at present, may yet prove no inconsiderable fortune, if her husband should chance to be sufficiently skilful and courageous to venture on its improvement." The rest of the party unanimously approved of this motion; and one of their number was immediately despatched on an embassy to acquaint Sabina with their determination.

Before this debate was at an end, Sabina had, in the dusk of the evening, heard a light knocking at the door. To her question of "Who was there?" an answer was returned, which induced her immediately to rise from her seat, open the lattice, and look out. It was the well remembered and long wished-for voice of Conrad; a young man like herself, handsome and amiable, but also extremely poor; on which account he had left the village about two years before as a soldier, in hopes of returning with such a portion of worldly gain as might render practicable a marriage with the beloved mistress, whose affections he had already won.

Pleasant and affecting was it now to behold how the tall and graceful young soldier, with joyful countenance, proffered his faithful right hand to Sabina, while her bright and beautiful eyes, glistening with tears, beamed through the changeless verdure of ivy boughs on her changeless lover!

"Ah, Conrad!" said she, deeply blushing, "heaven be praised that your life has been preserved;—for this alone I prayed in your long absence; nor do I now require any other boon of fortune!"—"Her golden gifts indeed,"

Conrad, smiling and shaking his head, "have come but sparingly—yet, still, I have returned richer than I was; and if my dear Sabina has but patience, I think we might now venture marriage, and honourably brave the world."—"Ah, faithful Conrad!" said his mistress, "to link thy fate forever thus, for weal and woe, with or helpless orphan!"—"Dearest," interrupted the soldier—"if thou wilt me, say but 'yes,' and rest assured that all will go well—we shall live far happier indeed than king and courtier!"—"But," said Sabina, "are thou then free—no longer a soldier?"—"No," said Conrad, "without speaking, now searching a leather purse which contained little fortune, for a silver medal, which he handed to Sabina, who held it, that the light of her lamp fell on the device. With old-fashioned wit, the broken drum was there represented, Sabina began to read the motto—'Thank heaven war has an end'!"—"It should be so," added Conrad,—"it is true, indeed, that peace is not yet ratified; but here is a truce, which will probably have good results; and meanwhile, the general has disbanded his troops."—"With joyful anticipations, Sabina gave her hand to her lover; then he opened the cottage door, and allowed her, as her accepted bridegroom, to enter the small apartment, where he sat alone beside his mistress, and re-joice how he had gained a small sum of gold and silver, from an Italian soldier, whom he had honourably conquered in the field; and who, by the order of this treasure, had ransomed his life.—Turning her wheel industriously, and smiling softly, at intervals, her brave lover, Sabina congratulated herself, that neither to her own or to her husband's future gains, the slightest taint of injustice or violence could be traced.

During this conversation, her cousin arrived: his appearance to deliver his em-
 . Sabina, with modest blushes,

introduced him to Conrad as her accepted lover, just returned from an honourable campaign. "Ha, then," said her new guest, "I have luckily come in the very nick of time; for if by chance your bridegroom has returned from the wars without much worldly gain, the dowry with which, by authority of your other cousins, I am now to present you, will no doubt be very welcome to him." Conrad, on the contrary, was of a spirit too proud and independent, and besides, was too much of a romantic lover, to express any sort of exultation on hearing this address. The humble Sabina, however, as yet unconscious of what her cousins really intended, seemed to acknowledge, on this occasion, the special favour of Providence, and cast down her eyes, with soft smiles of gladness and gratitude. But when she now heard that her whole portion was to be the Field of Terror, then the selfish avarice of her cousins struck at once with icy coldness on her heart, and she could no longer restrain the starting tears of disappointment. Her cousin looked at her with scornful smiles, pretending to regret that she should have reckoned on any better share of the inheritance, this being a much larger portion, than, from the degree of her relationship, she was entitled to receive.

Upon this, he wished immediately to retire. Conrad, however, intercepted his retreat, and, with a cold composure, which often accompanied his greatest indignation, he thus addressed him: "Sir, I perceive that of the good intentions of the deceased to my betrothed wife, you and your companions have chosen to make a jest, and that you are altogether resolved that not one farthing shall accrue to her from your inheritance. Yet we now take, in God's name, your allotment, hoping that this Field of Terror, which, in the hands of envious and avaricious poltroons, might have remained barren, may, under the management of a brave soldier, prove of more worth than you suppose."

Sabina's cousin, terrified by Conrad's martial appearance, turned pale, and did not venture on any reply. On his departure, the young soldier kissed the tears from the beautiful eyes of his bride, and hastening with her to a neighbouring priest, to plight before him their mutual troth, and appoint their wedding-day.

Within a few weeks after this, Conrad and Sabina were married, and began to arrange their small household. The young man had spent almost all his gold and silver in the purchase of two fine oxen, a plough, seed-corn, and household furniture. The remainder was just sufficient to guard, with prudence and frugality, against the privations of poverty, until the next harvest season. However, when Conrad first went out with his plough and oxen to labour he looked back laughing to Sabina, and promised her that the gold which he was now to trust in the ground would not prove deceitful, and that by another year they would be far richer. Sabina looked after him anxiously, and wished only to see him safely returned from the Field of Terror.

Conrad, indeed, returned earlier than she had expected, but in a mood of mind by no means so tranquil as that in which he had set out. He dragged behind him his plough, broken in pieces, and laboriously goaded along one of his oxen, severely wounded, while he himself also was bleeding in the shoulder and head. Yet, after all, he strove to look cheerful and unconcerned; and, with the unconquerable spirit of a brave soldier, tried to console the weeping Sabina. "Now," said he, "you will have enough to do! Salting, pickling, and cookery! The goblins on the Field of Terror have provided us with beef enough for a whole season. This poor animal has, in his madness, hurt himself so much as to be quite useless, and (at least as long as he lives) incurable. His com-

— has run furiously down the mountain
I saw him fall into the torrent

below, from whence he will never be recovered."

"My cousins! Oh, my wicked cousins!" cried Sabina: "Now has their perfidious gift robbed us of all your hard-worn earnings; and above all, dear Conrad, you are yourself dangerously wounded."

"As to my wounds, they are nothing," replied her husband; "the pair of oxen, no doubt, got me once between them when their fury was at its full height, and I was resolved not to let them go. But all this, heaven be praised! I have got well over; and to-morrow morning, I shall make another attempt on the Field of Terror."

Sabina now tried, by every method in her power, to dissuade him from this resolve; but he said firmly, that the field, so long as he lived, should not be suffered to remain unprofitable; where a man could not plough, he must dig; and the goblin would now no longer have to deal with timid irrational animals, but with a steady and experienced soldier, who scorned to run, even from the devil himself. In the course of that day, he had a butcher to kill and cut up the poor wounded beast; and next morning, while Sabina had betaken herself to her new employment of pickling and salting, Conrad had proceeded again upon his way, scarcely less contented now when he had but a pick-axe and spade, than on the preceding day when he set out in style with a plough and team of oxen.

On this occasion it was somewhat late in the evening before he returned: he was fatigued, and even looked pale; yet he was more cheerful, and soon tranquilized his timid and anxious wife. "This kind of husbandry," said he, "is rather tiresome, no doubt. Besides, there is a strange goblin figure, that starts up now and now on another, moun-
— labour, and interrupts me
— tures and words. However
— even himself to wonder
— little notice of him; a

gain always new courage, which, indeed, never can be wanting to an honest man, who is only desirous peaceably to follow out his own proper avocations."

In this manner many days and weeks were spent. The resolute Conrad persevered undauntedly in the labour of levelling the ground and rooting out the weeds, digging and sowing in the most favourable situations. It is true, indeed, that with the spade alone he was able to cultivate but a very small part of the field; however, he redoubled on this account his care and attention; and at length had the satisfaction to see a harvest spring up, which, if not very rich, yet promised, and made good, a profit fully equal to his expectations. He was obliged, however, to get through the toil of reaping and leading home as well as he could, without the assistance of any friend or servant. No day-labourers would, for any temptation of wages, venture on the Field of Terror; and as to Sabina, her husband would not suffer her to go thither, more especially as he had reason to think that he would soon become a father. The child accordingly was born, and in the third year after their marriage, was followed by another, while, in other respects, no material change had yet taken place in Conrad's situation. By courage and exertion, he knew how to gain harvest upon harvest from the field; and thus fulfilled his assurance to Sabina, that in their married state they would honourably brave the world.

One autumnal evening, when the deep shades of darkness had already fallen around him, Conrad as usual (his harvest having been reaped and cleared away) plied industriously his labour with the spade. Suddenly there arose opposite to him the figure of a tall muscular man, black and swarthy like a collier, with a long iron bar or poker in his hand, who said to him—"Is there not then one pair of oxen to be had in this country, that you labour

with both hands in this manner? Yet to judge the extent of your grounds, you should be a rich farmer!"—Conrad knew very well who it was that spoke to him, and persevered in his usual way—that is, he kept silence, turned his eyes and thoughts as much as possible from the goblin, and plied at his task more assiduously than before. But the collier did not in his usual manner vanish away, in order to return in a form more hideous and distracting; but, on the contrary, stood still, and said, in a friendly tone—"Conrad, you do great injustice not only to me, but to yourself. Answer me with truth and confidence. Perhaps I could point out a remedy for all your evils,"—"Well, in God's name," said Conrad, "if by your words you deceive me, the guilt is yours, and not mine!"—Then he began, without farther hesitation, to relate accurately and truly all that had befallen him since his possession of that field; nor did he in the least conceal his indignation at the hobgoblin, who, by his perpetual interruptions, had rendered it so difficult for him, with the assistance of only a pick-axe and spade, to raise a sufficient harvest for the bare maintenance of himself and his family.

The collier listened to him seriously and attentively; then, after some reflection, replied as follows: "I think, friend, that you already know very well who I am; and it argues no little courage on your part, not to have abated one jot of your honour as a soldier, but truly and openly to have expressed how much you are dissatisfied with me. To tell the truth, you have had reason enough to be angry; but as I have proved you to be a brave fellow, I shall now make a proposal which may do you no little service. Now listen. There are times when after I have, in wood, field, and mountain, played the fool, and terrified the people to my heart's content, there has risen within me a sincere and ardent desire of entering into the family of some honest householder, and living there regularly

and peaceably for one half year. Now then, what if you should hire me for this half year as your servant?"—"It is base and wicked in thee," said Conrad, "thus to mock at an honest man, who has, at thine own request, given thee his confidence."—"Nay, nay," said the other, "there is no mockery—I am quite serious. You shall find an honest labourer in me; and so long as I remain in your service, not one phantom will appear in the Field of Terror, so that you may bring a whole herd of oxen thither without apprehension."—"That, indeed, would be something," said Conrad, meditating; "if I only knew that thou wouldst keep thy promise; and especially, whether I, as a Christian, may venture to deal with thee!"—"As for the last point, you must judge for yourself," said the goblin; "but my promise I have never yet broken, and never shall, as long as the Giant Mountain stands; neither am I by nature very wicked—somewhat wild and sportive, it is true—but this is all."—"I believe indeed," said Conrad, "that thou art the well-known Rubezahl."—"Listen," said the stranger, somewhat angrily: "If you believe this, know also that the powerful genius of this land cannot endure to be called by that pitiful name, but chooses to be styled the Lord of the Mountain!"—"He would have a goodly menial, forsooth, whom I must learn to style the Lord of the Mountain!" said Conrad. "You may call me Waldmann, then," said the collier. Conrad looked steadfastly at him for some time, and at last answered—"Good! It shall be so!—Methinks I shall do no wrong in accepting thine offer. I have often seen that people take dogs for turnspits, and use other irrational animals about a household—why not then a goblin?"—"At this the collier laughed heartily, and said—"Well! this is certainly the first time that such conditions were ever
 with one of my rank; but even
 my reason, and for the sake
 like it the better. So then,

dear master, your hand on the bargain! Conrad, however, insisted on some special conditions; first, that his new servant should never make it known to Sabina, or the children, that he had any connection with the Field of Terror, and still less, that he had come from the hideous gloomy caverns of the Giant Mountain; secondly, that within the limits of his master's house and garden, no sort of diablerie should ever be exhibited; and as Waldmann very readily agreed to all this, the bargain was forthwith concluded, and they went home amicably together.

Sabina was not a little surprised at this addition to her household, and entertained considerable feelings of terror at the gigantic swarthy figure of the new servant. The children also would not for some time venture out of doors, if he were at work in the garden or farmyard. However, by his quiet, regular, and industrious conduct, Waldmann soon gained the good opinion of every one; or if at any time, in a fit of foolish merriment, he began to hunt about with the dogs, or play tricks on the poultry, it was found to be more in jest than really mischievous. Even then, a single look from his master was sufficient to bring him again within his accustomed and prudential limits.

Confiding in the promise of the mountain spirit, Conrad had again boldly ventured on the purchase of a yoke of oxen; and with his plough newly repaired, went once more merrily to the field. Sabina looked after him apprehensively, and yet more anxiously waited in the evening for his return, fearing that he would at last come home, not only with disappointed hopes, but more dangerously wounded than before. Singing, however, and driving his tractable fine oxen before him, Conrad marched (while the first evening bell was ringing) through the village. In high glee he kissed his wife and children, and even shook his black servant heartily by the hand.

Many times also did Waldmann lea

out and bring home the work oxen in this manner, while Conrad in his turn staid at home and laboured in the farm-yard or garden. A large portion of the Field of Terror was ere long ploughed up, and all went on prosperously, to the astonishment of the villagers, and envious displeasure of Sabina's avaricious cousins. Conrad, however, often thought to himself, "This is all but for a short time; and how the harvest is to be reaped and brought home heaven knows! Long before that season Waldmann's servitude will be at an end, and the goblins on the Field of Terror may be more troublesome than ever. Yet a labour of this kind," added he, "will of itself strengthen both heart and hand, and perhaps Waldmann, as he has indeed frequently in his mirthful moments hinted, will, for the sake of old friendship, restrain himself till the field is cleared of this one harvest at least."

The winter now had arrived; the labour on the Field of Terror was ended; and Conrad industriously plied with his oxen at the necessary task of bringing home wood for the stove and kitchen hearth. About this time, it happened one day that Sabina was called to a poor widow in the village who had fallen sick of a fever, and whom she was in the habit of assisting sedulously, in so far as her newly amended circumstances would allow. Only she was now puzzled, in her husband's absence, how to dispose of the children; Waldmann, however, entreated that she would give them in charge to him; and as the little ones were accustomed to his stories, and were willing to remain with him, Sabina at last agreed, and without further hesitation, cheerfully went on her charitable errand.

About an hour afterwards, Conrad returned from the forest. He drew the wood-cart into the shed, put his oxen into the stable, and then went merrily home, to warm his stiffened limbs at the comfortable kitchen-fire. Suddenly he

heard the voices of his children painfully weeping—instantly he started up, burst open the door of the parlour, and found them crouching together, under the stove, screaming with terror, and Waldmann jumping meanwhile, making hideous grimaces, with a coronet of living fire on his dishevelled and staring hair.

"What the devil is all this?" said Conrad in great indignation, when, in a moment, the portentous ornament on Waldmann's head was extinguished; he stood humbly and in silence, till at last he tried to excuse himself, by saying that he had only made game for the children. The little ones, however, came still crouching and complaining to their father, and told him how Waldmann had first terrified them with wild stories, and afterwards appeared to them wearing a sheep's head at one time and a dog's head at another. "Enough—enough!" interrupted Conrad, "get thee gone, fellow! We don't remain another hour under the same roof together!" With these words he seized Waldmann, thrust him out of doors, even as far as the outer garden gate. Meanwhile he commanded the children to remain quiet in the parlour;—their father was now returned, and they felt secure against every danger.

The mysterious servant at first bore all this without a word; however, when he stood alone with Conrad, amid the wintry landscape, he said, laughing, "Listen, Master! methinks we must again be reconciled to one another; I have indeed played a foolish trick, but shall never be guilty in like manner again. It was only one offence—you must overlook it." "Even in this way," said Conrad, "the same humour might seize thee again, and thou wouldst easily terrify my children to madness. Our contract, therefore, is at an end." "My half year is not at an end," said Waldmann, in defiance, "therefore I shall return unto thy house," "Not a step,—not even to the threshold," said Conrad, "thou hast

irrevocably broken our bargain by thy cursed hobgoblinry. All that I can do for thee is to pay thy full wages. There it is, and get thee gone."—"Full wages!" said the spirit, laughing in scorn, "knowest thou not my inexhaustible treasures in the caverns of the mountain?" "It is not for thy sake, but for my own, that I pay thee," said Conrad; "for I am resolved not to remain in debt neither to man nor devil." With these words, he thrust the money with violence into Waldmann's pocket. "What shall now become of the Field of Terror?" said the demon, half angrily, "whatever God pleases!" said Conrad, "Sixteen Fields of Terror were to me nothing when weighed against one hair on the head of either of my children. Therefore be gone, I say, unless you first wish to receive a hearty beating that you will remember!" "Softly!" said the spirit, "When a being of my class assumes the form of a man, he never fails to choose a stout one. In the beating that you design for me, you might chance to meet with the worst, and then God be merciful to you!"—"That he has ever been," said Conrad, "and his providence has endowed me with a stout frame also. To thy mountains, therefore, begone, thou hateful monster—I warn thee for the last time!"

Then, Waldmann being at these last words violently provoked, fell upon Conrad, and a tough and obstinate battle raged between them. They struggled backwards and forwards, and twined their arms round each other, victory remaining for a long while uncertain, till at last Conrad, by a master-stroke in wrestling, brought his opponent to the ground, kneeled upon his breast, and, continuing to pommel him heartily as he lay, cried aloud: "Now shalt thou learn what it is to lift thine arm against thy liege master, thou treacherous fiend of the mountains!"

He stroate Waldmann, however, heartily at all this, that Conrad that he made game of

him, redoubled his blows with greater violence, till at last his victim called aloud, "Let alone! Let alone! I do not laugh at thee, but at myself, and I now humbly beg pardon!" "That is another affair," said the generous Conrad, who now immediately rose up, and assisted his conquered adversary to get upon his legs. "I have tried this way of life long enough, in all conscience," said Rubezahl, still laughing, "I dare swear it never happened to any one of my rank before to carry his education so far! But, listen, friend, you must at least confess that I have dealt honourably by you, for you well know that I could have, in one moment, brought a whole troop of mountain spirits to my assistance. However, to say the truth, I could not have called on them for laughing."

Conrad looked thoughtfully at Rubezahl, who continued his mirth, and at last said, "I must acknowledge that thou hast reason now to bear me a grudge, and of this I shall probably feel the consequences, not only on the Field of Terror, but elsewhere. But, Sir, I cannot repent of what I have done. I used only the right of an honest householder, and all for the sake of my beloved children. Truly, if I were yet to do, I should act heartily in the very same manner."

"No, no!" said the laughing Rubezahl, "give yourself no trouble. I have for one time had quite enough. But for this much, however, be assured—henceforward, from year to year, you may labour on the Field of Terror, and not one spectre, while the Giant Mountain stands, shall be visible there. Now, farewell, mine honourable yet severe master."

With these words, and with a familiar and confidential nod, he vanished, nor did Conrad ever behold him again. Rubezahl, however, failed not to remember his promise, which, indeed, much more than fulfilled. An extraordinary blessing attended all labours of Conrad, and he was

and the richest farmer in the village. When his children upon the Field of Terror, which by and Sabina now visited with apprehension, they told somehow the good Waldmann had and with what pretty stories he

had entertained them. At such times, the little ones were agreeably surprised to find their pockets stored with sweetmeats or glittering toys, among which a valuable gold coin was frequently discovered.

THE BATH OF BEAUTY;

OR,

THE SWAN'S POOL.

A Romantic Tale from the German.

IN the romantic mountains of Stenburgh in Swabia, there is a hamlet, well known by the name Swan's Pool, which is reported to possess the power of restoring or giving female beauty. Its efficacy, however, is confined to the daughters or their descendants, who are obliged to pay an annual visit to it; and in the shape of swans, light garments veil flowing down rocks, to bathe in its limpid waters and renew their personal attractions.

The banks of the lake was erected a hermitage, as remarkable for the beauty of its situation, as for the sanctity of the anchorite who inhabited it. He was a man who had resided in the solitude many years, and though his name was unknown to all, he procured universal respect for the patriarchal dignity of his life. He had formed a little village himself, reared the most delicate shrubberies around it, and a plantation of flowers, interspersed with delicious vineyards. The amenity of his manners ingratiated him strongly with the mountain people, who had recourse to him on every emergency where advice or counsel was needed, and, in return for these, presented him with all

the comforts, and many of the superfluities of life. But there was one circumstance in his general conduct that was food for the astonishment of his neighbours. At sunrise, whether the winds were abroad, or the rain fell in torrents, he was always discovered in tears by the banks of the lake, with his eyes raised to heaven, and his hands clasped in an attitude of the deepest devotion. Many were the conjectures respecting this singular conduct; but at last, after mature deliberations, a synod of the villagers came to the sage opinion, that it was a very extraordinary circumstance.

It happened one summer's evening, when the last rays of the setting sun had tinged the lake with a faint reflection of its light, that a young Swabian peasant, who had escaped the slaughter of his countrymen, when their territories were laid waste by the Austrians, arrived at the hermitage, and entreated the protection of its venerable owner. He was received with a hearty welcome, and after remaining a few days, was invited to take up his final residence at the cottage. This request was cheerfully complied with; Brenno, for that was the name of the young soldier, had met with numerous misfortunes; and unwilling, from past experience, to en-

counter more, resolved to quit the world for ever, and assume the dress and behaviour of an anchorite. Every succeeding day increased the friendship of the hermit for his young companion. He accompanied him in all his rambles, ministered to him in his sorrows, and assisted him by his advice and consolation. Such intimacy at last produced a perfect confidence on both sides, and soon the hermit acquainted Brenno with all the particulars of his past life. At the season of the equinox, the natural kindness of his manner seemed chilled into a gloomy reserve; and he never failed to send Brenno to the extremity of the pool, to ascertain whether any swans made their appearance on its surface. If the flight was numerous, the hermit, to the infinite surprise of his companion, seemed greatly elated in health and spirits; but when none appeared, he grew more gloomy and discontented.

One morning while Brenno was keeping his annual watch by the side of the pool, he observed a vast number of swans alight on the surface, a circumstance which he immediately related to the hermit. The old man was enraptured; he bestowed unusual commendation on the vigilance of Brenno, and desired him to prepare a supper, with an extra modicum of wine. The glass went cheerily round, the reserve of age gradually wore off before its exhilarating effects, and the good father grew remarkably loquacious: he laid aside his accustomed sanctity, hymned songs in praise of his long-neglected deity, Bacchus; and with eyes that sparkled with unwonted vivacity, related to his protegee some of the principal occurrences of his life. He informed him of the peculiar properties of the swan's pool, of the beautiful fairies who paid their annual visit to the same, and of the mode to be adopted in rearing them. "I was myself,"

said the aged narrator, "in love with a young woman of Bohemia; but she

died from the jealousy of her parents, who refused to permit her visit to the pool, and I resolved to pass the rest of my life in a spot which had once been honoured with her presence. She was lovely as the summer rose, and grateful as the earliest breath of morning; but she faded in the spring of her days, and has left me for ever inconsolable. But you, my young friend, who are yet in the morning of your life, may succeed where I failed. By annually watching at the magic pool, you may see the beautiful swans lay aside their gossamer veils, and assume the appearance of virgins, lovely as the warmest imagination can conceive. Select the one most agreeable to your fancy; mark where she deposits her veil when she bathes in the Bath of Beauty, seize it, and the virgin will be unable to reassume the appearance of a swan, till the magic texture is restored to her. You may, perhaps, be surprised at the existence of these ethereal spirits. Tradition reports, that they once lived with man in familiar intercourse; till sin degraded his character, and compelled his fairy companions to return to their native heaven. But their descendants still flourish on earth, and partake of the sensibilities of human nature, with the privilege of immortal youth obtained by an annual visit to the magic pool. This visit occupies them but a few days; and if at the time of the equinox, when the sun is high in heaven, and the mountain shadows lengthen along the glassy surface of the pool, you seize the veil which will be deposited by its side, a fairy will be your prize. Never let her know the theft, but endeavour to win her heart by gentleness, and she will make you an exemplary wife. Ever blooming in youth and beauty when you fade into the tomb, she will be still lovely, and remain as a tender evergreen mourning upon a new-sodden grave. Years have gone by, but the bright form of my fairy virgin is still in the silent tomb. She was prevented from visiting the pool, and lost it

ges. But her form is ever before it steals upon me in the night sea; and consoles me with the prospect of our union. At day-break I wander to the spot where I once saw her; I there lay up my orisons to the Deity, and pray that the fond fairy who was refused to me on earth, may be restored to me in heaven. It is this alone that sheds a gleam of sunshine upon the snow of my existence. I recall the past to my mind—I think of my fairy maid—lovely and innocent as I first found her, and feel assured that she is smiling on me from above. As for my life, unconnected with my love, I look back on it as a dream that had better be forgotten, as a waste of time spent in fruitless exertion and in available despondency."

It is probable that the old hermit could have continued his harangue like a stream of parallel lines, ad infinitum, had he not been warned from the musical nose of Brenno that a great deal of good but lengthy morality had been wasted on a reprobate. Mortified at the somnolent effect of his eloquence, astonished at such symptoms of bad taste in his auditor, he reluctantly pretended to follow his example; and having finished a brace of *Te Deums*, which the clerical snout of his companion furnished an "Amen," threw himself on his couch of rushes.

Morning dawned; and every lark welcomed the uprising sun was taken by Brenno for a swan. His young, naturally warm and enthusiastic, never dwelt upon the miraculous circumstance of the beautiful birds, and their magic veils; and often would he be in ecstasy from the hermitage, at the morning cry of the raven ed along the surface of the pool. His companion in the meantime grew weaker and even hourly more indisposed. He came upon him with all its debility; after the lapse of a few weeks, a grave was dug by Brenno, and the corpse of his venerable friend deposited therein. His remains were interred, at his own peculiar request, in the spot where he

had once beheld his mistress, and the spring flowers were planted upon the turf. The village peasants lamented the death of the good man, and came in crowds to visit his tomb. They thought of his virtues, his numerous acts of benevolence, his pious disposition, and eagerly procured every relic that remained of him. Anticipating the probability of such enthusiasm, Brenno had prepared himself for the event. He cut up the staff of the hermit, and fashioned it into tooth-picks; his sandal shoon he converted into talismans of a marvellous quality, and predicted perpetual youth from frequent application to the relics. But this popular enthusiasm soon abated; customers dropped off, and the hermitage was once more a scene of utter solitude. Brenno was not displeased with this return of tranquillity; it gave him measure to pursue his romantic scenes; and as the time of the equinox was approaching, he wisely considered that a fairy wife would be an agreeable addition to the household furniture of the hermitage. Impressed with this judicious opinion, he made every requisite arrangement, and awaited the annual visit of the swans in a state of the greatest anxiety.

The long expected season of the equinox at last arrived, and Brenno stationed himself by the side of the pool. It was a fine summer morning; the sun was rising in the heavens, and the early dew yet glistened on the mountain precipices. A thousand feathered characters welcomed the approach of day; and the lark was singing at heaven's gate his song of gratitude. The beauty of the scene passed, with all its cheerfulness, into the buoyant heart of Brenno; and his expectations spoke eloquently in his mantling cheeks. He had waited but a short time in his hiding place, when, from the hills of the west, came a luminous but moving appearance in the sky. He gazed at it in triumph—it approached—and discovered the form of a milk-white swan, with a

gossamer veil floating gracefully down its neck, and a tuft of beautiful feathers on its head. It descended from its height, dropt the veil among the rushes that fringed the banks of the pool, and plunged into the waters. On a sudden it arose, and, to the fascinated eyes of Brenno, disclosed the form of a lovely woman, beaming in all the pride of innocence. A blush was on her countenance, and her blue eye spoke of blandishment and voluptuousness. Her figure was modelled with the most exquisite symmetry; her neck and breast were bare, and rivalled even the snow in whiteness. A transparent robe was thrown negligently across her, but so thin, that every movement of her beautiful limbs was discernible through it. As she sported in ecstasy on the surface of the waters, a strain of music was heard floating gently on the gale; it echoed across the stream, and died away among the distant mountains. The youth was enraptured; he moved gently from his hiding place, and seized the magic veil. He then bore it to the hermitage, and awaited in an agony of expectation the result of his stratagem. After a short interval, a sound as of approaching footsteps was heard, and the graceful figure of a fairy stood beside him, clad in the lightest attire, and beaming in conscious loveliness. She spoke of the loss she had sustained, and implored his protection until enabled to recover her loss. The heart of the youth melted at her sorrow; and he volunteered his services in assisting her to find the veil. They went out together, they wandered along the banks of the pool; but the magic web was no where to be found, and the poor fairy was inconsolable. On returning to the hermitage, she seated herself near the latticed window, and refused every consolation. The summer breeze fanned her glossy tresses, and as her face palpitated with anxiety, and the flush of evening glowed on her cheek, her fond admirer thought as yet beheld such ex-

quisite loveliness. In a voice choked with agitation, he implored her to discard her care, and wait in calmness till the veil should be discovered. The beautiful girl turned round at his expostulation; and as she beheld the fine form of Brenno hanging in fondness over her, the fire of conscious beauty lighted up in her eye, and love took possession of her heart. The light ethereal blood was incapable of lasting grief, and sorrow passed over her countenance, as the night-cloud that sails across the full-orbed moon and obscures its light with but a transient gloom. Hopeless of recovering her veil, she gradually resigned herself to the solitude of her situation; and though a tear sometimes trembled in her eye when she thought of her friends, and wandered in the lonely summer evenings by the Bath of Beauty in the hopes of regaining her treasure, she moved with a more elastic tread, and smiled on Brenno with more than usual archness.

A month had now elapsed, and he found the fairy the uncomplaining victim of Brenno. She was by this time reconciled to her solitude, and never thought of her companion with a sentiment of affection for the delicacy that respected her situation. As it was one evening wandering with him on the banks of the pool, the conversation grew more than usually animated. The fairy, in answer to the tender expostulations of Brenno, informed him that her name was Zoe, and that she was the daughter of the celebrated Grecian princess, Calista of Zante. That she was paying her annual visit to the Bath of Beauty when she lost her veil, and that the privilege of immortal youth would cease, until it was recovered. The sun had by this time sunk behind the western hills, and the bright moon came up in her virgin splendour. The heart of Brenno was softened by sight, and he pointed out his companion. "This," he claimed, "is the soft, t

for ever hallowed in remembrance.

On an evening, sweet, holy as you first smiled on me in fond-

That smile hath never passed it visits me like an angel of light, in the night season, and soothes my lonely hours. May I hope, my sweet, that the time will come, when affection will not speak in smiles but in the honeyed words of love.

He ceased, and turned on the angel countenance of the fairy at the most impassioned admiration.

She averted her face from his but in the soft expression of her eyes he read all that could plead in his behalf. His frame trembled with emotion, his blood raged in delirious joy, and clamping Zoe in his arms, he printed a warm kiss on her cheek, and that mark had ever imprinted.

Warmed by the affection of her lover, the blushing girl confessed her love, and promised, if he would forsake the dreary solitude of the Switz's to bind herself irrevocably to

her, the requisite was now arranged for his departure. The superstition of the neighbouring peasants had furnished the soldier with an ample sufficiency of money for his travels, and he prepared for his journey. On reaching the town of Zurich, in Swabia, he was recognised by his companions; and the report was spread to the reverend fathers of the town that the valiant Brenno, escaped from the massacre of his countrymen, was returning in triumph to the scene of his nativity. The fat bailiffs of the town came out in procession to meet him, and amid the sound of trumpet and roll of drums, Brenno and his faithful Zoe were escorted home. The father welcomed her son as one who had returned from the grave; and he led his virgin bride with expressions of the deepest admiration.

The evening before the intended wedding, when the bridal festivity was in progress, and the light tones of music floated through the vaulted apartments,

the fair Zoe busied herself with her mother-in-law in arranging her dress for the ceremony. "Oh! that I had but the light Grecian veil," she exclaimed with a sigh,—"then, indeed, should I be viewed with envy." "Grieve not yourself about that," replied the talkative old lady, "it is safe in my possession; my son desired me, from some unaccountable reason, to secrete it from your notice: but promise to conceal it from him, and I will restore it to its right owner." Zoe was struck dumb with astonishment; indignation at the hypocrisy of Brenno, and joy at the discovery of her veil, prevented her reply. But when she received the veil from the hands of the good matron, she threw open the window, and as the magic robe floated gracefully down her fair form; it assumed the appearance of a milk-white swan, and sailed far away into the blue distant horizon.

The old lady in her turn now stared with astonishment. She tore the few hairs that time had yet left upon her head, and when her son returned to claim his beautiful bride, taxed him with sully the honour of his family, by marrying a she-devil in disguise. After a lengthy harangue, her enthusiasm for devotion so far conquered her reason, that she concluded by the most convincing of all arguments, a sound box on the ear. The son retorted the angry expostulations of his mother, and the noise of the quarrel brought all the neighbours in a hurry to the door. "My son," shrieked the pious matron, "has leagued himself with a she-devil." "A she-devil!" exclaimed a little fat bailiff, "heaven defend us all."—"She was a Grecian lady," returned the disappointed Brenno. "A she-devil," persisted the mother.—"A Grecian lady," resumed the son. "Whoever she is," said the indignant bailiff, "it is clear that she has escaped the clutches of the most Holy Inquisition; but whether she be a male or a female Beelzebub, or even Moloch himself, Mother Church will conjure her back

again."—"But what shall purify the character of our house," returned the pious matron, "that my son has for ever sullied. A house that was prior to the flood, and was intimately acquainted with the patriarchs. A house that——" The little fat bailiff here interrupted her expostulations, and, with a face of reverential purity, adjusted his wig, and informed the disconsolate mother, that one consolation was still left—that her son would be damned for ever. "Why to be sure there is some consolation in that," whimpered the good old lady, and dried her tears, consoling herself in the meanwhile with the pleasant probability of her son's damnation.

By this time the story had got wind, and a report was circulated through the town, that Brenno had made a compact with the Devil; that the virtue of his mother had exposed the fraud; and that Apollyon, accompanied by a cloud of sulphur and brimstone, was seen to fly away, with a torch in one hand and his tail in the other.

Worn down with anxiety, and fearful of the superstition of his countrymen, the unfortunate lover returned in a state of agony to his hermitage. Here he passed his hours of solitude, in fruitless lamentations for the fairy he had lost, and regret for his shameless duplicity. His only pleasure seemed to consist in wandering by the banks of the Swan's Pool, and in recalling the remembrance of the past. He thought of the beautiful Zoe, fond and gentle as he first knew her, and dwelt with agony on her soft smiles, her infantine simplicity. He was roaming one evening by the side of his favourite streamlet, when a light step passed beside him. He turned round to discover the intruder, and beheld the fair form of Zoe, the object of his thoughts by day, his dreams by night. "You are surprised," she exclaimed, "at my return, but listen to my reasons. I have wandered to other climes; I have seen my dearest friends drop day by day into
re, and life grow desolate and

forlorn. On returning to the home of my infancy, I found my mother dead, my father sinking into the tomb. Friends—relations, that I left smiling in health and happiness, were all—gone; and I stood among my native hills, as a stranger in a foreign land. In the hour of my solitude my thoughts reverted to you, with whom I had spent many of the happiest hours of my existence. I thought of your fondness, your regard to feminine delicacy, and I resolved to return to you for ever. Do you accept my offer, love?"

"Sweetest, sweetest girl," passionately replied Brenno, "I am thine, for ever thine. My love, my virgin bride, we will henceforth live solely for each other, devoting each thought and each moment to delight."—"Thus, then, I seal our union," resumed Zoe, tearing in a thousand pieces the magic web of immortality. "I shall no longer need eternal beauty while your affection lasts. To you I shall ever be beautiful; and when age obscures the fair front of youth, the mind of the lover will continue the delusion. Here, then, where we first met, we will for ever live; and the wood that once echoed the sweet song of love, shall still reply to our bridal felicity. We will wander hand in hand through a world which affection shall strew with roses; and when Brenno sinks into the tomb, Zoe will not remain long behind. Why should I covet immortality, when he is gone for whom I desired it? Is there a pleasure in sitting by the side of the grave of a beloved object, and feeling that all we once held dear is flown—never to return? No! my love—thy bride shall never survive the fate that shall bow thee to the earth, but wither like a flowret on its stem when thou hast ceased to be. In the quiet grave we will repose together, and, locked in each other's arms, await the period of a more glorious resurrection."

She ceased, and the heart of Brenno was happy. They lived long and tranquilly together; and the beautiful Zoe

and the privilege of immortality
children, whose descendants still
in the dark-browed mountains
lie. Years and years have rolled
down by the banks of the Bath of
a little tomb may be seen,
on its mouldering tablet the
names of *Zoe* and *Brenno*. At
mid of the equinox, a sweet
melodious music is heard to float along

the magic pool, and the spirits of the
lovers rise from their cold tenements, to
visit the spots that were once so dear.
They are friendly to man, and are ac-
customed to warn him of impending
sorrows; and if fate throws a cloud
athwart the sunshine of his path, it is
the province of the fairies to dissipate
the gloom, and restore the original
splendour.

THE BLACK CANON OF ELMHAM;

OR,

SAINT EDMOND'S EVE.

An Old English Legend.

Elmham (formerly written Elmenham) was, before the conquest, the seat of a
bishop, who, together with the bishop of Dunwich, in Suffolk, governed the present
diocese of Norwich. It will easily be conceived that the episcopal residence was
nearly surrounded with monasteries and nunneries to give probability to the
fiction of my story; and as for the journey which the canon is obliged to take,
a very extraordinary distance, and it certainly may be supposed that there was
the easiest road between the bishop's see and the principal convent in the diocese.
The legend, if it be not given with the *spirit*, is at any rate versified with the *irregularity*
of an ancient ballad.

When you observe the Black Canon pass?
When you observe his frown?
When to say the midnight mass
In St. Edmond's town.

When to sing the burial chant,
When to lay the wand'ring sprite,
When shadowy form doth restless haunt
The king's dreamer a-side this night.

When it will not its wailings cease
When the holy man comes near;
When he breathes o'er his grave the prayer of
peace,
When he wrinkles the hallow'd tear.

When his horse is stout and strong,
When he is plain and fair;
When he slowly wends along,
When his brow is gleam'd with care.

When thus late at the abbey gate?
When echoes the portal bell—
When like the whispering voice of fate,
When he dares like a funeral knell!

The Canon his faltering knee thrice bow'd,
His body it shook with fear;
And a voice he heard cry, distinct and loud,
"Prepare! for thy hour is near."

He crosses his breast, he mutters a prayer,
To heaven he lifts his eye;
He heeds not the abbot's gazing stare,
Nor the monks that murmur'd by.

Bareheaded he worships the sculptur'd
saints
That frown on the sacred walls!
His face it grows pale, he trembles, he
faints,
At the abbot's foot he falls!

And straight the father's robe he kins'd,
Who cried—"Grace dwells with thee!"
"The sprite will fade, like the morning
mist,
At your Benedicite."

"Now haste within—the board is spread—
Keen blows the air and cold;

"The spectre sleeps in its earthly bed
Till St. Edmond's eve hath toll'd."

"Yet rest your weary limbs to-night,
"You've journey'd many a mile;
To-morrow lay the waiting sprite,
"That shrieks in the moon-light side."

"Oh! faint are my limbs, and my bosom
cold!
"Yet to-night must the sprite be laid;—
"Yet to-night when the hour of horror's
toll'd,
"Must I meet the wandering shade!

"Nor food, nor rest, can now delay,
"For, hark! the echoing pile
A bell loud shakes! Oh! haste away,
"Oh! lead to the haunted aisle."

The torches slowly move before,
The cross is rear'd on high;
A smile of peace the canon wore,
But horror fix'd his eye.

And now they climb the foot-worn stair,
The chapel gates unclose;
Now each breathed low a fervent prayer,
And fear each bosom froze.

Now paused awhile the doubtful band,
And view'd the solemn scene;
Full dark the cluster'd columns stand,
The moon gleams bright between.

"Say, father, say, what cloister's gloom
Conceals the unquiet shade?
Within what dark unhallow'd tomb
The corpse unblest was laid?"

"Through you drear aisle alone it walks,
And murmurs a mournful plaint;
Of thee, Black Canon, it wildly talks,
And calls on thy patron saint.

The pilgrim this night, with wondering eyes,
When he prays at St. Edmond's shrine,
From a black-marble tomb hath seen it rise,
And under yon arch recline."

"Oh! say, upon that black-marble tomb
What memorial sad appears?"

"Undistinguish'd it lies in the chancel's
gloom,
No memorial sad it bears!"

The Canon his pater-noster reads
His rosary hung by his side;

Now straight to the altar he goes,
And untouch'd they open the doors.

"Oh! enter, Black Canon!"
"Oh! enter! thy hour is come!"
The sounds irradiated his face,
To approach the marble tomb.

He paused—told his beads—and
hold pass'd—
Oh, horror! the chancel doors
A loud yell was borne on the wall
And a deep dying groan arose.

The monks in amazement shudder'd
They burst through the chancel
From St. Edmond's shrine, lo! a
hand
Points to the black-marble tomb.

Lo! deeply engraved, an inscription
red,
In characters fresh and clear;
"The guilty Black Canon of Elmham
"And his wife lies buried here

"In Elmham's tower he wedded a
"To St. Edmonds his bride he led
"On this eve her novicehood was her
"And a friar's grey weeds she wore

"Oh! deep was her conscience dy'd
guilt,
"Remorse she full oft reveal'd;
"The black Canon her blood relent
"And in death her lips he seal'd

"Her spirit to penance this night
doom'd,
"Till the Canon atoned the deed
"Here together they now shall rest
"Till their bodies from dust are

Hark! a loud peal of thunder shook
roof,
Round the altar bright lightning
Speechless with horror the monks
aloof—
And the storm dies sudden away

The inscription was gone.—A cross
ground
And a rosary shone through the
But never again was the Canon there
Nor the ghost on the black-marble



WAKE NOT THE DEAD!

OR

THE BRIDE OF THE GRAVE.

A Romance from the German.

Wake not the dead :—they bring but gloomy night
 And cheerless desolation into day
 For in the grave who mouldering lay,
 No more can feel the influence of light,
 Or yield them to the sun's prolific might ;
 Let them repose within their house of clay—
 Corruption, vainly wilt thou e'er essay
 To quicken :—it sends forth a pest'lent blight ;
 And neither fiery sun, nor bathing dew,
 Nor breath of spring the dead can e'er renew.
 That which from life is pluck'd, becomes the foe
 Of life, and whoso wakes it waketh woe.
 Seek not the dead to waken from that sleep
 In which from mortal eye they lie enshrouded deep.

The interest of the following tale is of a description the most dark and fearful, and but few translations can convey to the English reader the romantic wildness and spirit of the German original. We have seen several translations, but we think none of them are equal to the one given in the collection of "Popular Tales and Romances of Northern Nations," lately published by the German bookseller, Bohte, of Tavistock Street, which we take the liberty of extracting.

"WILT thou for ever sleep? Wilt thou never more awake, my beloved, but henceforth repose for ever from thy short pilgrimage on earth? O yet once again return! and bring back with thee the vivifying dawn of hope to one whose existence hath, since thy departure, been obscured by the dunest shades. What! dumb? for ever dumb? Thy friend lamenteth, and thou heedest him not? He sheds bitter, scalding tears, and thou reposes unregarding his affliction? He is in despair, and thou no longer openest thy arms to him as an asylum from his grief? Say then, doth the paly shroud become thee better than the bridal veil? Is the chamber of the grave a warmer bed than the couch of love? Is the spectre death more welcome to thy arms than thy enamoured consort? Oh! return, my beloved, return once again to this anxious disconsolate bosom." Such were the lamentations which Walter poured forth for his Brunhilda, the partner of his youthful, passionate love: thus did he bewail over her grave at the midnight hour, what time the spirit that presides in the troublous atmosphere, sends his legions of monsters through mid-air; so that their shadows, as they flit beneath the moon and across the earth, dart as wild, agitating thoughts that chase each other o'er the sinner's bosom:—thus did he lament under the tall linden trees by her grave, while his head reclined on the cold stone.

Walter was a powerful lord in Burgundy, who, in his earliest youth, had been smitten with the charms of the fair Brunhilda, a beauty far surpassing in loveliness all her rivals; for her tresses, dark as the raven face of night, streaming over her shoulders, set off to the utmost advantage the beaming lustre of her slender form, and the rich dye of a cheek whose tint was deep and brilliant as that of the western heaven: her eyes did not resemble those burning orbs whose pale glow gems the vault of night, and whose immeasurable distance fills the soul with deep thoughts

of eternity, but rather as the sober beams which cheer this nether world, and which, while they enlighten, kindle the sons of earth to joy and love. Brunhilda became the wife of Walter, and both being equally enamoured and devoted, they abandoned themselves to the enjoyment of a passion that rendered them reckless of aught besides, while it lulled them in a fascinating dream. Their sole apprehension was lest aught should awaken them from a delirium which they prayed might continue for ever. Yet how vain is the wish that would arrest the decrees of destiny! as well might it seek to divert the circling planets from their eternal course. Short was the duration of this phrenzied passion; not that it gradually decayed and subsided into apathy, but death snatched away his blooming victim, and left Walter to a widowed couch. Impetuous, however, as was his first burst of grief, he was not inconsolable, for ere long another bride became the partner of the youthful nobleman.

Swanhilda also was beautiful; although nature had formed her charms on a very different model from those of Brunhilda. Her golden locks waved bright as the beams of morn: only when excited by some emotion of her soul did a rosy hue tinge the lily paleness of her cheek: her limbs were proportioned in the nicest symmetry, yet did they not possess that luxuriant fullness of animal life: her eye beamed eloquently, but it was with the milder radiance of a star, tranquillizing to tenderness rather than exciting to warmth. Thus formed, it was not possible that she should steep him in his former delirium, although she rendered happy his waking hours—tranquil and serious, yet cheerful, studying in all things her husband's pleasure, she restored order and comfort in his family, where her presence shed a general influence all around. Her mild benevolence tended to restrain the fiery, impetuous disposition of Walter: while at the same time her prudence recalled him in

om his vain, turbulent wishes, aspirings after unattainable ends, to the duties and pleasures of life. Swanhilda bore her husband-children, a son and a daughter; was mild and patient as her well contented with her solitary and even in these recreations the serious turn of her character. The boy possessed his father's restless disposition, tempered, with the solidity of his mother. by his offspring more tenderly their mother, Walter now lived several years very happily: his would frequently, indeed, recur hilda, but without their former merely as we dwell upon the of a friend of our earlier days, in us on the rapid current of region where we know that he

clouds dissolve into air, flowers: sands of the hour-glass run fitfully away, and even so, do feelings dissolve, fade, and pass with them too, human hap-

Walter's inconstant breast shed for the extatic dreams of which he had spent with his romantic, enamoured Brunhilda did she present herself to his fancy in all the glow of her brightness, and he began to draw a between the past and the present did imagination, as it is wont, portray the former in her brightest while it proportionably obscured; so that he pictured to himself one much more rich in enjoyment the other, much less so than they were. This change in her did not escape Swanhilda; on, redoubling her attentions him, and her cares towards children, she expected, by this to re-unite the knot that was broken; yet the more she endeavoured to gain his affections, the colder grew, the more intolerable did her ways seem, and the more confused the image of Brunhilda

haunt his thoughts. The children, whose endearments were now become indispensable to him, alone stood between the parents as genii eager to affect a reconciliation; and, beloved by them both, formed a uniting link between them. Yet, as evil can be plucked from the heart of man, only ere its root has yet struck deep, its fangs being afterwards too firm to be eradicated; so was Walter's diseased fancy too far affected to have its disorder stopped, for, in a short time, it completely tyrannized over him. Frequently of a night, instead of retiring to his consort's chamber, he repaired to Brunhilda's grave, where he murmured forth his discontent, saying: 'Wilt thou sleep for ever?'

One night as he was reclining on the turf, indulging in his wonted sorrow, a sorcerer from the neighbouring mountains, entered into this field of death for the purpose of gathering, for his mystic spells, such herbs as grow only from the earth wherein the dead repose, and which, as if the last production of mortality, are gifted with a powerful and supernatural influence. The sorcerer perceived the mourner, and approached the spot where he was lying.

"Wherefore, fond wretch, dost thou grieve thus, for what is now a hideous mass of mortality—mere bones, and nerves, and veins? Nations have fallen unlamented; even worlds themselves, long ere this globe of ours was created, have mouldered into nothing; nor hath any one wept over them; why then should'st thou indulge this vain affliction for a child of the dust—a being as frail as thyself, and like thee the creature but of a moment?"

Walter raised himself up:—"Let yon worlds that shine in the firmament" replied he, "lament for each other as they perish. It is true, that I who am myself clay, lament for my fellow-clay: yet is this clay impregnated with a fire, with an essence, that none of the elements of creation possess—with love: and this divine passion, I felt for her

who now sleepeth beneath this sod." "Will thy complaints awaken her: or could they do so, would she not soon upbraid thee for having disturbed that repose in which she is now hushed?"

"Aunt, cold-hearted being: thou knowest not what is love. Oh! that my tears could wash away the earthy covering that conceals her from these eyes;—that my groan of anguish could rouse her from her slumber of death!—No, she would not again seek her earthy couch."

"Intensate that thou art, and couldst thou endure to gaze without shuddering on one disgorged from the jaws of the grave? Art thou too thyself the same from whom she parted; or hath time passed o'er thy brow and left no traces there? Would not thy love rather be converted into hate and disgust?"

"Say rather that the stars would leave you firmament, that the sun will henceforth refuse to shed his beams through the heavens. Oh! that she stood once more before me;—that once again she reposed on this bosom!—how quickly should we then forget that death or time had ever stepped between us."

"Delusion! mere delusion of the brain, from heated blood, like to that which arises from the fumes of wine. It is not my wish to tempt thee;—to restore to thee thy dead; else wouldst thou soon feel that I have spoken truth."

"How! restore her to me," exclaimed Walter casting himself at the sorcerer's feet. "Oh! if thou art indeed able to effect that, grant it to my earnest supplication; if one throb of human feeling vibrates in thy bosom, let thy tears prevail with thee: restore to me my beloved; so shalt thou hereafter bless the deed, and see that it was a good work."

"A good work! a blessed deed!"—returned the sorcerer with a smile of scorn; "for me there exists nor good nor evil; since my will is always the same. Ye alone know evil, who will that which ye would not. It is indeed

her to restore her to thee: yet,

bethink thee well, whether it will prove thy weal. Consider too, how deep the abyss between life and death; across this, my power can build a bridge, but it can never fill up the frightful chasm."

Walter would have spoken, and have sought to prevail on this powerful being by fresh entreaties, but the latter prevented him, saying: "Peace! bethink thee well! and return hither to me to-morrow at midnight. Yet once more do I warn thee, 'Wake not the dead.'"

Having uttered these words, the mysterious being disappeared. Intoxicated with fresh hope, Walter found no sleep on his couch; for fancy, prodigal of her richest stores, expanded before him the glittering web of futurity; and his eye, moistened with the dew of rapture, glanced from one vision of happiness to another. During the next day he wandered through the woods, lest wonted objects by recalling the memory of later and less happier times, might disturb the blissful-idea, that he should again behold her—again fold her in his arms, gaze on her beaming brow by day, repose on her bosom at night: and, as this sole idea filled his imagination, how was it possible that the least doubt should arise; or that the warning of the mysterious old man should recur to his thoughts.

No sooner did the midnight hour approach, than he hastened before the grave-field where the sorcerer was already standing by that of Brunhilda. "Hast thou maturely considered?" enquired he.

"Oh! restore to me the object of my ardent passion," exclaimed Walter with impetuous eagerness. "Delay not thy generous action, lest I die even this night, consumed with disappointed desire; and behold her face!"

"Well then," answered the "return hither again to-morrow same hour. But once more I warn thee this friendly warning, 'Wake not the dead.'"

All in the despair of Walter would have prostrated

at his feet, and supplicated him to fulfill at once a desire now increased to agony; but the sorcerer had already disappeared. Pouring forth his lamentations more wildly and impetuously than ever, he lay upon the grave of his adored one, until the grey dawn streaked the east. During the day, which seemed to him longer than any he had ever experienced, he wandered to and fro, restless and impatient, seemingly without any object, and deeply buried in his own reflections, inquiet as the murderer who meditates his first deed of blood: and the stars of evening found him once more at the appointed spot. At midnight the sorcerer was there also.

"Hast thou yet maturely deliberated?" enquired he, "as on the preceding night?"

"On what should I deliberate?" returned Walter impatiently. "I need not to deliberate: what I demand of thee, is that which thou hast promised me—that which will prove my bliss. Or dost thou but mock me? if so, hence from my sight, lest I be tempted to lay my hand on thee."

"Once more do I warn thee," answered the old man with undisturbed composure, "Waken not the dead—let her rest."

"Aye, but not in the cold grave: she shall rather rest on this bosom which burns with eagerness to clasp her."

"Reflect, thou mayst not quit her until death, even though aversion and horror should seize thy heart. There would then remain only one horrible means."

"Dotard!" cried Walter, interrupting him, "how may I hate that which I love with such intensity of passion? how should I abhor that for which my every drop of blood is boiling?"

"Then be it even as thou wishest,"

the sorcerer; "step back."
He drew a circle round
while muttering words
mediate the storm
the tops of the

trees; owls flapped their wings, and uttered their low voice of omen; the stars hid their mild, beaming aspect, that they might not behold so unholy and impious a spectacle; the stone then rolled from the grave with a hollow sound, leaving a free passage for the inhabitant of that dreadful tenement. The sorcerer scattered into the yawning earth, roots and herbs of most magic power, and of most penetrating odour, so that the worms crawling forth from the earth congregated together, and raised themselves in a fiery column over the grave: while rushing wind burst from the earth, scattering the mould before it, until at length the coffin lay uncovered. The moon-beams fell on it, and the lid burst open with a tremendous sound. Upon this the sorcerer poured upon it some blood from out of a human skull, exclaiming at the same time:—"Drink, sleeper, of this warm stream, that thy heart may again beat within thy bosom." And, after a short pause, shedding on her some other mystic liquid, he cried aloud with the voice of one inspired: "Yes, thy heart beats once more with the flood of life: thine eye is again opened to sight. Arise, therefore, from the tomb."

As an island suddenly springs forth from the dark waves of the ocean, raised upwards from the deep by the force of subterraneous fires, so did Brunhilda start from her earthy couch, borne forward by some invisible power. Taking her by the hand, the sorcerer led her towards Walter, who stood at some little distance, rooted to the ground with amazement.

"Receive again," said he, "the object of thy passionate sighs: mayest thou never more require my aid; should that, however, happen, so wilt thou find me, during the full of the moon, upon the mountains in that spot and where the three roads meet."

Instantly did Walter recognize in the form that stood before him, her whom he so ardently loved; and a sudden glow shot through his frame at finding

her thus restored to him : yet the night-frost had chilled his limbs and palsied his tongue. For a while he gazed upon her without either motion or speech, and during this pause, all was again become hushed and serene ; and the stars shone brightly in the clear heavens.

"Walter !" exclaimed the figure ; and at once the well-known sound, thrilling to his heart, broke the spell by which he was bound.

"Is it reality ? Is it truth ?" cried he, "or a cheating delusion ?"

"No, it is no imposture : I am really living :—conduct me quickly to thy castle in the mountains."

Walter looked around : the old man had disappeared, but he perceived close by his side, a coal-black steed of fiery eye, ready equipped to conduct him thence ; and on his back lay all proper attire for Brunhilda, who lost no time in arraying herself. This being done, she cried : "Haste, let us away ere the dawn breaks, for my eye is yet too weak to endure the light of day." Fully recovered from his stupor, Walter leaped into his saddle, and catching up, with a mingled feeling of delight and awe, the beloved being thus mysteriously restored from the power of the grave, he spurred on across the wild, towards the mountains, as furiously as if pursued by the shadows of the dead, hastening to recover from him their sister.

The castle to which Walter conducted his Brunhilda, was situated on a rock between other rocks rising up above it. Here they arrived, unseen by any, save one aged domestic, on whom Walter imposed secrecy by the severest threats.

"Here will we tarry," said Brunhilda, "until I can endure the light, and until thou canst look upon me without trembling : as if struck with a cold chill." They accordingly continued to make that place their abode : yet no one knew that Brunhilda existed, save only that aged attendant, who provided their meals. During seven entire days they had no light except that of tapers ; during the next seven, the light was ad-

mitted through the lofty casements only while the rising or setting-sun faintly illumined the mountain-tops, the valleys being still enveloped in shade.

Seldom did Walter quit Brunhilda's side : a nameless spell seemed to attach him to her ; even the shudder which he felt in her presence, and which would not permit him to touch her, was not unmixed with pleasure, like that thrilling awful emotion felt when strains of sacred music float under the vault of some temple ; he rather sought, therefore, than avoided this feeling. Often too as he had indulged in calling to mind the beauties of Brunhilda, she had never appeared so fair, so fascinating, so admirable when depicted by his imagination, as when now beheld in reality. Never till now had her voice sounded with such tones of sweetness ; never before did her language possess such eloquence as it now did, when she conversed with him on the subject of the past. And this was the magic fairy-land towards which her words constantly conducted him. Ever did she dwell upon the days of their first love, those hours of delight which they had participated together when the one derived all enjoyment from the other : and so rapturous, so enchanting, so full of life did she recall to his imagination that blissful season, that he even doubted whether he had ever experienced with her so much felicity, or had been so truly happy. And, while she thus vividly portrayed their hours of past delight, she delineated in still more glowing, more enchanting colours, those hours of approaching bliss which now awaited them, richer in enjoyment than any preceding ones. In this manner did she charm her attentive auditor with enrapturing hopes for the future, and lull him into dreams of more than mortal ecstasy ; so that while he listened to her syren strain, he entirely forgot how little blissful was the latter period of their union, when he had often sighed at her imperiousness, and at her harshness both to himself and all his hours

bold. Yet even had he recalled this to mind would it have disturbed him in his present delirious trance? Had she not now left behind in the grave all the frailty of mortality? Was she not cheerful as the morning hour of spring—affectionate and mild as the last beams of an autumnal sun? Was not her whole being refined and purified by that long sleep in which neither passion nor sin had approached her even in dreams? How different now was the subject of her discourse! Only when speaking of her affection for him, did she betray any thing of earthly feeling: at other times, she uniformly dwelt upon themes relating to the invisible and future world; when in descanting and declaring the mysteries of eternity, a stream of prophetic eloquence would burst from her lips.

In this manner had twice seven days elapsed, and, for the first time, Walter beheld the being now dearer to him than ever, in the full light of day. Every trace of the grave had disappeared from her countenance; a roseate tinge like the ruddy streaks of dawn again beamed on her pallid cheek; the faint, mouldering taint of the grave was changed into a delightful violet scent; the only sign of earth that never disappeared. He no longer felt either apprehension or awe, as he gazed upon her in the sunny light of day: it was not until now, that he seemed to have recovered her completely; and, glowing with all his former passion towards her, he would have pressed her to his bosom, but she gently repulsed him, saying:—"Not yet—spare your caresses until the moon has again filled her horn."

Spite of his impatience, Walter was obliged to await the lapse of another period of seven days: but, on the night when the moon was arrived at the full, he hastened to Brunhilda, whom he found more lovely than she had ever appeared before. Fearing no obstacles to his transports, he embraced her with all the fervour of a deeply enamoured and successful lover. Brunhilda, how-

ever, still refused to yield to his passion. "What!" exclaimed she, "is it fitting that I who have been purified by death from the frailty of mortality, should become thy concubine, while a mere daughter of the earth bears the title of thy wife: never shall it be. No, it must be within the walls of thy palace, within that chamber where I once reigned as queen, that thou obtainest the end of thy wishes,—and of mine also," added she, imprinting a glowing kiss on the lips, and immediately disappeared.

Heated with passion, and determined to sacrifice every thing to the accomplishment of his desires, Walter hastily quitted the apartment, and shortly after the castle itself. He travelled over mountain and across heath, with the rapidity of a storm, so that the turf was flung up by his horse's hoofs; nor once stopped until he arrived home.

Here, however, neither the affectionate caresses of Swanhilda, or those of his children could touch his heart, or induce him to restrain his furious desires. Alas! is the impetuous torrent to be checked in its devastating course by the beauteous flowers over which it rushes, when they exclaim:—"Destroyer, commiserate our helpless innocence and beauty, nor lay us waste?"—the stream sweeps over them unregarding, and a single moment annihilates the pride of a whole summer.

Shortly afterwards, did Walter begin to hint to Swanhilda, that they were ill-suited to each other; that he was anxious to taste that wild, tumultuous life, so well according with the spirit of his sex, while she, on the contrary, was satisfied with the monotonous circle of household enjoyments:—that he was eager for whatever promised novelty, while she felt most attached to what was familiarized to her by habit; and lastly, that her cold disposition, bordering upon indifference, but ill assorted with his ardent temperament: it was therefore more prudent that they should seek apart from each other, that happiness

which they could not find together. A sigh, and a brief acquiescence in his wishes was all the reply that Swanhilda made: and, on the following morning, upon his presenting her with a paper of separation, informing her that she was at liberty to return home to her father, she received it most submissively: yet, ere she departed, she gave him the following warning: "Too well do I conjecture to whom I am indebted for this our separation. Often have I seen thee at Brunhilda's grave, and beheld thee there even on that night when the face of the heavens was suddenly enveloped in a veil of clouds. Hast thou rashly dared to tear aside the awful veil that separates the mortality that dreams, from that which dreameth not? Oh! then woe to thee, thou wretched man, for thou hast attached to thyself that which will prove thy destruction." She ceased: nor did Walter attempt any reply, for the similar admonition uttered by the sorcerer flashed upon his mind, all obscured as it was by passion, just as the lightning glares momentarily through the gloom of night without dispersing the obscurity.

Swanhilda then departed, in order to pronounce to her children, a bitter farewell, for they, according to national custom, belonged to the father; and, having bathed them in her tears, and consecrated them with the holy water of maternal love, she quitted her husband's residence, and departed to the home of her father's.

Thus was the kind and benevolent Swanhilda, driven an exile from those halls, where she had presided with such grace;—from halls which were now newly decorated to receive another mistress. The day at length arrived, on which Walter, for the second time, conducted Brunhilda home, as a newly-made bride. And he caused it to be reported among his domestics, that his new consort had gained his affections by her extraordinary likeness to Brunhilda, their former mistress. How infinitely happy did he deem himself, as

he conducted his beloved once more into the chamber which had often witnessed their former joys, and which was now newly gilded and adorned in a most costly style: among the other decorations were figures of angels scattering roses, which served to support the purple draperies, whose ample folds o'ershadowed the nuptial couch. With what impatience did he await the hour that was to put him in possession of those beauties, for which he had already paid so high a price, but, whose enjoyment was to cost him most dearly yet! Unfortunate Walter! revelling in bliss, thou beholdest not the abyss that yawns beneath thy feet, intoxicated with the luscious perfume of the flower thou hast plucked, thou little deemest how deadly is the venom with which it is fraught, although, for a short season, its potent fragrance bestows new energy on all thy feelings.

Happy, however, as Walter now was, his household were far from being equally so. The strange resemblance between their new lady and the deceased Brunhilda, filled them with a secret dismay,—an undefinable horror; for there was not a single difference of feature, of tone of voice, or of gesture. To add too to these mysterious circumstances, her female attendants discovered a particular mark on her back, exactly like one which Brunhilda had. A report was now soon circulated, that their lady was no other than Brunhilda herself, who had been recalled to life by the power of necromancy. How truly horrible was the idea of living under the same roof with one who had been an inhabitant of the tomb, and of being obliged to attend upon her, and acknowledge her as mistress! There was also in Brunhilda, much to increase this aversion, and favour their superstition: no ornaments of gold ever decked her person; all that others would wear of this metal, she formed of silver: no richly cut and sparkling jewels glittered upon pearls alone, lest their pale hue

adorn her bosom. Most carefully did she always avoid the cheerful light of the sun, and was wont to spend the brightest days in the most retired and gloomy apartments: only during the twilight of the commencing, or declining day did she ever walk abroad, but her favourite hour was, when the phantom light of the moon bestowed on all objects a shadowy appearance, and a sombre hue; always too at the crowing of the cock, an involuntary shudder was observed to seize her limbs. Imperious as before her death, she quickly imposed her iron yoke on every one around her, while she seemed even far more terrible than ever, since a dread of some supernatural power attached to her, appalled all who approached her. A malignant withering glance seemed to shoot from her eye on the unhappy object of her wrath, as if it would annihilate its victim. In short, those halls which, in the time of Swanhilda were the residence of cheerfulness and mirth, now resembled an extensive desert tomb. With fear imprinted on their pale countenances, the domestics glided through the apartments of the castle; and, in this abode of terror, the crowing of the cock caused the living to tremble, as if they were the spirits of the departed; for the sound always reminded them of their mysterious mistress. There was no one but who shuddered at meeting her in a lonely place, in the dusk of evening, or by the light of the moon, a circumstance that was deemed to be ominous of some evil: so great was the apprehension of her female attendants, they pined in continual disquietude, and, by degrees, all quitted her. In the course of time even others of the domestics fled, for an insupportable horror had seized them.

The art of the sorcerer had indeed bestowed upon Brunhilda an artificial life, and due nourishment had continued to support the restored body; yet, this body was not able of itself to keep up the genial glow of vitality, and to maintain the flame whence springs all the

affections and passions, whether of love or hate; for death had for ever destroyed and withered it: all that Brunhilda now possessed was a chilled existence, colder than that of the snake. It was nevertheless necessary that she should love, and return with equal ardour the warm caresses of her spell-enthralled husband, to whose passion alone she was indebted for her renewed existence. It was necessary that a magic draught should animate the dull current in her veins, and awaken her to the glow of life and the flame of love—a potion of abomination—one not even to be named without a curse—human blood, imbibed whilst yet warm, from the veins of youth. This was the hellish drink for which she thirsted: possessing no sympathy with the purer feelings of humanity; deriving no enjoyment from aught that interests in life, and occupies its varied hours; her existence was a mere blank, unless when in the arms of her paramour husband, and therefore was it that she craved incessantly after the horrible draught. It was even with the utmost effort that she could forbear sucking even the blood of Walter himself, as he reclined beside her. Whenever she beheld some innocent child, whose lovely face denoted the exuberance of infantine health and vigour, she would entice it by soothing words and fond caresses into her most secret apartment, where, lulling it to sleep in her arms, she would suck from its bosom the warm, purple tide of life. Nor were youths of either sex safe from her horrid attack: having first breathed upon her unhappy victim, who never failed immediately to sink into a lengthened sleep, she would then in a similar manner drain his veins of the vital juice. Thus children, youths, and maidens quickly faded away, as flowers gnawn by the cankering worm: the fullness of their limbs disappeared; a sallow hue succeeded to the rosy freshness of their cheeks, the liquid lustre of the eye was deadened, even as the sparkling stream when arrested by the touch of frost;

and their locks became thin and grey, as if already ravaged by the storm of life. Parents beheld with horror this desolating pestilence devouring their offspring; nor could simple or charm, potion or amulet avail aught against it. The grave swallowed up one after the other; or did the miserable victim survive, he became cadaverous and wrinkled even in the very morn of existence. Parents observed with horror, this devastating pestilence snatch away their offspring—a pestilence which, nor herb however potent, nor charm, nor holy taper, nor exorcism could avert. They either beheld their children sink one after the other into the grave, or their youthful forms withered by the unholy, vampire embrace of Brunhilda assume the decrepitude of sudden age.

At length strange surmises and reports began to prevail; it was whispered that Brunhilda herself was the cause of all these horrors; although no one could pretend to tell in what manner she destroyed her victims, since no marks of violence were discernable. Yet when young children confessed that she had frequently lulled them asleep in her arms, and elder ones said that a sudden slumber had come upon them whenever she began to converse with them, suspicion became converted into certainty, and those whose offspring had hitherto escaped unharmed, quitted their hearths and home—all their little possessions—the dwellings of their fathers and the inheritance of their children, in order to rescue from so horrible a fate those who were dearer to their simple affections than aught else the world could give.

Thus daily did the castle assume a more desolate appearance; daily did its environs become more deserted; none but a few aged decrepid old women and grey-headed menials were to be seen remaining of the once numerous retinue. Such will in the latter days of the earth, be the last generation of mortals, when child-bearing shall have ceased, when youth shall no more be

seen, nor any arise to replace those who shall await their fate in silence.

Walter alone noticed not, or heeded not, the desolation around him; he apprehended not death, lapped as he was in a glowing elysium of love. Far more happy than formerly did he now seem in the possession of Brunhilda. All those caprices and frowns which had been wont to overcloud their former union had now entirely disappeared. She even seemed to doat on him with a warmth of passion that she had never exhibited even during the happy season of bridal love; for the flame of that youthful blood, of which she drained the veins of others, raged in her own. At night, as soon as he closed his eyes, she would breathe on him till he sank into delicious dreams, from which he awoke only to experience more rapturous enjoyments. By day she would continually discourse with him on the bliss experienced by happy spirits beyond the grave, assuring him that, as his affection had recalled her from the tomb, they were now irrevocably united. Thus fascinated by a continual spell, it was not possible that he should perceive what was taking place around him. Brunhilda, however, foresaw with savage grief that the source of her youthful ardour was daily decreasing, for, in a short time, there remained nothing gifted with youth, save Walter and his children, and these latter she resolved should be her next victims.

On her first return to the castle, she had felt an aversion towards the offspring of another, and therefore abandoned them entirely to the attendants appointed by Swanhilda. Now, however, she began to pay considerable attention to them, and caused them to be frequently admitted into her presence. The aged nurses were filled with dread at perceiving these marks of regard from her towards their young charges, yet dared they not to oppose the will of their terrible and imperious mistress. Soon did Brunhilda gain the affection of the children, who were

suspecting of guile to apprehend any ger from her; on the contrary, her asses won them completely to her. ead of ever checking their mirthful bols, she would rather instruct them ew sports; often too did she recite hem tales of such strange and wild rest as to exceed all the stories of r nurses. Were they wearied either a play or with listening to her nar- res, she would take them on her es and lull them to slumber. Then visions of the most surpassing mag- nence attend their dreams: they id fancy themselves in some garden re flowers of every hue rose in rows above the other, from the humble et to the tall sun-flower, forming a ty-coloured broidery of every hue, ing upwards towards the golden ds, where little angels, whose wings riled with azure and gold, descended ring them delicious cates, or splen- jewels; or sung to them soothing odious hymns. So delightful did e dreams in short time become to children, that they longed for no- g so eagerly as to slumber on Brun- la's lap, for never did they else enjoy h visions of heavenly forms. Thus e they most anxious for that which to prove their destruction:—yet e not all aspire after that which ducts us to the grave—after the en- ment of life? These innocents ched out their arms to approaching th, because it assumed the mask of ure; for, while they were lapped these ecstatic slumbers, Brunhilda ked the life-stream from their bo- m. On waking, indeed, they felt melves faint and exhausted, yet did ain, nor any mark betray the cause. rtly, however, did their strength ily fail, even as the summer brook adically dried up: their sports be- e less and less noisy; their loud, icsome laughter was converted into int smile; the full tones of their es died away into a mere whisper. ir attendants were filled with horror despair; too well did they conjec-

ture the horrible truth, yet dared not to impart their suspicions to Walter, who was so devotedly attached to his horrible partner. Death had already smote his prey: the children were but the mere shadows of their former selves, and even this shadow quickly disappeared.

The anguished father deeply bemoan- ed their loss, for, notwithstanding his apparent neglect, he was strongly at- tached to them, nor until he had expe- rienced their loss, was he aware that his love was so great. His affliction could not fail to excite the displeasure of Brunhilda: "Why dost thou lament so fondly," said she, "for these little ones? What satisfaction could such unformed beings yield to thee, unless thou wert still attached to their mother? Thy heart then is still hers? Or dost thou now regret her and them, because thou art satiated with my fondness, and weary of my endearments? Had these young ones grown up, would they not have attached thee, thy spirit and thy affections more closely to this earth of clay—to this dust, and have alienated thee from that sphere to which I, who have already passed the grave, endea- vour to raise thee? Say is thy spirit so heavy, or thy love so weak, or thy faith so hollow, that the hope of being mine for ever is unable to touch thee?" Thus did Brunhilda express her indig- nation at her consort's grief, and for- bade him her presence. The fear of offending her beyond forgiveness, and his anxiety to appease her soon dried up his tears; and he again abandoned himself to his fatal passion, until ap- proaching destruction, at length awak- ened him from his delusion.

Neither maiden, nor youth, was any longer to be seen, either within the dreary walls of the castle, or the adjoining territory:—all had disappeared; for those whom the grave had not swal- lowed up, had fled from the region of death. Who, therefore, now remained to quench the horrible thirst of the female vampire, save Walter himself? and his death she dared to contemplate

removed; for that divine sentiment that unites two beings in one joy and one sorrow was unknown to her bosom. Was he in his tomb, so was she free to search out other victims, and glut herself with destruction, until she herself should, at the last day, be consumed with the earth itself: such is the fatal law, to which the dead are subject, when awoken by the arts of necromancy from the sleep of the grave.

She now began to fix her blood-thirsty lips on Walter's breast, when cast into a profound sleep by the odour of her violet breath, he reclined beside her quite unconscious of his impending fate: yet soon did his vital powers begin to decay; and many a grey hair peeped through his raven locks. With his strength, his passion also declined; and he now frequently left her in order to pass the whole day in the sports of the chase, hoping thereby, to regain his wonted vigour. As he was reposing one day in a wood beneath the shade of an oak, he perceived, on the summit of a tree, a bird of strange appearance, and quite unknown to him; but, before he could take aim at it with his bow, it flew away into the clouds; at the same time, letting fall a rose-coloured rosette which dropped at Walter's feet, who immediately took it up, and, although he was well acquainted with almost every plant, he could not remember to have seen any at all resembling this. Its delightfully odoriferous scent induced him to try its flavour, but ten times more bitter than wormwood, it was even as gall in his mouth; upon which, impatient of the disappointment, he flung it away with violence. Had he, however, been aware of its miraculous quality, and that it acted as a counter charm against the opiate perfume of Brunhilda's breath, he would have blessed it in spite of its bitterness: thus do mortals often blindly cast away in displeasure, the unsavoury remedy that would otherwise work their woe.

When Walter returned home in the evening, and laid him down to repose

as usual by Brunhilda's side, the magic power of her breath produced no effect upon him; and for the first time during many months did he close his eyes in a natural slumber. Yet hardly had he fallen asleep, ere a pungent smarting pain disturbed him from his dreams; and, opening his eyes, he discerned, by the gloomy rays of a lamp, that glimmered in the apartment, what for some moments transfixed him quite aghast, for it was Brunhilda, drawing with her lips, the warm blood from his bosom. The wild cry of horror which at length escaped him, terrified Brunhilda, whose mouth was besmeared with the warm blood. "Monster!" exclaimed he, springing from the couch, "is it thus that you love me?"

"Aye, even as the dead love," replied she, with a malignant coldness.

"Creature of blood!" continued Walter, "the delusion which has so long blinded me is at an end: thou art the fiend who hast destroyed my children—who hast murdered the offspring of my vassals." Raising herself upwards, and, at the same time, casting on him a glance that froze him to the spot with dread, she replied. "It is not I who have murdered them:—I was obliged to pamper myself with warm youthful blood, in order that I might satisfy thy furious desires—thou art the murderer!"—These dreadful words summoned, before Walter's terrified conscience, the threatening shades of all those who had thus perished; while despair choked his voice. "Why," continued she, in a tone that increased his horror, "why dost thou make mouths at me like a puppet? Thou who hadst the courage to love the dead—to take into thy bed, one who had been sleeping in the grave, the bed-fellow of the worm—who hast clasped in thy lustful arms, the corruption of the tomb—dost thou, unhallow, thou art, now raise this hideous sacrifice of a few lives?—Thou but leaves swept from their brows a storm.—Come, chase thee

cies, and taste the bliss thou hast so dearly purchased." So saying, she extended her arms towards him; but this motion served only to increase his terror, and exclaiming: "Accursed Being,"—he rushed out of the apartment.

All the horrors of a guilty, upbraiding conscience became his companions, now that he was awakened from the delirium of his unholy pleasures. Frequently did he curse his own obstinate blindness, for having given no heed to the hints and admonitions of his children's nurses, but treating them as vile calumnies. But his sorrow was now too late, for, although repentance may gain pardon for the sinner, it cannot alter the immutable decrees of fate—it cannot recall the murdered from the tomb. No sooner did the first break of dawn appear, than he set out for his lonely castle in the mountains, determined no longer to abide under the same roof with so terrific a being; yet vain was his flight, for, on waking the following morning, he perceived himself in Brunhilda's arms, and quite entangled in her long raven tresses, which seemed to involve him, and bind him in the fetters of his fate; the powerful fascination of her breath held him still more captivated, so that, forgetting all that had passed, he returned her caresses, until awakening as if from a dream he recoiled in unmixed horror from her embrace. During the day he wandered through the solitary wilds of the mountains, as a culprit seeking an asylum from his pursuers; and, at night, retired to the shelter of a cave; fearing less to couch himself within such a dreary place, than to expose himself to the horror of again meeting Brunhilda; but, alas! it was in vain that he endeavoured to flee her. Again, when he awoke, he found her the part-

bed. Nay, had he of the earth as his he even imbedded cks, or formed his sses of the ocean,

still had he found her his constant companion; for, by calling her again into existence, he had rendered himself inseparably hers; so fatal were the links that united them.

Struggling with the madness that was beginning to seize him, and brooding incessantly on the ghastly visions that presented themselves to his horror-stricken mind, he lay motionless in the gloomiest recesses of the woods, even from the rise of sun till the shades of eve. But, no sooner was the light of day extinguished in the west, and the woods buried in impenetrable darkness, than the apprehension of resigning himself to sleep drove him forth among the mountains. The storm played wildly with the fantastic clouds, and with the rattling leaves, as they were caught up into the air, as if some dread spirit was sporting with these images of transitoriness and decay: it roared among the summits of the oaks as if uttering a voice of fury, while its hollow sound rebounding among the distant hills, seemed as the moans of a departing sinner, or as the faint cry of some wretch expiring under the murderer's hand: the owl too, uttered its ghastly cry as if foreboding the wreck of nature. Walter's hair flew disorderly in the wind, like black snakes wreathing around his temples and shoulders; while each sense was awake to catch fresh horror. In the clouds he seemed to behold the forms of the murdered; in the howling wind to hear their laments and groans; in the chilling blast itself he felt the direction of Brunhilda; in the cry of the screeching bird he heard her voice; in the mouldering leaves he scented the charnel-bed out of which he had awakened her. "Murderer of thy own offspring," exclaimed he in a voice making night, and the conflict of the element still more hideous, paramour of a blood-thirsty vampire, "reveller with the corruption of the tomb!" while in his despair he rent the wild locks from his head. Just then the full moon darted from beneath the bursting clouds;

and the sight recalled to his remembrance the advice of the sorcerer, when he trembled at the first apparition of Brunhilda rising from her sleep of death;—namely, to seek him, at the season of the full moon, in the mountains, where three roads met. Scarcely had this gleam of hope broke in on his bewildered mind, than he flew to the appointed spot.

On his arrival, Walter found the old man seated there upon a stone, as calmly as though it had been a bright sunny day, and completely regardless of the uproar around. "Art thou come then?" exclaimed he to the breathless wretch, who, flinging himself at his feet, cried in a tone of anguish:—"Oh save me—succour me—rescue me from the monster that scattereth death and desolation around her."

"I am acquainted with all," returned the sorcerer, "thou now perceivest how wholesome was the advice—'Wake not the dead.'"

"And wherefore a mysterious warning? why didst thou not rather disclose to me, at once, all the horrors that awaited my sacrilegious profanation of the grave?"

"Wert thou able to listen to any other voice than that of thy impetuous passions? Did not thy eager impatience shut my mouth at the very moment I would have cautioned thee?"

"True, true:—thy reproof is just: but what does it avail now;—I need the promptest aid."

"Well," replied the old man, "there remains even yet a means of rescuing thyself, but it is fraught with horror, and demands all thy resolution."

"Utter it then, utter it; for what can be more appalling, more hideous than the misery I now endure?"

"Know then," continued the sorcerer, "that only on the night of the new moon, does she sleep the sleep of mortals; and then all the supernatural power which she inherits from the grave totally fails her. 'Tis then that thou

"—murder her."

"How! murder her!" cried Walter.

"Aye," returned the old man calmly, "pierce her bosom with a sharped dagger, which I will furnish with; at the same time renounce memory for ever, swearing never to think of her intentionally, and thou dost involuntarily, thou wilt reverse the curse."

"Most horrible! yet what can be more horrible than she herself? I'll do it."

"Keep then this resolution until next new moon."

"What, must I wait until then?" cried Walter, "alas ere then, either savage thirst for blood will have found me into the night of the tomb, or horror will have driven me into the land of madness."

"Nay," replied the sorcerer, "I can prevent;" and, so saying, conducted him to a cavern far among the mountains. "Abide here twice seven days," said he; "so can I protect thee against her deceits. Here wilt thou find all provision for thy wants; but take heed that nothing tempt thee to quit this place. Farewell, when the moon shows itself, then do I repair to thee again." So saying, the sorcerer drew a magic circle around the cave, then immediately disappeared.

Twice seven days did Walter coast in this solitude, where his companions were his own terrifying thoughts, his bitter repentance. The present presented the image of a horrible deed which he must perforce commit; the past was poisoned by the memory of his guilt. Did he think on his former happy union with Brunhilda, the horrible image presented itself to imagination with her lips defiled with dropping blood: or, did he call to mind the peaceful days he had passed with Swanhilda, he beheld her sorrowful spirit, with the shadows of her murdered children. Such were the bad

him by day : those of ill more dreadful, for then Brunhilda herself, who, waning the magic circle which would not pass, called upon his name, the cavern re-echoed the sound. "Walter, my betrothed, wherefore dost thou art thou not mine ? for I am here, and mine here—dost thou seek to murder me ? commit not a deed which will lead to perdition—thyself as well as me."

In this manner did the constant torment him each day, even when she departed, and he could not find any rest or repose.

One day the new moon at length shone as the deed it was doom-orth. The sorcerer entered the hall ; "Come, said he, to thy bed ; depart hence, the hour is late ;" and he forthwith commanded silence from the grave, and the black steed, the sight of which led to Walter's remembrance of that fatal night. He then related to Brunhilda's nocturnal visions, anxiously enquired whether they were of eternal perdition filled or not. "Mortals need not fear the sorcerer," said he, "may I reveal dark secrets of another world to thee ? penetrate the deep abyss that lies beneath the earth from heaven." Walter mounted the steed. "Be assured," he claimed his companion, "for I am it granted to thee to see all, and, should thou fail to do so, can rescue thee from her power."

"Can be more horrible than I am determined :—" and he, mounting the horse, the sorcerer followed him.

With a rapidity equal to that with which the winds sweep across the sky, in a brief space arrived at the spot. All the doors flew open, and adding of his companion, he readily reached Brunhilda's chamber, and stood beside her couch.

Reclining in a tranquil slumber ; she reposed in all her native loveliness, every trace of horror had disappeared from her countenance ; she looked so pure, meek and innocent that all the sweet hours of their endearments rushed to Walter's memory, like interceding angels pleading in her behalf. His unnerved hand could not take the dagger which the sorcerer presented to him. "The blow must be struck even now," said the latter, "shouldst thou delay but an hour, she will lie at day-break on thy bosom, sucking the warm life-drops from thy heart."

"Horrible ! most horrible !" faltered the trembling Walter, and turning away his face, he thrust the dagger into her bosom, exclaiming—"I curse thee for ever !"—and the cold blood gushed upon his hand. Opening her eyes once more, she cast a look of ghastly horror on her husband, and, in a hollow dying accent said—"Thou too art doomed to perdition."

"Lay now thy hand upon her corse," said the sorcerer, "and swear the oath."—Walter did as commanded, saying—"Never will I think of her with love, never recall her to mind intentionally, and, should her image recur to my mind involuntarily, so will I exclaim to it : be thou accursed."

"Thou hast now done every thing," returned the sorcerer ;—"restore her therefore to the earth, from which thou did'st so foolishly recall her ; and be sure to recollect thy oath : for, shouldst thou forget it but once, she would return, and thou wouldst be inevitably lost. Adieu—we see each other no more." Having uttered these words he quitted the apartment, and Walter also fled from this abode of horror, having first given directions that the corse should be speedily interred.

Again did the terrified Brunhilda repose within her grave ; but her image continually haunted Walter's imagination, so that his existence was one continued martyrdom, in which he continually struggled, to dismiss from his

recollection the hideous phantoms of the past ; yet, the stronger his effort to banish them, so much the more frequently and the more vividly did they return ; as the night-wanderer, who is enticed by a fire-wisp into quagmire or bog, sinks the deeper into his damp grave the more he struggles to escape. His imagination seemed incapable of admitting any other image than that of Brunhilda : now he fancied he beheld her expiring, the blood streaming from her beautiful bosom : at others he saw the lovely bride of his youth, who reproached him with having disturbed the slumbers of the tomb ; and to both he was compelled to utter the dreadful words, " I curse thee for ever." The terrible imprecation was constantly passing his lips ; yet was he in incessant terror lest he should forget it, or dream of her without being able to repeat it, and then, on awaking, find himself in her arms. Else would he recall her expiring words, and, appalled at their terrific import, imagine that the doom of his perdition was irrecoverably passed. Whence should he fly from himself ? or how erase from his brain these images and forms of horror ? In the din of combat, in the tumult of war and its incessant pour of victory to defeat ; from the cry of anguish to the exultation of victory—in these he hoped to find at least the relief of distraction : but here too he was disappointed. The giant fang of apprehension now seized him who had never before known fear ; each drop of blood that sprayed upon him seemed the cold blood that had gushed from Brunhilda's wound ; each dying wretch that fell beside him looked like her, when expiring, she exclaimed :—" Thou too art doomed to perdition ;" so that the aspect of death seemed more full of dread to him than aught beside, and this unconquerable terror compelled him to abandon the battle-field. At length, after many a weary and fruitless wandering, he returned to his castle. Here all was deserted and silent, as if the

sword, or a still more deadly pestilence had laid every thing waste : for the few inhabitants that still remained, and even those servants who had once shewn themselves the most attached, now fled from him, as though he had been branded with the mark of Cain. With horror he perceived that, by uniting himself as he had done with the dead, he had cut himself off from the living, who refused to hold any intercourse with him. Often, when he stood on the battlements of his castle, and looked down upon desolate fields, he compared their present solitude with the lively activity they were wont to exhibit, under the strict but benevolent discipline of Swanhilda. He now felt that she alone could reconcile him to life, but durst he hope that one, whom he had so deeply agrieved, could pardon him, and receive him again ? Impatience at length got the better of fear ; he sought Swanhilda, and, with the deepest contrition, acknowledged his complicated guilt ; embracing her knees he beseeched her to pardon him, and to return to his desolate castle, in order that it might again become the abode of contentment and peace. The pale form which she beheld at her feet, the shadow of the lately blooming youth, touched Swanhilda. " Thy folly," said she gently, " though it has caused me much sorrow, has never excited my resentment or my anger. But say, where are my children ? To this dreadful interrogation the agonized father could for a while frame no reply : at length he was obliged to confess the dreadful truth. " Then we are ~~sum-~~dered for ever," returned Swanhilda ; nor could all his tears or supplications prevail upon her to revoke the sentence she had given.

Stripped of his last earthly hope, bereft of his last consolation, and thereby rendered as poor as mortal can possibly be on this side of the grave, Walter returned homewards ; when, as he was riding through the forest in the neighbourhood of his castle, about

his gloomy meditations, the sudden
 ad of a horn roused him from his
 rie. Shortly after he saw appear a
 ale figure clad in black, and mount-
 on a steed of the same colour: her
 re was like that of a huntress, but,
 ead of a falcon, she bore a raven in
 hand; and she was attended by a
 troop of cavaliers and dames. The
 salutations being passed, he found
 she was proceeding the same road
 himself; and, when she found that
 her's castle was close at hand, she
 rested that he would lodge her for
 night, the evening being far ad-
 ded. Most willingly did he comply
 this request, since the appearance
 he beautiful stranger had struck him
 tly; so wonderfully did she resem-
 Swanhilda, except that her locks
 e brown, and her eye dark and full
 ire. With a sumptuous banquet
 he entertain his guests, whose mirth
 songs enlivened the lately silent
 a. Three days did this revelry con-
 e, and so exhilarating did it prove
 Valter, that he seemed to have for-
 en his sorrows and his fears; nor
 ld he prevail upon himself to dismiss
 visitors, dreading lest, on their de-
 ure, the castle would seem a hun-
 d times more desolate than before,
 his grief be proportionably in-
 eed. At his earnest request, the
 nger consented to stay seven days,
 again another seven days. Without
 ag requested, she took upon herself
 superintendence of the household,
 ch she regulated as discreetly and
 erfully as Swanhilda had been wont
 lo, so that the castle, which had so
 ly been the abode of melancholy
 horror, became the residence of
 ure and festivity, and Walter's grief
 ppeared altogether in the midst of
 uch gaiety. Daily did his attach-
 nt to the fair unknown increase; he
 a made her his confidant; and, one
 sing as they were walking together
 st from any of her train, he related
 her his melancholy and frightful his-
 ry. "My dear friend," returned

she, as soon as he had finished his tale,
 "it ill beseems a man of thy discrefion
 to afflict thyself, on account of all this.
 Thou hast awakened the dead from the
 sleep of the grave, and afterwards found,
 —what might have been anticipated,
 that the dead possess no sympathy
 with life. What then? thou wilt not
 commit this error a second time. Thou
 hast however murdered the being whom
 thou had'st thus recalled again to exist-
 ence—but it was only in appearance,
 for thou couldst not deprive that of life,
 which properly had none. Thou hast,
 too, lost a wife and two children: but,
 at thy years, such a loss is most easily
 repaired. There are beauties who will
 gladly share thy couch, and make thee
 again a father. But thou dread'st the
 reckoning of hereafter:—go, open the
 graves and ask the sleepers there whether
 that hereafter disturbs them." In such
 manner would she frequently exhort
 and cheer him, so that, in a short time,
 his melancholy entirely disappeared.
 He now ventured to declare to the un-
 known the passion with which she had
 inspired him, nor did she refuse him
 her hand. Within seven days after-
 wards the nuptials were celebrated, and
 the very foundations of the castle seemed
 to rock from the wild tumultuous uproar
 of unrestrained riot. The wine streamed
 in abundance; the goblets circled inces-
 santly: intemperance reached its ut-
 most bounds, while shouts of laughter,
 almost resembling madness, burst from
 the numerous train belonging to the
 unknown. At length Walter, heated
 with wine and love, conducted his bride
 into the nuptial chamber: but, oh!
 horror! scarcely had he clasped her in
 his arms, ere she transformed herself
 into a monstrous serpent, which en-
 twining him in its horrid folds, crushed
 him to death. Flames crackled on
 every side of the apartment; in a few
 minutes after, the whole castle was
 enveloped in a blaze that consumed
 it entirely: while, as the walls fell in
 with a tremendous crash, a voice ex-
 claimed aloud—"Wake not the dead!"

THE MOUNTAIN KING.

A Swedish Legend.

One is surprised that the legendary lore of Sweden should be so little known to the rest of Europe; for, although it is a country less explored by travellers than any other so far advanced in civilization, there is a penetrating spirit in popular poetry, that usually enables it to make its way, under every disadvantage.

The incidents in the following tale are taken from an old Swedish ballad, founded on a superstition common in ancient times to that country and our own; the mythology of both nations having peopled the interior of their mountains with a powerful, vindictive, and mysterious race—objects always of terror, and sometimes of unwary love, but usually fatal to those by whom they were not sedulously shunned.

"Open, open, green hill, and let a fair maid in," with the subsequent admittance of the damsel, according to her invocation, in one of our nursery-tales, is evidently akin to the fate of Isabel.

She heard the bell toll, and went forth at the dawn—
It is not to matins the maiden is gone:
The mother believes that her child went to pray—
No prayer did fair Isabel utter that day.

Where, through the gay twilight, did Isabel go?
Alas! to the mountains with helmets of snow,
Whose dark brows seem to frown o'er the laurel and rose
That so lovingly under their shadows repose.

On the highest of hills did fair Isabel rest,—
Her delicate fingers have tapped at its breast;
"Rise, king of the mountains! unbar thy green door,
I have seen thee in dreams! I must see thee once more."

"Cease, Isabel, cease! I refuse for thy sake;
That maid is my bride who beholds me awake:
And some cruel infliction the Fates ever bring
To her who espouses the pale Mountain King."

"Let my fate be the darkest thy caverns have seen,
I will brave all its horrors to move as thy queen:
Then rise! Mountain Monarch! unbar thy green door,
I must gaze on thy terrible beauty once more."

The lightning flash'd blue, and the thunder spake loud,
The sun was obscured in an ominous cloud;
The doors of the mountain, in darkness and storm,
Flew open—and closed over Isabel's form.

In a palace of splendour, received as a queen,
A rich robe is clasp'd round her by handmaids unseen
And the gems of her crown are selected to vie
With her sun-shine of smile, and her soul-speaking eye

Sweet voices, responsive, breathe softly around,
And pour on her name all the treasures of sound—
Now harmoniously blending, now pearly and bright,
Falls each delicate note, like a drop of pure light.

Now they linger and fade, like a lover's last sigh,
And now the full chorus floats proudly on high,
Where, like Iris in hue, shedding odours divine,
Lamps nourish'd with perfumes eternally shine.

But the wild rush of hope that check'd Isabel's breath
Closed her ear to soft tunes, like the dull ear of death
And she mark'd not the splendour that glitter'd around,
Her eye sought but one object—her ear but one sound.

'Twas a moment, no more—yet seem'd ages to fleet,
 Ere the pale mountain Monarch appeared at her feet;
 He knelt at her feet, and he whisper'd soft vows—
 Words, man dare not utter, have made her his spouse.

His subjects are thronging with looks of surprise,
 And fix on her face their inquisitive eyes;
 They drew near with respect, yet she met them with awe,
 For a likeness in each to their monarch she saw

And wherever she turned, the same lines were impressed
 Of the visage imprinted so deep in her breast;
 So sweetly majestic—so mildly severe—
 That her tremulous love often thrill'd into fear.

But he calms her in whispers, and gems her dark hair
 With treasures and wonders—the beauteous—the rare—
 Sought in darkest recesses of desolate caves,
 Paved with jasper, and cover'd with deep-flowing waves.

Her life one smooth ocean of boundless repose,
 Without chance, change, or time, like eternity shews,
 Save that eight smiling infants successively shine,
 Flashing star after star, in their beauty divine.

When she drank the deep love of their fathomless eyes,
 Feeling heaven's own breath in their infantine sighs,
 These ineffable stirrings of nature awaken
 The deepest remorse for a mother forsaken.

In the full tide of passion did Isabel fling
 Her fair form at the feet of the pale Mountain King;
 "A boon from my lord and my husband I crave,
 Let me kiss my fond mother, or weep o'er her grave."

"Then go to thy mother—in sadness bereft,
 But say not a word of the babes thou hast left."—
 Soon was Isabel lock'd in a parent's embrace,
 And the tears of forgiveness fell fast on her face.

"Oh remain my lost bird, in the haunts of thy youth,
 Nor again flee the precincts of honour and truth;
 Though the gardens of Error are perfum'd with flowers,
 The adder and snake lie conceal'd in her bowers."

"With the blushes of shame had her cheek ever burn'd,
 To her home had fair Isabel never return'd;
 By the King of the Mountains selected as queen,
 The truest and fondest of wives have I been.

"In his realms neither sorrow nor sickness appear—
 I had nearly forgot—almost long'd for—a tear;
 And our bridal is blest by the bounty of heaven—
 I have one peerless daughter—my sons they are seven."

Then strode o'er the threshold the pale Mountain King
 "Why standest thou here, thus presuming to fling
 Such aspersions on me as I ne'er can forgive?
 The revealer of secrets deserves not to live."

"No aspersions on thee have these lips ever thrown,
 I have dwelt on thy love and thy kindness alone."
 "Thou hast mention'd the babes with thy venomous breath,
 Thou fool! that vain boast has condemn'd them to death.

"Forwarn'd, thou hast broken the merciful spell
 That permits in our palace those children to dwell,
 Whose existence has never been whisper'd on earth—
 Oh! accursed the hour I rejoiced in their birth!"

Then he struck her fair face as she knelt at his feet—
 "Oh! the death-blow," she cried, "from thy hands will be sweet!
 Since the deep chords of love thus mysteriously thrill,
 While I suffer in patience resigned to thy will."

"In this ill-fated mansion no more shalt thou stay;
 Where thy crime was committed: away! then—away!
 "Farewell, my dear father; farewell, my fond mother!
 Farewell, weeping sister! farewell, infant brother!"

"Farewell, ye high heavens! farewell thou green earth!
 And farewell, thou sweet home, the dear place of my birth!
 For the King of the Mountains I have left ye before,
 And for him, in his anger, I leave ye once more."

Horrid laughter appears in the monarch's dark face,
 While nine circles around the tall mountain they trace—
 And the tears on fair Isabel's bosom fell fast,
 As smaller each circle became than the last.

The glad sun in the blue depths of heaven shone bright,
 As she gaspingly sought the last ray of its light;
 Her young daughter beheld her with terror o'ercome—
 "Oh, mother, dear mother! repose thee at last."

"Beneath this gold canopy lay thy pale head,
 Where cushions of crimson profusely I've spread."
 "My child! give me wine—bring the cup of my death—
 Then close my sad eyelids—receive my last breath."

"A more tender farewell thy poor mother would take,
 But fears, my sweet daughter! thy young heart 'twould break."
 She drank—and to lose a more warm heart was chill'd,
 Than by love's richest treasures had ever been fill'd.

Thus from home and from happiness Isabel stray'd
 And thus the pale monarch her passion repaid;
 Like a lily she sank when a pitiless shower
 Has unsparingly beat on the delicate flower.

THE DWARFS OF THE NINE MOUNTAINS OF RAMBIN.

From the German.

THE Nine Mountains at Ramin are inhabited by dwarfs, who dance, and sing, and sport in the moonlight, and more particularly when the earth is visited by spring or summer. These dwarfs are rather mischievous than malicious; they are fond of alluring children into their power, who then are compelled to serve them in their subterraneous abodes; but this service is not hard, and at the end of fifty years, by a law of the dwarf-kingdom, they are again set at liberty; nor do these fifty years add an hour to the age of captives; time and the sun have no

influence upon these realms of middle earth; and it is farther said, that such people have ever been fortunate in the world, either from the wisdom they learnt below, or from the assistance of their masters, who have wished to recompense their servitude.

The unearthly beings who dwell in the Nine Mountains belong to the class of Brown Dwarfs, and they are not malicious; but in two other mountains are White Dwarfs, and they are friends of all in the upper world; and also Black Dwarfs, who are metals with an ingenuity far

n ; but their hearts are evil, re never to be trusted.

ow tell a story of these Brown the Nine Mountains, which long ago ; I had it, in my from Henry Fierk, who was at Giesendorf, and who was ainted with all such matters. therefore, suppose that it is tells this story.

nce lived at Rambin, a pea- ed Jacob Dietrich, with his family. Of all his children, ved the youngest, who was is eighth year, and tended a meadow by the Nine Moun- e the little Hans got acquaint- cowerd, called Klas Stark- ey-headed man, whose brain volume of ancient fairy tales. old peasant was fond of re- s legends, the boy was no of listening to them, till at ung fancy was so inflamed, ld neither speak nor think of dwarfs and gnomes, and gol- and crowns of diamonds.

he wished to get a dwarf- las had told him, that who- fortunate to find or gain one, ly descend into the mountain, ll the dwarfs at his command. resolved to try, and one night from home, and laid him- e top of the highest mountain, heart beat all the time like a and his breathing was as the autumn. And now the clock lve ! On a sudden he heard ing, and a whistling, and a nd the song of voices, and of little feet in the dance, yet nothing was visible to his he flowers and the leaves, that sleeping in the moon-shine.

a cap fell close before his n instant he seized it, and in of his heart set it upon his en—Oh wonder ! the little rere at once visible. The ld fain have got back his cap r, but Hans was inexorable,

and showed his knowledge or his newly-acquired power, by ordering the little brownie to provide a supper. The dwarf was forced to obey, for his power had gone from him with his cap of invisibility.

The cock now crowed for the third time, and the young light streaked the east, when "Away ! away !" sound- ed from the bushes, and the stalks, and the flowers—and the mountain opened, and all sank below in a silver cistern.

Hans was astonished in his descent at the magic glitter of the walls : they were as if inlaid with pearls and diamonds, such was their exceeding brilliance ; while beneath, and in the distance, he heard the sweetest music, that stole upon his senses like May- odours, and at length wrapped him in a gentle slumber. What time had passed he knew not, but when he awoke, his little brownie was by his side, ready to do him service ; and he found himself in a chamber that was brilliant beyond the splendour of the earth. The tables were of spotless marble, the walls of emerald ; and the frames of the mirrors were covered with diamonds. No sun shone in this sub- terranean kingdom, but the precious stones shed around a perpetual light, that was fairer and clearer than the fairest and clearest night of earth. They were the stars and the moons of this country, but their splendour was borrowed from no sun, and eclipsed by no clouds.

It was mid-day when a bell rang, and the brownie said, "Master, will you dine alone, or in the great assembly ?"—"In the great assembly," re- plied Hans, whither he was on the instant conducted by his servant. Here he saw an infinite crowd of little men and women already collected, while others poured into the hall from every side ; in many places the ground open- ed, and tables arose, covered with the most costly vessels, and the most de- licious meats, and wine that sparkled

in the goblets like water beneath the sun-beams. The chiefs of the little people invited Hans to their table, and placed him between their fairest maidens. The feast began, and soon the mirth waxed loud, for the dwarfs are a lively race, whose spirits are light and brilliant as the wine that bubbles in their glasses. Birds of the richest plumage were ever on the wing above them, pouring forth their songs in harmony with a strange music that floated through the air, so soft, so sweet, so wild; that it drew from its throne the anxious and delighted soul, to leave it quivering on the lips.

Crowds of servants waited around the tables. Some bore about the golden cups and the chrystal fruit-baskets; some strewn the ground with flowers, that must have grown in gardens near the sun; such was their exceeding beauty,—a beauty that was even undimmed by the lustre of the diamond: others scattered about odours so sweet, that the senses ached with pleasure. These servants were the children of men who had fallen into the power of the dwarfs. At first Hans was inclined to pity their estate, but when he observed their rich clothes, and their rosy cheeks, and the springiness of their steps, he thought to himself, “after all, they are not so badly off as I was in running after cows and oxen; and moreover, a time will come when they may be free again.” And he thought no more of them, but sported with his little companions, happier than any earthly king upon his throne.

They had sat thus for two hours, when the principal rang a little bell; in a trice sank the seats and the tables, and the company was again upon the foot. He rang a second time; and where the tables had been, there arose orange-trees, and palms, and myrtles, rich with fruit and blossom, and upon the branches sang the sweetest birds; but though their numbers were many as the sands in the desert, yet all their voices united in a perfect harmony.

Hans, however, soon found a cause; in a niche within the an aged man, who gave the which they were compelled to sit was silent as heavy Time, and a mortal word, while the rest went to talk too much.

The old man above now soon the dance, and the birds all back the old man's tune. Instant the whirl began, and the maidens, that had sat by Hans, him by the arms, and sprang about him in the dance for two hours and yet neither his breath waned nor his feet weary. The men danced, the wilder rose their till every soul was bathed in. Often in the time of his old Hans accustomed to say, when scribed this scene,—“There and no doubt are, greater joys ven; but earthly imagination weak to picture them.”

Thus passed the first week; second, Hans began to walk, as by his servant, through those and fields which seemed to end. From this may be imagined the vast depth below, for the sides of the mountain were more than a little peak, clothed with shrubs and bushes. The trees bloomed thickly in these verdant dells, were loaded with fruit, milk and wine were ever flowing from the rocks. It blew, and the clouds no wind; it was light, and the felt no sun: the waves rolled as if there was no danger: one perpetual was upon the grass and the trees, the leaves had never been touched by the heats of summer, the yellows of autumn, or the frost of winter.

Hans had lived thus many years when at last he resolved to visit the schools, and become a student of the servants, for the dwarfs make it their business of instructing all the children who fall into their power, as far as they may be capable of receiving instruction. But the little people have

sensions infinitely finer than any human workings, and are well acquainted with all the mysteries of nature. They are besides exceedingly industrious, and work the metals with a minuteness that can be only equalled by the texture of the blossom or the flower.

Amongst all his companions in the school, the one he best loved was a little fair-complexioned maiden, called Elizabeth, who came from his own village, and was the pastor's daughter. With her he passed his childhood in brotherly affection, without any thought of the earth or its inhabitants, till at length he had reached his eighteenth, and she her sixteenth, year, when this affection ripened into love. The dwarfs saw this with pleasure, for their great desire is to rule, and they hoped to enslave him by means of his passion for Elizabeth: but in this they were mistaken; he had learnt from his attendant, that he who was master of one dwarf was master of them all, and could command the utmost exertions of their power.

The affection of the lovers increased with the lapse of time, and every evening was spent in lonely twilight walks; or in the hours that darkness was upon the earth, the lustre of the diamond would wax dim here below: an artificial night then succeeded, not dark indeed, but pale as the evening glimmer in the aisles of some antiquated abbey. On such occasions, Hans was ever pleased and cheerful, but Elizabeth would often think of the life above, where men dwell beneath the changing robe of heaven. Still, however, this was but a passing shadow of the moment; in listening to him she loved, all she was speedily forgotten.

It once happened that they walked farther than was their custom, till they at last found themselves beneath the very spot where the mountain opened to let out the dwarfs into the upper world. In a sudden they heard the crowing of many cocks from the earth above, a sound that had not reached them for twelve long years; with it awoke in

Elizabeth's breast a thousand recollections of the earth,—of her home, and her dear parents, and the playmates of her childhood,—of the flowers of spring and the winter's fireside. Her heart was full; she fell upon the bosom of her lover, wetting his cheek with her tears, while for a time the words died away upon her lips. At length her passion found language for its expression. "It is beautiful here below, and the little race are kind and gentle, but yet my heart is not at home here, and never can be. This is not a life for human beings: every night I dream of my parents, and of the church, and of the Sunday crowds waiting around my father; and then—oh! then my heart throbs to be with them, and join in Christian prayer to God and the host of heaven. Here, too, we can never be man and wife, for here is no priest to marry us, and we must grow old and grey in singleness. Think of this and contrive some means for our departure."

And Hans answered his betrothed,—
"You advise me rightly, dear Elizabeth. It was to me also as if I heard in that cry the voice of Christ calling out in love,—*Ascend, my children, from the abodes of sorcery and blindness! ascend to the world of the sun, and walk like the other children of the earth.* Yes, Elizabeth, for the first time my heart is heavy. I will not stay here a day longer, for they dare not keep me. I am their master." At these last words Elizabeth came pale as death; they reminded her of what she had too lightly forgotten,—of her servitude, and its necessary duration for fifty years before she could revisit earth. "Alas," she said, this is well for you who have a power above that of the dwarfs; but a cruel law holds me to this place for fifty years. What have I to do on earth, when my father and mother are dead, and the playfellows of my youth are old and grey? Age will be upon your head also, and what then will it avail me that I am young, and only in my twentieth year? Poor, poor Elizabeth."

Hans felt the truth of what she had spoken; but he pressed her hand to his heart, and promised never to leave that place of middle earth, until he could leave it with his Elizabeth. With this they parted, sad and almost hopeless.

The whole night through Hans meditated upon the way of freeing his beloved: when morning broke he summoned to him the six chief dwarfs, with whom he always sat at dinner. Much as they were astonished at this call, they were forced to obey it, and when all were present, he demanded of them his Elizabeth. This was at once refused; upon which Hans, in great wrath, exclaimed, "You can and shall give up Elizabeth. You know my orders—I entreat no more—let me see you again with the morrow."

And the morrow came, but with it came no alteration in the resolves of the little people. Hans, therefore, began to shew his power, by employing them in breaking and dragging huge stones, and in other hard work, that martyred their tender limbs as if they had been stretched upon the rack. Still all was in vain.—He made them mangle each other with iron scourges, till the blood poured down in torrents—but he got no nearer to his object. At last he could no longer bear the sight of their torments, and, ceasing to plague them, he separated himself from their society, and lived almost as a hermit.

In one of his lonely walks, he was breaking the stones against each other for want of occupation, when suddenly a toad sprang from a piece of rock that he had just shivered. At this sight the tales of the old cowherd flashed upon his memory, and he exclaimed,—“Now, then, Elizabeth is mine; the malicious dwarfs could endure the scourge, but here is an enemy, whose sight will sting them worse than the sting of iron, or the bite of scorpions.” With this he inclosed the creature in a vase of silver, and again summoned the little people to his presence.

No sooner had they come within a

few paces of their noxious enemy, than its influence acted upon them like an electric shock. They fell to the earth convulsed, shivering, shrieking, and writhing like half-bruised serpents. Every hand was stretched forth to pray for mercy, and every voice was loud in promises. Hans, feeling that the power was now with himself, told them he should depart that night, between the hours of eleven and twelve, with his Elizabeth, and ordered them to load five waggons with the riches of their kingdom,—their books, their gold, their emeralds, and their diamonds. To this they promised assent, and even to his wish, that all their servants should be free, who, according to earthly reckoning, were more than twenty years of age.

It was an hour after midnight; the mountain opened, and they stood again upon the earth, and for the first time for twelve long years they saw the red of morning glimmering in the east. The dwarfs swarmed like bees about the waggons; all were busy, though in silence, for the hand of their master lay heavy on them; it looked like the breaking up of their kingdom. And now Hans took the brown cap from his head, waved it thrice in the air, and flung it amongst the crowd. In an instant all had vanished; nothing was to be seen but a few bushes;—nothing to be heard but the whispers of the grass that waved in the morning wind like the gentle rise of ocean when it swells but no wave breaks its surface. The clock from Rambin church struck two. All fell down upon their knees, and gave praise unto heaven.

Great was the surprise of the whole village, when this singular cavalcade appeared before the cottage of Jacob Dietrich. But wonder was soon lost in joy when the tale was told: the old man and the pastor blessed their children, and at their wedding danced forty maidens in their shoes of glass, a thing unheard of since the marriage of Hans Dietrich with the fair Elizabeth.



ALPHIN IRVING, THE FAIRIES' CUPBEARER.

A Scottish Traditional Tale.

The lady kilted her kirtle green
 A little aboon her knee,
 The lady snooded her yellow hair
 A little aboon her bree,
 And she's gane to the good green wood
 As fast as she could hie.

And first she let the black steed pass,
 And ayne she let the brown,
 And then she flew to the milk-white steed
 And pull'd the rider down:
 Syne out then sang the queen o' the fairies,
 Frae 'midst a bank of broom,
 She that has won him, young Tamlane,
 Has gotten a gallant groom."

Old Ballad.

mantic vale of Corriewater, lale, is regarded by the in- a pastoral and unmingled the last border refuge of atiful and capricious beings Many old people, yet living, hay have had intercourse of ls and good deeds with the

"good folk," and continue to tell, that in the ancient of days the fairies danced on the hill, and revelled in the glen, and shewed themselves like the mys- terious children of the deity of old among the sons and daughters of men. Their visits to the earth were periods of joy and mirth to mankind, rather than

of sorrow and apprehension. They played on musical instruments of wonderful sweetness and variety of note, spread unexpected feasts, the supernatural flavour of which overpowered on many occasions the religious scruples of the Presbyterian shepherds, performed wonderful deeds of horsemanship, and marched in midnight processions, when the sound of their elfin minstrelsy charmed youths and maidens into love for their persons and pursuits; and more than one family of Corriewater have augmented the numbers of the elfin chivalry. Faces of friends and relatives, long since doomed to the battle trench, or the deep sea, have been recognized by those who dared to gaze on the fairy march. The maid has seen her lost lover, and the mother her stolen child; and the courage to plan and achieve their deliverance has been possessed by, at least, one border maiden. In the legends of the people of Corriewater there is a singular mixture of elfin and human adventure, and the traditional story of the Cupbearer to the Queen of the Fairies appeals alike to our domestic feelings and imagination.

In one of the little green loops, or bends, on the banks of Corriewater, mouldered walls, and a few stunted wild plum-trees, and vagrant roses, still point out the scite of a cottage and garden. A well of pure spring-water leaps out from an old tree-root before the door, and here the shepherds, shading themselves in summer from the influence of the sun, tell to their children the wild tale of Elphin Irving, and his sister Phemie; and, singular as the story seems, it has gained full credence among the people where the scene is laid.

Even at that this day when a stranger enquires of an old inhabitant of Corriewater, respecting the truth of this tale, his answer will invariably be, "True!—Aye, I ken the place weel, and the tale's as true as a bullet to its

aim, and a spark to powder. Ye alas! too true, Elphin Irving came no into the world like the other sinful inhabitants of earth, and he went no from it like one."

When Elphin Irving and his sister Phemie were in their sixteenth year for tradition says they were twins, their father was drowned in Corriewater, attempting to save his sheep from a sudden swell, to which all mountain streams are liable; and their mother, on the day of her husband's burial, laid down her head on the pillow, from which on the seventh day, it was lifted to be dressed for the same grave. The inheritance left to the orphans may be briefly described: seventeen acres of plough and pasture land, seven milk cows, and seven pet sheep, (many old people take delight in odd numbers); and to this may be added, seven bonnet pieces of Scottish gold, and a broad sword and spear, which their ancestor had wielded with such strength and courage in the battle of Dryfe-sands, that the minstrel who sang of that deed of arms, ranked him only second to the Scotts and Johnstones.

The youth and his sister grew in stature and in beauty. The bent bright brow, the clear blue eye, and frank and blythe deportment of the former, gave him some influence among the young women of the valley; while the latter was no less the admiration of the young men, and at fair and dance, and at bridal, happy was he who touched her hand, or received the benediction of her eye. Like all other Scottish beauties, she was the theme of many a song; and while tradition is yet busy with the singular history of her brother, song has taken all the care that rustic minstrelsy can of the gentleness of her spirit, and the charms of her person.

But minstrel skill, and true love, both seemed to want their usual influence when they sought to win her attention; she was only observed to pay and

those youths who were most
y her brother ; and the same
brought these twins into the
med to have breathed through
veetness and an affection of
mind which nothing could
lf, like the virgin queen of
rtal poet, she walked " in
meditation fancy free," her
Elphin, seemed alike untouch-
e charms of the fairest virgins

He ploughed his field, he
s grain, he leaped, he ran,
led, and danced, and sang,
e skill, and life, and grace,
other youths of the district ;
d no twilight and stolen in-
when all other young men
loves by their side he was
ough not unsought ; and his
d never perfect, save when
was near him. If he loved to
time with her, she loved to
time with him alone, or with
of the field, or the birds of
She watched her little flock
she tended it early ; not for
love of the fleece, unless it
ke mantles for her brother,
he look of one who had joy
pany. The very wild crea-
deer and the hares, seldom
shun her : approach, and the
ok not its nest, nor stinted its
n she drew nigh ; such is the
which maiden innocence
y inspire.

ened one summer, about three
r they became orphans, that
een for awhile withheld from
the hill-sides began to parch,
in the vales to wither, and the

Corrie was diminished be-
banks to the size of an ordi-

The shepherds drove their
marsh lands, and lake and
their reeds invaded by the
supply the cattle with food.

of his sister were Elphin's
are ; he drove them to the
stures during the day, and
atched them at midnight,

when flocks, tempted by the sweet
dewy grass, are known to browse eagerly
that he might guard them from the fox,
and lead them to the choicest herbage.
In these nocturnal watchings he some-
times drove his flock over the water of
Corrie, for the fords were hardly ankle
deep, or permitted his sheep to cool
themselves in the stream, and taste the
grass which grew along the brink. All
this time not a drop of rain fell, nor did
a cloud appear in the sky.

One evening, during her brother's
absence with the flock, Phemie sat at
her cottage door, listening to the bleat-
ings of the distant folds, and the lessen-
ed murmur of the water of Corrie, now
scarcely audible beyond its banks. Her
eyes, weary with watching along the
accustomed line of road for the return
of Elphin, were turned on the pool
beside her, in which the stars were
glimmering fitful and faint. As she
looked she imagined the water grew
brighter and brighter ; a wild illumina-
tion presently shone upon the pool, and
leaped from bank to bank, and sud-
denly changing into a human form, as-
cended the margin, and passing her,
glided swiftly into the cottage. The
visionary form was so like her brother
in shape and air, that starting up she
flew into the house, with the hope of
finding him in his customary seat. She
found him not, and impressed with the
terror which a wraith or apparition sel-
dom fails to inspire, she uttered a shriek
so loud and so piercing as to be heard
at Johnstone bank, on the other side of
the vale of Corrie.

It is hardly known, how long Phe-
mie Irving continued in a state of
insensibility. The morning was far
advanced, when a neighbouring maiden
found her seated in an old chair, as
white as monumental marble ; her hair,
about which she had been solicitous,
loosened from its curls, and hanging
disordered over her neck and bosom,
her hands and forehead ; the maiden
touched the one and kissed the other,
they were as cold as snow : and her

eyes wide open were fixed on her brother's empty chair, with the intensity of gaze of one who had witnessed the appearance of a spirit. She seemed insensible of any one's presence, and sat fixed, and still, and motionless. The maiden, alarmed at her looks, thus addressed her:—"Phemie, lass, Phemie Irving, dear me, but this be awful! I have come to tell ye, that seven of your pet sheep have escaped drowning in the water; for Corrie, sae quiet and sae gentle yestreen, is rolling and dashing frae bank to bank this morning. Dear me, woman, dinna let the loss of world's gear bereave ye of your senses. I would rather make ye a present of a dozen mug-ewes of the Tinwald brood myself; and now I think on't, if ye'll send over Elphin, I will help him hame with them in the gloaming myself. So, Phemie, woman, be comforted."

At the mention of her brother's name she cried out, "Where is he? Oh! where is he?"—gazed wildly round, and shuddering from head to foot, fell senseless on the floor. Other inhabitants of the valley, alarmed by the sudden swell of the river, which from a brook had augmented to a torrent, deep and impassable, now came in to inquire if any loss had been sustained, for numbers of sheep and teds of hay had been observed floating down about the dawn of the morning. They assisted in reclaiming the unhappy maiden from her swoon; but insensibility was joy, compared to the sorrow to which she awakened. "They have ta'en him away, they have ta'en him away," she chaunted, in a tone of delirious pathos; "him that what was whiter and fairer than the lily of Lyddal-lee. They have long sought, and they have long sued, and they had the power to prevail against my prayers at last. They have ta'en him away; the flower is plucked from among the weeds, and the dove is slain amid a flock of ravens. They came with shout, and they came with song, and they spread the charm, and they placed the spell, and the baptized

brow has been bowed down to the unbaptized hand. They have ta'en him away, they have ta'en him away; he was too lovely, and too good, and too noble to bless us with his continuance on earth; for what are the sons of men compared to him?—the light of moon-beam, to the morning sun; the glow-worm, to the eastern star. They have ta'en him away; the invisible dwellers of the earth. I saw them come on him with shouting and with singing, and they charmed him where he sat, and away they bore him; and the horse he rode was never shod with iron, nor owned, before, the mastery of human hand. They have ta'en him away over the water, and over the wood, and over the hill. I got but ae look of his bonnie blue ee, but ae, ae look. But as I have endured what never maiden endured, so shall I undertake what never maiden undertook, I will win him from them all. I know the invisible ones of the earth; I have heard their wild and wondrous music in the wild woods, and there shall a christened maiden seek him, and achieve his deliverance." She paused, and glancing around a circle of condoling faces, down which the tears were dropping like rain, sat in a calm and altered, but still delightful tone—"Why do you weep, Mary Elphiday? and why do you weep, John Graeme? Ye think that Elphin Irving, oh! its a bonnie, bonnie name, and dear to many a maiden's heart as well as mine; ye think he is drowned in Corrie, and ye will seek in the deep, deep pools for the bonnie, bonnie eek, that ye may weep over it, as it lies in its last linen, and lay it, amid weeping and wailing, in the dowie kirk-yard. Ye may seek, but ye shall never find; so leave me to trim up my hair, and prepare my dwelling, and make myself ready to watch for the hour of his return to upper earth." And she resumed her household labours with an alacrity which lessened not the sorrow of her friends.

Meanwhile the rumour flew over the

vale that Elphin Irving was drowned in Corriewater. Matron and maid, old man and young, collected suddenly along the banks of the river which now began to subside to its natural summer limits, and commenced their search; interrupted every now and then by calling from side to side, and from pool to pool, and by exclamations of sorrow for this misfortune. The search was fruitless; five sheep, pertaining to the flock which he conducted to pasture, were found drowned in one of the deep eddies, but the river was still too brown from the soil of its moreland sources to enable them to see what its deep shelves, its pools, and its overcharging and lonely banks concealed. They remitted farther search till the stream should become pure, and old man taking old man aside, began to whisper about the mystery of the youth's disappearance; old women laid their lips to the ears of their coevals, and talked of Elphin Irving's fairy parentage, and his having been dropped by an unearthly hand into a Christian cradle. The young men and maidens conversed on other themes; they grieved for the loss of the friend and the lover, and while the former thought that another heart so kind and true was not left in the vale, the latter thought, as maidens will, on the handsome person, gentle manners, and merry blue eye, and speculated with a sigh on the time they might have hoped a return for their love. They were soon joined by others who had heard the wild and delirious language of his sister: the old belief was added to this new assurance, and both again commented upon by minds full of superstitious belief, and hearts full of supernatural fears, till the youths and maidens of Corrievale held no more love trystes for seven days and nights, lest, like Elphin Irving, they should be carried away to segment the ranks of the undriven chivalry.

It was curious to listen to the speculations of the peasantry. "For my

part," said a youth, "if I were sure that poor Elphin escaped from that perilous water, I would not give the fairies a pound of hiplock wool for their chance of him. There has not been a fairy seen in the land since Donald Cargil, the Cameronian, conjured them into the Solway for playing on their pipes during one of his nocturnal preachings on the hip of the Brunswark hill." "Preserve me, bairn," said an old woman, justly exasperated at the incredulity of her nephew, "if ye winna believe what I both heard and saw at the moonlight end of Craigy-burnwood on a summer night, rank after rank of the fairy folk; ye'll at least believe a douce man and a ghostly professor, even the late minister of Tinwaldkirk: his only son, I mind the lad weel, with his long yellow locks and his bonnie blue een, when I was but a gilpie of a lassie, he was stolen away from off the horse at his father's elbow, as they crossed that false and fearsome water, even Locherbriggflow, on the night of the Midsummer fair of Domfries. Aye, aye, who can doubt the truth of that; have not the goodly inhabitants of Almsfieldtown and Tinwaldkirk seen the sweet youth riding at midnight, in the midst of the unhallowed troop, to the sound of fife and dulcimer; and though mickle they prayed, nobody tried to achieve his deliverance." "I have heard it said by douce folk and sponnable," interrupted another, "that every seven years the elves and fairies pay kane, or make an offering of one of their children to the grand enemy of salvation, and that they are permitted to purloin one of the children of men to present to the fiend; a more acceptable offering, I'll warrant, than one of their own infernal brood that are Satan's sib allies, and drink a drop of the deil's blood every May morning. And touching this lost lad, ye all ken his mother was a hawk of an uncannie nest, a second cousin of Kate Kimmer of Barsfiochan, as rank

a witch as ever rode on rag wort. Aye, Sirs, what's bred in the bone is ill to come out of the flesh." On these and similar topics, which a peasantry, full of ancient tradition and enthusiasm, and superstition, readily associate with the commonest occurrence of life, the people of Corrievale continued to converse till the fall of evening; when each seeking his home, renewed again the wondrous subject; and illustrated it with all that popular belief and poetic imagination could so abundantly supply.

The night which followed this melancholy day was wild with wind and rain; the river came down broader and deeper than before, and the lightning, flashing by fits over the green woods of Corrie, showed the ungovernable and perilous flood sweeping above its banks. It happened that a farmer, returning from one of the border fairs, encountered the full swing of the storm; but mounted on an excellent horse, and mantled from chin to heel in a good grey plaid, beneath which he had the farther security of a thick great coat, he sat dry in the saddle, and proceeded in the anticipated joy of a subsided tempest and a glowing morning sun. As he entered the long grove, or rather remains of the old Galwegian forest, which lines for some space the banks of the Corriewater the storm began to abate; the wind sighed milder and milder among the trees; and here and there a star twinkling through the sudden rack of the clouds, showed the river raging from bank to brae. As he shook the moisture from his clothes, he was not without a wish that the day would dawn, and that he might be preserved on a road which his imagination beset with greater perils than the raging river; for his superstitious feeling let loose upon his path elf and goblin, and the current traditions of the district supplied very largely to his apprehension the ready materials of fear.

Just as he emerged from the wood, where a fine sloping bank, covered

with short green sward, skirts the limit of the forest, his horse made a full pause, snorted, trembled, and started from side to side, stooped his head, erected his ears, and seemed to scrutinize every tree and bush. The rider too, it may be imagined, gazed round and round, and peered warily into every suspicious looking place. His dread of a supernatural visitation was not much allayed, when he observed a female shape seated on the ground at the root of a huge old oak-tree, which stood in the centre of one of those patches of verdant sward, known by the name of "fairy rings," and avoided by all peasants who wish to prosper. A long thin gleam of eastern day-light enabled him to examine accurately the being who, in this wild place and unusual hour, gave additional terror to this haunted spot. She was dressed in white from the neck to the knees; her arms, long, and white, were perfectly bare; her head uncovered, allowed her long hair to descend in ringlet succeeding ringlet, till the half of her person was nearly concealed in the fleece. Amidst the whole, her hands were constantly busy in shedding aside the tresses which interposed between her steady and uninterrupted gaze, down a line of old road which winded among the hills to an ancient burial ground.

As the traveller continued to gaze, the figure suddenly rose; and wringing the rain from her long locks, paced round and round the tree, chaunting in a wild and melancholy manner an equally wild and delirious song.

The Fairy Oak of Corriewater.

The small bird's head is under its wing,
The dew sleeps on the grass;
The moon comes out and the stars shine down;
The dew gleams like the glim:
There is no sound in the world so wide,
Save the sound of the smitten brass,
With the merry cittern and the pipe
Of the fairies as they pass.—
But ah! the fire maun burn and burn,
And the hour is gone and will never return.

a hill cleaves, and forth, with a bound,
elf and elfin steed;
n dives down in a golden cloud,
as grow dim with dread;
it is running along the earth,
heaven's they have no need;
r and morn with a shout they pass,
e word is spur and speed—
re maun burn and I maun quake,
our is gone that will never come back.

they came to Craigburnwood
oven of the Fairies' poke;
bind your steeds to the rushes so green,
nec by the haunted oak.
he acorn on Heshbon-hill,
nook of a palmer's poke,
at years since; here it grows!"
ey danced till the greenwood shook—
the fire, the burning fire
er it burns, it but blazes the higher.

won me a youth," the Elf-queen said,
treat that earth may see;
lit I have won young Elph Irving
p-bearer to be.
e lasts it for a ven sweet years,
a wage as a kins for me."
rily, merrily, laugh'd the wild elves
Corrie's greenwood tree—
the fire it glows in my brain,
hour is gone and comes not again.

an she has whisper'd a secret word,
e hither my Elphin sweet,
g that cup of the charmed wine,
p and mine to weet."
own. If shouted a loud loud shout,
e, leap on your couriers fleet.
comes the smell of some baptized flesh,
e sounding of baptized feet."—
the fire that burns, and maun burn;
ime that is gone will never return.

ed as white as the new-milk'd milk
lf-queen leap'd with a bound,
ng Elphin a steed like December snow
him at the word he found.
siden came, and her christened arms
ked her brother around,
ed on God, and the steed with a scort
oto the gaping ground.—
ire maun burn and I maun quake,
ime that is gone will no more come back.

held her brother, and lo! he grew
bull waked in ire;
held her brother, and lo! he changed
war roaring higher;
held her brother, and he became
l of the raging fire;
ked and snuk, and the wild elves laughed
ountain rang and mire.—
the fire yet burns in my brain,
our is gone and comes not again.

iden, why waxed thy faith so faint,
sprit so slack and slow?
age kept you! till the flame wax'd wud,
by might began to thaw;
laced him with thy christen'd lip,
I won him free 'mong us a'.
e the fire the elfin fire,
sede the faint and fa';
e the fire, the elfin fire,
er it burns it blazes the higher."

lose of this unusual strain the
down on the grass, and pro-

ceeded to bind up her long and disor-
dered tresses, gazed along the old and
unfrequented road. "Now God be
my helper," said the traveller, who
happened to be the laird of Johnstone-
bank, "can this be a trick of the fiend,
or can it be bonnie Phemie Irving, who
chaunts this dolorous sang? Some-
thing sad has befallen that makes her
seek her seat in this eerie nook amid
the darkness and tempest: through
might from aboon I will go on and see."
And the horse, feeling something of the
owner's reviving spirit in the applica-
tion of spur-steel, bore him at once to
the foot of the tree. The poor delirious
maiden uttered a yell of piercing joy
as she beheld him, and with the swift-
ness of a creature winged, linked her
arms round the rider's waist and shriek-
ed till the woods rang. "Oh, I have
ye now, Elphin, I have ye now," and
she strained him to her bosom with a
convulsive grasp. "What ails ye, my
bonnie lass?" said the laird of John-
stonebank, his fears of the supernatural
vanishing, when he beheld her sad and
bewildered look. She raised her eyes
at the sound, and seeing a strange face,
her arms slipped their hold and she
dropped with a groan on the ground.

The morning had now fairly broke;
the flocks shook the rain from their
sides, the shepherds hastened to inspect
their charges, and a thin blue smoke
began to stream from the cottages of
the valley into the brightening air. The
laird carried Phemie Irving in his arms,
till he observed two shepherds ascend-
ing from one of the loops of Corrie-
water, bearing the lifeless body of her
brother. They had found him whirling
round and round in one of the numerous
eddis, and his hand clutched and filled
with wool shewed that he had lost his
life in attempting to save the flock of
his sister. A plaid was laid over the
body, which, along with the maiden in
a half lifeless state, was carried into a
cottage, and laid in that apartment dis-
tinguished among the peasantry by the
name of the chamber. While a pea-

street's wife was left to take care of Phemie, an old man and matron, and maid had collected around the drowned youth, and each began to relate the circumstance of his death, when the door suddenly opened, and his sister, advancing to the corpse with a look of delirious serenity, broke out into a wild laugh and said: "O, it is wonderful, it's truly wonderful! that bare and death-cold body, dragged from the darkest pool of Corrie, with its hands filled with fine wood, bears the perfect similitude of my own Elphin! I'll tell ye—the spiritual dwellers of the earth, the Fairy-folk of our evening tale, have stolen the living body, and fashioned this cold and inanimate clod to mislead your pursuit. In common eyes, this seems all that Elphin Irving would be, had he sunk in Corriewater; but so it seems not to me. Ye have sought the living soul, and ye have found only its garment. But oh, if ye had beheld him, as I beheld him to-night, riding among the elfin troop the fairest of them all; had you clasped him in your arms, and wrestled with the spirits and terrible shapes from the other world, till your heart quailed and your flesh was subdued, then would ye yield no credit to the semblance this cold and apparent flesh bears to my brother. But hearken—on Hallowmass-eve, when the spiritual people are let loose on earth for a season, I will take my stand in the burial ground of Corrie, and when my Elphin and his unchristened troop come past with the sound of all their minstrelsy, I will leap on him and win him, or perish for ever."

All gazed aghast on the delirious maiden, and many of her auditors gave more credence to her distempered speech than to the visible evidence before them. As she turned to depart she looked round, and suddenly sank upon the body with tears streaming from her eyes, and sobbed out, "My brother! Oh, my brother!" She was carried

out insensible, and again recovered; and relapsed into her ordinary delirium, in which she continued till the Hallow-eve after her brother's burial. She was found seated in the ancient burial-ground, her back against a broken grave-stone, her locks white with frost-rime, seemingly watching with intensity of look the road to the kirk-yard: but the spirit which gave life to the fairest form of all the maids of Annandale was fled for ever.—Such is the singular story which the peasants know by the name of Elphin Irving, the Fairies' Cupbearer; and the title, in its fullest and most supernatural sense, still obtains credence among the industrious and virtuous dames of the romantic vale of Corrie. Even to this day there are more poetical compositions made upon the history of Phemie Irving and her brother than on any other fairy tale; and the following song may be often heard by the traveller issuing from the rosy lips of some charming peasant of Annandale.

Gay is thy glen, Corrie,
With all thy groves dowering;
Green is thy glen, Corrie,
When July is showering;
And sweet is yon wood,
Where the small birds are bowing,
And there dwells the sweet one
Whom I am adoring.

Her round neck is whiter
Than winter when snowing,
Her meek voice is milder
Than Ae in its flowing;
The glad ground yields music
Where she goes by the river,
One kind glance would charm me
For ever and ever.

The proud and the wealthy
To Phemie are bowing;
No looks of love win they
With sighing or wooing;
Far away man I stand
With my rude wooing,
She's a dower'd too lovely
To bloom for my prying.

O were I yon violet,
On which she is walking;
O were I yon small bird,
To which she is talking;
Or yon rose to her hand,
With its ripe ruddy blossom,
Or some pure gentle thorn-blossom,
To be blest with her bosom.



SIR GUY, THE SEEKER.

A Northumbrian Romance.

"——— Horror and doubt distract
His troubled thoughts, and in his bosom stir
The hell within him. Now conscience wakes despair
Which slumbered; wakes the better memory
Of what he was, what is, and what must be
Worse; of worse deeds, worse sufferings must ensue."

Legend is founded upon a tradition current in Northumberland. Indeed, an adventure nearly similar to Sir Guy's, is said to have taken place in various parts of Britain, particularly on the Pentland Hills in Scotland, (where the prisoners supposed to be King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table,) and in Lap-land, where an ale-house near Chorley still exhibits the sign of a Sir John Stanley being an old man with a torch, while his horse starts back in terror at the objects are discovered through two immense iron gates—the ale-house is known by the name of the "IRON GATES," which are supposed to protect the entrance of an underground cavern in the neighbourhood—the female captive, we believe, is peculiar to Dunstanburgh Castle; and certain shining stones, which are occasionally found in the neighbourhood, and which are called "DUNSTANBURGH DIAMONDS," are supposed by the peasants to form part of that immense treasure, with which the lady rewarded her deliverer.—In Wallis's "History of the Antiquities of Northumberland," the castle is described as follows:—"It stands on an eminence of several sloping gently to the sea, and on the north and north-west edged with precipices in the form of a crescent: by the western termination of which are three large stone pyramids of a considerable height, and by the eastern one an opening into the sea, under a frightful precipice, called Rumble Churn, the breaking of the waves in tempestuous weather and high seas. Above this is the entrance, and by it the ruins of the chapel: at the south-west corner is the well, partly filled up. It is built with rag and whinstone."

Like those in the head of a man just dead
Are his eyes, and his beard's like snow;
But when here he came, his glance was a
flame,
And his locks seemed the plumes of the
crow.

Since then are o'er forty summers and more;
Yet he still near the castle remains,
And pines for a sight, of that lady bright,
Who wears the wizard's chains.

Nor sun nor snow from the ruins to go
Can force that aged wight;
And still the pile, hall, chapel, and aisle,
He searches day and night.

But had can he ne'er the winding stair,
Which he past that beauty to see,
Whom spells enthrall in the haunted hall,
Where none but *once* may be.

That once regret will not let him forget!—
'Twas night and pelted showers
Did patter and splash when the lightning's
flash
Showed Dunstanburgh's grey towers.

Raised high on a mound that castle frowned
In ruined pagan-trie;
And where to the north did rocks jut forth,
Its towers hung o'er the sea.

Proud they stood and darkened the flood;
For the cliffs were so rugged and steep,
Had a plummet been dropt from their sum-
mit unstopped
That plummet had reached the deep.

Nor flower there grew; nor tree e'er drew
Its nurture from that ground,
Save a lonely yew whose branches threw
Their baleful shade around.

Loud was the roar on that sounding shore;
Yet still could the knight discern,
Louder than all, the swell and the fall
Of the bellowing Rumble Churn!

With a strange turmoil did it bubble and
boil,
And echo from place to place;
So strong was its dash, and so high did it
splash,
That it washed the castle's base.

The spray as it broke appeared like smoke
From a sea-volcano pouring;
And still it did rumble, and grumble, and
fumble,
Roaring! raging! roaring!

Up the hill Sir Guy made his courser fly,
And hoped, from the wind and the rain
That he ~~thought~~ should find some refuge kind,
But he sought it long in vain.

For fast and hard each portal was barred,
And against his efforts proof;
Till at length he espied a porch spread wide
The shelter of its roof.

"Gramercy, St. George!" quoth ~~glad~~ Sir
Guy,
And sought the porch with speed;
And fast to the yew, which near it grew,
He bound his Barbary steed.

And safely found on that sheltered ~~ground~~
From the sky's increasing gloom,
From his brow he took his cap, and in
the ~~dark~~
The rain fell, that burthened the ~~ground~~

Then long he stood in mournful ~~thought~~
With listless sullen air,
Propped on his lance, and with ~~listless~~
gaze
Watched the red lightning's glare.

And sadly listened to the shower,
On the clattering roof that fell;
And counted twice the lonely hour,
Tolled by some distant bell.

But scarce that bell could midnight tell,
When louder roared the thunder,
And the bolt so red whizzed by his head,
And burst the gates asunder.

And lo! through the dark a glimmering
spark
He espied of lurid-blue;
Onward it came, and a form all ~~same~~
Soon struck his wondering view.

'Twas an ancient man of visage wan,
Gigantic was his height;
And his breast below there was seen to flow
A beard of grizzled white.

And flames o'erspread his hairless head,
And down his beard they streamed;
And in his hand a radiant wand
Of burning iron gleamed.

Of darkest grain, with flowing train,
A wondrous robe he wore,
With many a charm to work man's harm
In fire embroidered o'er.

And this robe was bound his waist around
With a triple chain red-hot!—
And still came nigher that phantom of ~~fire~~
Till he reached the self-same spot.

And Sir Guy, while his hair bristled
 gh,
 in breath he scarce could draw ;
 rent his breast, for I wot, he guest
 Bezebub's self that he saw !

On the knight that ghastly wight
 his green and glassy eyes ;
 clanked his chain, and he howled
 ith pain,
 words were heard to rise.

Light, Sir Knight! if your heart be
 ght,
 our nerves be firm and true,
 st, Sir Knight! a beauty bright
 nce waits for you.

r Knight, Sir Knight! if you ever
 ew fright,
 ame forbear to view ;
 ight, Sir Knight! that you feasted
 er sight,
 you live, you'll surely rue!"—

mortal ne'er drew vital air,
 ritessed fear in me :
 at come will, come good come ill,
 m! I'll follow thee!"—

they go both high and low,
 and under ground,
 nd out, and about and about,
 and, and round, and round !

in is hushed, and lets them hear
 vlet's boding screech,
 brough many a passage drear
 ling stair they reach.

coming hand, which flamed like a
 and,
 the wizard led ;
 could Sir Guy hear a sob and a
 gh,
 the first flight he sped!

:second he past with footsteps fast
 rd a death bell toll!
 : climbed the third, a whisper he
 ard,
 : mercy on thy soul!"—

at the top the wanderers stop
 en gate before
 ve make ; and a living snake
 ie bolt, which held the door.

: fold round the staple 'twas rolled
 enow its jaws ran o'er ;
 juice of hell, wherever it fell,
 under burned the floor.

When the monster beheld Sir Guy, he
 swelled
 With fury, and threw out his sting ;
 Sparks flashed from each eye, and he reared
 him on high,
 And prepared on the warrior to spring.

But the wizard's hand extended his wand
 And the reptile drooped his crest,
 Yet strove to bite in impotent spite
 The ground which gave him rest!

And now the gate is heard to grate,
 On its hinges turning slow ;
 Till on either side the valves yawn wide,
 And in the wanderers go.

'Twas a spacious hall, whose sides were all
 With sable hangings dight ;
 And whose echoing floor was diamonded o'er
 With marble black and white.

And of marble black as the raven's mask
 A hundred steeds stood round ;
 And of marble white by each a knight
 Lay sleeping on the ground.

And a hundred shafts of laboured bronze
 The fretted roof upheld ;
 And the ponderous gloom of that vaulted
 room
 A hundred lights dispelled.

And a dead man's arm by a magic charm
 Each glimmering taper bore,
 And where it was lopp'd, still dropp'd and
 dropp'd
 Thick gouts of cloyed gore.

Where ends the room, doth a chrystal tomb
 Its towering front uphold ;
 And on each hand two skeletons stand,
 Which belonged to two giants of old.

That on the right holds a falchion bright,
 That on the left a horn ;
 And crowns of jet with jewels beset
 Their eyeless skulls adorn.

And both these grim colossal kings
 With fingers long and lean
 Point tow'rds the tomb, within whose womb
 A captive dame is seen.

A form more fair than that prisoner's, ne'er
 Since the days of Eve were known ;
 Every glance that flew from her eyes of
 blue,
 Was worth an emperor's throne,
 And one sweet kiss from her rosy lips
 Would have melted a bosom of stone.

Soon as Sir Guy had met her eye,
Knelt low that captive maid;
And her lips of love seemed fast to move,
But he heard not what she said.

Then her hands did she join in suppliant
sign,
Her hands more white than snow;
And like dew that streak the rose's cheek,
Her tears began to flow.

The warrior felt his stout heart melt,
When he saw those fountains run:
"Oh! what can I do," he cried, "for you?
What mortal can do shall be done!"—

Then out and speaks the wizard;
Hollow his accents fall!
"Was never man, since the world began,
Could burst that crystal wall,

"For the hand which raised its magic frame
Had oft clasped Satan's own;
And the lid bears a name—Young Knight
the same
Is stamped on Satan's throne;

"At its maker's birth long trembled the
earth;
The skies dropp'd showers of gore;
And she, who to light gave the wondrous
wight,
Had died seven years before;

"And at Satan's right hand while keeping
his stand,
The foulest fiend of fire
Shrunk back with awe, when the babe he
saw,
For it shocked its very sire!

"But hark, Sir Knight! and riddle aright
The riddle I'll riddle to thee:
Thou'lt learn a way without delay
To set you damsel free.

See'at yonder sword, with jewels rare,
Its dudgeon crusted o'er?
See'at yonder horn of ivory fair?
'Twas Merlin's horn of yore!

"That horn to sound, or sword to draw,
Now, youth, your choice explain;
But that which you choose, beware how you
lose,
For you never will find it again:

"And that once lost, all hopes are crost,
You fondly form;
None, the sun ne'er shows
it to warm;

"But such keen woe, as never e'
Oblivion's balmy power,
With fixed despair your soul will
Till comes your dying hour.

"Your choice now make for your
sake;
To burst her bonds endeavour
But that which you choose, beware
loss;
Once lost, 'tis lost for ever!"—

In pensive mood awhile now stoo
Sir Guy, and gazed around;
Now he turned his sight to the le
right,
Now he fixed it on the ground.

Now the faulchion's blaze attracts
On the hilt his fingers lay;
But he heard fear cry—"You'
Sir Guy!"—

And he snatched his hand awa
Now his steps he address'd to
North and the West;
Now he turned to'wards the Ea
South:
Till with desperate thought the
caught,
And press'd it to his mouth.

Hark! the blast is a blast so stro
shrill,
That the vaults like thunder rin
And each marble horse stamps
with force,
And from sleep the warriors ap

And frightful stares each stoney e'
As now with ponderous tread
They rush on Sir Guy, poisoning on
Their spears to strike him dead

At this strange attack full swift spr
I wot, the startled knight!
Away he threw the horn, and dre
His faulchion keen and bright.

But soon as the horn his grasp for
Was heard a cry of grief;
It seemed the yell of a soul in hell
Made desperate of relief!

And straight each light was exti
quite,

Save the flame so lurid blue
On the wizard's brow, (whose flash
Assumed a bloody hue,
And those sparks of fire, which giv
From his glaring eye-balls drew

And he stamped in rage, and he
in scorn,
While in thundering tone he rin

shame on the coward who sounded
a horn,
he might have unsheathed a
sword!"—

, and from his mouth there came
a blue and dank,
poisonous breath seemed the kiss
of death,
the warrior senseless sank.

he breaks! again he wakes;
on the porch he lies,
in his heart he feels the dart,
a shot from the captive's eyes.

the ground he springs! as if he had
wings,
when he wanders o'er,
a prying look each cranny and nook
his anxious eyes explore.

can he ne'er the winding stair,
he climbed that dame to see,
cells enthrall in the haunted hall,
none but once may be.

least ray of dawning day
his search begun;
a bright star ascends her car,
at his search is done.

Whence the neighbours all the knight now
call

By "Guy, the Seeker's" name;
For never he knows one hour's repose
From his wish to find the dame.

But still he seeks, and aye he seeks,
And seeks, and seeks in vain;
And still he repeats to all he meets,
"Could I find the sword again!"—

Which words he follows with a groan,
As if his heart would break;
And oh! that groan has so strange a tone,
It makes all hearers quake!

The villagers round know well its sound,
And when they hear it poured,
"Hark! hark!" they cry, "the Seeker Guy
Groans for the wizard's sword."—

Twice twenty springs on their fragrant
wings
For his wound have brought no balm;
For still he's found.— But hark! what
sound
Disturbs the midnight calm?

Good peasants tell, why rings that knell?
"Tis the Seeker-Guy's we toll:
"His race is run; his search is done."—
God's mercy on his soul!

MILES COLVINE, THE CUMBERLAND MARINER.

A Tale of the English Coast.

William Glen was our captain's name,
He was a brisk and a boid young man,
As brave a sailor as e'er went to sea,
And he was bound for New Barbarie.
The first of April we spread our sail
To a low, a sweet, and a pleasant gale;
But we had not sail'd more leagues than two,
Till the sky grew dark and the tempest blew,
The lightning flash'd, and loud roar'd the sea,
As we were bound for New Barbarie.

Old Ballad.

On the English side of the sea of
lies a long line of flat and un-
coast, where the sea-fowl find
on the gun of the fowler, and
on the head-land and the deep
resents but one object of attrac-

tion, namely, the cottage of Miles Col-
vine, the Cumberland mariner. The
owner of this rude dwelling, once a
seaman, a soldier, a scholar, and a gen-
tleman, was shipwrecked on the coast
about thirty years ago, and was the

only living soul that escaped from the fatal storm. The vessel was from a foreign land, and something mysterious always hung over her fate and the destiny of her crew.—The conduct of Miles Colvine was less likely to remove than confirm suspicion. He heard all inquiries concerning the ship and the crew in perfect tranquillity and silence, and once only he deigned to answer, when a shepherd asked, "Was it the blood of beasts that I saw upon the deck?"—"No, it was the blood of men." From this time forward, no farther intercourse was courted by the peasantry, and he was allowed to construct a small hut, fenced round with a wall of loose stone, and occupy it, without any molestation. He seemed anxious to shun all intercourse with human beings, and sought and found his subsistence in the sea; for it was the common remark of the Allan Bay fishermen that no man dipped a hook, or wetted a net, between Skinverness and St. Bees, with greater skill and success. In this solitude, exposed to every storm that swept the beach from sea or land, amid much seeming wretchedness and privation, he resided during a summer and autumn: winter, a season of great severity on an unsheltered coast, was expected either to destroy or drive him from his abode, but he braved every storm, and resisted all offers of food or raiment.

The first winter of his abode was one of prodigious storm and infinite hardship. The snow lay long and deep on the ground, the ice was thick on lake and pool, and the Solway presented one continual scene of commotion and distress. The shore was covered with the wrecks of ships, the eddies choked with drowned men, and the sea itself so rough and boisterous that the fishermen suspended their customary labours, and sat with their families at the hearth-fire, listening to the sounding of the surge, and relating tales of maritime disaster and shipwreck. But on Miles Colvine the severe and continued storm seemed to have no influence. He ranged the

shore, collecting for his fire the wrecks of ships; he committed his nets and hooks to the sea with his usual skill; and having found a drifted boat, which belonged to some unfortunate vessel, he obtained command over the element most congenial to his heart, and wandered about on the bosom of the water noon and night, more like a troubled spirit than a human being.

When the severity of winter had passed away, and sea-birds laid their eggs in the sand, the mariner resumed his excursions at sea, and commenced a labour which surprised many. The sea-shore, or that portion of the coast which lies between the margin of the sea and the cultivated land, a region of shells, and drift sand, and pebbles, has ever been regarded as a kind of common, and the right of suspending nets, hawling boats aground, and constructing huts for the summer residence of the fishermen, has never been disputed by the natural lord of those thirless domains. It was on this debatable ground between the barren sea and the cultivated field, that the mariner fixed his abode: but it soon appeared that he wished to extend his possessions, and augment his household accommodation. He constructed a larger and more substantial house, with equal attention to durability and neatness; he fenced off the sea by a barrier of large stones, and scattered around his dwelling a few of the common flowers which love to blossom near the sea breeze. The smoke of his chimney, and the unremitting clank of his hammer finishing the interior accommodations, were seen and heard from afar. When all this was concluded he launched his boat and took to the sea again, and became known from the Mull of Galloway to the foot of Annan water.

I remember the first time that ever I saw him was in the market-place of Dumfries: his beard seemed more than a year's growth, his clothes, once rich and fine, were darned and patched, and over the whole he wore a kind of

my treasures were mostly of gold and silver plate, and bars of the former metal, the gain of a relative who had shared with the Buccaneers in the plunder of Panama. I had also been wedded for a number of years; my wife was young and beautiful, and our daughter, an only child, my own May Colvine, here where she sits, was in her thirteenth year, with a frame that seemed much too delicate to survive the disasters she has since been doomed to meet. We were counselled to carry her to warmer climates, and were preparing for our voyage, and my wife was ready to accompany me, when a large smuggling cutter cast anchor in a deep woody bay which belonged to my estate, and as I sat on the top of my house, looking towards the sea, a person in a naval dress came and accosted me. He was, he said, the captain of the free trader lying in the bay, with a cargo of choice wine, and his mariners were bold lads and true, had periled themselves freely by land and water, and often experienced the protection of Miles Colvine's bay, and the hospitality of his menials. They had heard of my intention to carry my wife and daughter to a more genial climate, and if he wished to touch at Lisbon, or to go to any of the islands where Europeans seek for health, they would give us a passage, for they honoured us next to commerce without law or restraint. But I must tell you, that the chief of this band, knowing my love for marvellous tales, hinted, that he had men on board, who, to the traditionary lore of their maritime ancestors, added their own adventures and deeds; and could, with the romantic ballads of Denmark and Sweden, mingle the Troubadour tales of France, the Moorish legends of Spain, and the singular narratives which survive among the peasantry on my native coast. To soothe and propitiate my wife he had recourse to another charm; from the pocket of a long boat-cloak he produced a mantle of the most precious fabric, and spreading it out before her, with

all its rich variety of colour, and eastern profusion of ornament, offered it as a humble present from himself and his mariners. I need not prolong this part of my narrative, we embarked at twilight, and standing out of the bay, dropped anchor till morning dawn. The captain sat armed beside us; this excited no suspicion, for he went commonly armed, and related adventures of a trying and remarkable kind which had befallen him on foreign shores, with a liveliness, and a kind of maritime grace, which were perfectly captivating. All night we heard overhead the tramp and the din of sailors passing and repassing, and with the grey of the morning we plucked up our anchor, spread our sails to a shrill wind, shot away seaward, and my native land vanished from my view. All was life and gladness, we danced and we sang on deck, and drained cups of the purest wine; while the breeze favoured us, and the sky remained unclouded and serene.

"In about fifteen days the spice groves of one of the Portuguese islands appeared before us, and as the sun was setting, it was resolved that we should remain at the entrance of a bay till daylight. We were crowded on the deck, looking on the green and beauteous land, and a gentle seaward wind wafted the perfume of the forest about us. My wife was then in the bloom of youth and beauty, full of health, and life and love; and as she stood leaning on my arm, the sailors smoothed their rough looks, and refrained from curses, so much were they touched by her beauty; but this awe lasted but a little while. The captain was merry far beyond his usual measure of delight, and drained one cup after another to my wife's health and mine; he vowed I was as a god among his men, and that my wife was revered as a divinity. 'But come,' said he, 'Miles Colvine, I have a curious and a cunning thing to shew you, which you alone deserve to see; I got it among the Moors, so come, and come alone.'—I rose and followed him, for

my curiosity was unbounded, he conducted me below, and opening a small wicket in the wall of his cabin with a key, ushered me in, and closing it suddenly upon me, locked it, and then I heard him bounding up the stair to the deck. I stood half imagining this to be a jest, or something, at least, of a slight nature; but shriek after shriek of my wife, uttered in the piercing agony of anguish and despair, soon undeceived me. I called, I entreated, I used force, and though I was armed by anger and despair with almost supernatural might, the door withstood all my efforts. But why should I dwell upon a scene of such unutterable misery? What I endured, and what the woman I loved and adored suffered, are fit only to be imagined, not, surely, to be spoken. Her wrongs were remembered, and her shrieks numbered by a Power far more terrible than man, and a certain doom and deplorable death was pronounced against them, at the moment their joy was fullest.

"The evening passed away and the morning came, and through a little wicket which looked upon the sea, the light showed me that my chamber was the treasure-room of the pirates, for such they were, as well as smugglers; at the same moment a hole opened above, and a piece of bread and an antique silver cup filled with wine, were lowered down. Amid the misery of my situation it seemed but a light well that I recognized the silver vessel to be part of the treasure I had left at home, and in seeking for a weapon to force the wicket I found that my whole riches, in gold as well as silver, had been seized and put on board."

"I could now measure the extent of my calamity, and prepared myself for a fate, which, among such miscreants, could not be deemed far distant. The morning was not much advanced when the sun dipped at once into a dark and tempestuous ocean of clouds, the wind began to whistle shriller and shriller among our sails, and the sea, upturned

by sudden and heavy gusts of wind, showed as far as the eye could reach, the dark and tremendous furrows so fatal to mariners. The wind was from the land, and I could both see and feel that the vessel was unable to gain the harbour, and had sought security from the approaching tempest by standing out to sea. I heard the wind wax louder, and saw the billows roll, with a joy that arises from the hope of revenge: the sky became darker, the sea flashed over the decks, and the tempest hurried the ship onward with a rapidity which alarmed the sailors, accustomed as they were to the element. The seams of the vessel began to admit the sea, and every where symptoms appeared of her immediate destruction.

I heard a conversation over head I shall never forget. "I tell you," said a voice in lowland Scotch, "good can never come of such evil as your captain and you have wrought; had you taken Miles Colvine's gold and silver alone the sin had been but small, and a grey-headed repentance might have mended all. But the bonnie lady! her voice has been heard to-day, and tremble all you that touched her sweet body, for here has come an avenging tempest. The sea will soon devour us, and hot hell will hold us; and the mother who bore, and the wife who loved me, and the bonnie babes I have nursed on my knee, will behold me no more; and all for being in company with such hell-hounds as you." A voice replied to all this, in a tone too low and suppressed to be audible; and the Scotchman answered again, "Lo, look, did ever eyes behold such a sight, all around us the sea is smooth as glass, and other ships pass by us under a gentle breeze, without a wetted sail, but we! the anger of heaven has found us, for on us the thick tempest beats, and the evil one is pursuing us to destruction. O thou eternal villain—captain, shall I call thee no more—and you!—you fifteen wretches, who shared with him in his crime, make you ready, for that storm

will neither leave you, nor forsake you, till you are buried in the ocean." At the very moment when ruin seemed inevitable the tempest ceased, the clouds passed away, and the descending sun shone brightly down, making the shoreless waters sparkle as far as the eye could reach. No bounds were now set to the joy of the crew; they crowded the deck, made a circle round several vessels of wine and baskets of biscuit, and before the twilight had passed away a few only were capable of guiding the vessel. The night grew very dark, and as I sat in utter despair I heard the same friendly voice, that I had so lately heard, say, "Miles Colvine, put your trust in him who can still the tempest, the hour is come." In a moment the wicked opened and the same voice said, "Take this sword, and come with me. If you have courage to avenge the miseries and the death of your beautiful and wretched wife, come, for the hour is at hand, and as sure as I hate sin, and love immortal happiness, I shall help you." I took the sword and followed in silence, and coming on deck, I beheld a scene which the hope of sure and immediate revenge rendered inexpressibly sweet. The captain and five sailors, though nearly overcome with wine, were seated on deck; the remainder of the crew had retired below; some shouted, some sang, all blasphemed, and one loud din of cursing and carousal echoed far and wide: the mingled clamour that ascended from this scene of wickedness and debauchery partook of all the evil qualities of debased minds and the most infamous pursuits, and cannot be described. Discord had its full share in the conference on deck between the captain and his confederates; they were debating about their shares in the plunder of my house. "Share! by my saul, man," said a Scottish sailor to the captain, "your share in Miles Colvine's pure gold can be but small; one hour of his sweet lady, a hundred leagues from land, was worth all the gold that ever

shone."—"I shall share all fairly," said the captain, laying his hand on the hilt of his cutlass, "and first I shall share thy scoundrel carcase among the fishes of the sea, if I hear such a word again. Did I plan the glorious plot of carrying away the fair lady and her lord's treasure, to share either with such a Scotch sawney as thee?" The wrath of the Scotchman burnt on his brow, far redder than the flush of the wine he had drunk. "Fiend seethe my saul in his kettles and cauldron, if ye taste na' could iron for this!"—And out came his cutlass as he spoke. "That's my hearty Caledonian," said one of his comrades, "give him a touch of the toasting iron; didn't he give a blow to the head of my mother's own son, this blessed morning, for only playing pluck at the lady's garment. Ah! give him the cold piece of steel, my hearty." A blow from the captain's cutlass was the answer to this; several drunkards drew their swords, and ill-directed blows, and ineffectual stabs, were given and received in the dark. "Now," said my sailor, laying his hand on mine, to stay me till I received his admonition, "say not one word, for words slay not, but glide in among them like a spirit; thrust your blade, for anger strikes, but revenge stabs, and I will secure the gangway and fight along with you." I heard and obeyed, and gliding among them, thrust one of them through and through; a second, and a third dropped, ere they saw who was among them. The captain attempted to draw a pistol, but my sword, and my friend's, entered at back and bosom; and though two yet remained unhurt, I struck my sword a second time through the bosom of my mortal enemy, as he lay beneath me; and the last expiring glance of his eye was a look worth remembering. Ere this was accomplished, the other two were both lying with their companions. I have frequently imagined that a firmness and strength, more than my own, were given me during this desperate

encounter. Meanwhile the remainder of the crew below set no bounds to their merriment and shouting, and seemed, as my Scottish friend remarked, ordained to die by my hand, since their clamour, by drowning the groans of their comrades, prevented them from providing for their safety. We fastened the cabin door, and barricaded the gang way, keeping watch with pistol and sword, with the hope of seeing some friendly shore, or a compassionate sail, while the vessel, urged onward by a strong wind, scudded with supernatural swiftness through the midnight waters. We had entered the Solway sea, when the storm, augmenting every moment, carried us rapidly along, and when opposite Allanbay, a whirlwind seizing our ship by the rigging whirled her fairly round, and down she went head foremost. Even in this moment of extreme peril, I shall never forget the figure

that, couch edamong the slain, started to its feet before me, in health and unhurt. There is a fate in all things : it was that fiend in human form whom I slew to-night. Revenge is sweetest when it comes unhopd for. As we sank, a passing vessel saved my pretty May Colvine, her murdered mother's image, and her wretched father's love, and saved too the heroic sailor ; while the drunken wretches went to the bottom, without the chance of swimming for an existence they deserved not to prolong."

Such was the narrative of Miles Colvine. He has been dead for several years, and though his daughter wedded the man who saved her father and her, he refused to forsake the sight of the Solway and the sound of its waters, and was found at his cottage-door cold and stiff, with his eyes open and looking seaward.

KARL AND HIS HORSE NICOLAUS.

FROM THE GERMAN.

A YOUNG German who was serving his time to a jeweller, at Magdeburgh, was allowed by his master, in the third year of his apprenticeship, to go to Brunswick to see his parents. That he might effect this with comfort to himself, and in a way worthy of the assistant of a reputable tradesman and public functionary of Magdeburgh, his master lent him one of his own horses, and provided him with money ; whilst the old cook, with whom he was a great favourite, filled his wallet with all the dainties that she could lay her hands upon, and gave him sundry well-meaning hints and admonitions touching the dangers that awaited him in the morning of the year 1612, at nine o'clock, lighted his

travelling pipe, and mounted the steed, which by no means seemed to sympathize with his rider in the pleasure to be derived from the prospect of a long journey. He was in truth a sluggish beast, over-fed and under-worked, and apparently upon such good terms with himself that, when he took any thing into his head, the whip was of no avail, and the spur, however manfully applied, could not drive him from his purpose. He was so fat, that Karl, although a handsome stripling, looked with his legs sticking out almost at right angles like a Y turned upside down. "The devil take thee on our journey," said Karl, "if thou go not more speedily than at present. Would I had all the money that has been expended on thee in the article of whips ;

truly with that I might buy a better animal than thou art, or hast been, or ever wilt be." As he concluded his petulant, but, under all the circumstances, excusable harangue, Nicolaus (for that was his horse's name) shook his head, and gave two or three most significant neighs, which seemed pretty much the same as, "Hold thy peace, and speak not of that which thou understandest not! Assuredly I am the best judge of what pace is most proper for me and advisable for thee: I am come to years of discretion, and shall take especial care of thy neck and my own health and comfort!" Well! on they jogged, every now and then renewing this kind of conversation, which always ended in the same manner. About three o'clock in the afternoon, Karl, to the entire satisfaction of Nicolaus, alighted at the Three Golden Bottles, a small herberge, or public-house, situated at the extremity of a hamlet, replenished his meerschaum, and seated himself in a room set apart for the more respectable visitors of this notable house of entertainment, on the outside of which hung a board, whose crooked letters indicated to travellers that—

Horses might a stable find,
And men have liquors to their mind.

At one corner of the room he beheld two persons playing at cards, and remarked that one of them, who appeared by his dress and the sums of money that he staked to be a substantial farmer, continually lost; at which the other, who was a dark mysterious looking man, only smiled, and every now and then incited him to continue his destructive course by saying, "It is your turn now! play boldly—the luck cannot always keep to one side. Come! to give you a better chance, I will put down double to your single stakes." The farmer, buoyed up with the hope of regaining his money, which was indeed the greater part of what he possessed in the world, played on until

he had lost all, and then, burning with ill-concealed rage and disappointment, rushed out of the room, whilst he, who had made himself the possessor of his wealth, laughed thrice loudly and triumphantly, and stole out, as Karl supposed, to follow his unfortunate companion. Now, our young traveller had looked on attentively, and saw the result of their gaming with no very pleasant feelings. He was in particular shocked and indignant at the cold-hearted laugh that escaped from the dark lips of the stranger. Karl drank his wine faster and faster, and puffed out the smoke from his pipe with greater rapidity and in larger volumes than he had hitherto done. He was vexed at the defeat and triumph he had just witnessed, and vowed in his own mind, should the man who had just left him return, to stake all that his master had given him, rather than he should carry it with so high a hand. The fact is, the old cook, to whom we have already alluded, had given Karl a very respectable initiation into the mystery of card-playing, on divers cold winters' nights by the kitchen fire. Now, the game at which the strangers had been engaged was the very one at which he prided himself not a little. The truth must be spoken—mine is not a perfect hero. Besides being doubly loaded with ambition, he was primed with vanity, which no sooner encountered the match of opposition than explosion took place, which made many rather cautious of coming in his way. In a short time the successful stranger re-entered the chamber, but his adversary came not with him. He challenged Karl, who instantly accepted his offer, called for more wine and again filled his pipe. He played for very small stakes, yet his little purse was getting lower and lower, for the stranger had an advantage over him which he was slow to believe, but which was at last too evident. At length he had little more than sufficient remaining to discharge the bill of the herbergist, and arose

from the table with impatience and vexation. It is doubtful whether the loss of the money affected him so much as the wound that his youthful pride had suffered. He was turning to depart, when the laugh, or rather yell, of his companion checked him. Stung to the soul by the insult he had just received, Karl flew towards him and aimed a blow full at his face, but, in the act of doing so, fell forward on his hands. He sprang up, but the stranger was gone, although the door had been and was still closed and the windows were down. Karl's anger now gave place to astonishment. He was convinced that the stranger had dealings with the devil; nay, he almost thought that he had been gambling with the arch-master of the ceremonies himself. He found also that either astonishment or Rhenish wine had had the effect of making his steps indecisive, his head giddy, and reduced the chance of keeping on his legs, and the risk of falling down, to pretty even terms. He however paid his host, and, without knowing how he got there, found himself on the back of Nicolaus, riding along as it appeared to him much more rapidly than usual. What surprised him most of all was, that every thing around him seemed likewise to have gotten the travelling mania. There were some fine old elms going at the rate of ten miles an hour, and, what was very remarkable, some little shrubs that grew near appeared to keep up with them. A large farm house was in pursuit of a barn, but they were so well matched, that there was little hope of its being overtaken. There was also an admirable steeple-chase between the heads of two distant churches, and a boy who was sitting on a bank by the road side rode past him in excellent style. "This may be all very agreeable," muttered Karl, "to the parties concerned, but, for my part, I care not how soon they finish their long-winded race. Stop; stop—Nicolaus, no galloping if it please thee, thou

unruly steed of Satan. Whenever I have desired thee to use thy speed, thou hast gone slow enough, and now thou must, out of thy very obstinacy, and regardless of my safety, hurry on as if thy master were behind thee!" He pulled the rein as he finished speaking, and Nicolaus suddenly stood still. His rider had awakened him from a fine sleeping jog trot, and he looked as if he much marvelled what satisfactory reason could be given for it. There was no stable near, which doubtless appeared to him the only fair excuse for a full stop, nor was there the least sign of provender. However, for once, he seemed determined to do as his rider wished, and still he stood

As Hildebrand the gallant knight,
Who saw his lady's ghost at night,
Threw off the veiling palle and shroude,
And vanish through a parted cloude.

Karl began to be better satisfied, for as he had before conceived that he was riding at a gallop when Nicolaus was innocent of every thing save and except the jog-trot before mentioned, so he now thought that he was enjoying a very pleasant lady-like canter, when in truth he was as immovable as his Majesty of Charing Cross. After riding on for some time at the rate of no miles an hour, he fell asleep, and a little after, as an almost necessary consequence, fell from his saddle. His fall, however, was broken by a bed of nettles, which seemed to have grown there for his especial accommodation; but he was not so grateful as he should have been, for he threw away some very choice German to anathematize them. To be sure he had lost his money, a circumstance which seldom tends to sweeten a man's temper or to put him in good humour; but what then? Had he fallen direct to the ground he might have broken an arm, or leg, aye, or even his neck, whereas he was now only stung all over his face and his hands, and ought to have returned thanks to the Virgin that it was no worse. Where all mankind to act

upon this suggestion there would not be a single unhappy person living. The criminal sentenced to a short imprisonment would bless his stars and feel happy that it was not a long one; the convict ordered for transportation might console himself with the idea that it was better than being hanged; and the man who should be doomed "*longam literam fanere*," or, in plain terms, who had received a promise of being hanged, might still be delighted in thinking how far preferable it is to burning. It is bad policy to fancy our own ills greater than those of others, for in proportion as we magnify the evils of life, we increase our imaginary sufferings in enduring them. But to return to Karl; he left his master's horse to amuse himself as he might think fit, placed himself under a tree, and in a minute more was fast asleep. Nicolaus, who, to do him justice, was not always insensible to the force of good example, deliberately walked to a spot opposite Karl's resting place, laid himself down, and, after a few preliminary nods, imitated his master to the life.

Karl had been but a short time asleep, when confused and crowded dreams of what had lately happened disturbed his repose. The dark stranger whom he met at the inn was the principal actor in the somnambulatory drama that was going on. Karl beheld and heard him with shuddering and horror, although, when superstition was out of the case, he had little fear in his composition, as was manifested on various occasions when his high spirit seemed to take but one leap from his heart to his fist, to knock those down from whom he considered he had received an affront. He got his first rudiments, however, of superstitious lore from his nurse, and the old cook at his master's completed his education in that particular branch. The devil was generally the hero of most of her stories, and, to speak disinterestedly, scarcely gave him his due.

Nothing was done, however diabolical, that was not put down to his account; and she often found afterwards, that what she had attributed to him had been committed by persons who had passed in the world as pious and God-fearing creatures. The ghost stories that he had heard had their effect upon Karl in no ordinary degree, and imbued him with all the visionary and romantic ideas that often lead youth into error, but at the same time throw a charm over that period of life.

When hearts have not a dream of sorrow,
And thought scarce ventures to the morrow,
But takes its light and tripping way
Through all the pleasures of to-day.

He suddenly awoke from his slumbers, and found Nicolaus standing close beside him. The bright tints of day were departing, and twilight was scattering her rose-hues over the cloudless face of heaven. Tranquillity reigned the goddess of the scene, and the winds and the birds and the waters paid her their silent homage.

Karl had not rested sufficiently to maintain his equilibrium with any certainty, but he mounted his steed with a determination of proceeding as quickly as it might please his pertinacious four-footed companion. He gave Nicolaus his head, who seemed to move along with no inconsiderable alacrity; indeed, at times his master was by no means too proud of his equestrian talent to prevent his occasionally resorting to the mane, which, although not perfectly jockey-like, possessed the advantage of keeping him in his saddle—no small consideration by the bye to a youth with only about one-third of his senses about him—the more so as no one was near to scrutinize his actions. Well, on he went, thinking of the pleasures that awaited him at Brunswick, and anticipating the kind welcome he should receive from his relatives and friends, when he was suddenly aroused from his waking dream by hearing the sound of a horse's hoofs close at his side. He turned his head, and was startled

o find the same tall dark figure who had contrived to make him ride so much lighter, by ridding him of several supernumerary silver pieces at the inn, on a black steed, which exactly kept pace with his own animal. At the first moment Karl thought of endeavouring to persuade Nicolaus to use his best speed, by a manful application of the whip; but when he considered the yielding attributes of his stoical quadruped, he gave up the idea in despair. His alarm too was in some degree dissipated by the changed address of the stranger, who courteously wished him a good evening, and testified his delight at having a companion on so lonely a road. Though Karl was rather more assured, he by no means felt that the delight was mutual. "Curse the fellow!" thought the youth, "it requires no great stretch of politeness to be civil to a person when you are riding with his money in your belt. I would that his raven-hided beast knew how to stumble and break the ill-favoured cheat's neck, or at least his collar-bone!" This charitable sentence, however, he deemed it quite as well not to give *vidæ voce*, for it struck him awfully that it might not be considered by his fellow-traveller in the light of a joke. As the stranger entered more fully into conversation, Karl's fears by degrees began to abate; but he could not help now and then giving a sly look under the black horse's belly, to see whether the other foot corresponded with the one he had a view of. But he had no opportunity of satisfying his curiosity, for if he ever slackened his pace that the other might go on before him, the stranger also pulled his rein and remained close at his side. At length they came to a narrow pass, between two hills, where two horses could not go a-breast, and Karl said to himself—"Ha! ha! I have thee now, or the devil's in't!" He drew up that the stranger might pass on first, but he was too polite to take precedence, and Karl was obliged to go on. When he

had gone about half way through the narrow road, he turned to have a full view of the gentleman who had stood so much upon forms, but how great was his surprise to find that there was not a trace of him to be seen! "So, so," said Karl, "this place did not tempt thee, thou arch-fiend! thou liked'st not to show thy cloven foot, and I give thee credit for having some shame left; though verily I am glad to be quit of thy visage!" When he came to the end of the pass, and was jogging on gaily, he nearly dropped from his saddle, at finding the dark rider, whom he fancied he had left behind, still by his side. "I mark thy surprise," said he to Karl, "but I saw when thou wert riding before me that thy horse had lost his tail, and out of compassion for the poor beast, hatred for the flies that annoy him, and respect for his rider, I went back, and by good fortune found it lying on the road. I have now," added he, "great pleasure in restoring it uninjured." Saying this he presented it with a very creditable bow to Karl, who gazed on the tawny relic in utter astonishment. How Nicolaus had lost his tail he could by no means conjecture. He was, indeed, so amazed that he forgot to thank the stranger for his courtesy, at which the other appeared in no wise offended. "So then," said Karl at last, "I am on a tailless horse! It is well that it will be dark by the time I come to my journey's end, or I should be followed through the street as if I were an imp of the dev—" he stopped short in his speech, for he perceived that he had committed himself, as his companion seemed not at all to relish the insinuation. He turned, however, with renewed good humour to Karl, and said: "Come, come, thy case is not so hopeless. Thou shalt not be on the back of an imperfect animal. Give me the tail, and pledge me thy word that thou wilt look straight forward, and not once cast thine eyes backward to make thy remarks on my proceedings, and I

promise without loss of time to affix the fly-flapping appendage once more to the hinder part of thy steed."

Karl, although he strongly doubted the possibility of such a manœuvre, willingly pledged his word, and in a moment afterwards heard the stranger mutter something which was unintelligible to him, but which he made no question was some spell used in the ceremony of tail-fixing. "Turn," said the stranger, who was now again beside him, "thy horse is repaired!" Karl did as he was requested, and the tail became manifest; but Nicolaus betrayed as little joy at the recovery of it, as he had evinced sorrow for its loss. Karl could not help suspecting that the stranger had made him promise to look straight forward, not so much out of fear that he should be a spy upon his operations, as that he dreaded an exposure of the cloven-foot; nevertheless he thanked him for his good offices, and kept on his way. After a short time it occurred to him that a pipe would be no bad thing; but when he had filled it, he found to his mortification that he had lost his flint, and began railing in good terms at his own carelessness and indiscretion. "Despair not while I am near thee," said the stranger; "hold thy pipe towards me!" No sooner was this done than he breathed upon it, and the tobacco was ignited. Karl felt now convinced that he was travelling with Satan; for the herb burnt rather blue than otherwise, and there was a villanous smack of sulphur in the only whiff that he took. He had a very certain presentiment that his companion had not brought the fire which he had just given him from the same place where Prometheus had obtained his. The pipe dropped from his lips, and he trembled from head to foot. He now began to devise means of ridding himself of his black-art-practising fellow-traveller. He had observed on their journey that when they came near any of the crosses, which are common to this day in Catholic countries, his companion vanished,

and did not rejoin him until they were out of sight of those devil's eye-sores. He now resolved to make the best use of his observation, and happening to espy a small cross at a little distance, and seeing that his good friend had left him as usual, he rode up to it, dismounted, and easily drew it from the ground. It's an ill procession, they say, when the devil carries the cross," cried Karl, "so I'll e'en be beforehand with him." He threw it across his shoulders, vaulted into his saddle, and trotted forward, until he came to a town which he supposed to be the place of his destination. Nicolaus made a sudden halt and neighed loudly; and lashes and caresses were alike ineffectual to induce him to proceed. A door was opened, and the old cook who knew the voice of Nicolaus too well to be mistaken, welcomed the young apprentice home again to his master's house, at Magdeburg. The truth is, that Nicolaus, liking better a dirty stable than a clean road, had taken care to turn his head homeward, when his rider awoke from his slumber under the tree, and Karl was obliged to defer his visit to Brunswick until a better opportunity should occur. He told his master the whole story the next morning; but the jeweller (unbeliever as he was!) attributed every thing to his superstition and state of intoxication; but the old cook was fully persuaded that he had actually been in the society of the devil, and was not satisfied that he was entirely out of his, the said devil's power; until he had confessed to the priest of the family, and purified himself with an additional sprinkling of holy water. His master had the cross burned, and warned Karl not to mention the circumstance of his having sacrilegiously carried it off, as he might incur the displeasure of the holy church. Karl did as he was desired, and on the following day the removal of the cross was discovered, and considered as a miracle by the good people of Lower Saxony in the seventeenth century.

PETER OF STAUFFENBURG.

from the German.

DIRMINGER, who resided at Stauffen, in the Ortenau, called from it the Lord of was returning from the chace at sunset, and when he reached the of Nussbach he was dying and exhausted by fatigue. He dismounted at a spring, wed by the road side, and was by beautiful oaks. There he met a beautiful maiden, who greeted him, and addressed his name. The astonished knight requested to know who she was, and she came. "I live just by this spring," she said, "and have often seen you and your huntsmen, when you stopped at this fountain, and it was by this that I learned your name." The knight, who was young and disenchanted, was enchanted by the graceful and her prudent converse, and in possession of his heart. The following days he went to the spring at the same hour, but the lady was never there. In the evening of the fourth day, as, wrapped in a cloak, he sat leaning against an oak, he heard a voice of heavenly sweetness seem to come from the bottom of the spring. He started up, and with curiosity looked on all sides, but he perceived nobody, nor did he ever hear the voice. He was seated himself under the oak, and he hoped that he should again hear the voice of the invisible, when all at once he saw the unknown sitting upon a rock from whence he had just come. She seemed to be in a charmer, for to all the questions that he asked her she replied only by pleasant instead of direct answers; and the knight was not a little enamoured. But, nevertheless, all she was so engaging, and at length she was scrupled to open her heart, and tender sentiments in his favour. He became pensive, and ended

by promising to meet him the next morning, in the same place. The knight was there before the stars had faded from the sky. At break of day the maiden appeared from the copse, and so graceful was she, and so lovely, that the knight thought he saw an angel descended from heaven. The ringlets of her fine flaxen hair seemed to be dewed by the tears of Aurora, and were set off by a wreath of vividly coloured blue-bells; two rose-buds were placed on her beautiful bosom. She fixed on the astonished and silent knight her eyes, which were full of innocence and vivacity. At length he ventured to take her hand, and to speak to her of his passion. She made him sit down, and then said to him "I am not one of the children of the human race; the waves give me birth. I am a nymph, a water fairy, or whatever you please to call me. We grant our hand but with our love, and our love but with our hand. But think well of what you do, Sir Knight. If you pledge your faith to me, you must keep it as pure as this limpid spring, and as firm as the steel of your sword. A single act of infidelity will be the cause of your death and of my eternal sorrow. For our love and our grief have no end."

The knight attested by a solemn vow that it was as impossible for him to live without her as it was for him ever to be faithless to her. The nymph then gave him a precious ring. He pressed her tenderly to his heart, and spoke to her of the delightful situation of his castle, and how she should live there in peace, and amidst a circle of perpetual pleasures. They fixed the day on which he should conduct her to it as his bride.—The morning of that day had scarcely dawned when the knight passing from his couch to the hall, saw on the table three elegantly ornamented baskets, the one full of gold, the other of silver, and the third

full of precious stones of all kinds. It was the portion of the bride. She soon appeared with a numerous train, and the lovers were united. Previously to the ceremony, however, the nymph desired to speak to the knight in private; she led him into a room, and said to him, "Think well once on what you are about to do; if ever your heart should grow cold towards me, or should glow for another, you are a lost man, and will have a sign of your approaching death: that sign will be your not being able to see more of my person than this right foot which I now shew you."

The knight renewed his vows in all the warmth of a first and violent love. They were wedded. Many days passed away in pleasures and serenity. Before a year was expired, she added to the happiness of the knight by giving him a son.

Soon after this event, a terrible war took place on the French frontier. Peter was brave and fond of glory. By the side of love, ambition held a place in his heart. The countess did not think it proper to oppose these noble feelings; but she did not let him depart without bathing him with her tears, and intreating him neither to forget his wife nor the only pledge of their tenderness.

Peter crossed the Rhine at the head of a chosen band, and went to fight under the banners of one of the dukes of the Franks. In the very first battle he manifested the strength of his arm, and his skill in leading the brave. The duke estimated properly his worth, and, in a severe contest, it was to the knight that he was indebted for the preservation of his life. It was also the valour of the knight that decided the victory, and occasioned the speedy conclusion of a peace. Full of gratitude, the duke thought it not too much to offer him the hand of his youngest and handsomest daughter. Peter was, in fact, not insensible to her charms; he was still less so to the honour of an alliance with an illustrious house. But he was not yet depraved enough to conceal his marriage. He candidly recounted the whole of what had taken place. The

duke shook his head and declared that the wicked spirit had had to do with the business, that the knight was not bound to keep his word with visionary beings, and that, for the good of his soul, he wished to see him released from such a dangerous connection. The chaplain was consulted on the subject, and he assured them that, as soon as ever the knight should receive the benediction of the church, this magical illusion would vanish. Peter was willing enough to be persuaded, and they were accordingly betrothed. The wedding day was put off for a fortnight. On the eve of that day one of his followers arrived from Stauffenburgh, with intelligence that his wife and child had disappeared from that place. On enquiring into the circumstances, Peter found that this had occurred precisely at the instant of betrothing. This confirmed him in the suspicion of magic, which had been instilled into him, and he went with a light heart to celebrate the nuptials at a country house in the neighbourhood. While the guests were seated at table, and the knight was in high spirits, he chanced to cast his eyes towards the wall, and saw, as if it were coming out of it, the handsome foot of a female. He rubbed his eyes, but still clearly and continually saw this fatal herald. He was excessively disturbed, and drank glass after glass to dissipate the melancholy forebodings, in which he partly succeeded. In the evening they returned to the castle. There was a bridge to pass, but Peter preferred riding through the ford. He had hardly reached the middle of the stream before the water became agitated, and foamed as if it were lashed by a tempest: the waves rose like walls; the horse grew frightened, he plunged, threw off the knight, and gained the bank. For a moment the storm increased, then every thing became calm, as though an invisible hand had appeased it, and the water recovered its clearness and peaceable flow. The knight, however, had disappeared, and his body was never more seen.

THE SPRITE OF THE GLEN.

A Swedish Legend.

The clock it struck twelve, clear and calm was the night,
Bright beam'd from the heavens the moon's paly light;
No sentinel watch'd on steep Karlofelt's wall,
Scarce a breath shook the banners that waved in the hall,
While through the wide courts silent echo reposed,
And in sleep every eye in the castle was closed.

All, all but poor Bertha's! there tears flow'd amain,
And hope in her breast held its wavering reign;
Full sore she lamented her lover's delay,
'Twas the hour when he promised to bear her away;
Her eyes o'er the mountains she wistfully cast,
And her heart quicker throb'd at each sigh of the blast.

"Haste! haste! my Geraldus, time urges," she said,
"Twill be dawn-light ere far we've from Karlofelt fled;
"O'er the mountains of Sevo fast spur on your steed,
"Let the impulse of love give new wings to your speed;
"Haste, haste, to your Bertha, and hush her alarms,
"For no danger she'll fear when she's lock'd in your arms!"—

She spake; when her lamp's trembling glimmer display'd
Full many a form on the arras portray'd;
Gloomy thoughts on her ill boding fancy arose,
When her eyes met the stories of true lovers' woes;
When depicted she saw, in his wide-yawning den,
The blaster of love, the grim "Sprite of the Glen!"

"Great God!" she exclaimed, "Oh! preserve me this night,
"From the deep-lurking snares of this mischievous sprite,
"For tradition declares, that when young he oft tried,
"From the damsels of Sevo, to bring home a bride;
"But refused, he revengeful now strives by his charms
"To tear the fond maid from her true lover's arms."—

As she gazed on the picture, all sad and dismay'd,
His dark-scowling visage new terrors array'd;
She saw in the face indignation arise,
And the fire of revenge brightly flash'd in his eyes;
No longer the moon on the battlements beam'd,
And the owl, at her window, ill-ominous scream'd!

Bewilder'd by fancy, and conquer'd by dread,
The terror-struck maiden now sunk on her bed;
O'er her woe-begone bosom, while fear held its sway,
She sigh'd a sad sigh, and then motionless lay;
Nor again with new life did her languid pulse move
E'er she heard, in low whispers, the voice of her love.

"Descend now, my Bertha, and banish affright,
"The winds they all sleep, and the moon-beams shine bright,
"My courser awaits thee, sweet Bertha," he said,
"Ere dawn we shall far have from Karlofelt fled."—
Quick Bertha descended, and hush'd her alarms,
For no danger she fear'd when fast lock'd in his arms.

To his bosom he press'd her, so white and so wan,
And kiss'd off the tears that slow trickling ran;
To his bosom he press'd her, and oft as she sigh'd,
Her fears he'd in accents of tenderness chide.
Full quickly they sped o'er the reed-skirted fen,
And enter'd the shades of Duvranno's dark glen!

On each side of the dell a rude precipice frown'd,
Whose craggs were with deep-tangled thickets embrown'd;
O'er the dale a chill horror the pine-branches shed,
Night blacken'd the steep, all was darkness and dread!

Oft was heard from its eyrie the hawk's piercing scream,
While o'er the loose pebbles hourse-babbled the stream.

This prospect so frightful poor Bertha alarm'd,
And fear froze the bosom which love lately warmed.
"Oh, stop thee, my true love! my spirits now fail,
"Must we pass through the shades of Duvranno's dark dale?"
"Oh! hush thee, sweet-heart, nor thus shrink with dismay,
"In this glen waits my courser to bear thee away."—

Now onward they hasten'd, all drear was the view,
To their nests sped the night-birds, and croak'd as they flew;
"See, my love," said the knight, "near yon far spreading pine,
"My courser awaits thee, now Bertha is mine!"
"Yes, I'm thine!" cried the maiden "with you will I flee,
"For Bertha's fond bosom beats only for thee!"—

"Then perish, thou false one! let death be thy doom!"—
Cried a youth, as he sprang from a thicket's dark gloom;
"This drinks thy life-blood!"—with a shriek fell the maid,
As deep in her bosom he struck the cold blade!
But, O God! what a pang rent her breast when she found,
'Twas the steel of Geraldus inflicted the wound!

"Nor," frantic, he cried, "is my vengeance complete,
"Till thou too, cursed rival, shall bleed at my feet!"—
His sword then he brandish'd and rush'd on his foe,
In vain on the helmet resounded the blow,
When again did he eager the breast-plate assail,
His steel shiver'd short on the well-twisted mail!

But how started Geraldus with fear and affright,
When sudden the armour fell off from the knight!
On the ground rung his hauberk, his vizor unclosed,
And a face fraught with grim exultation exposed;
A shriek from poor Bertha her horror express'd,
For before her the Sprite of the Glen stood confess'd!

On his form so gigantic, all reeking with gore,
A rough shaggy mantle of bear-skin he wore,
Malignity scowl'd in his features so ghast,
His broad sable pinions he waved in the blast:
"Mine's the conquest!" he cried, "for my spells and my charms,
"Have torn a fond maid from her true-lover's arms!"

"Look up," cried Geraldus, "look up my pale love,
"For us this deep anare hath the wily fiend wove!
"He prompted the blow, yet forgive me, sweet heart,
"Oh! my Bertha, one look ere for ever we part!"
Poor Bertha look'd up, and full sadly she sigh'd,
Gave a smile of forgiveness, faint murmur'd, and died.

"Stop, my love," he exclaim'd, "for together we'll flee,
"And the grave, the cold grave, shall our bridal-bed be;"
Thrice in agony speechless he gazed on her form,
Thrice he kiss'd her pale lips that with life still were warm,
Thrice he plunged in his bosom the blade wet with gore,
Then clasp'd his poor Bertha, to clasp her no more.

Like the crash of an earthquake the fiend's hideous yell
Fill'd each wood and each vale as the true lover's fell;
The forest-clad mountains, convulsed at the sound,
Shook the pines from their summits, and hurled them around;
Each cavern's dark spirit, aroused by the cry,
Burst forth in a hollow-toned echo of joy!

Oft the fond wakeful maid wets her pillow with tears,
When at midnight these heart-freezing murmurs she hears;
Fall oft too, at eve, when she bids him "farewell,"
Her soul's horror and dread to her lover she'll tell,
Who will spur on his steed o'er the rush-cover'd fen,
Lest he meet, in the twilight, the "Sprite of the Glen!"



AMORASSAN ;

OR,

THE SPIRIT OF THE FROZEN OCEAN!

—
An Eastern Tale.
—

FROM the very depth of his soul did Muzaffer, the Grand Vizir, detest the poor wandering Hebrew, Ben Hafi. He knew but too well how to manage the strings of the Khalif's heart, and firmly resolved that not one should remain unsounded till the entire destruction of this hated stranger was accomplished. But here, for the first time, he found his insidious arts baffled; a proof that rectitude of mind and innate purity of heart, are such celestial and enduring gifts, that although they may be sometimes overpowered by guile and falsehood, they can never be entirely destroyed.

The Khalif listened attentively to the arguments of his Vizir, then paused for a few moments, and replied by the question.—“What harm has Ben Hafi

done?—Whom has he injured?” The Vizir was of opinion that “he was universally considered as a dangerous person; there was a mystery about him which at best wore a suspicious appearance, and although, in truth, he had as yet done no harm, yet, perhaps, he was only waiting for an opportunity to effect his evil designs with the greatest security.” “Perhaps so,” replied the Khalif, “and perhaps not!” Allah who reads the hearts of Ben Hafi—of you—of myself—of all—alone knows what he means to do: we, Muzaffer will content ourselves with knowing what he has already done. Since his arrival in my dominions, no fault has been found in his conduct. He is charitable, modest, wise: and does not my

faithful dwarf, Mejnoun, think well of him ? Ah ! he of whom my little deaf Mejnoun thinks well can never be a worthless man !—for the spirit of truth resides in the heart of Mejnoun—the arrows of discernment shoot from his brilliant eye, and therefore needs not be the sense of hearing. Allah has taken from him in one respect, but has given him most bounteously in another. He conceives the meaning of men from their looks, from movements of their lips to us imperceptible ; he deciphers their thoughts expressed by the sinking or falling of the eye-brow, or the momentary play of the muscles of the mouth ; he reads the heart through the bosom, and his eye pierces as deep as is permitted to mortal man. Oh ! had I but always valued the advice of my good Mejnoun, as it deserved, how different would have been my situation now ! My brother, my Abdallah would have still been at my court, and I should still have possessed a real friend ! When all conspired to blind me—when my senses were bewildered by calumnies, whose falsehood I discovered too late, and whose author I still seek in vain—then did no voice speak in favour of Abdallah, none but Mejnoun's ! But I scorned the warning—my eyes were dazzled by the splendour of my newly-mounted throne—my ears were filled with flattery, and I shut my heart against my brother. Oh ! when I remember while our father was yet in life, what an affectionate friend—what a cheerful companion—what a disinterested adviser—what virtues and what talents, sure were mine in Abdallah, and how from the moment that I mounted the throne I repulsed him with that haughty coldness, which by you and by my courtiers was termed necessary prudence, and how I judged him to be guilty without hearing his defence ! Oh ! 'twas most unjust, tyrannical, and barbarous ; most heartily do I wish that I had been the younger brother, and that Abdallah had borne the sceptre in my place, I should have gained by the exchange, both in

this world and the next ; for I swear to thee, Muzaffer, by the eternal splendour that had he been Khalif, Abdallah would not have condemned his brother unheard. No he would not ; his actions were as just as his affections were tender ; his head was wise as his heart was good."

"Mighty lord," replied Muzaffer, "remember that Abdallah was not condemned by you, circumstances whose illusion (as you say) you have since discovered, compelled you to believe him guilty ; but before you could adjudge his doom, he avoided your sentence by a disgraceful flight."

"Ah ! Muzaffer," said the monarch, "thou art generally skilful in pouring balsam into the wounds of my bosom, but this is too deep an ulcer ever to be healed ; it defies your art. He was compelled to fly ; to fly from his brother—to preserve his life, and his brother from the commission of a dreadful crime. Oh ! where is he now ? In what miserable hut does he hunger while I revel here in superfluity, and lavish away the treasures of Arabia ? In vain have my messengers traversed the globe: no vestige of my brother can be found. Perhaps he already appears as my accuser before the throne of the eternal and the spirit of my father stands by his side. Heavenly powers ! if so, what a doom must I suffer."

Muzaffer had heard these lamentations so often, and had always combatted them with so little success, that he made it a rule to listen in silence to his monarch's reflections, and now and then endeavoured to mark the interest which he did not feel by a sympathetic sigh, a melancholy movement of the head, or a look of pious resignation cast towards heaven, or rather towards the ceiling. He had also frequently found that by allowing the stream of sorrow to run its course it became the sooner expended. In the present instance he was correct, and after some time spent in silent thought he again endeavoured to bring forward the Hebrew, Ben Hafi, and thereby re-

new the conversation respecting him. He therefore again pressed the Khalif on the subject, but Amurath would hear nothing he could urge against him ; and at length asked him " Whether he was in truth afraid of the influence of this poor simple Hebrew ? " The Vizir's answer was a contemptuous smile. " Then why so much his enemy ? " rejoined the Khalif, " trust me it does not please me when you express such aversion against a man whose conversation has beguiled your sovereign of so many heavy hours. Ben Hafi's tales and descriptions of various countries, furnish me with much amusement and matter for reflection. With him I have often forgotten that I am a monarch, and he who makes a king forget the snows of a throne, trust me Muzaffer can be no common man."

They were here interrupted by the little deaf Mejnoun, whom the Khalif had instructed to summon the Hebrew to the seraglio : the portal curtains were drawn back, and Ben Hafi entered. The sun, when at mid-day he shines upon the ocean, is not brighter than the smile with which Muzaffer greeted Ben Hafi. But how he hated him at that moment ! Ben Hafi, was by the sultan's request, seated on cushions arranged opposite to the royal sofa ; the dwarf took his accustomed station at his master's feet, and the Grand Vizir, by a respectful bow, requested permission to break the silence ; the permission being granted, he thus addressed the object of his aversion and his fear.

" Worthy and wise Ben Hafi, there is a point of some importance on which our lord, the Khalif has long differed from the humblest of his slaves, and which I now submit to your experience in the nature of mankind. I maintain that a monarch, who has no other materials to work upon, and no other instrument to work with than men, must govern his actions according to the dictates of cool and unbiassed prudence, and without suffering himself to be influenced by that most dangerous of all

delusions, the enthusiasm of the heart. Those plans, I contend, must come to nothing which are built upon the idea of ruling men through the medium of their good qualities, for that government can only be of use to the whole which is grounded upon a knowledge of the depravity, the baseness, the selfishness, the incapacity of the individuals, of whom that whole is composed. I maintain also that the black drop which the angel Gabriel removed from the heart of Mahomet, exists in the hearts of all other children of Allah ; that on account of that innate depravity, the sovereign should possess a sceptre of iron as well as one of gold ; that he will find it necessary to use the former than the latter ; and that true wisdom will make him consider man merely as an animal who must be compelled to do that which is useful, and abstain from that which is pernicious ; the one by his passion for pleasure, the other by his fear of pain. Such are my sentiments ; I have the misfortune to find them disapproved of by my lord, the Khalif, and but too often see him act from sentiments in direct opposition to them."

" And if your opinion were just," replied the Khalif, " why in the name of the prophet did nature give the king a heart as well as the beggar ? A monarch should be born without the feelings of a man, to rule as you would have him."—" The duties of a monarch, and the feelings of a man, are always different, and always incompatible," rejoined the Vizir. " If that be the case I pity both," replied the Khalif, " but most the monarch ! To dare confide in no one—to be deaf to the pleadings of benevolence—to repress all warm affections and generous sensibilities, and to shut our bosoms against the whole world. Oh ! if this be indeed the lot of a sovereign, it is indeed a dreadful one. God of creation ! unless you weigh my conduct by the measure of my good intentions, how shall thy servant stand upright before thee ? " The benevolent monarch bowed his

head, and a tear stood in his eye. Ben Hafi, who had remained respectfully silent during this conversation, now rejoined, "Doubt it not commander of all true believers! at the last great day our actions will be judged, not according to their consequences, but according to the views with which they were committed." The Khalif, with a grateful smile, replied, "I trust so, Ben Hafi, and will not therefore repine that my seat is a throne rather than a couch of straw. But we have wandered from Muzaffer's dispute with me. Tell me, Ben Hafi, unreservedly, is it better that a man—I say a man, not a monarch, for in spite of all that has been urged to the contrary, I cannot help flattering myself that they are the same; is it, I say, better that a man should act according to the warmth and enthusiasm of his heart, or that he should merely obey the dictates of that cold discretion which before a step is taken, weighs its merits in the nicest balance, and examines it with the severest scrutiny? Do not answer that the right thing is to make a proper use of both. I know that already; but I wish you to decide between two people, who seldom can make prudence and enthusiasm walk hand in hand. Muzaffer sees me act imprudently, without thinking of any thing but how to confer pleasure, and then he shakes his head; on the other hand, I see him act discreetly without caring whether he inflicts pain, and then I feel that my heart is bleeding. Both of us are in the wrong; but which of us is more so?" Ben Hafi paused for a few moments; at length he raised his head, and the genius of inspiration sparkled in his expressive eyes. "Commander of the faithful!" said he, "the life of an illustrious person, who still exists, will be the best answer to your important question. Am I permitted to relate his adventures?" Instant permission was given. The Hebrew bowed his head, and began as follows:—

* * *

The words of might, the words of

power were spoken, and a thick grey cloud came rolling from the north. In its passage over the mountain Caucasus, its shadow fell on the pavilion of mortal excellence, and immediately the bright picture was obscured, on which the genius Gela-Eddin was gazing. The roof of this brilliant pavilion, is formed of moon-shine; the golden columns on which it rests, are beams of the sun, and in number a thousand and thirty; its walls are composed of woven ether, meteor fires, and the condensed evaporations of aromatic shrubs and flowers. A profusion of falling stars is showered over the whole pavilion, and it floats upon the clouds of autumnal evenings, which form for it a floor of the most brilliant crimson. This is the abode of the spotless and generous spirits of those who, while on earth, dignified and enlightened human nature by their virtues, and who have purchased for themselves, after death, a seat in the society of the pure genii, by their glorious actions, and by self-devotion to the general good. Gela-Eddin, a superior genius, equally endowed with the light and love of truth, is the happy ruler of these illustrious spirits.

On the ethereal walls of this pavilion are continually represented every noble and virtuous action from the first instant of its suggesting itself, to the moment of its completion. Nothing can be more brilliant, nothing more soft than the colours of which these pictures are composed; unlike those of earth, instead of fading, they become more bright and fresh with each succeeding day, except when the celestial motive which animates their authors is obscured and tarnished by weakness, apprehension, selfinterest, indolence, uncertainty respecting the consequences, or reflection on the little merits of those for whose benefit the noble action is intended. But, when a mortal, even to the moment of dissolution, remains faithful to the heavenly inspiration, which incites him to glorious deeds; when the lamp of his life in expiring, still throws

lame which warms and ennobles with the remembrance of his virtues, then does the whole palace blaze with celestial radiance! The reflection of this sacred shining comes through the thick vapours, and composes our atmosphere, and the horizon with a soft tremor.

The pilgrim stops and is in rapture on the lovely vision; the man of wisdom affixes to the unmeaning name, and leaves it just as he found it; and the philosopher accounts for the vision falsely, and astonishes himself at the profundity of his science. The setting sun poured its lustre on the transparent pavilion, gilded the pavement, and illuminated the res on the walls of ether. The face of the pure enjoyed in silent contemplation the sight of the glorious actions of good on earth, when suddenly the fabric trembled to its very base; the wind breathed through the palace, and the words of power ascended and rolled the globe beneath. The faces of the pure veiled their heads in fear at that moment the picture displayed the conduct of one of the best of their earthly brethren, upon the brilliant wall. The Gela-Eddin, approached the entrance, extended his wand to retard the further progress of the frozen cloud.

"Who art thou?" enquired Gela-Eddin, "by whom art thou summoned, and what business?" A voice issued from amidst the cloud—"Powerful Gela-Eddin! I am a spirit of the ocean; one of those who inhabit the islands of chillness and gloom; sometimes careless of all sublunary things, and sometimes loathe to float in the atmosphere, which surrounds and supports the earth; at other times descend into the restless, whirling air, which moves, and at once to govern and obey those who are by turns their slaves, their enemies and friends; never injure them, now benefit

them, but who equally in benefits or injuries feel for them neither love nor hate." "And whither is thy course addressed? Why hast thou left thy gloomy islands?" inquired the genius, "Amorassan summons me," replied the voice, "and I dare not resist his spell; he calls me in the name of Solomon the great, the powerful, and the wise!"—"Amorassan!" repeated the genius in melancholy surprise, "Amorassan the Grand Vizir of Guzurat? the friend and favourite of its Sultan? who has hitherto trod that crooked, slippery path with steps so bold and steady? how can the glowing heart of Amorassan ever have desired thy aid?"—"His heart," answered the voice, "is wounded by the perverseness and treachery of mankind; he is disappointed by the worthlessness of those with whom he is destined to exist, and for whose welfare he has, till now, still lived and laboured: he who has hitherto undertaken every right action, merely because he felt that it was right, will now weigh his proceedings, not by their motive, but only by their consequences: keen foresight, exact judgment, and justice impartial and severe, must henceforth freeze the ardour of his feelings, and overpower the warmth of his heart. But hark! the charm is repeated! the powerful words ascend even to the clouds! Mighty Gela-Eddin, delay my flight no longer.

The genius sighed as he dropped his wand, and a tear glittered in his eye, when he saw the chill, grey cloud hover over the palace of Amorassan.

* * * *

Amorassan, the Grand Vizir of Guzurat, was a man such as Grand Vizirs seldom are. He was his master's favourite, and yet was he more the friend of the people than the servant of the monarch: he governed every thing, and yet was he less anxious for the glory of the kingdom, than for the happiness of those whom it contained. He was Grand Vizir, yet he valued his place more because it enabled him to procure the welfare of the Sultan's subjects, than be-

cause it furnished him with opportunities to preserve the Sultan's favour; though it was to that favour alone that he was indebted for his place, and that he could expect to preserve it. In short, he was the minister of Guzurat not of its Sultan. He was one of those men who inflamed with enthusiastic admiration, of the good and fair are capable of undertaking, and executing plans whose accomplishment seems to require the life of an antediluvian. His heart was the most tender, his sympathy the most warm, his courage the most undaunted, his activity the most indefatigable: he wished ardently what was right, and he no sooner perceived that good might be done, than he hastened to do it. And although he often found that he had earned curses where he had sowed blessings with the greatest labour and care, yet he was not to be driven from his glorious career by difficulties or disappointments. The consciousness of his good intentions consoled him, and the Sultan of Guzurat did him justice, even when both the court and country murmured. This Sultan (his name was Ibrahim) was in truth a good kind of man, his greatest fault was that he was totally dependent on those who possessed his confidence. His heart was warm and susceptible—his imagination was easily inflamed, and he was possessed with a most inordinate desire to obtain renown. The enlarged and glorious plans of his Vizir dazzled and enchanted him; and there were moments, when in the warmth of his enthusiasm for virtue, he would have obeyed Amorassan: even had he been advised by him to exchange his throne for the cell of a dervise. The love of virtue, the abhorrence of vice, the sacrifice of self, philanthropy to wish, resolution to decide, and vigour to execute; all these were communicated to him by Amorassan: but that which alone could give duration to these qualities he did not possess from nature, and Amorassan could not impart it: the Sultan had no firmness of character.

Among the courtiers by whom the throne was surrounded, Ebu-Beker, the son of the late Chief-Cadi, was numbered. Although the Sultan neither loved nor esteemed him, yet his society was agreeable to him. He professed on all occasions the most profound admiration of the Sultan, and by throwing himself into the shade, contrived to make his master's merits shine with the greater lustre. This conduct was highly agreeable to the person whom it was designed to please. In Amorassan's company Ibrahim felt conscious he was inferior to his minister. In Ebu-Beker's, he was exalted in his own opinion, and he felt grateful to the author of this agreeable sensation. Amorassan grieved to see his master subject to the unworthy influence of his rival, and although Ibrahim's attachment had suffered no diminution as yet, still he now and then put a negative upon the benevolent plans the former was continually suggesting. The brow of the minister at length became clouded with vexation and discontent, and the Sultan was surprised to find that Amorassan was become a less pleasing companion, and the society of Ebu-Beker gained considerably by the comparison. The discontent of Amorassan was still further increased by discovering the worthlessness of several of those persons to whom he had confided the execution of his plans. He found himself betrayed, deceived, disappointed, and disgusted: misanthropy began to steal insensibly into his bosom, and it was in this dangerous temper of mind that an Egyptian was brought before him, many mysterious circumstances respecting whom had caused him to be suspected of sorcery.

The Egyptian easily read in the minister's eye an inclination to become better acquainted with his scientific secrets. They had many midnight conversations together, and no sooner did the necromancer hint at certain cabalistical words, whose power could give the speaker absolute authority over spirits of a higher sphere, than this

thought flashed like lightning across his hearer's brain—"To become the lord of such a being, is the only certain means of enabling me to execute my great and glorious plans. Could I but once see clearly into the hearts of men I should then be certain of success in my designs, and could guard against deception. To be proof against the illusions of others, is not enough; I must also be guarded against those of my own heart. The being, whom I need must not only warn me against the hypocrisy of my fellows, but against the deceitful enthusiasm of love, of friendship, and even of mistaken virtues. I must read the human soul, to see before hand the consequences of my own actions, and those of others, and to remove from my senses all those deceitful clouds with which sympathy, imagination, and the passions obscure the sight of men, and misguide their footsteps." Inflamed with these ideas, he immediately became the scholar of the Egyptian; and at length his mysterious education being completed, he was possessed of the important words which enabled him to summon to his aid an immortal spirit. The Egyptian's labour was rewarded with life and liberty, and Amorassan now lost no time in commencing his magical operations.

* * *

Amorassan's whole frame trembled with impatience, while he pronounced the powerful charm. He stood in the most retired apartment of his palace; the light was carefully excluded except what proceeded from a golden chafing dish that stood before him, and in which at intervals he burned perfumes and various other ingredients of necromantic efficacy. The spell was complete. Thrice had he pronounced the mighty words in the awful name of Solomon, the powerful and the wise; and now a thick grey cloud slowly descending into the room, hovered awhile over the chafing dish, and then spread itself through the whole apartment. Gradually it dispersed; and now Amorassan

beheld a female figure, the faultless perfection of whose form and features sufficiently assured him she was no terrestrial being. Her robes were of the purest white; and her veil, which was thrown backward, and fell to her very feet, was fastened upon her brow by a garland of white roses; but the mildew had sullied every leaf, and in every flower there lurked a canker. Her forehead was smooth, and fair as polished ivory. Her eyes darker than jet or ebony, were large and bright, but their lustre resembled the shining of chrystal rather than the sparkling of diamonds: no fire emanated from their orbs to light up her countenance, and she always bent them straight before her with a fixed and steady gaze. Her eye-brows were formed in the softest and most regular curve. Her full bosom betrayed not the gentle rise and fall of respiration, much less did it seem to have been ever agitated by the tempest of the furious passions: the breath of life was not perceived to impart its warmth to her lips, as red and as cold as coral; much less had they ever burned with the fiery blast of desire! never had either joy or sorrow drawn a wrinkle round that lovely mouth; and her smooth blooming cheeks were equally unconscious of the tears of pain and the smiles of pleasure. Every feature was modelled in the most exquisite and harmonious proportions; never did the poet's dream present an image of such faultless beauty, as that which now stood before Amorassan: ideal perfection was here embodied; but yet the whole appeared so cold, so indifferent, so insensible, that though the first glance was that of admiration, the second was accompanied by a sensation of uneasiness and anxiety indescribably disagreeable and painful. In vain did Amorassan gaze upon those celestial features; in her whole face could he not discover the slightest trace of character, not even the most distant shadow of expression, which could point out the way to the heart,

or give a clue to the sentiments of its possessor.

With her hands folded upon her bosom the Spirit stood fixed before Amorassan silent and motionless. Equally overpowered by her exalted nature, by her surprising loveliness, by the dignity of her demeanour, and by the killing coldness of her look, he sought in vain in her countenance for something of that expression, which encourages us to address a person still unknown. At length he said, in a subdued voice, while he felt his respiration so oppressed, that he could only pronounce his words with difficulty—"Answer! What art thou?"—"She whom you summoned, and whom you need; a spirit from the islands of chillness and gloom. Does not my countenance tell you, that I am in the right?" "I know not yet," replied Amorassan; "I can only feel at present, that the sight of you congeals the blood in my veins. You are beautiful as the light of day; yet deformity would be less painful to me, for that at least must possess some expression." "That want of expression proves, that I am the very spirit, whom you need, But if you like me not, being such as I am and must remain, dismiss me. To me it matters not where I am, whether here or elsewhere; whether I bask in the warm sun-beams, or bathe in the cold damp vapours of the islands of chillness and gloom; for to me the sun-beams are not warm, nor the damp vapours cold. I will serve you, if you command it; I will leave you, if you permit me, and either way shall be equally well pleased." "Tell me, thou frosty being," asked Amorassan, know'st thou the word virtue?" "I have sometimes heard it mentioned, but it is no concern of mine." "No? And vice then—?" "Oh! that I have heard mentioned much oftener: but that is no concern of mine either. I used to hear much about such things, when I lived in the court of Solomon—wise—as he was called. I was his

slave, and in his latter years his constant companion. It was in my society that he learned that every thing on earth is vanity." "What?" said Amorassan, "even what he had done for his own pleasure and advantage?" "Even that," replied the Spirit; "and as soon as this last point was ascertained, he dismissed me. Since that time, I have inhabited the islands of chillness and gloom, which exist in the frozen ocean." "From so melancholy an abode, you must needs be pleased at your present deliverance," said Amorassan.—"Melancholy?" replied the Spirit. "What is melancholy? Nothing pleases, or displeases me." "Feelest thou neither liking, nor disliking? neither love nor aversion?" "Of all this I know nothing; and therefore am I the very Spirit whom you need."—"Then it is a matter of indifference to you how I employ you; and you will execute evil as cheerfully as good, good with as little remorse as evil?"—"Good? Evil? All this is your affair, not mine."—"Unfeeling spirit! You grieve my very heart."—"May be so; but the grief of your heart is no concern of mine. Why is that declaration is your countenance suddenly overcast? What strange things are mortals! Now that you have found in me the Spirit you desired, you recoil with horror at the fulfilment of your own wish. Ah! I see, that the sons of earth are not changed since Solomon's time."—"And what then is man in your opinion?" asked Amorassan.—"He is not that, which he fain would be; and were he every thing he wishes to be to-day, he would wish to-morrow to be that again, which he was yesterday. Now then inform me in your turn, why am I summoned hither?"—"I wish to make the people of Guzurat contented and happy."—"And what then is thy station?"—"I am Guzurat's Grand Vizir, and its Sultan's favourite."—"Oh! wise as powerful Solomon! then at least one of thy sayings is false."—"And why

is that?"—"There is nothing new under the sun.—And how would'st thou have me help thee?"—"Guard me against others," replied the Minister with energy, "still more against myself. Unmask the wilful hypocrisy of those who surround me, and dispel the involuntary illusions of my own enthusiastic heart."—"Thou shalt be obeyed," said the Spirit. "No sooner does my chilling breath fall upon her than falsehood perishes: there is no veil so thick, that my piercing eye cannot penetrate it. Neither the sweet voice of praise, be it flattering or sincere, nor the mouth's enchanting smile, be it artificial or natural; nor the look expressive of good will, be it worn from real feeling, or assumed to serve a momentary purpose; nor the overflowings of the warm heart, whether they arise from a wish to deceive, or from the enthusiasm of the moment; none of these can mislead me. Nor am I more beguiled by the brilliant dreams of imagination, or tempted from my steady course by the melodious pleading of sentiment. Love and friendship wave their torches before me in vain: I gaze steadily on that which is wise and true, and their glare can neither dazzle my sight nor their vapours obscure my object. Amosson speak but the word, and nothing shall henceforth deceive you. You shall see men and things as they really are; you shall see your own heart, as it really is, and as it will be."—"I speak that word," replied Amosson, "and from this moment date the commencement of my bosom's peace. Now then I can execute my glorious plan without fear of treachery, or of my own weakness. The happiness of Gujarat and of its monarch is secure, and my friend may defy the malice of his enemies!"—"Still this concerns not me," coldly replied the Spirit to his rhapsody. "Invisible being, what then does concern you? At least you must love yourself; and caring so little for the happiness of others, probably you care the

more anxiously for your own."—"Happiness? my own? myself? These are all words quite unknown to me. Happiness—I have heard it spoken of. But as for me—I neither weep nor smile; and except smiling and weeping, I see nothing of consequence which men do on earth: whatever lies between these two, only serves to conduct either to the one or to the other."—"Talk not thou of what men do," warmly replied Amosson. "A being, so destitute of all feeling, is not fit to mix with human creatures!"—"That is true, and therefore am I exactly fitted for the associate of a man like yourself; unless you have already forgotten the object for which you called me hither."—"Leave me! I feel ill at ease in your society."—"In yours," said the Spirit, with provoking coldness, "I feel neither ill nor well. But the bond between us is become indissoluble. I must henceforth be your constant attendant, and aid you to unravel the web, which destiny has woven for you. Your future fortunes are well known to me; but I am only permitted to lay the leaves open before you one by one. Had I been permitted to read the last leaf, then I should also have known how long I have to remain your slave; but this contained my own destiny, and the volume was suddenly closed."—"And does this grieve you?"—"Nothing grieves or pleases me."—"Leave me!—Yet stay! When I require your aid, by what name must I summon you?"—"I am called 'The Nameless One';—you will bestow on me a better name hereafter. But whenever my ministry is needful, I shall stand before you uncalled, and invisible to all eyes but yours. Of this be assured, for your master and mine has enjoined it."—"There is much more which I would gladly ask; but my heart feels changed to ice by that chilling look. Retire, till my blood has regained sufficient warmth, and my heart sufficient feeling to support your presence. Leave me! Begone!"

The thick grey cloud again spread

itself through the apartment. It rose into the air, and when it dispersed, the Spirit was no longer visible.

* * *

Some hours elapsed, before Amorassan recovered from the effect produced upon him by the Spirit's freezing demeanour. But with the return of day, all his glorious visions for the happiness of mankind resumed their influence over his mind with renewed vigour; and he rejoiced in the prospect of being now able to carry them into execution without fear of further disappointments.

The governor of the frontier-province of Burglana was deceased, and it was necessary to consult the Sultan respecting the disposal of this important place. Ibrahim had slept well, was in high spirits, and received his Vizir with a smile of good will, that touched him to the very heart. That it had produced this effect was evident, and the consciousness of having afforded satisfaction, increased the Sultan's. He welcomed Amorassan in the most engaging manner, and marked by his reception, that he considered him as the companion of his youth, as the friend of his selection, as the favourite of his heart, and the partner of his most secret thoughts. With every moment their discourse became warm and more confidential; and as their intercourse had rather languished for the last few months, this unexpected renewal of affection was doubly grateful to the sympathizing heart of Amorassan.

That heart now lay expanded before the Sultan's eyes; the Vizir laid open his distant glorious plans for the prosperity of Guzurat; his eyes floated in dews of rapture, while he dwelt upon them, and the spirit of inspiration seemed to flutter round his lips.

Ibrahim entered into all his feelings, approved of all his plans, echoed back all his wishes. Amorassan's soul overflowed with gratitude, and his satisfaction seemed to be complete, when his sovereign, taking his hand, and fixing his eyes on his face with a smile of

benevolence, informed him, that he too had a plan to propose, and a wish to be complied with. Already did the assurance of his ready and unconstrained consent float upon the lips of the delighted Amorassan; when suddenly in the further part of the saloon he perceived the Spirit, with all her calmness, coldness, and oppressive gravity. Her right hand pointed to the Sultan with a warning gesture; the fore-finger of the left was placed against her lip, as if enjoining silence.

The colour instantly fled from Amorassan's cheeks; he gazed stedfastly upon the vision; the fire of enthusiasm was extinguished in his eyes, and the assurance, which he had already unclosed his lips to give, dissolved into unintelligible murmurs.

Ibrahim drew his hand away; he gazed upon his Vizir in astonishment; and the cold constraint of Amorassan's manner produced a corresponding change in his own. After a pause, he said with an embarrassed air—"Perhaps you already guess what I am going to propose. Perhaps you are unwilling to comply with my wish in this respect."—

"No," replied Amorassan, "I have not the most distant suspicion of your plan. Nor can I feel unwilling to comply with any wish of yours whose wishes are commands." "Ah!" said the Sultan, "when I mentioned to you that I had a wish, it was not the master who spoke to his servant, but Ibrahim to Amorassan! True, I command when I address my Vizir; but when I converse with my friend, I can but wish, and am only happy in the completion of my wish, if it meet with my friend's approbation."—"Then name your wish! Surely you need not now to be assured that Amorassan would think your satisfaction cheaply bought by the sacrifice of his existence!"—"Some other time when you are again in the same disposition—when your manner is the same—when your heart is as harmoniously attuned to mine, as

it was this morning when you first addressed me. 'Tis very strange ! What could occasion in you so sudden an alteration ? Nay, own the truth, Amorassan : you must certainly have guessed what it was that I intended to propose to you."—" I did not," was Amorassan's brief reply.—" So dry, so brief," said the Sultan with surprise.—" To convince you of a truth hitherto a single word of mine has been thought by you sufficient," said the embarrassed Vizir." " Well then ! there let the business rest. Perhaps the unaccountable hesitation in your manner which communicated itself to mine, and made me in my turn hesitate, was a secret warning to weigh the matter more carefully, before I submitted it to your inspection. I will follow the advice, and now let us call another subject."—

The conversation then turned entirely upon topics of indifference. Amorassan vainly endeavoured to recover his former ease ; he was absent, embarrassed, and the discourse languished. At length Ibrahim relieved both his Vizir and himself by suffering him to depart, and Amorassan hastened homeward. No sooner was he alone in his palace, than the Spirit presented herself before him.

" You see," said she, " that I am faithful to my promise. I have not waited for your summoning of me."—" Answer without delay," said Amorassan in anger, " what meant your unexpected appearance even now at the conjuncture ?"—" I appeared to fulfil your injunctions, and warn you against yourself," coldly replied the Spirit. " Fascinated by the delightful feelings of gratitude and friendship, intoxicated by your sovereign's flattering praise, and overpowered by the condescending marks of his affection, you were on the point of promising to comply with his wishes, without giving yourself time to learn whether they were wishes with which it would be right or prudent to comply. I appeared to prevent your contracting this rash engagement, and

at my presence your fond illusion fled."

" And even had I formed that engagement, would he have held me to it, if it proved to be either imprudent or wrong ? No ! Ibrahim himself would not have wished the engagement to be kept. What he had asked, and I had granted, in the warmth of affection—"

" Affection ! Affection for you ? The Sultan's kindness this morning took its rise from quite another source."—" Is then the Sultan my friend no longer ?" said the Vizir in a tone of melancholy.

" It is evident that he is still your friend, since he endeavoured to entice you artfully into doing that which otherwise he would have commanded. In truth the wish to ensnare a person into doing anything, is no proof of an honest or manly heart ; but it proves at least, that the Sultan esteems the friend, loves the favourite, and wishes to preserve the Grand Vizir."—" And what then was it that the Sultan was about to propose ?"—

" He ardently desired to entice you into consenting, that the place of Chief Cadi should be given to a certain Ebu-Beker, whose father formerly possessed it."—" And your appearance prevented me from giving this so much wished consent. Fatal being ! you have deprived me of one of the happiest moments of my existence," said Amorassan in a tone of vexation.

" Nothing is more probable ; but that is no concern of mine," answered the Spirit with the most chilling coldness : " I have done my duty, and only done it, because it was my duty : if you found pain in it, I found no pleasure, for pleasure and pain are alike to me."—" Oh ! had you not appeared," said Amorassan in a tone of dissatisfaction the utmost—" had I but followed the emotions of my heart !

This Ebu-Beker is my mortal enemy ; I know well the plans, which he has laid for my destruction ; I would have made every thing known to the Sultan. I would have shown him how deadly the man hates me ; I would have pointed out to him the personal dangers to which his elevation would expose me :

and then I would have fallen at the feet of my friend, and told him, 'and all these considerations do I sacrifice to your wish! Let Ebu-Beker occupy the wished-for place; not the station alone, but my own will I surrender to him with good will, could it afford my sovereign the slightest gratification. Let Ebu-Beker still be my enemy; Amorassan shall henceforth be his friend, since Ibrahim values him!'—But now, instead of this, when the Sultan's heart was open—when his kindness was so warm—to repulse him by my chilling air—to make him so naturally believe, that I guessed his wish, and prepared myself to counteract it—away from my presence, thou cold insensible Spirit! I hate thee!"—"Indeed, already," unconcernedly replied the Spirit, "but as you please! I expect no other reward from men. And have you then forgotten the secret character of this Ebu-Beker, to whom you are so ready to resign your station, and with it the care of the happiness of Guzurat? Is he not avaricious, luxurious, envious, cruel, and malignant? Are not his principles, his views, his plans of government, exactly the reverse of yours? You would have told the Sultan that he is your mortal enemy. Think you that this is not already known to the Sultan? Were he ignorant that Ebu-Beker hates and has injured you, and that you have reason to hate Ebu-Beker, would he have endeavoured by an artifice to ensnare you into consenting to his elevation? However, in what regards the resignation of your own station to him, respecting that step you need be in no haste: let him only obtain the place of Chief Cadi, which is now his object, and that of Grand Vizir will soon follow it."—"Of Grand Vizir? Ebu-Beker Grand Vizir!"—"Infallibly—unless indeed you adopt the courtier's policy, and destroy your rival before he has time to destroy you."—"Is it even so? nay, then the Sultan's affections must be totally withdrawn from me, and from this moment I have nothing more

left to care for. I never made but two requests to Allah: the first, to retain Ibrahim's friendship; the second, to make him happy through his people, and his people happy through him. The loss of my power could only grieve me, if Guzurat and its monarch should lose under my successor those advantages which they have acquired under me, and those which I hoped they would acquire still further—but the loss of Ibrahim's friendship."—"Said I that you have lost it? No! you possess it still; will still possess it—even when he bestows your station on your rival. The Sultan himself will lament the necessity which occasions your fall: he will shed more tears at parting than yourself, and those tears will be sincere! he will regret your absence, will miss your society with every hour of the day."—"And yet will part with me?"—"And yet will part with you—for Ebu-Beker will have it so."—"Ebu-Beker! can the cold-hearted, malignant, unfeeling Ebu-Beker, he who is unable to sympathize with one of the generous Ibrahim's emotions, can he possess such influence over the Sultan's heart?"—"Of the Sultan's heart he possesses no share, and never will possess any: but he is the master of that which often has more influence over a sovereign than the heart, and by which the heart itself is frequently misled. Ebu-Beker is master of the key to Ibrahim's imagination: he is skilful in the art of showing the Sultan to the Sultan in a light, in which he appears to be much greater, much wiser, much more brilliant and majestic than he either is, or will, or can be. Such a man is not estimated by a sovereign; but before the thing is even suspected, his presence becomes indispensable. Ebu-Beker is determined upon your ruin: the Sultan will resist awhile, but friendship will at length yield to necessity. You will still be Ibrahim's secret friend, but Ebu-Beker will be the Sultan's Grand Vizir. Now then make your choice, either while it is still in your power, you must

rain this Ebu-Beker, your enemy, and the enemy of those views which you term so great and benevolent; or else you must consent to his elevation and leave the Sultan to proceed further as caprice or accident may direct. I leave you to determine."

The Spirit disappeared—dreadful was the contest, which now arose in the bosom of Amorassan. Should he represent to Ibrahim the dangerous character of Ebu-Beker? Were he to do so, would his representation be believed, coming from the lips of a man whom the Sultan knew to be his enemy? Was not the Sultan already secretly determined to make him Chief Cadi? Should he wait in silence for the Sultan's orders? or should he surprise the Sultan agreeably by proposing, as from himself, that Ebu-Beker might be raised to the desired dignity; and thus should he strengthen his own interest with Ibrahim by affording him an unexpected gratification, at the same time that he bound his rival in chains of gratitude, which might possibly withhold him from endeavouring further to poison his master's mind against him.

He dwelt for a few moments on this last idea with satisfaction. His understanding told him that it was the most prudent and craftily-imagined; but his heart soon rejected it with contempt, and shame coloured his cheeks at having suffered it to pollute his mind for an instant.

"What!" cried he, starting from the seat, "would I then purchase the continuance of the Sultan's favour at the price of the happiness of his kingdom? Shall the administration of the law in Guzurat depend upon the justice of an Ebu-Beker? Shall I to-day make the first step by a side path towards the degradation of my character, in order that when I fall I may feel that I have deserved my fall by deserting that straight path which I have so long trodden with steps so firm and with courage so undaunted!—never! never! I swear it by the prophet's tomb!"

As Amorassan pronounced these words, a soft ray of light fell upon the picture of his actions in the pavilion of mortal excellence. The spirits marked it with joy, and their prayers of gratitude mounted to the throne of Allah.

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Amorassan's reflections were interrupted by a summons to attend his father, who had been long unwell, and whose dissolution was thought to be at hand. He found him extended on his couch; near him sat his younger son Zemaun, his countenance overcast, and leaning his head on his hand. On Amorassan's entrance, the old Moawyah raised himself with difficulty, grasped his hand, and thus addressed him:—"I sent for you, my beloved son, that I might bestow on you my blessing before we part for ever; I wished also to mention one last request; it is the only one which your father will now make to you on this side the grave."

Amorassan was deeply affected: his eyes overflowed; he bowed down his head, and sealed a pious kiss upon the hand of his father. The old man understood the answer of the heart: he gazed upon his son with kindness for a few moments, and then resumed his discourse.

"I have ever found in you a dutiful son, and an affectionate friend; and such you remained in a station, in which those names are remembered so rarely; to-day I remind you, for the first time, (though I know well that you never will forget it) that services rendered by me to the deceased Sultan were the sole means of bringing you into an intimate connection with his son, and of making you what you are; the first in all Guzurat for power and happiness. Seeing you such, I should have nothing more to wish, had I not another son, whose claims to a brilliant station in life are no less urgent upon me now, than your own were formerly. I blame you not for having hitherto delayed to exert your power in his behalf, or in that of any one of the numerous relations of our

family: yet I cannot but think it strange that our house should be the only one of distinction in all Amedabad, which deserves your favour, and which has not obtained a single mark of it."—"My father!" interrupted Amorassan with surprise. "Look my Amorassan, look upon your brother Zemaun! a man of courage, sense, and active enterprise; he has already shown the foes of Guzurat in battle, that he is worthy of the race from whence he springs, and the vacant government of Burglana is well suited both to his abilities and his claims. All that I request is this; obtain for Zemaun this dignified office, and prove that Amorassan is not more a dutiful son than he is an affectionate brother."—"Amorassan," said Zemaun while he rose, and advancing towards him, clasped his hand; "it is against my will that my father presses this point upon you. I confess, too, that every one of my own age and equal claims, whom I saw you raise to dignity and power, made my pride feel humiliated; the thought that you must needs entertain a very mean opinion of my talents and character, embittered my heart towards you, and for some time past has made me shun your society. But at the death bed of our father, let all these little animosities be forgotten! Willingly would I wait, till the length and number of my services should force from the Sultan and yourself an acknowledgement that they merited a reward: but since my father wishes to see me established before his eyes close for ever, I am ready to receive this benefit at your hands, and owe it entirely to fraternal affection, rather than to any merit of my own."—"Spoken as a brother should speak," said the old man; "now then what answers Amorassan?"—"You see me, my father," said the Vizir, "deeply afflicted by what has just now passed. Was it not your own injunction that I should not give envy cause to say that I laboured to secure my power by filling every place with my own relations? Did you

not charge me to employ, not undervalued loved dearest, but such as I esteemed most! Remember that I am not Guzurat's Vizir for my own sake, but for the people's. I can act boldly, while the loss of the Sultan's favour involves no sacrifice but myself: I can now present my neck to the bow-string without fear in the cause of virtue; but oh! how much shall I tremble to risk my life, when the loss of mine may draw after it the destruction of those who are connected with me by the bonds of affection and of blood! I feel that my virtue is too weak to support so severe a trial."—"It is for your brother," said his father, "for your only brother that I plead! Show him some favour, and set your other relations aside."—"It is only by adducing of my brother as an example, that I have been able to resist the opportunities of all the rest."—"By which conduct you are become the object of their mutual hatred."—"Which I lament," said Amorassan, "but which I must endure."—"And will still endure it," interposed his brother, "though it should be increased by that of your brother."—"And by your father's displeasure," continued the old man, "You are silent! Enough! I would gladly have owed this obligation to you. Since you reject my request, I will apply to the Sultan: am I to expect your opposition?"—"I shall perform my duty, but no more," carelessly replied Amorassan. "And who then, will you tell the Sultan, is the fittest person to be governor of Burglana," said his father, Amorassan replied,—"Khaled, he to whom Guzurat has been already twice indebted for her preservation: him must I recommend: to decide belongs to the Sultan."—"Now then it is indeed time for me to die! I have brought into the world a cold-hearted statesman, who is only anxious for the security of his own greatness; but I possess no son in him; he, who affects to have an ear ever open to the prayers of all who suffer, is deaf to the intreaties of his

expiring parent!—Leave me! leave me!—I possess no son in thee.”—
 “Oh! my father” said Amorassan, “how totally do you mistake my heart! But I have done; be it as you wish!”
 At this moment he perceived the Spirit standing beside him, who warned him not to proceed; but Amorassan heeded not the warning, and thus continued—
 “I know well that I ought not to yield; my reason remains unconvinced, but my heart cannot support the bitterness of your reproaches; to-morrow I will demand the government of Burglana for my brother: if evil arises from this appointment, Allah grant that it may all fall upon my own head; and if my compliance gives you, my father, one moment of satisfaction, I shall bear that evil without a murmur, however heavy its weight may be.”

The old man repaid this promise with a profusion of blessings; but while his lips overflowed with gratitude, his heart was conscious of nothing more than exultation at having carried his point. Zemaun addressed all his thanks to his father, explicitly declaring that he considered himself as indebted to him alone for the promise, which he had with so much labour extorted from the unwilling Amorassan. The latter was now dismissed affectionately by Moawyah, and he hastened to collect his scattered thoughts in the most secluded chamber of his palace.

He threw open the door hastily, and the first object that met his eyes was the warning Spirit. He started back, and turned away his head in disgust.

“And must I then meet that freezing specter at every turning?” said he, “answer me thou sullen thing! What meant thy presence at my father’s?”—
 “You were on the point of committing an absurdity,” replied his guardian Spirit, “I appeared to warn you against the illusion of your heart; but you heeded me not.”—“An absurdity,” said the Vizir, “was it one to comply with the last wish of an expiring father?”
 “Your father is not expiring,” answer-

ed the Spirit; “his illness was disssembled, that his entreaties might have the greater effect. The artifice has succeeded; you have been weak enough to give a promise, whose fulfilment will shake the whole happiness of this kingdom to its very foundations: yet to break it will subject your own heart to the most exquisite of human sufferings! Know that your father’s request was dictated by Ebu-Beker, who is engaged in a secret conspiracy with your brother, the object of which is your destruction. And have you then forgotten the nature and principles of the man, to whose government you have promised to commit this important province? Are you not aware, that even in childhood Zemaun’s character has displayed nothing but an assemblage of the most hateful passions? His darling vice was originally ambition, boundless and insatiable; and heedless of the means by which its gratification was procured, as long as he counted upon your assistance, he only envied you: disappointed in that expectation, he now bears towards you aversion the most inveterate and deadly. To gratify his ambition is become a secondary object: his first is, to be revenged on you and on the Sultan, by whom his services, as he thinks, have been neglected. Vengeance is his daily contemplation, his nightly dream: now then make him governor of Burglana, and he will seize the first opportunity of forming an alliance with the Sultan of Candeish, Guzurat’s most dangerous enemy; he will deliver to him this important frontier-province, and will thereby afford a free passage for his troops into the defenceless country. The land will be deluged with blood, the air will resound with groans and curses; the Sultan’s throne will totter to its base; and you will be the author of all these miseries to Guzurat; you, who wilfully committed Burglana to such a brother; you, who will also be suspected of participation in your brother’s plot and treasons. Now then, if you dare perform your promise.”

"Monster!" exclaimed Amorassan, "and if I break it, with it I break my father's heart. The weight of years already presses him down to the grave, and shall I add to that weight the bitterness of disappointment? His whole soul seems bent upon the fulfilment of my promise; his life hangs but by a thread: vexation at this breach of faith may snap it! Leave me! Leave me! Oh! that I had never seen thee."

"I confess," coolly replied the Spirit, "that were it not for my warning, you would enjoy to-morrow an hour, such as few taste out of Paradise. The accomplishment of his hopes would supply the almost exhausted lamp of your father's life for years: when you brought him the wished-for tidings of success, he would bless you with a faltering voice, and with eyes overflowing with tears of gratitude and joy: your brother would clasp you to his bosom with well-dissembled affection; the Sultan would load you with flattery, and express his warm approbation of your choice; and thus would you dream away time, intoxicated with the sweet illusion, till the tempest should break loose, and the demons of vengeance and war cover with misery Guzurat's now happy plains."—"It must be done! wretch that I am! I must then break the heart of my kind, my venerable father."—"That is no concern of mine."—"Fiend!" cried Amorassan, "thou hast nothing of humanity about thee, but the outward form! could thy marble heart feel but one touch of pity."—"Pity! now you speak as a fool would speak, and I leave you—but first know, that Ebu-Beker has prepared the Sultan to hear you demand the government of Burglana for your brother: in return for which he means to ask your consent, that Ebu-Beker should fill the place of Chief Cadi. Now then decide, as you like best; how you decide, I care not."—And the Spirit vanished.

* * * *

Ebu-Beker had succeeded in per-

suading the Sultan, that Amorassan took to himself all the credit or the good which was done throughout Guzurat, and that the people only looked at the monarch as an insignificant tool in the hands of his Vizir. The consequence of these impressions was, that Ibrahim received his once-loved friend with the most studied indifference. He affected not to perceive his entrance: he continued to play with a favourite ape; he took care, in conversing with his eunuchs, to let fall sarcastic observations, whose concealed object was to wound the feelings of Amorassan. At length when he had discharged one of these poisoned arrows so dexterously, that he thought it could not fail of hitting the mark, he cast his eyes upon his Vizir to enjoy the sight of his vexation. Then did Amorassan answer his look with one so expressive of good will, so free from reproach, so mild, so humble; and yet so open, so dignified, and so firm, that it pierced the Sultan to the very heart. His dormant affection was roused, and his faltering voice betrayed the emotions of his bosom, while he inquired—"And what then brings my friend Amorassan hither?"

The well known tone of affection touched the finest strings of Amorassan's heart: the memory of their long and early friendship filled his eyes with tears. He saw, that his evident emotion had committed itself to Ibrahim; he resolved to seize the fortunate moment, and come to a full explanation respecting Ebu-Beker, and his projects. Suddenly the recollection struck him, that the Spirit had apprized him of the Sultan's design to ask that morning the place of Chief Cadi for Ebu-Beker, and he suspected that this show of friendship was assumed to win his consent with the less difficulty. Immediately his enthusiasm died away, and he replied coldly and gravely—"that he came to recommend a fit person to fill the government of Burglana."

Ibrahim eyed him for some moments in astonishment: he had marked the

sudden glow upon Amorassan's cheek ; he saw that tears of affection had gushed into his eyes : and now how came it that all was gone so suddenly ? After a pause he recovered himself, and inquired with equal coldness—"whom Amorassan's judgment favoured ?"—

He already anticipated the answer, and was prepared to grant the government to Zemau, requesting in return Ebu-Beker's nomination to the place of Chief Cadi ; for thus had it been secretly arranged between the Sultan and his favourite. What then was his surprise to hear the name Khaled.

Against this hero no objection could be raised. Mortified, confused, disappointed, Ibrahim stammered out a faint approbation ; and with a bleeding heart the Vizir regained his home, convinced that he no longer possessed the Sultan's confidence, dreading the reproaches of his incensed father, trembling for the welfare of Guzurat, and destitute of all consolation, except the consciousness of having done his duty.

After this last interview with Ibrahim, Amorassan began to feel that his own friendship was shaken : he doubted whether this dissembling Sultan, this man in secret alliance with his enemy, this lukewarm friend who had withdrawn his confidence without the slightest ground of reason, merited that he should devote his life so entirely to his service. He forgot that this want of confidence was mutual ; that he was himself in secret alliance with a being, of whose virtues he was less persuaded than the Sultan was of Ebu-Beker's ; and that when the heart of his friend was warm and open to him, his repulsive coldness had compelled him again to close it.

Absorbed in melancholy reflections, did Amorassan with the break of morning ascend a mountain at no great distance from his country-palace. A profusion of cedars, cypresses, and lemon-trees adorned it even to its loftiest summit. At its foot stood a pagoda of great antiquity and of extensive fame,

venerable and magnificent. Here lived the light gazelles in tranquil security ; many a sweet rivulet sparkling among the cliffs supplied their drink, and they satisfied their hunger with aromatic herbs : nor had the hunter's step ever been known to frighten into silence the brilliant-feathered choristers of these protected groves.

The air was freshening. A cool and pleasant gale played round the thoughtful brows of the Vizir, and bore to him on their soft wings the fragrance of the flowery vales below. The dwellings of men, as yet silent and tranquil as the grave, the blooming meadows and gardens, the mighty rivers, and the gently-flowing brooks, all glowed and glittered, and melted together in a stream of roseate light, which was poured full upon them by the glory of the now-rising sun.

A deep silence prevailed above, below, around him : till the songs of birds seemed to bid creation awake, and awake to happiness. Amorassan felt that at least in Guzurat that happiness was bestowed by him : he felt that it was the consciousness of his unwearied watchfulness for their good, which enabled these still slumbering men to slumber on in such security : he fancied that he could hear the mother teach her infant to lisp his name with a blessing, and the old man, recounting to his grand-children the sufferings of his youth, congratulate them, that under the government of Amorassan they had no such sufferings to apprehend.

In this moment he felt, that it was only by preserving his connection with its monarch, that he could preserve the power of conferring happiness on the kingdom : and he now resolved more firmly than ever to persevere in his benevolent designs ; he resolved never to abandon the weak and ungrateful Ibrahim to the mercy of his flatterers ; and even, if it were necessary, to sacrifice his life, rather than desert the cause of those millions, whose welfare depended on his resolution.

"Yes!" he exclaimed in virtuous rapture; "the sight of this general content rewards me for all my labours; and if I must fall a sacrifice for their sake, the blessings of thousands will surely follow me to the scaffold!"

Scarcely were the words uttered, when the oppressive chillness which seized his heart, announced that the Spirit was near him.

"Unwearied persecutor!" exclaimed Amorassan, "what brings thee hither just at this moment? It is the first happy one which I have known since I entered into alliance with thee."—"Then must it needs be also the weakest and the wildest, and the one in which you delude yourself the most completely: for it is only by delusions that man can make his moments happy."—"Then leave me my delusion!"—"For what then was I summoned from my gloomy islands? Was it not to dispel thy delusions! Thy petition comes too late, and I must do my duty."—"Oh! I was happy!—the balmy air—the beauty of the rising sun."—"Short-sighted mortal! Thou know'st not, that the breeze which plays round your brows so voluptuously, and cools so kindly the fever of your blood, at this moment loosens in the north a mountain of snow, which overwhelms whole villages: thou dost not think that the sun in whose warmth you bask and whose glories you admire, sucks up, even now, from fens and marshes, pestiferous vapours to spread disease from province to province, and collects from the aromatic exhalations which flatter your sense so agreeably, the elements of lightning, whose shafts shall pass over the villain's head harmless, while they strike the virtuous man to the ground."—"And what serves all this to prove?" replied Amorassan. "That great benefits are sometimes attended by inferior evils! nothing more. I pretend not to counteract the established order of Nature: but all that man can do have I, even I."—"Yes, yes," interrupted the Spirit, "I heard the boast of your fond enthusiasm! You

spoke of Guzurat's happiness; of her happiness through you! Vain man! look on yon solitary cottage, which the tamarind-tree overshadows: there expires the virtuous father of a virtuous family, expires of a broken heart, and his last moments are embittered by the cries of his starving orphans. The author of all this misery," continued the Spirit, "the man, who out of spite and vengeance has brought this whole family from opulence to want; who has broken the father's heart, and has turned out the children to beg their bread through the world; this very man is one of those judges whose hand has been armed with authority by you!"—"Name him! name him! and immediate punishment."—"And what would it avail to point out one, when thousands are equally guilty? Mortal, I tell thee, could thine ear receive at once all the groans which are uttered by the unfortunate, the persecuted, the oppressed in this Guzurat, which your fond illusion believes so happy: could I suddenly place before thine eyes in their whole gigantic deformity all the cruelty and injustice, which is committed in this kingdom in your name, the consciousness of your innocence would vanish like a dream, your heart would burst in pieces, and horror and despair would terminate your existence at once, without allowing time for the gush of a tear, or the utterance of a groan. Oh! what sovereign could endure the sight of that accumulated guilt and misery, which afflicts his kingdom, without his brain being turned with horror!"

At this part of the Hebrew's tale the Caliph, who had been wrapped up in the interest it had excited, hastily cried out, "For pity's sake, Ben Hafi, stop the mouth of that terrible Spirit! While I listen to her my blood runs cold, and I feel my heart pressed together. Allah knows, that for my own part, I have always meant to do that which was right; if I have erred, the fault is theirs, who deceived me. At the last dreadful day will I advance boldly to the judg-

brown with my Vizir and my mi-
and say—"To do justice to all
y only wish on earth; but I was
, and compelled to employ men
instruments; my agents may
inned, but my heart is innocent."
Khaliph's eyes were raised to
, and his hands were folded
his breast: the little deaf Mej-
believed that his master was at
votions, and he sank upon his
and murmured a prayer softly.
haliph raised him with a smile of
plence, and resting his head upon
nd—"At that day," said he,
shall stand nearest to me, and
for my heart." He paused for
ment; his countenance became
ed, and he added in a low voice,
re is but *one* accuser, whom I
fear on that last day; and that
that one is my own brother."—
Hafi fixed his eyes for a moment
he Khaliph's face with a look of the
emotion: he then looked down,
tear trickled on his silver beard.
ice faltered, while he resumed his
ive.

e Spirit continued.—"Cast
eyes on the smiling river,
winds among the flowers of
meadow, and whose waters
e in the sun-shine: those waters
ith them into the ocean the corpse
ooming boy, whose nearest rela-
ave secretly murdered him for
ce of his rich inheritance. Ask
ot the murderer's name! even
I tell it, darkness covers the
the accuser would not be believed:
truments are paid; and he who
em, sits among those, into whose
you have committed the superin-
ce of the orphans of the land.
ee! where yonder hag creeps
only among the bushes below, and
s various flowers in her basket.
umples under foot without regard
bolesome and medicinal herbs,
ly gathers those blossoms, which
l poison in their variegated cups.
ceeds them for a future crime,

whose price is already paid, and whose
commission you would vainly labour to
prevent. And hark! 'twas the trampling
of a courser's hoofs. The victim ap-
proaches, and the assassin has already
taken his secret stand! The bow-string
sounds; the poisoned arrow whistles in
the air! It transfixes the innocent bosom;
he falls, and malignant joy triumphs in
the heart of his murderer. He struggles!
he dies! Hark, Amorassan! hark!
'twas a hero's dying groan; 'twas the
dying groan of Khaled!"

Amorassan uttered a cry of horror
and surprise; the blood rushed violently
back from his heart, and he sank on the
ground deprived of animation.

* * * *

When on the return of his senses,
Amorassan hastened back to the me-
tropolis, he heard in every whisper of
the wind the whistling of the poisoned
arrow, and every accidental noise sound-
ed like the dying groan of Khaled.

His first care was to send to the war-
rior's dwelling: the answer was, that
he had departed for his country-house
that morning. Amorassan's messen-
gers were ordered to follow him, and
intreat his instantaneous return. After
some hours passed in the most painful
anxiety, he saw the chief officer of the
police enter his apartment and heard
him announce that the valiant Khaled
was murdered. The Vizir clasped his
hands in agony at this confirmation of
the Spirit's veracity: his voice faltered,
while he inquired the manner of Kha-
led's death.

"He perished," replied the chief of
the police, "by a poisoned arrow; but
the assassin has been seized, and is in
confinement. His name is Cassim;
he has long been openly Khaled's in-
veterate enemy; and he was found armed
with a bow and quiver, close to the
fatal spot!"

The Vizir accompanied the chief of
the police to the palace: they found
Ebu-Beker with the Sultan, to whom
they explained the melancholy occasion

of their coming. "The news had already reached me," answered the Sultan coldly—"I issued even now the necessary orders for the criminal's examination, and shall sit in judgment on him to-morrow myself."

Having said this, Ibrahim turned away, and resumed an uninteresting conversation with Ebu-Beker.

Deeply was Amorassan affected by the evident indifference, with which the Sultan treated the loss of a man, whom he had formerly declared to be the bravest and most faithful defender of his throne, and to the victories of whose sword he and his people had been so often indebted for security.

"The Sultan is lost!" said he to himself; "Ebu-Beker has succeeded in making his master's heart like his own."

This reflection added so great a weight to his former vexations, that he was scarcely able to bear their burthen, much less to enter into a contest with the arts of his insidious foe. He abandoned the field to Ebu-Beker, and his trembling limbs with difficulty bore him back to his palace.

Amorassan passed a night of agony. With the dawn of morning he hastened to the divan. The Sultan was already on his throne: his princess surrounded him. The Vizir saw, with surprise, that by the side of Ebu-Beker stood his brother Zemaun magnificently habited: but that astonishment was considerably increased, when he also beheld his father, whom he had so lately seen on the bed of death, but who now, apparently free from all complaint, but old age, stood at no great distance from the throne; while triumph and resentment reigned alternately in his eyes, as he turned them now on Zemaun and Amorassan.

The Sultan gave a sign, and Cassim was brought before the assembly. The charge was read; witnesses attested that the accused person had been found at no very great distance from the corpse, armed with a bow and arrows; and the bloody shirt being produced, it was

found exactly to resemble those lying in Cassim's quiver. Cassim was now called upon to make his defence.

"That I was long Khaled's," said he, "it is not my intention to deny: my hatred was open, motives were well known. I was away by sea for the Sultan's sake, he once did me an act of the most cruel injustice. In the hearing of my brothers in arms he undeservedly called me with the name of a coward. My appearance was against me, but my only defence was in my own conduct: when I seemed to act feigningly, I in truth effected that which was a feigned retreat, which was not attained by the most courageous. But Khaled was unjust to me, and the more so, because I was the first and the only one, to whom he was ever unjust. Loaded with wounds, I withdrew from the ranks of the army and sought a refuge from the scorn in obscurity. Khaled discovered my mistake. Offer me to be reconciled; but my heart was burned as fiercely as on the first day of my injury. Often did he knock at the door of my hut, but I still drove him away with curses. Yet within a few days he forcibly obtained entrance, and standing upon the threshold without heeding my execrations, he addressed me with those words which I never shall forget:—"

"Hate me still, Cassim, but I will still reject my friendship, but I will allow me to be just. The Sultan has conferred on me the government of Burgiana; and if this occasion rejoices me, it is because I am able to bestow on whom I please the next to me in power and dignity; only can I convince all Gazers that unjustly I have treated you, and Khaled is not more liable to call for justice, than anxious to repair my wrongs."

My hatred was unable to maintain a mild tone and submissive look. He extended his hand to me; I saw his bosom, and those who had been enemies, parted friends.

me, he appointed a day and met my meeting him at his country and finally arranging the business of Burglana. With a light heart and one, I set forward for the habitation of my new made friend; I was very near it, when I heard the cry of order; and before I had time to collect myself, I was seized, informed of Khaled's death, and accused of being the assassin. I have no more to say; but I have said is truth!"

He was silent. Proofs of what he had advanced were demanded: but he had nothing to bring forward but mere assertion, and as he acknowledged the bloody arrow to be his property, no one entertained the least doubt of his guilt! Accordingly sentence of death was passed upon him, and he was ordered for immediate execution.

As the act of justice being done, and the guards were removing Cassim from the market, he proceeded to declare Zemaun Khan the murderer of Burglana. Amorasman! he remembered the Spirit's awful prophecy respecting his brother, that Spirit whose prophecies he had always so fatally confirmed. He staggered—he turned pale—he hesitated, but it was only for a moment. The strength of his innate virtue overruled all other sentiments, and he resolved to risk and to endure every thing rather than by preserving a guilty conscience tacitly to consent to the downfall of Guzurat, and the downfall of his brother and his friend. Impressed with this idea he stepped forward, and as he was already unclosed to relate against his brother's elevation when he suddenly perceived on his countenance, the Sultan himself accepted, marks of the most profound consternation and alarm! All eyes were pale, trembling, agitated, looking as if they had been struck by the wand of some supernatural power. Every eye was rivetted upon a single point: the assassin turned towards it, and lo! stood the Spirit with her spotless robes, her chilling looks, her calm and

serious countenance, holding a bow of ebony already bent and provided with an arrow.

The sound of her flowing garments, as she glided majestically along, was like the rushing of a tempest. With a firm air, motionless eyes, and a countenance terrible in its beauty; calm, dignified, and awful, stood the Spirit before the Sultan's throne, and directed her arrow right against his bosom: yet was there no one among his numerous guards and courtiers, who dared utter a word, or move a finger, or advance a step to rescue their astonished lord from the danger of that well-aimed arrow.

The Spirit spoke; and loud, and slow, and solemn, as thunder when it rolls among distant mountains, fell her words on the hearts of the petrified spectators.

"Listen ye sons of the dust, whose eyes are ever dazzled by appearance, by presumption, by deceit! I, the avenger of eternal justice, am come hither, armed with the never-failing bow of truth, to punish the offender, to absolve the guiltless, and to prevent the crime of shedding innocent blood. This warrior has told you true! The arrow which was produced by that suborned witness, was stolen from Cassim, substituted for the true one, and artfully stained with blood, for the purpose of misleading justice, and removing suspicion from the real murderer. That poisoned shaft, which was in truth the cause of Khaled's death, at this moment stretches the chord of my never-erring bow! Mark me now! let the innocent rest secure, and let only the assassin tremble, while I turn myself first right; then left, till I shall have made the round of this whole assembly, not even excepting the Sultan himself: but no sooner shall my arrow point against the bosom of the assassin, than untouched by me the fatal bow-string shall sound, and the poisoned barb, which pierced the heart of Khaled, shall stand quivering in the murderer's own."

She was silent; and now while her

eyes seemed to read the very heart, she moved her bow slowly round, till it had traversed the left half of the circle. Every one shuddered, when he saw the shaft directed against his bosom; yet every one kept his posture, though with difficulty, and with trembling knees. The Spirit now turned to the right, moving her bow in the same manner. Suddenly the string was heard to sound, and though the expected arrow had not flown, Zemaun was beheld extended on the marble pavement.

"Deceived monarch!" said the Spirit, "look down and witness the force of conscience: Khaled's murderer lies at your feet!"

The veil was now suddenly removed from the eyes of all present; and Amorassan's heart was torn by agony scarcely to be endured. His old father lay senseless on the carpet before Sultan's throne; while Zemaun, suddenly starting from the ground, raised his clasped hands to heaven, and exclaimed in the tone of desperation—"Accused be my brother, my perjured brother! Eternal curses upon his inveterate enmity, upon his broken promise! I committed the bloody deed to obtain that by violence, which the Sultan was willing to grant me, but of which I was debarred through my brother's envy! Had the monarch's grace towards me been suffered to take its free course, Khaled would still be living, and I should still be innocent! 'Tis my brother, who stained these hands with blood; 'tis my brother, who in fact is Khaled's murderer!"

The Spirit addressed Amorassan.

"Now then," said she, "let me see whether your virtue can support this trial: let me see, whether you will deliver up to the vengeance of the violated laws that criminal, in whose veins the same blood circulates which fills your own, and whose guilt you will share, if you exert your power to shelter him from punishment. Farewell!"

She said and disappeared. The Sultan with a faltering voice ordered the guards to release Cassim and conduct

Zemaun to prison; and then hastened from the Divan, bewildered and stupefied with terror and amazement.

And now were the ears of Amorassan deafened with the curses and lamentations of his grey-headed father, whose senses were at length restored, and who was vainly endeavouring to break the chains with which Zemaun was already loaded. Amorassan fell at his father's feet, and would have clasped his knees; but the desperate old man repulsed him with fury, and spurned him with his foot. Tears and blood at once bedewed the face of Amorassan; but he wiped them away, and bending himself still lower, kissed in submissive duty the foot, which had spurned him with such harshness.

His submission was in vain. Dreadful was the curse which fell from the lips of the frantic father. But at the same moment a blaze of light flashed through the pavilion of mortal darkness, and illuminated the picture of Amorassan's actions.

That Spirit, which is superior to Fate, awoke in his bosom: the spirit of conscious virtue suffering undeniably. He rose from the earth, and thus addressed Moawyah calmly; modestly, but firmly.

"I reproach you not, my father, that your foot spurned me: had the blow even deprived me of life, in the moment of my soul's departure I would have blest you still. Here I stand, odious to you, censured by all, and with nothing to plead for me, except the voice of my own conscience, which cannot reach the ear of man. Oh! could you hear that voice, you would pity your son, and think on your own curses with regret. Your foot had spurned me; true it was the foot of my father, but a father is still but a man: though you reject me, Allah will not! Allah here condemn me, but I retire acquitted by my own heart. This is enough for me: the rest I commit to heaven!"

He bowed his head to his father, and casting upon him a look of mingled

pity and affection, he quitted the divan. He was summoned to the Sultan, whom he found still oppressed by the recollection of the strange and awful scene, which he had just witnessed. Ebu-Beker was present: he had already heard his master pronounce his determination to inflict on Zemaun the utmost rigour of the law, and had not dared to interpose a word in mitigation of his friend's death-warrant. Ibrahim received his Vizir with open arms, and a countenance which expressed the greatest tenderness and compassion.

"Unfortunate!" said he, "how hard a fate is thine! Yet let it be some comfort to you, Amorassan, that Ibrahim understands your merits, and shares your sufferings. Still continue true to yourself, and I swear by Allah, that I will ever continue true to you."

Amorassan pressed his burning lips upon the hand of the monarch. "My sovereign and my friend!" he said with difficulty; "I come before you bowed to the ground with my father's curse. All censure, all abhor me: for your sake and for your people's I am become the object of general detestation; if I possess not your approbation, then am I a wretch indeed."

The Sultan replied by embracing him with evident emotion, and Amorassan quitted the seraglio with a bleeding heart.

* * * *

Heavy was the burthen, which now oppressed Amorassan. He saw his brother loaded with chains and condemned to die the death of a murderer: he saw his father tearing his grey locks in despair, expiring on the bloody scaffold of one of his sons, while his last words were curses upon the other. He heard the unjust accusation of all Guzurat—"Thou art the sole cause of thy family's ruin and disgrace, and hast

turned the execration of thy
And he now looked with
his connection with the mys-
being, whose counsels had gov-
his proceedings, and whose fatal

prophecy had compelled him to oppose his brother's exaltation.

Yet on further reflection he could not deny, that the Sultan had been on the very point of shedding innocent blood, and had only been prevented by the interposition of the Spirit. He felt also that Khaled's murder had confirmed the character given of his brother by his mysterious counsellor; and that this one action was sufficient to prove that by fulfilling his duty and opposing Zemaun's appointment, he had himself preserved his native land from being made the theatre of crimes still more atrocious. In spite, therefore, of the general disapprobation, of his father's hatred, of the reproaches of his other relations, of the forced politeness or avowed hostility of the courtiers, of Ebu-Beker's increasing influence, and of the Sultan's increasing coldness; in spite of all this, still would Amorassan have persevered in the course which he had chosen, and have sacrificed all other considerations to those of justice and virtue, had not his father unexpectedly summoned him to his presence. The shock of the late dreadful transactions, and the approach of the day appointed for Zemaun's execution, had now really reduced Moawyah to that dangerous situation, which (in order to carry his point with Amorassan with the more facility) he had formerly dissembled. Amorassan found him evidently on the brink of the grave. The cold dews of death already stood on the old man's brows, as he with difficulty beckoned to his son to advance, then grasped his hand, and pressed it against his clay-cold lips.

"Amorassan!" he said in a voice whose murmurs were scarcely audible; "your brother—oh! save him! suffer him not to die the ignominious death of a criminal, and I will forgive all the misfortunes which your conduct has drawn down upon him and me! Let me not sink under the burthen of that dreadful thought,—my son perished as a murderer, because his brother hated

hated him,—and I will recall my curse, and my last words shall be, ‘Blessings on my son Amorassan!’ Oh! hasten, hasten! I feel that my heart strings are breaking, and will scarcely last so long as thy return.”—

On his entrance Amorassan had prepared himself for curses and reproaches; but much more powerful than all curses and reproaches were the gentle words of his imploring dying father—the pale countenance, animated alone by his only wish, by his final hope!—the faint pressure of the chilled hands—the eyes already glazed by dissolution—these decided Amorassan’s fate for ever!—Guzurat’s welfare, duty, friendship, justice, virtue, every thing disappeared in that moment. He kissed his father’s cold hand, bathed it with tears, and hastened to sacrifice all the fruits of his past labours, all his plans for the present, and all his hopes for the future; forgetting the rules which he had formerly laid down for his own conduct, and to which he had hitherto so strictly adhered; and remembering nothing, except his anxiety to smooth the death-bed of his father.

It was already night; he hastened towards the royal prison, into which a secret entrance was known to him. As he hurried along, he felt his cheeks chilled by the breath of the warning Spirit.

“Deluded man!” whispered the voice, “what are you about to do? You are going to sacrifice your magnanimous designs, to exalt Ebu-Beker, to destroy the fabric of your own power, to snatch a murderer from the punishment due to his offences, and to turn him loose upon society, in order that he may commit still greater crimes.”

Yet still Amorassan hastened onward, at the door of the prison he again heard the Spirit’s murmur.

“Madman that thou art! to spare a few moments of pain to an old man, who, at all events, will be an insensible corpse to-morrow, wilt thou forget thy duty? And art thou the man who was

to be deaf to every voice but those of justice and of truth?”—“Ah! that old man is my father!” sighed Amorassan.

“Oh! partial minister! oh! violator of the laws of justice! because he is thy father’s son, shall the murderer then escape unpunished?” said the Spirit.

“No, no! The consciousness of his crime will pursue him; that will be punishment enough.”—“To Zemaun that will be none,” said the Spirit, “I tell thee his heart is hardened: release him, and under Ebu-Beker’s secret protection he will commit all those crimes and bring all those misfortunes on Guzurat, which you have already heard explained by my prophetic warning.”

Amorassan hesitated for a moment; but the last words and looks of his expiring father were still present to him, and the feelings of his heart overpowered the voice of prudence and of justice. He rushed into the prison. “Now then,” whispered the Spirit; “now then learn from bitter experience what you gain, when you follow your own inclinations, and not my warning.”

At that moment Amorassan heard a violent uproar, which seemed to be at no great distance. It came nearer. Numerous torches were seen hurrying along in various directions. The guards, in traversing the interior court of the prison (in which the Vizir was then standing), surrounded him, exclaimed “that they had at least found an accomplice,” and without listening to his remonstrances they dragged him into the presence of the governor of the prison. That officer appeared to be in the greatest confusion, when he recognized the Grand Vizir, and immediately rescued him from the hands of the tumultuous soldiery. He then informed Amorassan that all this disorder had been occasioned by the escape of his brother Zemaun, which had but that moment been discovered, and the manner and means of which were still a secret. Equally surprised and rejoiced at this

intelligence, Amorassan returned to his father without loss of time. "Your wishes are gratified!" he exclaimed; "before I could reach the prison, Zemaun had found means to escape from it, and has saved himself from punishment by flight!"

Moawyah raised his clasped hands in gratitude to heaven, and the last spark of joy illumined his faded eye. He bade Amorassan approach, that he might remove the curse from his head, and give him his dying blessing. It was in vain that Amorassan repeated the assurance, that Zemaun had fled without his assistance. The old man was persuaded that no power inferior to the Vizir's could have unclosed the gates of the well-guarded fortress, and was convinced that modesty or prudence made his son deny, that he had dared to violate the Sultan's orders. He blessed him with fervency; but while the old man's hands rested upon his head, Amorassan shuddered to think that his father looked in the belief, that for his sake the laws had been violated, and a murderer enfranchised to commit more crimes: and while this thought tormented him, he felt that such a blessing could never find audience in heaven.

Moawyah now sank into a sweet and tranquil slumber. Amorassan was still watching by his father's bed-side, when he was summoned to attend the Sultan. He obeyed: the saloon in which Ibrahim was seated, was thronged with courtiers, and among them were Ebu-Beker and the governor of the royal prison.

"I have been just informed," began the Sultan sternly, "of your brother's escape. Far let the murderer fly, and wander round the world like a perturbed spirit, till remorse brings him to an untimely grave! His flight matters to me but little: but that you, Vizir, should have so far forgotten your duty, as to violate those laws whose assessor you ought to be, through compassion for a brother whom your affectation of over-~~indulgence~~ compelled to become a culprit,

this both surprises and affects me to the very soul: neither regard to my people nor to myself can permit so gross a violation of justice to pass with impunity. The law decrees that he who procures the escape of a criminal, should himself suffer the penalty of the crime. The memory of our early friendship, and that affection which (I own with shame) I cannot help still feeling for you, will not suffer that law to exercise its whole rigour; yet punishment of some kind ought to be inflicted. Retire from my presence: you will soon know your fate, and till then Zemaun's forsaken dungeon must be your abode."

"Amazement!" exclaimed the astonished Vizir, "Mighty Ibrahim, you condemn the innocent unheard. I swear by the prophet, that I had no share in the escape of my wretched brother."—"How?" said the incensed Sultan, "have you the assurance to deny what is in itself evident? Were you not found within the prison at dead of night? Had you not entered it by a passage known only to yourself and to me? What other individual in this whole kingdom could have penetrated unseen into that iron fortress, and carried off a captive, guarded by such innumerable bolts, and bars, and walls, and soldiers?"—"Appearances are against me; but appearances deceive," mildly replied the Vizir. "What then could be your business in the prison at an hour so unseasonable?" demanded the Sultan. "I came to do that, of which I am now accused—but the business was effected before my arrival," answered Amorassan. "So then, it seems, this virtue is not always so immaculate as its master would willingly have Guzurat believe it," said the Sultan with a sneer that cut Amorassan to the soul; "this inflexible justice can yield occasionally when it suits with its own private views and passions. You confess the intention, and in what does the intention differ from the fact? And how can Amorassan himself justify his conduct even on his own grounds? Yet

more; how are we to be certain of the truth of an assertion, which appears so strange? It will be sufficient to believe you innocent of your brother's escape, having such strong reasons to believe you guilty, when you can make known to us the real criminal—till then, farewell; guards, lead him to prison."

At this moment Amorassan heard the Spirit whisper—"Draw forth the paper which is concealed between the foldings of your girdle on the left side, and desire that it may be read in open court: it contains the name of Zemaun's deliverer."

Amorassan found the paper and delivered it into the hands of the person who stood next to him. The Sultan gave orders for its being read aloud. What was the astonishment of all present, when they found it to be an order to the governor of the prison for permitting Zemaun's escape, written with the Sultan's own hand, and sealed with his private signet. It also commanded the governor to keep this order secret, on pain of death.

As he listened a deadly paleness spread itself over Ibrahim's face: in a moment after, it gave place to the burning blush of convicted falsehood, and tears of mortified pride gushed into his eyes. The perusal was ended, and an universal silence succeeded. It was broken by the Sultan's starting from his throne, and seizing the important scroll. He cast a fugitive glance upon it, and having ascertained that it was the original order, he asked in a terrible voice, while shame and fury struggled for empire in his countenance. "Vizir! how came you by this paper?"

Amorassan answered with humility—"It has proved my innocence, and more needs not to be said.—Mighty Sultan, permit me to retire, to close the eyes of my dying father, and commit his ashes to the tomb."—The Sultan bowed his head in shame and silence, and Amorassan withdrew. Thus had the Sultan charged his friend with that as a crime,

of which he was himself the author. Such was the consequence of his intimacy with Ebu-Beker. That insidious counsellor had gradually taught the Sultan to consider Amorassan as the original cause of Zemaun's offence. He lamented over the Vizir's too strict adherence to justice, which had involved his brother in blood; had brought down upon himself the curses of his father; had made him be looked upon by all Guzurat as a man who sacrificed the ties of nature to the gratifications of envy and ambition; and had even induced the people to censure the Sultan himself for intrusting his power to a minister so odious. He then expatiated upon Zemaun's military talents, his youth, his misfortunes, and the services of his father; and the Sultan was persuaded to authorize Zemaun's escape from prison and from punishment. He fled; and now came the news, that Amorassan had been found within the precincts of the royal prison. Ebu-Beker immediately turned this circumstance to his own advantage. He told the Sultan, that by laying the blame upon the Vizir's compassion for his brother, the public indignation of his former inflexibility would be abated; he reminded him that had it not been for Amorassan's pretensions to immaculate virtue, Zemaun would still have been innocent, Khaled would still have been alive! and he assured him, that if he could but humble the Vizir's pride a little, by convicting him of a supposed fault, he would make him more indulgent to the feelings of human nature for the future, and thus would render him a most essential service. Ibrahim was easily convinced by these arguments, or at least fancied that he was convinced by them: the real motive, which, unknown to himself, made him consent to this accusation, was a secret inclination to mortify that faultless excellence, which soared to a pitch so far above the flight of all others, and to bring it down a little nearer to his own level.

But now when he found the tables

turned upon him, and that he stood convicted of a most gross and wilful falsehood in the face of his whole court, his station was without bounds: and Amorassan's triumph over him was a much more atrocious crime in his eyes than that transgression would have been which he had so wrongfully accused him. Envy, spite, rage, jealousy, all took possession of the Sultan's heart at once: to be revenged he was determined; and he now resolved to take no step respecting which he had so long hesitated, for the sole and express purpose of mortifying Amorassan, and doing contrary to his advice and inclination. Accordingly he the next day pronounced that Ebu-Beker would henceforth execute the functions of Chief-Adi.

* * *

Amorassan was sorrowing by the death of his father's tomb, when the news of his enemy's advancement reached him: it grieved him more for the Sultan's sake, than for his own, and for Ibrahim's more than for the Sultan's: Ibrahim's perfidious and spiteful conduct respecting his brother's escape, had wounded his heart too deeply to admit the existence of their former friendship in all its original warmth and sincerity.

He now stood alone in the world, at once oppressed with the weight of his brother's infamy, his father's death, the loss of the Sultan's confidence, Ebu-Beker's enmity, and the universal hatred: for the people were persuaded that he had driven his brother to perdition and had broken his father's heart: and they could not easily believe that a man who dealt so hardly by his nearest relations, could possibly mean kindly by them.

But to obtain their gratitude was not Amorassan's object, and willingly would he have passed his whole life in heaping injuries on those who loaded him with woes: but alas! his activity was palsied, and doubt bewildered all his thoughts. Every plan which his genius

inspired, every wish which his heart formed, immediately faded away before the chilling breath of his persecutor, who forced him to remark all the dangers and difficulties, and all the disadvantageous consequences which must necessarily accompany the execution. If Amorassan stretched out his hand to do a benevolent action, the warning Spirit made it drop again inactive, by coldly pointing out the worthlessness of the person, or the defects in his project for relieving him. If he prepared to give his opinion in the divan, the Spirit never failed to place before him the opposite side of the question; and as mortals can give no advice to which there are not some objections, and take no important step without the benefits being necessarily accompanied by some disadvantages, he felt doubtful of the propriety of giving such an opinion, and the advice expired upon his lips unsaid.

On the other hand Ebu-Beker's activity seemed indefatigable—he lost no time in hesitating; he resolved, and the thing was done at once. As his actions were adapted to the momentary occasion, they in general were attended with success; but if his projects failed, what mattered it to him? His only care was to conceal his failure from the Sultan: who, on the other hand, found the business of government greatly alleviated by the dispatch of his new minister, and began to consider Amorassan as a well-meaning man, but totally without talents for business, and unfit for the station of Grand Vizir.

Such was the state of things, when one evening as Amorassan sat by his father's tomb absorbed in deep but not unpleasing melancholy, the warning Spirit suddenly appeared before him. "Tremble as thou mayst," said the persecutor, "frown if thou wilt, but thou must hear me; for necessity, thy master and mine, compels me to speak, and thee to listen. This morning did Ebu-Beker sit in judgment, for the last time, upon Sanballad, the governor of the royal prison, from whom, for your

sake, I secretly withdrew the Sultan's order for your brother's flight. This man has been accused of delivering that order into your hands, which he was commanded to keep secret on pain of death. His sentence is already pronounced, for he can produce no proofs of his innocence. In his mortal agony he appeals to you ; he implores you to divulge the means, by which you obtained that paper : his life and death are both in your power ; what will you do ?"—" Can you doubt it," replied Amorassan, hastily, starting up from the tomb ; " fly to the Sultan, declare that that paper was given by you."—" By me ? a supernatural being ?"—" and thereby show yourself to the Sultan as a practiser of forbidden arts, as a sorcerer, as an ally of Eblis."—" Let him think me so ! better that the Sultan, nay, that all Gazirat should shun and abhor me, than that this innocent man should perish on my account."—" Do this and you are Vizir not a moment longer—act as you will, but forget not, that I warned you of the consequences." " Oh ! that I had never heard, had never heeded thy warnings."—" I own, you would have been happier, yet blame not me. It was not my fault, that you aimed at uniting what was in their nature incompatible—the warm enthusiasm which animates men to noble deeds, and that cold prudence which foresees and reckons all their various consequences."—" I am at length undeceived, dreadfully undeceived. Be satisfied with what I have already suffered ; warn me no more ; leave me and for ever."—" Whether I stay with you, or whether I leave you, to me matters nothing, but you have bound my destiny to yours ; till your fate shall be unravelled, I must pursue you still."—" And when then will my fate be decided ?"—" I was not permitted to read the last leaf. Oh ! were I able to shew you this also, wretched man, what would there be left for you to hope ! Hark ! a messenger enters your palace to summon you to the Sultan. What mean

you to do ?"—" To declare all to the Sultan, appeal to his former friend to the memory of our happy boyhood, to his heart."—" Do it ; become the object of universal fear and horror, as much as you are now the ample of misery and mischance. then I leave the Vizir for ever ; Amorassan must not hope to see me !"—

The Spirit disappeared, and the senger entered ; Amorassan followed him to the seraglio. " Mighty him !" he exclaimed, while he threw himself at the Sultan's feet, and covered his knees, " if ever I possessed a place in your heart, if ever you thought me worthy of your confidence, be true by my entreaties, give credit to the which I now take ! May the light of heaven strike me dead before my eyes, if Sanballad be not innocent ; the fault laid to his charge, he did not give me that fatal paper ; he did not by what means I procured it. " And what then were those means ? " Be gracious and suffer me to remain silent. To explain this mysterious circumstance could produce no advantage and might occasion much distress. " It is enough ! continue obstinate will remain so too : preserve your terrible secret, as I will my result. If Sanballad is really guiltless, it is with you to prove his innocence : if I remain silent, he dies, and his blood be upon your head, not mine ; save him or condemn him, for I depend on you."—" Oh, Ibrahim does then the memory of our long friendship entitle me to no more confidence in my friend ?"—" And can you pretend to my confidence ? Amorassan do I possess yours ? Your late mysterious behaviour, the coldness with which you received my caresses, the care which you kept your heart closed against me, were those likely to preserve confidence ? And dares the man, who has treated me thus so long, still call himself my friend ? Amorassan you are no longer the man whom I once

so heartily ! no longer did I say ? Oh ! you never were the man whom I believed you to be, the man who merited my affection so well."—"I was that man, I am that man still ; and if ever I deserved your friendship, then a thousand times more do I deserve it at this moment, the most painful one of my whole life."—"Prove it then by saving the life of the accused Sanballad ; for if you persevere in this obstinate silence, innocent or guilty, Sanballad dies !"—"Ibrahim—I entreat—I conjure."—"I have said it ! he dies ! by Allah, he dies at sunrise."—"Fate thou hast conquered, and I bow beneath thy power.—Now mark me Ibrahim."

Words cannot paint the Sultan's surprise and anxiety, while he listened to Amorassan's account of the Egyptian specter ; but no sooner was the appearance of the Spirit described, than he uttered an exclamation of alarm and horror, and drew back some paces from Amorassan."—"Answer me !" he cried, "that dreadful being who stood before my throne armed with the bow and arrow, and who discovered the concealed murderer—was not this thy Spirit !"—"It was the same."—"Amorassan !" replied the horror-struck monarch, "and could you then enter into this dangerous league unknown to me ? and could you then live with me in the strictest intimacy so long, and still retain by your side a being, whose very recollection makes my blood run cold ? You shut your own heart against me ; you employed the most unwarrantable means to become master of the secrets of mine ; and yet you still called me your friend ?"—"It was for your sake—for the sake of your kingdom," answered Amorassan imploringly ; "Away with these pretences ;" exclaimed the incensed Sultan, "they cannot impose upon me any longer. Your own incapability of friendship made you doubt the stability of mine ; ambition made you tremble for your station, and you scrupled not to employ infernal arts to preserve it.

You dared not to confide in me, in human nature, nay not even in yourself ; and who then will dare to confide in you ? Who will endure the presence of one, by whose side an invisible ally ever stands to enable him to dissect the hearts of others, and teach him to conceal the emotions of his own ? You have broken all the bonds of society ; you stand no more on the same level with other men ; you act no longer from the motives, from which other men act. It is this chilling, dreadful being, who has forced our hearts asunder ; you have preferred her friendship to mine, and now enjoy the fruits of your supernatural alliance. Hence from my sight ! never let me see you more."

With every appearance of abhorrence and disgust, the Sultan hastened out of the saloon. Amorassan returned home, commanded his slaves to load the camels with his treasures, and before break of day, Amedabad was left far behind him.

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Amorassan wandered onwards, followed by his slaves and loaded camels. Where he laid his weary head, was now a matter of indifference to him. Yet recollecting a dear and faithful friend, who inhabited a distant province, he resolved to direct his steps thither, and shelter his misfortunes under his hospitable roof.

He found there what he sought, grateful hearts, a kind reception, compassion, and repose. Here then he resolved to pass the remainder of his life in tranquil obscurity : but scarcely had three days elapsed, when in the twilight his persecuting Spirit stood before him.

"Away, Amorassan," she exclaimed ; "call your slaves ; let your camels be loaded ; you must be gone this very night. The Grand Vizir, Ebu-Beker—ha ! at those words how the colour fades from your cheek. The Grand Vizir, Ebu-Beker, has been entrusted by his sovereign with your secret : he has not failed to employ it to effect your

complete destruction. He has convinced the Sultan that you are a necromancer; that his former affection for you was produced by spells and talismans: and that all the misfortunes with which his kingdom has been visited, were the consequence of your alliance with the infernal powers. Ibrahim has abandoned you to the Vizir's malignity; the guards are now hastening hither, and if you are found you will perish as a sorcerer by a fiery death."—"And let me perish then! life is become hateful to me, and I will not wander further to preserve it."—"Thou must not perish, and thou shalt wander further."—"What can compel me?" proudly asked Amorassan. "That which you summoned me from the islands of gloom to counteract; your heart—mark me—your host will never consent to surrender you to the Sultan's guards. He will either perish in defending you, or be compelled to share your flight, and tear himself from all that is dear to him. He has a wife—children—friends—Ebu-Beker's vengeance will fall heavy upon them; his possessions will be confiscated; his family will perish in misery: your friend will never cease to lament their loss, and will sink into the grave broken-hearted. Your flight alone can rescue him from these misfortunes; now then, Amorassan, remain here, if your heart will let you." "Away, away!" cried the unfortunate to his slaves, and in a few hours they were once more upon their journey.

It was evident that in Guzurat there was no safety for Amorassan. He resolved to take shelter in the neighbouring kingdom of Candeish. His road lay through Burgiana, and he was already within a day's journey of the frontiers, when he perceived a small troop of travellers, who, attacked by robbers, far superior to number, still defended themselves with the greatest bravery.

"Oh! Allah!" he exclaimed, "that I might but lose my own wretched life in preserving that of a fellow-creature."

He commanded his attendants to unsheath their sabres, and follow him. He gave his Arabian steed the spur, and darting down the hill, from whose brow he had desecrated the combatants, was on the point of joining them—when "Right! Right!" he heard the Spirit whisper; "hasten onwards! lose no time: save the villain's life that he may become still more a villain, and then own the truth of my prediction. The man, who fights yonder, is your brother Zemaun, is Zemaun the murderer?"—"May he become my murderer too!" replied the desperate Amorassan; "thus at least I shall be freed from thy persecutions." He urged his courser forwards with increased speed, fell upon the robbers, and decided the combat. Part of them fled; the rest were bound. Amorassan now advanced towards his brother, and extended his hand; but no sooner did Zemaun recognize him, than with frantic gestures and dreadful execrations he forbade his approach, at the same time threatening him with his unsheathed sabre. In vain did Amorassan attempt to appease him; Zemaun's rage increased with every moment. At length Amorassan divided his well-laden camels into two parts, left the richest share with his brother, and then with a heavy heart resumed his journey.

But scarcely had Zemaun lost sight of him when the thirst of vengeance and desire to possess his brother's remaining treasures, took possession of his bosom. He imparted his plans to his companions, and procured their assistance: he offered to set free the captive banditti, provided they would elect him for their chief. His proposals were accepted; he set forward with his new associates, easily overtook Amorassan in the desert, plundered the little caravan, and thus became the captain of a band of robbers, as the warning Spirit had foretold.

"Rich in virtue," he exclaimed to the bewildered Amorassan, "you need no other possessions. Your virtue has

made me a fugitive, an outcast, a robber, now let us see what it will make of you. I now behold you such as I was myself, on that day when I was compelled to preserve my life by flight : but fortune smiles on me once more ; and by the help of my good sword and these my brave companions, I doubt not soon to regain my plunder more than I have lost through my brother's spite and envy. I leave you life, not from any sense of kindness, but because I trust that an existence so miserable will punish you every moment for the sufferings which you have inflicted upon me."

Amorassan sunk upon the earth, and without speaking enveloped his head in his garment.

The sun soon poured his blazing fire over these unbounded deserts, where the eye was not gratified by the sight of a single bush ; no, not of a single blade of grass. The robbers were gone, and had carried off his slaves, his camels, and his treasures. Amorassan was left alone. He wandered onward, while the burning sand scorched the soles of his feet, and while the only moisture which dewed the earth beneath, was the tears which fell from Amorassan's smarting eye-lids. And now a thick gloom overspread the heavens. The whirlwind was roused ; columns of sand rose into the air, and the waste beneath seemed agitated like the ocean. The thunder rolled heavily over Amorassan's head, and no cave was near to afford him shelter. The whirlwind enveloped him ; it raised him from the ground, and then dashed him down again with violence. He struggled, with every effort sink deeper, and was conscious that he was only struggling to dig his own grave in the sand. He resigned himself to his fate, and soon lost all recollection.

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In this melancholy condition was our hero found the next day by a caravan, which accident conducted thither. A young man, his name was Massouf,

whose camels had been hired by the merchants, was the first who discovered him. He stopped the march, restored the suspended powers of animation in Amorassan, and when he understood his forlorn condition, proffered him a shelter in the Carnatic. The unfortunate man accepted the proposal with gratitude, and soon found himself a welcome guest in the family, of the benevolent Massouf.

That family was a perfect model of domestic happiness. Massouf had a young and blooming wife, whom he loved with his whole soul, and whose bosom gave nourishment to his first child. Oh ! while he gazed with tender emotion on these wedded lovers, blest in the enjoyment of tranquil obscurity and domestic comfort, how did Amorassan lament his own hard fate, which had condemned him to be a monarch's friend, a favourite, and a Grand Vizir.

One morning the lovely Fatima was reposing under the poplars, which shaded her dwelling ; her child was in her arms, and all the heart-felt tenderness of a mother was portrayed in every look, which she cast upon the smiling infant. Every movement of his little hands, every indistinct murmur which issued from his coral lips seemed to afford her such delight, as all the world's wealth could not purchase. Sometimes she expressed her rapture by a thousand names of endearment, and then again she sang some infantine ditty, and hushed him to sleep upon her bosom.

Amorassan stood opposite to her, and while he viewed this picture of maternal love, he felt that happiness existed upon earth ; nay at that moment he felt that he was himself happy. He dwelt with pleasure on the thought, that, nourished by this tender mother, and protected by so good a father, the child would grow up in innocence, and when grown up, would be placed in a station of life, whose rural quiet and enviable obscurity would form him for

virtue and domestic happiness. His heart overflowed with a tender benevolent emotion, and he blest the fond mother and her child.

Fatima returned into the house, for her infant had now fallen asleep. Amorassan's eyes still followed her with delight, when the sight of the Spirit made his cheeks turn pale, and the tears of pleasure which glittered in his eyes, seemed changed into ice by the freezing breath of his persecutor.

"You see," she began, "that I forget not my duty. Whom would not the sight of this affectionate mother and her innocent babe deceive? But you have commanded me to warn you against deceptions; others may enjoy such delightful illusions; but they must not be enjoyed by you.

"Here in this very place, in thirteen months and two days from this time, will that child become the prey of the monstrous snake, the Anaconda, whose very name makes the bearers tremble. If you repeat my prophecy to the mother, she will start in horror and turn pale, as you do now: and yet will she forget that day and that hour when it arrives, for by that time her marriage-vow will be already broken; and clasped in the licentious embraces of a man, whom she now abhors, she will not remember the danger, till the fatal moment is past, and her child is become the prey of the hungry Anaconda."

"Murderer of my happiness—of my repose!" thus exclaimed Amorassan, and tore out whole ringlets of his hair in agony; "thou art no warning counsellor—no daughter of the world of light—thou art a tormenting demon—thou art to me the Spirit of despair!"

"Ha, ha, ha! Hast thou guest it at last?" answered the Spirit; "right, right! Despair is my truest name indeed; and the moment, when that word escaped from thy lips, was appointed by destiny to lay before thee the full extent and fatal consequences of thy folly and thy pride—hear me!"

"Hear me!" shrieked Amorassan;

"herald of evil tidings, never will I hear thee more." And with frantic desperation he rushed towards a neighbouring precipice, whose base was washed by the ocean. He reached the summit; but there already stood the Spirit in all her freezing overwhelming majesty, and Amorassan remained rooted to his place, immovable as a statue.

"Short-sighted mortal!" said the Spirit, "hear what thy bond-slave has to tell thee, then die if thou wilt; I shall view thy fall from this precipice, calmly as the descent of the autumnal leaf. All that you have commanded, have I punctually fulfilled. I have placed the truth before you: I have enabled you to read the hearts of others; I have dispelled the illusions of your own. Now mark what would have happened had you trusted to the power of virtue and the protection of heaven, and left me undisturbed in the winter of my gloomy islands.

"Yes! Ebu-Baker would still have obtained the Sultan's favours, would still have risen to power and dignity; but your genius, unembarrassed by doubts, and confident in the rectitude of your intentions, would have enabled you to counteract the baleful effects of his power. The Sultan's heart would still have been estranged from you, but only estranged for a time. Trusting in his friendship, because you felt that you deserved it, and that your own for him was undiminished, you would have combatted Ebu-Baker's artifices with the irresistible arms of truth and candour. You would honestly have laid before the Sultan your hopes, your fears, your doubts: the coldness of his affection would have melted before the warmth of yours; and while he felt that your confidence in him was unbounded you would still have preserved a share in the Sultan's. Your brother would still have been a villain; but it depended on yourself, whether it should be your hand or Ebu-Baker's, which led him to the commission of crimes. Had

you, through affectionate weakness, complied with your father's request, and made Zemaun governor of Burglana, he would have betrayed that province to the enemy, and blood would have deluged the fertile plains of Guzurat: but this would only have furnished you with the more brilliant opportunity for displaying your courage and your fidelity, your love for your native land, and the resources of your genius. The sense of danger would have revived in Ibrahim's memory the consciousness of your talents. You would have been recalled to power: Khaled would have been still alive to execute your desires; and with the hand of strength to wield the sword of his armies, and with the head of wisdom to direct his counsels, soon would the Sultan of Guzurat have triumphed over all his enemies. Zemaun made captive, would have owned with gratitude, that he was indebted for life to his brother's intercession: Ebu-Beker's perfidy would have been discovered, and his head falling on the scaffold would have paid the price of his crimes: the Sultan's whole heart would again have been yours, and yours for ever; and then might he indeed have become such a man as you fondly believed him to be, and such a monarch as you so earnestly desired him to make him."

"Oh! thou perfidious counsellor!" said Amorassan groaning in agony, "what prevented my producing effects so blessed—what but thy prophetic warnings?"—"What I prophesied was true—what I prophesied has happened, and must have happened; but it depended on yourself alone, whether or not it should happen through your agency. Was it I who sought you? Was it I who needed your ministry? Amorassan, weep, rave, despair, but blame no one except yourself."—Yes, despair! for now learn the whole extent of the miseries, which your presumptuous pride has drawn down upon your native land. Zemaun lays waste the frontier-provinces; the robbers,

from whom you rescued him, fight beneath his banners; the treasures, which you were the means of throwing into his power, have enabled him to multiply the number of his adherents; Burglana is deluged with blood, and he prepares to carry his ravages and his vengeance into the very heart of Guzurat. All is terror—all is tumult—and the armies of Candeish will soon take advantage of the general confusion and dismay. Nor will the enemy's approach be unwelcome to Amedabad, so heavily do its wretched inmates feel the iron sway of Ebu-Beker. Every hour sees the scaffold stained with innocent blood—every hour hears the shrieks of the widow and the orphan, deprived of fathers and husbands by Ebu-Beker's cruelty, and robbed of subsistence to gratify Ebu-Beker's avarice."—"And does the Sultan know all this, yet not redress it," said Amorassan hastily.—"Oh! how must his heart be changed! What, Ibrahim! whose virtues, whose character of mind."—"His mind has no character; his virtues were but the reflection of your own," replied his evil genius; "you were the object of his admiration, and while she spoke through your lips, he fancied that he loved virtue: but you wilfully resigned the empire of his fancy; another now reigns in your stead, and the Sultan only sees and hears with the eyes and ears of Ebu-Beker. In vain flows the blood of the innocent. In vain do the streets of Amedabad ring with the shrieks of sorrow, with the execrations of despair! When he ceased to love you, Ibrahim ceased to believe in the existence of virtue. He considers you as a hypocrite, an impostor, the slave of self-interest, and a practiser of infernal arts; and believing you to be worthless, he despairs of finding others deserving. Persuaded of the falsehood of him, by whom they were inculcated, he believes your principles to have been false as yourself, and he now rules his empire on the principles of Ebu-Beker; yet the opinions of his

heart makes him still regret the happy days when he believed virtue to be no phantom; he still most bitterly laments that your perfidy dispelled that fair and fond illusion; and when he hears the curses of his people, he curses you."—"Mercy! Have mercy! Let me die," groaned out the agonized, heart-broken man."—"As thou wilt. I withhold thee no longer."—She lowered her hand, and Amorassan dashed himself headlong from the precipice.

* * * *

The ocean received Amorassan, but not for ever. When his senses returned to him, he found himself stretched on the sea-shore, while by his side knelt an ancient fisherman, who welcomed his return to life with a smile expressing the most sincere and benevolent pleasure. "Who am I?" enquired Amorassan, after a few minutes past in silent recollection; "how came I here?"

Alcouz, for that was the fisherman's name, replied, "that while watching his nets, he had for some time observed him on the cliff above in earnest conversation with a person of singular habit and appearance, and that he at length saw him as if seized by sudden giddiness fall from the summit of the precipice into the billows which bathed his foot: that he had immediately left his nets, jumped into the sea, and brought him safe to land, where the pleasure of seeing him revive had amply repaid him for his labour and his danger."—

Amorassan thanked his preserver with every mark of heart-felt gratitude, adding with a sigh, "thanks are all, which it is in my power to give you in return for the preservation of my life. You have saved my life—you have a right to my services; command them, and if you dare put so much confidence in me, grant the rights of hospitality to a wretch who has no place on earth to rest his head. Gladly will I render you every service of which I am capable, or which you can teach me: but I fear you will find me an awkward

and unapt assistant, though not one deficient in attention or good will."

"Mahomet himself would require no more," replied Alcouz, and then led the way to the nets. Amorassan laboured with his whole strength; the draught was a rich one, and nearly filled the fisherman's little bark. They then steered homewards, and the new associates soon reached a small but neat looking cottage, at no great distance from the city of Meliopour.

On hearing the fisherman's voice, who loudly proclaimed the day's success, his daughter unclosed the window, and wished him joy of his good fortune. The sun was just sinking into the western waves, and the reflection of its glow threw a veil of the softest roseate light over the smiling face of the maiden. Amorassan gazed upon her with admiration, but he was suffered to contemplate the lovely sight but for a moment. No sooner was she aware of a stranger's presence, than she concealed her face with her veil: and then accompanied by her aged nurse, she came forth to assist her father in conveying his prize into the cottage.

Alcouz now presented the females to Amorassan, and informed them of the essential service which he had rendered him in assisting to bring his nets on shore. Amorassan on the other hand maintained that he had only repaid in a very small part his obligations, and related the manner in which Alcouz had preserved his life at the risk of losing his own.

"And yet my father is the most indebted of the two," said the maiden; "what he did for you was a mere act of humanity, and done without reflection; but what you did for him must have been a painful sacrifice. Your language and appearance make it evident that you are not accustomed to such mean offices; and therefore while you rendered him your aid, you must have either felt your pride wounded, or at least must have sorely remembered the extent of your misfortunes. Gra-

itude overpowered these feelings ; but alas ! good stranger, the effort must have cost you much."

It was now that Alcouz, for the first time, observed what his daughter's more acute observation had penetrated with a single glance. With some embarrassment he intreated the stranger's pardon for having treated him with so little respect, when it was evident that he was entitled to so much.

"Good old man," said Amorassan in a dejected tone, "I am an outcast from society, bereft of friends, persecuted by enemies. I have no resting place on earth, no roof to shelter my head from the tempest. Have pity on me ! Grant me the rights of hospitality."

He had not ceased to speak, when the damsel approached and tendered him a cup of water with a cluster of fresh gathered grapes. He tasted the fruit and water, and as he returned the cup into her hands, she thanked him for his acceptance with a benevolent smile.

"Ask not who I am," he continued : "suffer me to render you such services as are within my power ; and you shall hereafter know to whom you have so generously afforded your protection."

The women now placed the frugal meal upon the table ; when it was finished Leilah sang to her lute, and while he listened to her sweet and plaintive voice, Amorassan forgot his misfortunes. After an evening passed in happiness, he was conducted into a small but cleanly chamber, and as he laid his head upon his pillow, "Thou fearful persecutor," said he to himself, "visit me no more, and I am saved."

Zeyn, (for he was only known by that name in the fisherman's family,) was reared from this moment as the son of his host. He exerted himself to repay such benevolent protection ; and success crowned his toil so uniformly, that frequently did Alcouz repeat—"The blessings of Allah came into my house with Zeyn." The heart of the young man bounded with joy as he heard the sentence, for so completely had des-

pondency crushed his spirit, that he had till then looked on himself as on a wretch destined to bring misfortune, wherever his accursed footsteps fell. But now he again raised his head, and existence again became valuable in his eyes. In this manner had several months passed away, when the venerable Alcouz, by sleeping imprudently in his boat at night, contracted a malady, which terminated in his losing the total use of his limbs. Zeyn tended him during his illness, and undertook, alone, the charge of supporting the family. Daily he bore the helpless Alcouz on his shoulders to an open place near the city, which was planted with stately trees, in order that he might enjoy the freshness of the air.

"My friend ! My son !" said the fisherman, while he gazed upon Zeyn with tears of gratitude ; "were it not for you what a miserable wretch should I be at this moment. Ah ! never did the sea yield me so rich a prize, as when I snatched you from its billows. And yet it is very hard that you should be obliged to labour singly to support us all. How happy should I feel were it not for this care—and one other."—"What is that other care ?" inquired Zeyn.—"Ah !" said the old man, sighing, "I should long ago have entrusted you with it, could you have relieved it, as you do the rest : but that may not be ! you are not of our station : and therefore any connection which you form with us, must be considered as merely temporary, therefore I must take my anxiety with me into the grave undivulged."

"If that anxiety regards your daughter, let me spare you the necessity of revealing it. You have long treated me with the affection of a father. Worthy Alcouz, give me with Leilah's hand a title to the name of son."

The good old man was unable to answer, but he pointed to the road conducting him to his cottage. Alcouz informed his daughter what had passed ; and the maiden blushed deeply, as

Zeyn placed his hand in that of the trembling girl, and pronounced the vow of eternal affection. As the words past his lips, he recollected the warning spirit. The blood fled from his cheeks, as he cast a look of fearful inquiry round him; and oh! from what an oppressive weight did his heart feel relieved, when his eye encountered not the chilling glance of that dreaded enemy.

It was midnight when Zeyn sought the sea-shore, in order that he might furnish the table on his wedding-day more plentifully than usual. He steered towards the rocks, threw out his nets, and having fastened his little bark to the shrubs which were rooted at its base, he, for the first time, ventured to ascend the precipice, on which he had formerly endured all the agonies of dying, and determined to wait for sunrise. He was weary with rowing, and entering a narrow cleft of the rock, laid himself down, and was soon buried in slumber. But he had not long enjoyed this repose, when he was roused by the sound of voices; they ascended from a cave under the place where he was resting. He listened, and heard the whole details of a plot formed against the Sultan of the Carnatic. He collected from their discourse, that they were persons of considerable consequence in the court. Every one complained of the sovereign's severity, of his exaltation of men of low birth to the first offices of the state, and of the ill treatment of his deserving son. According to their account this young prince was compelled by his father's avarice and jealousy to submit to the most degrading humiliations; and it seemed to be the universal opinion that nothing could release him from this captivity except the deposition of the man who treated him so little like a father. Every one endeavoured to excuse his treason under colour of justice, and numerous arguments were advanced to prove that it would be one of the most noble actions ever accomplished; since, instead of the weak and

bigotted Sultan, it would place a youthful, wise, and generous-minded prince on the throne. Occasionally, the conference was interrupted by a soft complaining voice, which appeared rather to moderate than incite the resentment of the rest, till at length it even seemed to be changed into the tone of supplication; but it was impossible for Zeyn at such a distance to collect its import.

The conference was ended; the plan arranged, and its execution confirmed by solemn oaths. The beams of the rising sun now glittered upon the ocean's bosom, and Zeyn heard the confederates preparing to depart. With caution he advanced his head beyond the precipice, and saw them issue forth and hasten to their horses, which slaves held for them at some distance. He counted fourteen; they gave the spur to their coursers, and soon disappeared from his sight.

Zeyn now quitted the rock, and soon discovered the entrance to the cave. He remained for some time meditating on the important discovery which he had just made. He had heard the Sultan described as a man who distributed justice with the strictest impartiality; who was not known to be the slave of any particular weakness himself; and who never suffered crimes to pass unpunished. He therefore thought it absolutely necessary, that this dangerous conspiracy should be revealed without delay: yet, besides, he was now nothing better than a poor fisherman, and how could he expect to gain an audience of the Sultan? The very request must needs excite suspicion; and if the slightest hint of his business once reached the conspirators, how easy would it be for such powerful persons to prevent his story from ever coming to the Sultan's knowledge, either by despatching him privately, or burying him in some secret prison till their plan should be effected?

Such were the reflections whose thread was broken by a noise not so well known to him! It was the gunshot

secutor, which streamed in with a rushing murmur. Instantly the Spirit of the Frozen stood before him, and the sun, veiled through a chasm of the walls, cast its beams upon that countenance so cold, so serious, so awfully pale. A groan of despair burst from the lips of the wretched man, who was again the persecuted slave.

"Amorassan," said the Spirit, "as I parted from you I thought I should meet no more; but I am not permitted to conceal you, still your slave. Yet tremble at my presence! That last page, as not permitted to read in the presence of Destiny, and which consummation of your future fortunes, is now unfolded; but your fate must be your sole guide on this occasion, and I am not permitted to foretell the consequences of this, which now agitates your thoughts. Happy is it for me that I am not permitted. Look at the seal-ring of Amorassan, a seal-ring lies at your feet, and that seal-ring will tell you the truth of your discovery. All that ring, and now act according to your free will, aided by no adviser but your unbiassed human nature."

Fortune again proffers her hand to you; and it now depends on himself alone to decide. Amorassan will resume all that he has lost, his wealth, his power, his life. Farewell! Probably for ever. You are without joy, and I leave you without sorrow."—She said, and vanished.

Amorassan carefully secured the seal-ring, and unconsciously directed his steps towards the Sultan's residence; traversing the road he heard a voice proclaiming—"that the prince has a seal-ring at the chace; and whoever could find it, and restore it to the rightful owner, should be rewarded with one hundred drachmas and a noble."

The herald proceeded to describe the signet; Amorassan felt a shivering seize his limbs, when he recognized the ring, which, at that moment, was enveloped in his girdle. Before he was yet well recovered from the alarm of this discovery, he was roused by a sudden tumult in the market-place, and on inquiring the cause, was informed, that the Sultan and his son were passing through it in their way to the principal mosque.

Thither also hastened Amorassan. He forced his way through the crowd with an impetuosity which bore down every obstacle, and soon found himself within the consecrated walls.

The Sultan was a man still in the prime of life, majestic in his deportment, but whose serious look was prevented from wearing any appearance of severity, by the benevolence of his countenance. The prince was at no great distance from his father; he was a lovely youth; yet the brilliance of his personal beauty was considerably obscured by a certain pensive gloom, for which Amorassan knew but too well how to account. His eyes were still fixed upon the prince's face with insatiable curiosity, when he heard a voice from the pulpit pronounce aloud "Ye true believers know that the chief Imam has a dead person in his house, and is forbidden by the law from haranguing you this day. Let him, therefore, who feels the inspiration of Allah, assume his place, and may the prophet shed his spirit upon the speaker's lips."

Instantly a ray of light penetrated the mind of Amorassan. He eagerly ascended the pulpit, and announced in a prophetic tone the existence of a most dangerous conspiracy, and called upon the people in energetic language to unite in defence of so excellent a sovereign. His discourse excited universal astonishment. The people concluded that he must needs be some unfortunate person whom religious enthusiasm had deprived of his senses. But the wisest Sultan saw that his warnings were found-

ed on more substantial grounds than he judged it prudent to explain to the multitude. Accordingly he was immediately summoned to the palace by royal command.

He related to the Sultan his adventure on the rock. The monarch doubted the existence of so atrocious a plot, and warned him not to trifle in a matter of such dangerous importance: yet even granting his story to be true, how could the culprits be recognized? The fisherman had not heard a single name; and he had listened at too great a distance to allow the possibility of his discovering them by the sound of their voices.

"Mighty Lord!" said Amorassan, "thus much I know that the fourteen conspirators are all members of the supreme divan. Let a herald immediately call your own counsel together, announcing that you require their assistance in consequence of the discovery of a most dangerous and treasonable plot. My oration must already have given them alarm, and this mention of a conspiracy will confirm their fears: on my life the culprits will not dare to shew themselves in your divan."

"I like your counsel well," answered the Sultan, "the divan shall be summoned instantly."—"Yet one word," observed Amorassan; "your enemies are equally the enemies of your son; perhaps are even more so. Then before the certain existence of this plot is announced, let your guards instantly hasten to the prince, and prevent all possibility of his falling into danger by escorting him to the divan."

"So be it!" replied the Sultan. The divan was summoned, and thirteen of the principal members of it failed to make their appearance. And it appeared, that some hours before, they had quitted the metropolis with every mark of terror and consternation. On leaving the divan, the Sultan summoned Zeyn to his presence.

"Your veracity is confirmed," said he: "yet my preservation is at stake. But thirteen of my

nobles failed to appear in the divan; and while the fourteenth (who perhaps is the most dangerous among them all) remains undiscovered, what peril have I not to expect from his secret machinations?"

"Sultan," replied Amorassan, "the fourteenth is well known to me. Look on this well known ring; it belongs to the chief of the conspiracy."

"All powerful Allah!" exclaimed the Sultan, and the colour forsook his cheeks; "My son! My only son!"—"Alas! It is but too true," replied Amorassan, "I feel in my own heart how deep is the wound I have just inflicted upon thine."—"And why did you not reveal his guilt immediately," said the Sultan. "Because either as a sovereign you must have resigned your sole offspring to the scaffold, or by pardoning him as a father, have shown your people a partial monarch in their ruler, and an unnatural son in his destined successor. I therefore put myself in your place; I felt for you as a father should feel. It now rests with yourself to act towards the prince as a parent, or as judge. His evil counselors are removed; their places filled by honest men will prevent the recurrence of this danger; your son is still respectable in the eyes of your people; you only are conscious of his offence, and, might I advise, he should remain forever ignorant, that it is known even to you. How would he dare again to meet the eyes of the father, whom he had so much injured."—"In this, as in all else," said the Sultan, "you have acted with true prudence—you have saved my life, but that is little; you have saved my son's, and that benefit is inestimable. And yet can it be possible? What? The son whom I have ever loved so dearly can he—what cause—what motive."—"Pardon me, while I explain even that," interrupted Amorassan, "you have loved him as your son and as your heir; but your manner of loving him has been adopted according to your own affections and

down, not attending to his. You forgot that he is young. You censured his failings with severity; perhaps with more than you would have censured any feelings except his: your anxiety to accustom him to economy, indeed you to limit him even in his unavoidable expenses, and it is easy for parsimony to degenerate into avarice. It was by placing these features of your character painted in exaggerated colours before your son's eyes, that he was induced to favour this conspiracy. I speak not this at random: I repeat but the discourse of the conspirators themselves, while conversing in the secret cavern. But through his reason was deluded, they might not corrupt his heart. I heard the mournful sound of his voice, which never rose above the accent of complaint; he spoke to soften, not to exasperate; Sultan act by him with prudence, and your son's heart will still be won."—"Your words have been like arrows," said the agitated monarch, "but I thank you for them, since I feel their truth. But you, whose eye can gaze so deeply, what is your name and your occupation?"—"I am a humble fisherman," replied Amorassan; "what I was ask not; I desire no other reward."—"Be it so," said the Sultan, "let us forget what you were; let us only speak of what you shall be. I need a man like you; my son, as you know but too well, needs such a man still more than myself. Remain at my palace—the place of Vizir, wealth, honour, and the fairest virgin of my harem."—"The daughter of my benefactor," answered Amorassan, "is already my betrothed; and the hut which harbours a virgin of your harem. I am a fisherman now, I will remain so."—"Yet let me do something to secure your comfort. The reward promised to the restorer of this ring, is at least your legal due."—"Then give it quickly and let me away," hastily replied the fisherman. "And should I need your counsel, how shall I find

you?" asked the Sultan. My name is Zeyn; I dwell on the sea-shore with my adopted father, Alcouz the palkied fisherman."—"Zeyn, from this moment thou art my father. And will then my son leave me without making one request?"—"No! I will make one. Be gentle to the deluded youth, your son."—"Generous Zeyn! I swear it! On my death-bed only will I give him this ring, and tell him how and where I found it! It shall be handed down in my family as an heirloom, and every possessor of the throne shall bear it on his finger. But mark me, Zeyn; unrewarded you must not leave me, not for your own sake, but for mine. The city talks of nothing but your services—the tale will spread from town to town, from village to village—"The poor fisherman saved the Sultan's life, and the avaricious Sultan suffered the fisherman to remain as poor as ever." Accept, therefore, enough to maintain your family in ease and comfort, and save me from the charge of ingratitude."—"Your reasons are just, and I obey. I accept your proffered bounty; I bless you and depart."

Amorassan hastened back to the hut, embraced Alcouz and his bride, and forgot that he had ever been any other than Zeyn the fisherman.

The next morning was to make Leilah his wife. Buried in thought, he stood alone at his chamber-window, when suddenly the form of the warning Spirit showed itself in the cold bright flood of moon-shine. Amorassan started.

"We meet for the last time," said the Spirit; "your heart has decided your future fate; by the command of my omnipotent Master I now separate myself from you for ever, and return to the Frozen Ocean and my native islands of chillness and gloom. Whether you have learned any thing during our intercourse, I neither know nor care. Truth was shown you; you could not support the sight, and sighed more

anxiously for illusion, than you had ever sighed for truth. You have rejected the Sultan's favour; you have resolved to remain an unknown fisherman: perhaps you have judged wisely, perhaps not; I know not! but this at least I know; in order to make yourself what you are now, there was no need of calling me from the Frozen Ocean. With this truth I dissolve our union; farewell, and for ever."—

She placed her hand on his forehead; her touch congealed the blood in his veins; his heart seemed frozen, and he sank upon his couch insensible. And now stood before his mental eye in bright vision the assembly of illustrious Spirits who inhabit the pavilion of Mount Caucasus. The superior genius extended his wand, and Amorassan saw his own praise-worthy deeds appear upon the glowing pannels; but far out-shining all the rest, was the service which he daily rendered to the poor old palsied fisherman.

"Amorassan!" said the genius, Gela-Eddin, "your affections have revived those flowers of your life, which the breath of cold unfeeling prudence had chilled and blighted. Let your heart prompt your measures for the future—let your understanding advise the means—let benevolence and reason unite in forming your plans, and then may you walk forward in your appointed course with firm and fearless footsteps. Beyond this, all is destiny's!"

Amorassan awoke; the roseate vapours of the vision still seemed to glow upon his countenance; and the voice of the genius still sounded in his ears.

In future to avoid princes; it was, however, the destiny of Amorassan to find the affairs of princes continually intermingled with his own. Scarcely had three months elapsed since his marriage, when one night a knocking was heard at the door of his new dwelling; a convenient house which the Sultan had caused to be erected.

He rushed to the door. A youth

in mean apparel complained of want of food and hunger, and requested hospitality for a night. It was granted; but in the morning the stranger was unable to proceed. He remained for many weeks at the cottage, and received the attentions due to a brother. Their care at length conquered the obstinacy of his complaint.

During his convalescence, a close friendship was formed between the stranger and his host. Amorassan at length revealed to him the most secret transactions of his life; and the stranger repaid his confidence.

"Your story," said he, "in many respects is not unlike my own. I was born to prosperity and a palace; and my father was one to whom the painful task is allotted of governing his fellow-creatures.

"I had a brother, one who possessed a pure and generous heart; and this brother loved me, as never brother loved a brother before; I loved this brother as never man before was loved by any.

"Our father was a wise sovereign; he had witnessed our affection with satisfaction; but when the years of manhood were approaching, he became apprehensive, lest the younger son should be tempted by this equality to forget his duty to his future master, and began to consider so intimate a connection as highly dangerous to my brother and the state."

At this part of Ben Hafi's tale, the Caliph became much agitated, and exclaimed—"Surely it is not possible, but proceed! Quick, quick, Ben Hafi!"

Ben Hafi continued—"One day my father sent for us into his closet, and telling us the different duties of our stations, commanded me in future never more to address or approach my future master with that familiarity, to which I had hitherto been accustomed. He left us—we remained silent and bewildered; at length I raised my eyes to my brother's, they were filled with tears." And at this moment tears gushed from the eyes of the Caliph.

Ben Hafi appeared not to remark his motion, and continued—"I threw myself on his bosom, and exclaimed—'Be my master; but still love me in the secrecy of your heart, my brother.'"
 "You are my brother," he replied, pressing me to his bosom; "how then can I ever be your master?"

"The next morning he entered my chamber. He rubbed upon my wrist a little ointment, and then stamped it with a signet, on which his name was engraved. Such was the virtue of that particular ointment, that the characters from that moment were impossible to be effaced. He then obliged me to stamp my name upon his wrist in a similar manner.

"And now," said he, "if ever the slightest suspicion should arise between us, if ever the most trifling movement of displeasure shall evince itself in my conduct towards you, come to me without fear, and shew me this mark. I shall remember the occasion on which it was engraved; I shall banish all distrust and displeasure from my bosom; and be the cause of our disunion slight or important, I swear by Allah that I will instantly forget it, and I shall remember nothing except that you are my brother and my friend."

"We were shortly after separated, and our education was conducted on different plans. My brother's instructors were quite of another species from mine, and their lessons were solely calculated to form the sovereign: what regarded the man, was, they thought, no business of theirs; or if it formed any part of their instructions, it was only to impress upon their pupil's mind their great leading maxim, that the feelings of the second ought always to be subordinate to the rights and duties of the first."

"My father died—my brother ascended the throne, and now——!"
 "No! I do not censure my deluded, my misguided brother; but I censure myself that when I possessed in letters of my enemies the certain vindica-

tion of my affection and fidelity, I suffered the feelings of indignant pride and wounded friendship to make me disdain all explanation. These tears do not flow because I now wander through the world a houseless beggar, but because my absence has left him alone and defenceless in the power of his seducers. Why did I not appeal to his fraternal friendship? Why did I not trust to his generous heart? Even had he still believed me to be a traitor, even had he punished my supposed crime with death, the attempt at vindication would but have cost me my life; but silence and suspicious flight must surely have cost my brother his innocence. Believing me to be false, he will believe no one to be faithful; believing my virtue to have been a mask, he will believe others to be equally dissemblers. I left him surrounded by men but too well disposed to take advantage of his generous yielding nature, and mould it to their own ambitious and interested views. His power will be abused; his people will be miserable; and he will himself be wretched on his golden throne, for I know that, deprived of me, he never can be happy."

At this moment the deaf Mejnoun started from the ground, and exclaimed with strong emotion—"Ben Hafi, you surely spoke of the good prince Abdallah—nothing else could affect my lord so strongly!"

"Yes! oh! yes!" the Caliph pronounced with difficulty; "the poor forlorn stranger—was Abdallah! was my brother!"

He reclined his head upon the shoulder of Mejnoun, and sobbed aloud.

"Amurath!" said, after a few moments, a gentle voice, whose well known melody pierced to the Caliph's very heart. He uttered a cry of astonishment; he started from the sofa and unclosed his arms. Ben Hafi had thrown off his upper garment; the grey beard and wrinkles had disappeared, and the roses of youth glowed upon his smiling cheeks. He now wore the

same date, in which the Caliph had seen his brother on the night previous to his flight from Bagdad, and he pointed to certain characters impressed upon the naked wrist of his right hand.

"Abdallah!" cried the Caliph, and threw himself upon his bosom; "my friend, my brother! I have thee again then, my happiness—my strength—my reason—my virtue!—Ah! Abdallah! can'st thou forgive me?"—

"Say rather," replied the prince, "can'st thou forgive me for having rejected all explanation? I ought to have insisted upon admission to your presence; I ought to have shown you this well-known mark, these characters impressed by the hand of fraternal friendship—"

"No, no, my brother!" interrupted the Caliph, while he kissed the mark on his brother's wrist, and bathed it with repentant tears; "you did wisely and well to avoid me. Had you, at that time, ventured into my presence—I was so blinded—so deluded—but I have since discovered the treachery, though not its authors."

"Their names are well known to me," replied Abdallah; "Muzaffer will see that their guilt is placed beyond the power of doubting by this letter."

As he said this, he presented a paper to the thunder-struck Vizir. He read but a few lines, then fell at the prince's feet, and murmured—"Be merciful." The Caliph's eyes flamed with indignant vengeance: but Abdallah became a suppliant for his vanquished enemy. Muzaffer was allowed to preserve his life, and a moderate proportion of his treasures, but was ordered to quit the Caliph's dominions within eight and forty

hours on pain of death. And now Amurath turned again to his brother with tender reproaches for having kept him so long in ignorance of his being so near him.

"Report," said Abdallah, "represented you to me in such odious colors, and the miseries which I witnessed while travelling through your dominions, confirmed so strongly the belief of my altered disposition, that I thought it imprudent to present myself before you without having ascertained your character. But I was soon convinced that the Vizir, not the Caliph, was the tyrant, under whose oppression I groined, and that my brother was as a man the same benevolent and kind being, whom as a boy I had loved so dearly."

"But your voice—so soft—so soothing—how could I have ever mistaken its sweet harmonious accents?"

"You were misled by a thin plate of silver placed upon my tongue, and which altered its tone completely."

"And your friend Amurath? Alas! I fear that he was a deception too! But one thing, Abdallah, I cannot consent to believe ideal. Oh! still preserve in my mind the belief, that there really exists that bright pavilion: and let me die in the happy persuasion, that hand in hand we shall one day be received there. Then brother, then shall we take our places among the Spirits and the genii! and you shall sit by my side; and my poor deaf Mejnoun shall sit at my feet; and Allah shall send down a friendly gracious look, as a benediction on his children."

"Peace be with you and with me!"



THE DEMON OF THE HARZ;

OR,

THE THREE CHARCOAL BURNERS.

solitudes of the Harz forest in y, but especially the mountains Blockberg, or rather Blocken- the chosen scene for tales of demons, and apparitions. The on of the inhabitants, who are miners or foresters, is of a kind ders them peculiarly prone to ion, and the natural phenome- h they witness in pursuit of litary or subterraneous profes- e often set down by them to the nce of goblins or the power of

Among the various legends n that wild country, there is a : one which supposes the Harz anted by a sort of tutelar de- the shape of a wild man, of ture, his head wreathed with res, and his middle tintured : same, bearing in his hand a 1 up by the roots. It is certain

that many persons profess to have seen such a man traversing, with huge strides, the opposite ridge of a mountain, when divided from it by a narrow glen ; and indeed the fact of the apparition is so generally admitted, that modern scepticism has only found refuge by ascribing it to optical deception.

In elder times, the intercourse of the demon with the inhabitants was more familiar, and, according to the traditions of the Harz, he was wont, with the caprice usually ascribed to these earth-born powers, to interfere with the affairs of mortals, sometimes for their welfare. But it was observed, that even his gifts often turned out in the long run, fatal to those on whom they were bestowed, and it was no uncommon thing for the pastors, in their care for their flock, to compose long sermons, the burthen whereof was a warning

against having any intercourse, direct or indirect, with the Harz demon. The fortunes of Martin Waldeck have been often quoted by the aged to their giddy children, when they were heard to scoff at a danger which appeared visionary.

A travelling capuchin had possessed himself of the pulpit of the thatched church at a little hamlet called Morgenbrodt, lying in the Harz district, from which he declaimed against the wickedness of the inhabitants, their communication with fiends, witches, and fairies, and particularly, with the woodland goblin of the Harz. The doctrines of Luther had already begun to spread among the peasantry, for the incident is placed under the reign of Charles V., and they laughed to scorn the zeal with which the venerable man insisted upon his topic. At length, as his vehemence increased with opposition, so their opposition rose in proportion to his vehemence. The inhabitants did not like to hear an accustomed demon, who had inhabited the Brockenberg for so many ages, summarily confounded with Baal-peor, Ashtaroth, and Beelzebub himself, and condemned without reprieve to the bottomless To-phet. The apprehensions that the spirit might avenge himself on them for listening to such an illiberal sentence, added to the national interest in his behalf. A travelling friar, they said, that is here to-day and away to-morrow, may say what he pleases, but it is we, the ancient and constant inhabitants of the country, that are left at the mercy of the insulted demon, and must, of course, pay for all. Under the irritation occasioned by these reflections, the peasants from injurious language betook themselves to stones, and having pebbled the priest most handsomely, they drove him out of the parish to preach against demons elsewhere.

Three young men, who had been present and assisting in the attack upon the priest, carried on the laborious and mean occupation of preparing charcoal for the smelting furnaces. On their

return to their hut, their conversation naturally turned upon the demon of the Harz and the doctrine of the capuchin. Maximilian and George Waldeck, the two elder brothers, although they allowed the language of the capuchin to have been indiscreet and worthy of censure, as presuming to determine upon the precise character and abode of the spirit, yet contended it was dangerous, in the highest degree, to accept of his gifts, or hold any communication with him. He was powerful they allowed, but wayward and capricious, and those who had intercourse with him seldom came to a good end. Did he not give the brave knight, Eckert of Rabenwald, that famous black steed, by means of which he vanquished all the champions at the great tournament at Bremen? and did not the same steed afterwards precipitate itself with its rider into an abyss so deep and fearful, that neither horse nor man was ever seen more? Had he not given to Dame Gertrude Trodden a curious spell for making butter come? and was she not burnt for a witch by the grand criminal judge of the Electorate, because she availed herself of his gift? But these, and many other instances which they quoted, of mischance and ill-luck ultimately attending upon the apparent benefits conferred by the Harz spirit, failed to make any impression on Martin Waldeck, the youngest of the brothers.

Martin was youthful, rash, and impetuous; excelling in all the exercises which distinguish a mountaineer, and brave and undaunted from the familiar intercourse with the dangers that attend them. He laughed at the timidity of his brothers. "Tell me not of such folly," he said; the demon is a good demon—he lives among us as if he were a peasant like ourselves—haunts the lonely crags or recesses of the mountains like a huntsman or goatherd—and he who loves the Harz-forest and its wild scenes cannot be indifferent to the fate of the hardy children of the soil. But if the demon were as mali-

cious as you make him, how should he derive power over mortals who barely avail themselves of his gifts, without binding themselves to submit to his pleasure? When you carry your charcoal to the furnace, is not the money or good that is paid you by blaspheming Blaise, the old reprobate overseer, as if you got it from the pastor himself? It is not the goblin's gifts which can endanger you then, but it is the use you shall make of them that you must account for. And were the demon to appear at this moment, and indicate to me a gold or silver mine, I would begin digging away before his back were turned, and I would consider myself as under protection of a much Greater than he, while I made a good use of the wealth he pointed out to me."

To this the elder brother replied, that wealth ill won was seldom well spent, while Martin presumptuously declared, that the possession of all the Harz would not make the slightest alteration on his habits, morals, or character.

His brother entreated Martin to talk less wildly upon this subject, and with some difficulty contrived to withdraw his attention, by calling it to the consideration of an approaching boar-chase. This talk brought them to their hut, a wretched wigwam, situated upon one side of a wild, narrow, and romantic dell, in the recesses of the Brokenberg. They released their sister from attending upon the operation of charring the wood, which requires constant attention, and divided among themselves the duty of watching it by night, according to their custom, one always waking while his brothers slept.

Max Waldeck, the eldest, watched during the two first hours of night, and was considerably alarmed, by observing, upon the opposite bank of the glen, or valley, a huge fire, surrounded by some figures that appeared to wheel around it with antic gestures. Max at first had thought him of calling up his brothers; but recollecting the daring character of the youngest, and finding it

impossible to wake the elder without also disturbing him—conceiving also what he saw to be an illusion of the demon, sent perhaps in consequence of the venturous expressions used by Martin on the preceding evening, he thought it best to betake himself to the safe-guard of such prayers as he could murmur over, and to watch in great terror and annoyance this strange and alarming apparition. After blazing for some time, the fire faded gradually away into darkness, and the rest of Max's watch was only disturbed by the remembrance of its terrors.

George now occupied the place of Max, who had retired to rest. The phenomenon of a huge blazing fire, upon the opposite bank of the glen, again presented itself to the eye of the watchman. It was surrounded as before by figures, which, distinguished by their opaque forms, being between the spectator and the red glaring light, moved and fluctuated around it as if engaged in some mystical ceremonies. George, though equally cautious, was of a bolder character than his elder brother. He resolved to examine more nearly the object of his wonder; and accordingly, after crossing the rivulet which divided the glen, he climbed up the opposite bank, and approached within an arrow's flight from the fire, which blazed apparently with the same fury as when he first witnessed it.

The appearance of the assistants who surrounded it, resembled those phantoms which are seen in a troubled dream, and at once confirmed the idea he had entertained from the first, that they did not belong to the human world. Amongst the strange unearthly forms, George Waldeck distinguished that of a giant overgrown with hair, holding an uprooted fir in his hand, with which, from time to time, he seemed to stir the blazing fire, and having no other clothing than a wreath of oak leaves round his forehead and loins. George's heart sunk within him at recognizing the well-known apparition of the Harz demon,

as he had often been described to him by the ancient shepherds and hunters who had seen his form traversing the mountains. He turned, and was about to fly; but, upon second thoughts, blaming his own cowardice, he recited mentally the verse of the Psalmist, "All good angels praise the Lord!" which is in that country supposed powerful as an exorcism, and turned himself once more towards the place where he had seen the fire. But it was no longer visible.

The pale moon alone enlightened the side of the valley, and when George, with trembling steps, a moist brow, and hair bristling upright under his collier's cap, came to the spot where the fire had been so lately visible, marked as it was by a scathed oak tree, there appeared not on the heath the slightest vestiges of what he had seen. The moss and wild flowers were unscorched, and the branches of the oak tree, which had so lately appeared enveloped in wreaths of flame and smoke, were moist with the dews of midnight.

George returned to his hut with trembling steps, and, arguing like his elder brother, resolved to say nothing of what he had seen, lest he should awake in Martin that daring curiosity which he almost deemed to be allied with impiety.

It was now Martin's turn to watch. The household cock had given his first summons, and the night was well nigh spent. On examining the state of the furnace in which the wood was deposited in order to its being coked, or charred, he was surprised to find that the fire had not been sufficiently maintained; for in its excision and its consequences, George had forgot the principal object of his watch. Martin's first thought was to call up the slumberers, but observing that both his brothers slept unwontedly deep and heavily, he respected their repose, and set himself to supply their furnace with fuel, without requiring their aid. What he heaped upon it was apparently damp and unfit for the purpose, for the fire seemed

rather to decay than revive. Martin next went to collect some boughs from a stack which had been carefully cut and dried for this purpose; but, when he returned, he found the fire totally extinguished. This was a serious evil, which threatened them with loss of their trade for more than one day. The vexed and mortified watchman set about to strike a light in order to rekindle the fire, but the tinder was moist, and his labour proved in this respect also ineffectual. He was now about to call up his brothers, for the circumstances seemed to be pressing, when flashes of light glimmered not only through the window, but through every crevice of the solidly built hut, and summoned him to behold the same apparition which had before alarmed the successive watches of his brethren. His first idea was, that the Mùllerhausers, their rivals in trade, and with whom they had had many quarrels, might have encroached upon their bounds for the purpose of splitting their wood, and he resolved to awake his brothers, and be revenged on them for their audacity. But a short reflection and observation on the gestures and manner of those who seemed "to work in the fire," induced him to dismiss this belief, and although rather sceptical in these matters, to conclude that what he saw was a supernatural phenomenon. "But be they men or fiends," said the undaunted forester, "that busy themselves yonder with such fantastical rites and gestures, I will go and demand a light to rekindle our furnace." He relinquished, at the same time the idea of waking his brethren. There was a belief that such adventures as he was about to undertake were accessible only to one person at a time; he feared also that his brothers in their scrupulous timidity, might interfere to prevent his pursuing the investigation he had resolved to commence; and therefore, snatching his borespear from the wall, the undaunted Martin Waldeck set forth on the adventure alone.

With the same success as his brother George, but with courage far superior, Martin crossed the brook, ascended the hill, and approached so near the ghostly assembly, that he could recognise, in the presiding figure, the attributes of the Harz demon. A cold shuddering assailed him for the first time in his life, but that the recollection that he had at a distance dared and even courted the intercourse which was now about to take place, confirmed his staggering courage, and pride supplying what he wanted in resolution, he advanced with tolerable firmness towards the fire, the figures which surrounded it appeared still more phantastical, and supernatural, the nearer he approached to the assembly. He was received with a loud shout of discordant and unnatural laughter, which, to his stunned ears, seemed more alarming than a combination of the most dismal and melancholy sounds which could be imagined.—“Who art thou?” said the giant compressing his savage and exaggerated features into a sort of forced gravity, while they were occasionally agitated by the convulsion of the laughter which he seemed to suppress.

“Martin Waldeck the forester,” answered the hardy youth;—“And who art you?”

“The king of the waste and of the mine,” answered the spectre;—“And why hast thou dared to encroach on my mysteries?”

“I came in search of light to rekindle my fire,” answered Martin hardily, and then resolutely asked in his turn, “What mysteries are these that you celebrate here?”

“We celebrate,” answered the demonic being, “the wedding of Herminie with the Black Dragon.—But take heed that thou comest to seek, and depart—No mortal may long look upon us and live.”

The peasant stuck his spear point into a large piece of blazing wood, which he heaved with some difficulty, and then turned round to regain his hut,

the shouts of laughter being renewed behind him with treble violence, and ringing far down the narrow valley. When Martin returned to the hut, his first care, however much astonished with what he had seen, was to dispose the kindled coal among the fuel so as might best light the fire of his furnace, but after many efforts, and all exertions of bellows and fire-prong, the coal he had brought from the demon's fire became totally extinct, without kindling any of the others. He turned about and observed the fire still blazing on the hill, although those who had been busied around it had disappeared. As he conceived the spectre had been jesting with him, he gave way to the natural hardihood of his temper, and determining to see the adventure to the end, resumed the road to the fire, from which, unopposed by the demon, he brought off in the same manner a blazing piece of charcoal, but still without being able to succeed in lighting his fire. Impunity having increased his rashness, he resolved upon a third experiment, and was as successful as before in reaching the fire; but, when he had again appropriated a piece of burning coal, and had turned to depart, he heard the harsh and supernatural voice which had before accosted him, pronounce these words, “Dare not to return hither a fourth time!”

The attempt to rekindle the fire with this last coal having proved as ineffectual as on the former occasions, Martin relinquished the hopeless attempt, and flung himself on his bed of leaves, resolving to delay till the next morning the communication of his supernatural adventure to his brothers. He was awakened from a heavy sleep into which he had sunk, from fatigue of body and agitation of mind, by loud exclamations of joy and surprise. His brothers, astonished at finding the fire extinguished when they awoke, had proceeded to arrange the fuel in order to renew it, when they found in the ashes three huge metallic masses, which their skill, (for

most of the peasants in the Harz are practised mineralogists,) immediately ascertained to be pure gold.

It was some damp upon their joyful congratulations when they learned from Martin the mode in which he had obtained this treasure, to which their own experience of the nocturnal vision induced them to give full credit. But they were unable to resist the temptation of sharing their brother's wealth. Taking now upon him as head of the house, Martin Waldeck bought lands and forests, built a castle, obtained a patent of nobility, and greatly to the scorn of the ancient nobility of the neighbourhood, was invested with all the privileges of a man of family. His courage in public war, as well as in private feuds, together with the number of retainers whom he kept in pay, sustained him for some time against the odium which was excited by his sudden elevation, and the arrogance of his pretensions. And now it was seen in the instance of Martin Waldeck, as it has been in that of many others, how little mortals can foresee the effect of sudden prosperity on their own disposition. The evil dispositions in his nature, which poverty had checked and repressed, ripened and bore their unhallowed fruit under the influence of temptation and the means of indulgence. As Deep calls unto Deep, one bad passion awakened another:—the fiend of avarice invoked that of pride, and pride was to be supported by cruelty and oppression. Waldeck's character, always bold and daring, but rendered more harsh and assuming by prosperity, soon made him odious, not to nobles only, but likewise to the lower ranks, who saw, with double dislike, the oppressive rights of the feudal nobility of the empire so remorselessly exercised by one who had risen from the very dregs of the people. His adventure, although carefully concealed, began likewise to be whispered, and the clergy already stigmatized as a wizard and accomplice of fiends, the wretch, who, having acquired so huge a treasure in so

strange a manner, had not sought to sanctify it by dedicating a considerable portion to the use of the church. Surrounded by enemies, public and private; tormented by a thousand feuds; and threatened by the church with excommunication, Martin Waldeck; or, as we must now call him, the Baron Von Waldeck, often regretted bitterly his labours and sports of unenvied poverty. But his courage failed him not under all these difficulties, and seemed rather to augment in proportion to the danger which darkened around him, until an accident precipitated his fall.

A proclamation by the reigning Duke of Brunswick had invited to a solemn tournament all German nobles of free and honourable descent, and Martin Waldeck, splendidly armed, accompanied by his two brothers, and a gallantly equipped retinue, had the arrogance to appear among the chivalry of the province and demand permission to enter the lists. This was considered as filling up the measure of his presumption. A thousand voices exclaimed, "We will have no cinder-sifter mingle in our games of chivalry." Irritated to frenzy, Martin drew his sword, and hewed down the herald who, in compliance with the general outcry, opposed his entrance into the list. A hundred swords were unsheathed to avenge what was, in those days, regarded as a crime only inferior to sacrilege, or regicide. Waldeck, after defending himself with the fury of a lion, was seized, tried on the spot by the judges of the lists, and condemned, as the appropriate punishment for breaking the peace of his sovereign, and violating the sacred person of a herald-at-arms, to have his right hand struck from his body, to be ignominiously deprived of the honour of nobility, of which he was unworthy, and be expelled from the city. When he had been stripped of his arms, and sustained the mutilation imposed by this severe sentence, the unhappy victim of ambition was abandoned to the rabble, who followed him with threats and

outrages, levelled alternately against the necromancer and oppressor, which at length ended in violence. His brothers, (for his retinue had fled and dispersed,) at length succeeded in rescuing him from the hands of the populace, when, satiated with cruelty, they had left him half dead through loss of blood, through the outrages he had sustained. They were not permitted, such was the ingenious cruelty of their enemies, to make use of any other means of removing him, excepting such a collier's cart as they had themselves formerly used, in which they deposited their brother on a truss of straw, scarcely expecting to reach any place of shelter ere death should release him from his misery.

When the Waldecks, journeying in this miserable manner, had approached the verge of their native country, in a hollow way, between two mountains, they perceived a figure advancing towards them, which at first sight seemed to be an aged man. But as he approached, his limbs and stature increased, the cloak fell from his shoulders, his pilgrim's staff was changed into an uprooted pine tree, and the gigantic figure of the Harz demon passed before them in his terrors. When he came opposite to the cart which contained the miserable Waldeck, his huge features dilated into a grin of unutterable contempt and malignity, as he asked the sufferer, "How like you the fire my coals have kindled?" The power of motion, which terror suspended in his two brothers, seemed to be restored to Martin by the energy of his courage.

He raised himself on the cart, bent his brows, and, clenching his fist, shook it at the spectre with a ghastly look of hate and defiance. The goblin vanished with his usual tremendous and explosive laugh, and left Waldeck exhausted with the effort of expiring nature.

The terrified brethren turned their vehicle towards the towers of a convent which arose in a wood of pine trees beside the road. They were charitably received by a bare-footed and long-bearded capuchin, and Martin survived only to complete the first confession he had made since the day of his sudden prosperity, and to receive absolution from the very priest, whom, precisely that day three years, he had assisted to pelt out of the hamlet of Morgenbrodt. The three years of precarious prosperity were supposed to have a mysterious correspondence with the number of his visits to the spectral fire upon the hill.

The body of Martin Waldeck was interred in the convent where he expired, in which his brothers, having assumed the habit of the order, lived and died in the performance of acts of charity and devotion. His lands, to which no one asserted any claim, lay waste until they were reassumed by the emperor as a lapsed fief, and the ruins of the castle, which Waldeck had called by his own name, are still shunned by the miner and forester as haunted by evil spirits. Thus were the evils attendant upon wealth, hastily attained and ill-employed, exemplified in the fortunes of Martin Waldeck.

ULRIC, THE BOLD.

We have been favoured with a metrical version of the foregoing tale, from the pen of a correspondent, which we subjoin :—

HAVE ye heard of the spectre of Brokenberge high,
Whose tall shaggy form seems to reach to the sky?
He roams through the forest of Harz all the night,
And is seen on the Broken at dawning of light.

The King of the Waste, and the King of the Mire.
His steps he supports with an uprooted pine;
On his huge mottled head an oak garland is placed,
And a circlet of oak-leaves encircles his waist.

Oh! shun the fell spectre with caution and care;
He's the foe of mankind and his gifts prove a snare;
He assumes not unfrequent a hunter's disguise
To deceive the unwary with art and with lies.

Some have bartered their souls for his gifts in their need:
He gave to Sir Robert that matchless black steed,
Which at Bremen's high Joustings the prize bore away;
But the knight and his horse disappeared from that day.

The peasants around say he's gentle and kind,
But those he assumes as a covert or blind;
Have ye heard the strange story of Ulric the Bold,
How he fell by the lures of the fiend and his gold?

Behold! where yon ruin in majesty frowns,
O'er the vale, from that hill whose broad summit it crowns;
'Twas the castle of Ulric, when high in his pride,
His domains spread around it extensive and wide.

Those halls which resounded with music of yore,
Thro' the ruins the winter-winds sullenly roar,
O'er their floors where the masker's foot deftly did pass,
The briar-bush spreads, and high waves the rank grass.

At the lone hour of midnight tradition reports,
Bad spirits repair to these mouldering courts;
The spectre of Brokenberge ever is there,
And his wild peals of laughter ring loud on the air.

Bold Ulric's poor sire was a cutter of wood
In the forest of Harz, where his lone cottage stood;
His sons' want compelled the like trade to pursue,
And Ulric when young was a wood-cutter too.

Tho' Ulric was bold, yet his heart was depraved,
For pleasure and wealth he unceasingly craved;
By means good or bad, his desires to obtain,
No scruples of conscience his soul could restrain.

'Twas said that the Brokenberge spectre, of old,
Had enriched some poor peasants with jewels and gold,
Tho' he knew with those gifts a curse lingered behind,
The desire to possess them still ran through his mind.

A holy black friar, inspired from above,
To warn all the district round Brokenberge strove;
He bade them beware of this spirit so fell
Whose gifts were obtained from the monarch of hell.

Young Ulric enraged at the preacher's discourse,
Sought to silence his zeal by wild outrage and force;
A crowd of fierce miscreants joined in the fray,
And with curses and blows drove the friar away.

Soon after this furious scene was displayed,
One night while employed in their wood-cutting trade,
Bold Ulric and brothers must take it by turns
To watch while the charred fire steadily burns.

The first that held watch on that wonderful night,
Beheld the moon shining serenely and bright;
When lo! a strange object portentous appears,
Which filled him with awe, and awakened his fears.

He perceived on a neighbouring hill with amaze,
A fire that appeared with wild fierceness to blaze;
A troop of strange figures around it danced long,
And the sprite of the Broken was seen in the throng.

He whirled his huge uprooted pine-tree around,
Whilst his loud bursts of laughter convulsed the firm ground;
But the brother of Ulric was stricken with fear,
And left not the cottage to view them more near.

That prayer he repeated, whose words of blest might,
Can dissolve charm or spell, and put demons to flight;
As the words pass'd his lips, the phantasma was fled,
And the moon-beams again o'er the hill softly spread.

His watch being ended, his partner he woke,
Not a word of the scene he had witnessed he spoke;
With wonder the other full quickly espied,
The spectres and fire gleaming on the hill side.

More courage had he than the first who now slept,
And straight from the hovel he cautiously crept;
But as he drew near to observe them with care
The fire and the spectres dissolved into air.

When he reached the lone spot where the fire met his view,
The grass and the bushes were dripping with dew;
The moon in the heavens shone coldly and bright,
And the trees were all bathed in the vapours of night.

Then back he returned to the hut with surprise,
The time is now come when bold Ulric must rise;
In his absence who went that strange pageant to see;
The hovel-fire sunk and rekindled must be.

In haste the stone threshold young Ulric has crossed,
Of fuel in quest, or their labour is lost;
In silent amazement behold him stand still—
Lo! the spectres and fire he spies on the hill.

He viewed them with wonder, unmingled with fear,
And he quickly determined to view them more near;
With his boar-spear in hand, there he boldly advanced,
A fire-brand to beg of those monsters that danced.

He approached and addressed them with undaunted brow,
"Say what are these rites that ye celebrate now?"
The spectre replied to this questioner bold,
"The Black Dragon's bridal with Hecates we hold."

"Depart hence, rash Ulric, this warning I give,
No mortal can look on these mysteries and live;
He carelessly answered, "My fire's on the wane,
So give me a brand to re-light it again."

They comply, and he thrust his spear-head in a brand,
When he heaved it, its weight bent the spear like a wand;
Loud peals of wild laughter pursued him awhile,
As he passed through the valley his hut to regain.

In vain he essay'd his cold fire to relume,
The coal he had brought only caused it to fume;
He looked from the hut, still the fire brightly shone,
But the beings so wild that danced round it were gone.

He ventured again with a brand to make free,
But this also proved unsuccessful to be;
And his way to the hill a third time does explore,
Tho' the spectres dance round the huge fire as before.

He boldly preferred, and obtained his request,
But the spectre thus stern the intruder addressed:—
"If thou come back a fourth time, 'twill cost thee full dear,"
And again the wild laughter rang loud on his ear.

To behold, his fire with in vain was his move,
So he threw himself down on his couch in despair;
How great was his wonder next morn to behold
The fire-tyrants transformed to three masses of gold.

Then, that day of ambition, on Ulric first rose,
Which o'erwhelmed him with ruin and death at its close;
He purchased domains, and his castle stood high,
Determined in pomp with his nobles to vie.

He married a lady adorned with such grace,
She made him the sire of a beautiful race;
But the curse of his ill-gotten wealth o'er him hung;
His lady proved false, and his children died young.

He regarded not man, and he feared not his God,
His vassals he ruled with oppressions sharp rod;
He alike set laws, human and sacred, at naught,
Still bent on his pleasure, could pleasure be bought.

At a festival, high, by the sovereign proclaimed,
For tiltings and tourneys, and chivalry famed;
He entered the lists with his avantail down,
Presuming to pass for some Baron unknown.

But the first tilt he ran, from his head the casque flew,
All present bold Ulric the wood-cutter knew;
The monarch incensed, gave an instant command,
To arrest the proud peasant, and strike off his hand;
His lordships and castles must forfeited be,
And Ulric is banished by public decree.

O'erwhelmed with confusion, with pain and dismay,
From the scene of his shame, he slunk silent away;
His heart scarce beat with life-blood, as homeward he drew,
Where his castles proud turrets, appeared to his view.

Then strange to relate by the Harz forest-side,
The Brokenberge spectre, lost Ulric espied;
The demon approached, and addressed him in scorn—
"Is this mighty Ulric, thus lost and forlorn?
"Has he met with discomfort in tourney or fight?
"How likes he the fire that my brands set a light?"

Tho' dying, he rose, shook his fist in disdain,
But his spirit fled hence with a menace so vain;
With loud shouts of triumph, straight vanished the fay,
And his laugh on the Broken, died faintly away.



THE BOTTLE-IMP.

A German Popular Tale.

It was a lovely Italian evening, when a young German merchant, named Richard, entered Venice, the widely celebrated seat of traffic and commerce. In consequence of it being then the period of the thirty years war, all Germany was, at that time, a scene of dissension; no wonder, therefore, if the young merchant, who was a gallant more inclined to banqueting and luxurious indulgence, than feats of chivalry, was not greatly displeased at his affairs calling him for some time towards Italy, where things wore a less hostile appearance, and where too, he had heard, that there was no lack either of the richest wines, or the most delicate fruits—to say nothing of fascinating beauties, in which latter article our gallant placed himself on being no ordinary connoisseur.

Sent in his gondola, he traversed the various canals of the city, struck

with admiration at the beautiful buildings, and still more so at the lovely tenants, whom he frequently beheld, peeping from their lattices. At length he arrived at a magnificent mansion, at whose windows he saw some ten or twelve charming girls.

“Now, would to heaven,” exclaimed the captivated German, “that I had but the opportunity of saying a few words to one of those rare creatures!”

“Well!” returned his gondolier, “and that be all; you have only to step out, and go boldly into the house at once:—your time, I warrant me, will pass pleasantly enough.”

“It may be pleasant enough, friend, to thee, to put thy jeers upon strangers; but dost thou suppose that I am such an errant loon as to follow thy knavish counsel, and to venture where I should not only be hooted out, but receive too a sound drubbing into the bargain?”

"My good master," replied the other, "do not think to teach me the customs of our city; only follow my advice, and, if you are not welcomed with open arms,—why then I am well content to lose my labour and my fare."

The youth now began to think the experiment worth trying; and soon found that the gondolier had not imposed upon him. These beauties, he quickly discovered, were far from being prudish or tyrannical; on the contrary, they were of that courteous sort, who are never backward in shewing hospitality to the stranger, but ready to extend their complaisance to the utmost, for the trifling consideration of some fifty ducats. "This same Italy," thought the unwary youth, intoxicated by their voluptuous caresses, "is assuredly the most delightful place beneath heaven;" for he did not fail to impute the flattering reception he had experienced, in no small degree to the comely person, with which nature had favoured him. The demand, however, that was made upon his purse, soon dissipated some of these pleasing reflections, as he discovered, that instead of having made a conquest of some princess, he had only been entertained by a courtesan, who now made a demand that nearly drained his purse. Yet did he not lose all his patience, since he was a gallant that did not consider the cost bestowed upon his pleasures, flung away: he therefore retired with as good a grace, as he could muster on such an occasion, and repaired to a tavern for the sake of diverting his spleen.

Having commenced his affairs in so notable a manner, the wild youth continued daily to indulge in revels, and in the society of mirthful faces. In all the company of brave gallants, with whom Richard now constantly associated, there was but one countenance overcast with gloom. It was that of a Spanish captain, who, though he never failed to be present at these scenes of riot, rarely bestowed a word upon the company, while his dark features were

rendered still more gloomy, by the visible uneasiness that sat upon them. Still his presence was endured, as he was a man of rank and wealth, and one too who regarded lightly the expense of treating his friends evening after evening.

Richard, in the meanwhile, although less liberal of his purse than on the first evening of his arrival at Venice, found his finances rapidly decreasing; and reflected with no small sorrow, that this gay and joyous kind of life, must quickly terminate. His associates were not slow in observing his melancholy, or in divining the cause of it,—this being, by no means, the first instance of the kind, that had occurred within their society,—neither did they spare their taunts upon the occasion, so that our hero was fain to venture among them the last precious relics of his purse. At this prosperous period of his history, the Spaniard called him, one evening, aside, and, with unexpected courtesy, requesting that he would accompany him abroad, conducted him to a lone and retired spot. The poor youth, was at first, rather alarmed; but at length, he somewhat quieted his apprehensions by reflecting, that his companion well knew that he had little about him of value, save his skin, and in that he was determined a hole should not be picked without returning the compliment.

The Spaniard, however, having first seated himself on the ruins of an old building, and compelled his companion to do the same, addressed him as follows:—

"I cannot help imagining, my dear young friend, that you stand greatly in need of that which has long become a burthen to myself—namely, the power of procuring whatever sum of money you choose, and whenever you please. This power, such as it is, I am willing to dispose of to you for a trifling consideration, besides some other advantages into the bargain."

"What occasion," enquired Richard,

possibly have for money, if I part with the power of ob-ourself?"

"He stands thus," returned the Spaniard, "I know not whether you are with certain little spirits, that 'Bottle-Imps;' they are little devils, inclosed in a little vessel, never possesses one of these, and from it whatever worldly he desires most, especially of gold. In return for these he gives the soul of the person who he imp becomes forfeit to him, and he dies without having disposed of him. But this is the only way by receiving a less sum which he first paid for the same cost me ten ducats:—is yours."

The youth was reflecting on the ordinary offer, the Spaniard said, "I could, if I pleased, give you the thing, by palming me one as a mere curiosity, in the manner a knavish fellow might do to purchase it. But I wish to see the weight of such an ill-gotten conscience, and there-fore honestly and fairly, acquaint me with the bargain. You are still a high-spirited, and will not part with opportunities enough of your purchase, when you may become as weary of it, as now."

"O noble Sir," replied Richard, "I would not take it ill at my word to inform you how often I have been imposed upon already, in the city of Venice."

"Thou foolish varlet," exclaimed the Spaniard, "thou need'st not mind the brave entertainers of last evening, to judge how they would cheat thee for the sake of nine ducats!"

"He spends much, wants much," observed the young merchant, "the longest purse we know has a hole though not a golden one. If, you yesterday spent your last

ducat, to day you may be hankering after mine."

"Excuse me if I do not chastise thee with a cold steel for this insolence:—that I do not do it, is because I still hope that you will help to rid me of my bottle-devil. Besides it is my intention to perform penance, which would only be rendered still heavier thereby."

"Might we not, at least be favoured with some specimen of the thing's abilities?" enquired the wary merchant. "How may that be?" answered the other. "It will not remain with any one, nor aid any one, save him who has fairly purchased and paid for it."

The youth could not help feeling some alarm, for the place where they were sitting, seemed a particularly lone and gloomy spot,—although the Spaniard assured him, that he would not employ compulsive means. Yet, in spite of his fears, his imagination dwelt upon the enjoyments that would be in his power, should he once become possessor of the little spirit: he determined, therefore, to try whether he could obtain the bargain at a cheaper rate.

"Witless fellow that thou art," exclaimed the Spaniard with a laugh, "it is for thy sake, and for the sake of those who shall come after thee, that I demand the highest sum I can, that I may delay, as long as possible, the time when it shall be purchased for the smallest coin possible, and the purchaser thereby become inevitably forfeited to the devil, even because he cannot sell it again at a lower price."

"Well" said Richard, with a tone of delight, "let me but have it. I warrant me I shall not be very eager to get quit of my purchase in a hurry. If, therefore, I could have it for five ducats—"

"It is all one to me," returned the Spaniard, "but remember you are hastening on the minute when the evil spirit shall claim the last unhappy possessor as his own."

With these words he delivered up to his companion, in return for his gold, a small glass phial, wherein Richard

could just discern, by the light of the stars, something dark that kept leaping up and down.

By way of making an experiment he demanded, although but mentally, to have double the amount of the sum he had just expended, in his right hand, when he instantly felt ten ducats there. He now returned in glee to the tavern, and the rest of the company, who were still carousing there, were not a little astonished at perceiving what cheerful countenances were now worn by those, who were lately in so melancholy a mood. But the Spaniard quickly retired without awaiting the costly banquet which, late as it was, Richard had ordered to be prepared, having first satisfied the demands of the wary host before hand, for his pockets were well lined with brave new ducats, which flocked thither merely at his wishing.

Those who are most anxious for a similar bargain, will best imagine what kind of a life our wild gallant now led: unless, indeed, they should be devoted to mere sordid avarice. Even the most charitable, may well suppose that he spent not his days or nights in abstinence and fasting. The first thing he did was to choose, as the minion of his pleasures, the courtesan whose acquaintance cost him so dear at his first arrival at Venice. On this worthless creature did he lavish unheard of sums, purchasing for her a mansion in the city, and two villas, all of which he furnished with the utmost sumptuousness.

It chanced one day, as he was sitting with Lucretia, such was the name of his harlot mistress, in the garden of one of his villas, upon the bank of a little stream, that she suddenly snatched the phial which Richard constantly wore in his bosom, attached to his neck by a chain of gold. She had seized it before he was aware, and now held the little bottle up against the light. At first she was highly amused at beholding the antics of the little black figure; but at length she shrieked out in a voice of terror:—"Ah! the nasty creature is a

toad!" and immediately flung the phial, and bottle-devil, altogether into the water, where the current as quick carried them away.

The youth endeavoured as well as he could, to conceal his distress, lest his mistress should enquire farther into the matter, and perhaps accuse him publicly of witchcraft. He pretended, therefore, that it was merely a curious toy then, as soon as he could, he quitted Lucretia, in order to consider what was best for him now to do. He was then in possession of his palace and villa and had, moreover in his pockets, an inconsiderable sum, in the shape of bright ducats. But how great was his joy when, on putting his hand into a pocket to examine the latter, he discovered there his lost phial. The phial probably remained at the bottom of the stream, but the phial and its little tenant had faithfully returned back to their owner.—"Now then," exclaimed he, in a burst of transport, "now do I find that I possess here a treasure, which no accident, no earthly power can possibly deprive me!" Nay, he had even kissed the very phial, had not the little jumping black figure excited his aversion, so loathsome did it appear.

If his doings were wild and mad enough before, they were now ten times worse. The infatuated youth regarded even the potentates and princes of the world with a disdainful contempt, convinced that not one of them was able to indulge in such a luxurious life as himself. Even Venice, the most opulent mart in the world, could hardly find dainties enough for his extravagant banquets. Did a well meaning friend hint at the folly of this continual rioting he would indignantly reply: "Richard is my name, and my riches are boundless." Often would he, in a fit of imtemperate mirth, rudely jest at the fall of the Spaniard, who had cast such prize from him, and, as he had been reported, had retired into a convent.

On this earth, however, there is nothing that lasts for ever. This

soon experienced to be truth, fier, indeed, than he would have done, in consequence of the temperance with which he abstained from all sensual delights. At length that of death seized his existence, in spite of all the virtue which he vainly kept in reserve, at the first attack of illness.

Recovery visited him not, but contrary frightful dreams, which seemed to him that one of the spirits were standing by his bedside, to set up a wild dance, against the rest in a furious manner. After gazing at it for some time, Richard recognized it to be the little Spirit who had been in the bottle. He exclaimed: "Bottle-devil, thou assistest me no more, destroyest that which should preserve me." Whereupon the little Spirit sang in a hoarse voice:—

Richard! thou prayest in vain:
Hee now for eternal pain;
Must thou abide and endure,
It's power can work no cure.
But groweth, death can heal:—
But thou'rt mine I feel."

Richard immediately stretched himself quite long and thin, and, noting that Richard held the bottle as closely as possible, it slipped between his thumb and the index finger, and suddenly became a large man who began to dance in the same manner, clapping to and fro. At the same time, his huge dusky face at length placed his hairy, giant-like hand upon Richard's bosom, and his grinning face upon Richard's face. The latter felt as if he were surrounded by the hideous figure, and, in the midst of wild agony, screamed out in terror.

Sweat stood upon his brow, he awoke out of the ghastly dream, and thought that he perceived a black toad creep down beneath his bed; but, upon putting out the light, and, he felt only the phial,

in which the little black figure lay panting and apparently exhausted.

How awfully long did the remainder of this horrible night seem to the sick and phrenzied wretch. He dared not again to resign himself to sleep, lest the terrific vision should re-appear; hardly too, did he venture to open his wearied eyes even in the dark, lest he should perceive the monstrous fiend squatted in some corner of the apartment. Yet did he shut his eyes but for a moment, he thought that it was again upon him, and started up with horror. He rang aloud for his attendants, but no one came, all was still as the grave; as for Lucretia he had not beheld her since he was first attacked by his disorder.

Thus did he lay in a state of torturing horror, throughout the whole of that long, dreary night, the terror of which was increased, when he reflected that, if this single night appeared almost an eternity of terrors, what must seem the eternal night of hell, on which no day would ever dawn—that night to whose dreadful visions there would be no end? He determined, at all events, upon getting rid of the fatal phial the very next morning.

When, however, the morning came, he felt his spirits so much revived, that he began to ask himself whether he had yet turned the "Bottle-Imp" sufficiently to account. Palace and villas, and all the luxuries wherewith they were furnished, seemed hardly enough; he, therefore, instantly demanded a great heap of ducats to be placed beneath his pillow, and, on finding them there instantaneously, he then began to reflect how best to dispose of the talisman. He knew that his physician was a great naturalist, and one who sought much after all monsters, and all such wonderful productions as are generally kept in spirits; he hoped, therefore, that he should be able to pass off the "Bottle-Imp" to the learned man as a curiosity of this description; for else the doctor was too good a Christian to have any thing to do with the evil

creature. The deceit, indeed, could hardly be termed an innocent one, but need knows no niceties.

Accordingly he offered the doctor the little spirit which was now become again exceedingly lively, jumping to and fro in the bottle with great vivacity; insomuch that, anxious to examine what he considered a wonderful *lusus naturee*, the learned man agreed to purchase it, if the price demanded for it were not too high. In order to satisfy his conscience as well as he could, Richard asked a sum as nearly approaching to five ducats as was possible: the doctor, however, would give no more than three, which, fearing to lose his customer altogether, the other at last accepted, taking care, however, to bestow it all in alms upon the poor. But the money which he had found under his pillow, he carefully laid by, as the only fund upon which his future wealth and prosperity depended.

In the meanwhile, his disorder continued to increase; he lay in a constant delirium, and had he still been tormented by the possession of the bottle-devil, there is no doubt but that he would have actually died of terror and anxiety. At length, however, he gradually grew better; and now the only thing that seemed to retard his recovery, was his solicitude about the ducats, which he could no longer find beneath his pillow. At first he was very loth to make any enquiry after them; when, however, he did so, no one could give any account of them. Being able to obtain no information respecting the gold, it now remained for him to consider how he might best convert his mansion and villas into money. But here, too, he was reckoning without his host, for a throng of creditors appeared with various claims upon his estates, all duly signed by himself, and sealed with his own signet, he having, at the time of his boundless prosperity, given these papers to Lucretia to fill up as she judged proper: all that he could do, therefore, was to depart as quickly as

possible with the little he could save from the fangs of these harpies; so that he quitted all his splendour very nearly a beggar.

At this juncture, his physician made his appearance, with a countenance betokening serious displeasure. "Doctor," exclaimed the unfortunate young merchant, "if it so be, that you are come hither like the rest of your fraternity with a large bill, I prithee, add another item to the account, and see, good doctor, that it be for opium, or some equally potent drug: for my last bread is now baked, as I know but too well, I have no money to buy more."

"Nay, nay," replied the physician, "things are not yet so bad as that. I am not only ready to renounce every demand upon you, but have also prepared a certain, most efficacious medicine, that will quickly revive you from this despondency; all that I ask for it is, two ducats."

"And most readily will I pay them," replied the youth, which, having done, the doctor forthwith departed. On opening the box wherein he expected to find this cordial restorative, he discovered a phial, but how great was his dismay on perceiving that it was that which contained the little bottle-devil; and that, affixed to it, it had a label containing the following lines:—

Thy body I strove to cure from ill,
But thou my soul hast sought to kill;
Yet, has my art, 'bove craft of thine,
Perceived, full soon, thy base design.
Let me then now retaliate,
To thee again revert thy fate:
Be thine once more the dreadful sprite;
And may'st thou feel his fellest might.

Great, indeed, was Richard's alarm, at finding that he had re-purchased his phial, at so much lower a price. The only consolation that now remained, was to employ it as an instrument of revenging himself upon his treacherous paramour, which he effected in the following manner.

Having first of all summoned by a wish, a sum of money double to that

which he had lost, he carried and deposited it all with the nearest scrivener, excepting one hundred and twenty pieces, with which he betook himself to the abode of the faithless Lucretia. His reception was exactly such as he supposed that his gold would procure him: his mistress was as lavish of her caresses towards him, as she had ever been on any former occasion. After some time he displayed the curious toy he had brought, making the little black puppet, inclosed in the phial, perform abundant antics and tricks. Thus, he informed Lucretia, was exactly like the one which she once flung into the water. She, like the rest of her sex, was desirous of obtaining such a droll plaything: and, on the youth's sportively demanding a ducat for it, she paid it without hesitation. This bargain being completed, Richard hastened away as quickly as he could, and repaired to the scrivener, with whom he had deposited his money. He now found, however, that gold sticks so fast to certain people's fingers, that they cannot shake it off. The honest man stared with the utmost astonishment, protesting most vehemently, that he had never clapped his eyes on the young fellow before. This worthy specimen of probity, had written his receipt for the sum deposited with a kind of ink that totally disappeared in the space of a few hours: therefore, when Richard produced his voucher, he found that he had merely a piece of plain paper. He thus found himself suddenly reduced to poverty, and would, indeed, have been completely a beggar, had he not still thirty ducats remaining from what he had been squandering at Lucretia's.

He who lies in too short a bed, must even pull up his legs; he who has no bed, must couch on the bare floor; who cannot afford to ride, must walk:—so was it with our merchant, who was now fain to become a pedlar.

For this purpose he provided himself with a suitable box; but with what a heavy heart did he first buckle it on, to take his stand with some small ware

in those very streets where, but a few weeks before, he used to pass with a splendid retinue. In a little while, however, he became somewhat reconciled to this new occupation, having no lack of customers. "If I proceed at this rate," thought he, "I may yet again become a prosperous man, and that too at no very distant time. I will then return to my native Germany, where I shall find myself more comfortable than ever, after having been in power of the accursed bottle-devil, and having got out of his clutches by my own skill and dexterity."

With such thoughts did our newly-made pedlar cheer and console himself, on retiring for the night to an obscure inn. On his taking off his box, several of the guests, attracted by curiosity, began to examine the various wares it contained.

"My good friend," exclaimed one of these inquisitive gentry, "prithee, what queer kind of animal is this which you have got here in this phial, and which keeps jumping about at so strange a rate?"

To his great terror Richard now, for the first time, perceived that along with the other articles in his box, he had purchased the fatal bottle-devil.

Instantly did he offer it to the bystanders for a mere trifling sum, but not one of them could endure the hideous creature, neither could Richard inform them of any particular use it was of; he, nevertheless, continued to harass them at such a rate with his intreaties to purchase it, that at length, they thrust the impertinent chapman and his wares into the street.

In the anguish of his distress he now returned to the person who had sold him the box, and pressed him to take back the little imp, at a lower price. The fellow, however, quite out of temper at being disturbed at such an unseasonable hour, and little disposed to become a dealer in such strange commodities, bade him begone, and take his trumpery to Lucretia, for she was

the person that had lately sold him the stock of trinkets, among which was that queer-looking phial.

Without waiting to hear another syllable, Richard ran off to Lucretia, as quickly as if he had a devil driving him instead of himself carrying a devil. He found the lewd creature along with a couple of gallants. At first they rated the uncourteous pedlar for daring to intrude upon them; but afterwards they purchased nearly his whole stock, for Lucretia had now recognized some of her old valuables, and also their present vendor: nor did the sight of him, in such a condition, seem by any means to damp her mirth. As to the "Bottle-Imp," no one would purchase it; for Lucretia protested that she could not endure to look at the ugly thing.

"Say not so," replied Richard, "my fair inconsiderate: permit me but to whisper in your ear some of its virtues, and, I am sure, you will hesitate no longer."

She now retired a little aside, and the pedlar disclosed to her all the powerful, occult qualities of his little "Bottle-Imp."

"How now! thou cheating varlet," cried the incredulous dame, "dost thou think to impose upon people by such fine tales as these? Were it true, I warrant me, thou hadst taken care first to provide thyself with something better than those filthy rags. Out with thee, for a knave! Begone, or I'll denounce thee for a sorcerer and dealer in the black art: and then both thyself and thy devil may be burnt together."

Both the gallants now took part in the fray, and kicked the unfortunate pedlar and his wares down stairs: whereupon, the poor wight unable to resent the indignity, and terrified at the idea of being roasted for a wizard, hastened to leave Venice with all possible expedition; inasmuch that, on the following day, he had quitted a territory which he now regarded as the land of all his misfortunes.

In the meanwhile he did not forget a

nearer cause of his unhappiness, but, drawing the little dusky imp from his pocket, he cried:—"Thou miscreant devil! If I again call on thee for thy services, it is, that I may rid myself of thee for ever."

Having thus vented the bitterness of his feelings, he forthwith desired to have a sum much more considerable than the last, and then, almost sinking under its weight, he proceeded to the next town. Here he purchased a splendid equipage, hired a numerous retinue, and set out for Rome, convinced that there he should soon be able to find some one, who would not scruple to take his unwelcome little companion off his hands. As often as he expended a ducat, did he require the imp to replace it by another, in order that, after selling his phial, he might still have the entire sum. This seemed to him no more than a fair compensation, for the horrors he constantly endured; for in addition to the nightly visits of the black apparition, that never failed to come, and lay upon his breast, he saw also the bottle-devil constantly friking about the phial, with the most horrible glee, as if now quite certain of his prey, at the expiration of the due period of his service.

Hardly had his wealth and the figure which he made, procured him admission into the first circles of Roman society, than his constant dread would not allow him to wait until a proper opportunity should offer, of freeing himself from his tormentor. He was continually offering his phial to every person, demanding for it three groschen in German money; inasmuch that he, in a short time, became to be considered as a lunatic, and was a subject of ridicule to every one. Money makes a good mood, and makes a fair friend withal: so was it with our Richard; yet no sooner did he produce his phial, and begin to talk of three groschens, than all present were glad to escape his importunity.

So great, at length, was his despair

that he could no longer endure to remain at Rome, but determined to try his fate in war, hoping that by some chance he might there, at least, get rid of the cause of his misery. He had heard that two small Indian states were engaged in hostilities towards each other, and prepared to espouse the cause of one party. Adorned with a rich golden cuirass, and a superb crest of plumes, and armed with two light hunting pieces, an admirably tempered sword, and two beautiful daggers, did he set out, mounted on a noble Spanish steed, and attended by three followers, all of whom were bravely equipped.

A volunteer of so gallant a bearing, needed not to offer his services in vain. Richard soon saw himself, therefore, attached to a troop of brave comrades, and led such a jovial life in camp, with drinking and singing, that his mortal apprehensions, and nocturnal visions, gradually left him. Having received a good lesson from what he had experienced at Rome, he was now cautious in offering his strange ware to sale; observing not to urge it with such suspicious earnestness. Indeed, he had hardly spoken of it to any one, hoping thereby to have an opportunity of meeting with some who would not refuse it, if offered quite unawares, and with seeming indifference.

One morning as Richard was playing at dice with some companions, they were suddenly summoned to battle, by an alarm sounded on the trumpet. The cry was instantly "to horse!" With joyous spirits did our warrior leap upon his steed as it neighed and pawed the ground: the leaders, encouraged on their troops, the signal sounded for the combat. A troop of the enemy's cavalry advanced, apparently for the purpose of hindering their attack: yet they soon retired before the powerful charge of their adversaries, nor were Richard and his followers the last among the pursuers. The balls now began to whiz in the air, and many a rider fell from his horse, rolling to the earth in his blood. Spite

of his personal courage, Richard could not think without shuddering of the immediate peril in which he was placed, fearing that some fatal ball might, in a single moment, deliver him into the power, not only of the bottle-devil, but of the great Satan himself. Scarcely, however, had he expressed a wish to escape from the scene of danger, ere his steed bore him away to a wood, which was situated at no great distance.

So hard did he spur the animal, and urge him to flight, that it at length stopped quite exhausted. He then alighted, being himself greatly fatigued; unbuckled his own cuirass and sword, and the trappings of his horse, and laying himself down on the grass, said:—"This fighting is dangerous work at the best, but much more so with a devil in one's pocket!" He now wished to devise what course it would behove him next to pursue, but fell into a profound sleep.

After he had indulged in a repose of several hours, he was awakened by the sound of voices and approaching footsteps. He stirred not, in hopes that he might be passed by unnoticed, but soon found that the attempt would not succeed, for a voice, of no very friendly or musical tone, thundered out:—"Ho! Fellow, art thou already dead, or are we to have the honour of killing you?" Looking up perforce at this uncourteous address, the unfortunate Richard perceived a musket levelled at his breast. The fellow who held it, was a ruffianly-looking foot-soldier, and the others had already seized upon his steed and equipments as their booty. Struck with terror, he supplicated most earnestly for mercy, but if they were determined upon shooting him, requested that one of them would first purchase a little phial, which he had in his pocket.

"Senseless poltroon that thou art!" cried one of the fellows, with a grin, "to suppose that we here barter for any thing; although that we will take the bargain off thy hands, thou needest not fear:" and so saying, he seized

hold of the phial and thrust it into his bosom.

"In God's name thou art welcome to it," cried Richard, "if thou canst keep it. Yet that thou canst not do, unless thou first purchase it."

The soldiers laughed at hearing him speak thus, and, thinking him somewhat crack-brained, rode off without paying further attention to him. On feeling in his pocket, however, Richard found that the phial was there again, whereupon holding it up that they might see it, he called after them. The fellow who had taken it was struck with amazement; and as, on thrusting his hand into his bosom, he did not feel it, he ran back in order to recover his booty.

"Did I not tell thee," said Richard mournfully, "that it would not continue with thee. Pay me but the trifle I demand, and it is thy own."

"Juggler!" returned the soldier, "dost thou think to defraud me of my well-earned spoils, by these conjuring tricks of thine?"

And holding the phial carefully in his hand, away he ran to overtake his companions: suddenly, however, he stopped short, exclaiming, with an oath, that it was gone again. Whilst he was searching for it on the ground, Richard called out to him once more: "Return hither, my good friend, for it is again in my pocket."

On finding this really to be the case, the soldier became more desirous of possessing so curious and wonderful a thing. On these occasions indeed it always manifested more than usual liveliness and agility, knowing that such bargains accelerated the final term of its servitude. Three groschen, however, still seemed too much to the soldier. "Well then since thou art so unwilling to part with thy coin, let it be a single groschen, and take away thy purchase in good hour." Thereupon was the bargain concluded, the money paid, and the little bottle devil delivered up to its new master. While the soldier and

his companions were examining the singular creature, and amusing themselves with its grim antics, Richard was reflecting upon his future destiny. His heart now felt quite light; but unfortunately, his purse was quite as light as his heart; nor did he know to what to betake himself, since he would not venture to return to his troop, although he left there not only his followers and his equipments, but all his money. He was partly ashamed of his disgraceful flight, and partly afraid lest if he returned, he should be put to death as a deserter. It then occurred to him, that it would not be amiss were he to accompany these troopers, having gathered from their discourse that they belonged to the other party, among whom he was certain of remaining unknown; and now that he had lost all his cash, and gotten rid of his little devil to boot, he felt that he had gotten back some of his courage in exchange, and was, by no means, disinclined to venture his life once again, in the hope of obtaining some valuable spoil. He accordingly gave utterance to his wishes; and his proposal being accepted, he forthwith set off with his new comrades.

The captain was not very scrupulous in taking into his service such a tall and well-built young fellow as Richard, who was therefore considered as fairly enlisted among them. He was still, however, displeased with his lot: for, since the last battle, the two armies remained quite inactive, without either attacking the other, a treaty of peace being in agitation. Under these circumstances, there was little danger of wounds, but, at the same time, very little opportunity of fattening on booty and plunder. Instead of the latter, the troops must perforce content themselves with their camp fare, and their scanty pay. In addition to this, while most of his comrades had already enriched themselves in the preceding engagements, Richard, the once wealthy merchant, was almost the only one who was a beggar among opulent neigh-

bores. Very naturally, therefore, he grew weary of such a life, so that once having received his monthly pay—too inconsiderable for his wants, and yet too much for him not to attempt something with it—he determined to go to a rattling booth, and seek whether the dice would not befriend him more than either traffic or war had hitherto done.

His success at play was as chequered as usual, now winning, now losing : and so did it continue, until late at night, when all the dice turned up against Richard, whose cash was now quite gone, nor would any one give him credit for a doit. He now offered to stake his cartridges, having nothing else to offer ; the proposal was accepted ; and, as the throw was about to be made, Richard perceived that the soldier who had accepted the stake, was the very same who had purchased the bottle-devil, by the assistance of which he would, doubtless, be certain of winning. He would fain have cried " Hold ! " but the dice had already decided in favour of his opponent. Uttering curses at his ill-fate, he quitted the company, and retired in the dark to his own tent. A comrade who had been equally unfortunate at play, but whose brain was less heated by wine, now took him by the arm, and, as they were proceeding together, enquired whether he had any more cartridges in his tent ?

" No," returned Richard, furiously, " did I possess any, they too should serve me for the same purpose."

" Then," said his companion, " you would do well to provide yourself with fresh ones, for should the commissary come to examine you, and find you without these, he will order you to be shot."

" Zounds ! that were plaguy work indeed !—but I have neither cartridges nor wherewithal to procure them."

" There is a sorry case indeed then," replied the other, " for the commissary comes hither on the morrow."

This intelligence, although it did not tend greatly to tranquillize Richard,

served in some degree to sober him : he went, therefore, to enquire of his comrades, if any one would lend him some cartridges. All, however, flouted him as a wild, idle fellow, and bade him not interrupt them with unseasonable nonsense. In the utmost apprehension, lest he should be ordered to be shot the very next day, he rummaged every where in the hope of finding some loose coin ; but could meet with no more than five hellers. Late as it now was, he hurried from tent to tent, in order to find some one who would supply him with the cartridges. Some laughed at, others abused him, but not one made any reply to his demand. At length, he came to a tent, the occupant of which he discovered to be the very soldier who had so lately stripped him of his cartridges at play.

" Comrade," cried Richard, with great agitation, " if any one, it is yourself who must assist me in this extremity. But just now you plundered me of all my cartridges, nor is it the first time in my life, that you have proved the cause of my misfortunes. On the morrow the commissary comes, and he, unless I can produce my cartridges, will certainly give orders for me to be shot : you must, therefore, either give or lend,—at least sell me some."

" As to either giving or lending, that I have long ago forsworn :—yet, to ease your distress, I will agree to sell you some. What money, therefore, have you ?"

" But five hellers," replied Richard in a melancholy tone.

" Well," said the soldier, " to shew thee that I am willing to do thee a comrade's turn, there are five cartridges for thy five hellers.—Now then, betake thyself to thy rest, and disturb neither me nor my neighbours any longer ;" which request, as soon as he had received what he sought, Richard instantly hastened to comply with.

On the following day the troops were examined, and Richard passed muster with his five cartridges, at which he,

for a while, considered himself supremely happy, in spite of all the misfortunes he had undergone. His felicity was, however, but of very short duration : the joy he at first felt at finding himself out of actual danger, soon subsided, when, on retiring to his tent, he found himself obliged to dine off coarse bread, without any better sauce to it than his own reflections. "What would I not now give," sighed he, "had I but one of all the ducats which in the days of my folly I so wantonly squandered away?"—Hardly had he formed the wish, when lo ! a beautiful bright golden ducat was in his hand. But, alas ! the thought of the bottle-devil, which instantly flashed across his mind, damped all the satisfaction he had otherwise felt, at finding himself the possessor of so acceptable a piece of gold.

At this instant, the comrade of whom he had purchased the cartridges entered the tent, with a look of anxiety, and said :—"Friend, I have missed the phial with the little black creature, you must remember it well ; it is the same that I formerly purchased of yourself. Has it happened that I sold it to you by mistake for a cartridge, for I wrapped it up in a piece of paper, and it was lying close beside them?" With a trembling hand did Richard now search in his cartridge-box, and found, the first thing he took hold of, to be the fatal phial wrapped up in the form of a cartridge.

"Ha !" cried the soldier, "this is all right. To say the truth, ugly as the creature is, I should be exceedingly loth to lose it, since I somehow cannot help fancying that it helps me to good luck. So, comrade, take one of thy hellers back again, and return me my bottle." Most readily did Richard accede to this demand, and the soldier departed equally pleased.

Yet was poor Richard ill at ease, after having met with his bottle-devil once more, and having had it again in his own possession, he could not help imagining that he saw it grinning at him,

between the folds of his tent, and that it would strangle him in his sleep. Much as he stood in need of refreshment, he now flung the piece of money from him ; and at length his terror, lest the accursed being should once more return while he continued there, arose to such a pitch, that he fled from the camp, and entered a thick wood, where, exhausted by alarm and fatigue, he sunk down in a wild, lonesome spot.

"Ah me !" he exclaimed as he lay there panting, "that I had but a camp bottle with water to keep me from dying with faintness !" And the bottle with the water stood beside him. It was not till after he had drank a hearty draught out of it, that he thought of asking himself by what means it came there. The bottle-devil now occurred to him ; when, putting his hands into his pockets, and finding the phial there, overcome with sudden horror, he fell down in a deep swoon.

While he continued in this state, his former horrible dream returned, wherein he beheld the little "Bottle-Imp" stretch himself out longer, and at last fix himself, grinning most hideously, upon his breast ; he expostulated with the monster, asserting, that it no longer belonged to him, but the creature replied, with a hollow satanic laugh :—"Thou boughtest me for a heller,—and thou must therefore either sell me for less, or the bargain will not hold good."

Richard leaped up in horror, and thought he still beheld the terrific figure, as it re-entered the phial in his pocket. In a state of agonized phrenzy, he dashed the phial from him down a steep hollow, but, instantly afterwards, felt it again in his pocket. "Alas ! alas !" screamed the unhappy wretch, "how fortunate did I at one time consider myself, at finding, that let me cast away the phial ever so far, it always returned to me—but that it does so, is now my misery—yes, my everlasting misery." And he, thereupon, began to run furiously among the wild bush-wood, dashing in the dark against trunks of

trees, and phials of rank, and bearing, at every step he took, the phial clinking in his pocket.

At day-break, he arrived at an open plain which had the appearance of being well-cultivated, and had a cheerful appearance; somewhat revived by this prospect, he began to hope that what he had experienced, was merely a wild dream, and that the phial would prove to be no more than a common bottle. He took it out therefore, and held it up against the sun: but, alas! he still perceived the little black monster dancing up and down, and stretching out towards him as usual, its little ugly, misshapen arms, as if it would seize hold of him. Uttering a loud cry of agony, he let the phial fall on the ground, but only to feel it in his pocket immediately afterwards. The thing of the utmost consequence for him now to do, was to enquire everywhere for some coin of less value than a heller. No where, however, could he meet with any such piece of money; so that, at length, despairing of being ever able to get rid of the phantom that now threatened inevitably to become his master, he no longer thought of calling upon it for its services: his increasing horror on the contrary, would permit him to think of nothing but his miserable situation. Thus did he wander up and down, subsisting upon charity and alms: and as he had a wild, crazed appearance, and was continually beseeching every one for some piece of money: less than a heller, he was considered as a madman, and was called, "Crazy Half-heller," by which appellation he was soon known far and wide.

It is said that the vulture sometimes fixes itself with its talons into the back of a young deer, and thus hunts to death the poor animal, which, as it flees, in agony, still carries along with it its savage, relentless enemy. Thus was it with poor Richard, and the Satanic imp in his phial:—but instead of accompanying him through his continual and unvaried misery, let us pass over a con-

siderable interval and arrive at an important event.

He had one day lost himself in a wild rocky country, and had set down to rest beside a little stream, whose murmuring seemed to sympathize with his affliction. A loud sound of a horse's feet rung on the rocky surface of the ground, when there came, riding upon a large, black, wild-looking steed, a man of gigantic figure, and exceedingly terrific countenance; he was attired in a deep blood-red garment, and approached the spot where Richard was sitting.

"Wherefore so melancholy, young stranger?" said he, addressing himself to the youth, who, involuntarily shuddered at his voice, as if with a vague presentiment of something evil:—"I should take thee to be a merchant: hast thou then been making a bad bargain?—Hast purchased any thing at too high a price?"

"Alas, no! rather at too low a one," returned Richard in a tremulous tone.

"Aye, so I should think indeed," rejoined the grim horseman, with a horrible laugh. "And hast thou then got for sale a thing that they call a 'Bottle-Imp'?"—Or am I mistaken in conjecturing you to be a crazy Half-heller?"

The poor youth was hardly able to say "yes," so great was his horror, expecting every instant to behold the apparition's mantle expand itself into a pair of bloody wings, and his steed to assume a more terrific, spectral appearance, breathing forth infernal flames from its nostrils; and, lastly, that the monster would carry off his wretched soul to the regions of eternal misery.

But the ghastly horseman said, in a somewhat milder voice, and with less appalling mien:—"I perceive for whom you take me: yet be comforted, for I am not he, I rather present myself to rescue you, if so may be, from his power; having for some days past been searching for you, in order to become the purchaser of your phial. To confess the truth, my friend, thou hast paid

indeed a most damnable small sum for it, nor can even I myself inform you where it is possible to meet a coin of less value. But, listen and obey me. On the other side of this mountain there resides a prince who is a sad dissolute young fellow. When he comes to the chase on the morrow, I will first withdraw him from his attendants, and then cause a frightful monster to fall upon him. Wait thou here till midnight, and then proceed, just as the moon rises above that jagged rock, towards that gloomy defile to the left, but neither hurry nor loiter in thy pace, so wilt thou arrive at the spot precisely as the monster has seized the prince in his frightful paws. Attack it, but courageously;—it must yield to thee; and drive it down the steep cliff into the sea. Then, as a recompense for having delivered him, demand of the prince that he cause two half hellers to be coined for thee; let me have them, in order that, with one, I may become the purchaser of thy bottle-devil."

So spoke the grisly horseman, and then, without waiting for any reply, rode off slowly into the wood.

"But where am I to find thee when I have obtained the half hellers?" cried out Richard.

"At the black fountain; of which each old crone hereabouts will be able to inform thee;" and then with solemn but wide outstretching pace did the horrible steed bear away its no less terrific rider.

He who has already lost nearly every thing, ventures not much by any further risk: Richard, therefore, determined, as his situation was so desperate, to follow the councils of the grisly spectre.

Night closed in, and the rising moon shortly after appeared above the craggy tops of the rocks which had been marked out to him. The pale wanderer then raised himself tremblingly, and entered the dark defile. All seemed there cheerless and gloomy; seldom was a pale, moon-beam able to penetrate above

the lofty precipices; a dark oppressive vapour too, as if exhaled from graves, seemed to fill the narrow pass; in other respects there was nothing particularly terrible in its appearance. Richard felt himself by no means disposed to linger in the gloomy valley, yet adhering to the strict injunction laid upon him by the mysterious horseman, he did not venture to quicken his pace, resolutely determined not to snap short at once the only slender thread that still attached him to light and hope.

After the lapse of several hours, some red streaks of dawn cast a glimmering light across his path; a reviving breeze played upon his forehead. But, just as he was about to emerge from the deep valley, and to enjoy the forest scenery, and the azure waters of the sea, that lay expanded at no great distance before him, he was disturbed by a piercing cry of distress. On looking around, he perceived a horrible animal attacking a youth in a magnificent hunting dress, who had fallen on the ground. Richard's first impulse was to rush instantly to the stranger's rescue; yet his courage failed him as soon as he clearly discerned the monster, and saw that it resembled a huge grisly baboon, with a stag's antlers on its forehead: and, notwithstanding the cries of the wretched man for succour, he was about to turn back. But suddenly calling to mind all the horseman had said, and inspired by the dread of his eternal doom, he ran and attacked the monster of an ape with a knotty club, just as it had seized the unfortunate hunter in its paws to fling him up into the air, and then catch him upon his branching horns as he descended to the ground. At the approach of Richard, however, it let fall its prey, and began to flee with a hideous, terrifying cry; he pursuing it all the while, till, leaping from a precipice into the sea, it turned its frightful visage upon him, and then disappeared beneath the waves.

Flushed with success, the youth now returned triumphantly to the hunter

whom he had just rescued; and who, as he expected it would be, announced himself as the prince of that territory. After extolling the bravery of his deliverer, he requested that he would boldly demand whatever boon he should think fit.

"What?" exclaimed Richard, in a transport of joyous hope, "and are you serious? and will you pledge me your princely word that you will grant what I shall demand of you?"

Again the prince confirmed his promise, assuring him, in the most solemn manner, that he would gladly comply with whatever he should request.

"Then I supplicate you for the love of God, to order that some half-hellers be immediately struck for me, even though it be only two." Whilst the prince was regarding his strange petitioner with fixed astonishment, some of his train came up, and, on hearing the adventure, and the singular boon that had been craved, one of them recognised, in the person of the suitor, the poor crazed Half-heller.

The prince began thereupon to laugh, whilst Richard, clasping his knees, conjured him in the most moving manner, protesting that, unless he obtained the half-hellers, his soul was doomed to everlasting perdition.

To this the prince replied, while he still continued to laugh, "Rise up, my friend, I have pledged my princely word, and if you persist in demanding them, I will engage to supply thee with half-hellers to thy very heart's content. But, if a still lesser coin will suit your purpose, I can accommodate thee without the aid of my mint-master, for the neighbouring provinces all maintain that my hellers are so light that three of them are requisite to pass for a single ordinary one."

"Were that, indeed, the case—" said Richard. "Thou art, indeed, the fast," returned the prince, "that has ever doubted it. Should they, however, upon trial, prove not suitable for your purpose, I here promise to order

some less valuable to be coined for your especial use—provided, however, that it be possible so to do."

Having said this, he gave orders that Richard should forthwith receive a whole bag full of hellers. The latter instantly set off at a furious rate towards the adjoining province, where he became more delighted than he had been with any occurrence for a long time past, at finding, at the very first inn, that the people were exceedingly unwilling to exchange one heller in return for three which he offered them, by way of experiment.

He now enquired his way towards the Black Fountain, when some children who were present ran away, shrieking with affright; and the host informed him, not without shuddering himself, that it was a place frequented by demons and evil spirits, but hardly ever visited by mortal being. He knew perfectly well, however, that the entrance to it was at no very great distance, through a cavern, at the mouth of which stood two decayed cypress trees, so that Richard could not mistake finding it; yet, God forbid, that he, or any other Christian person, should ever seek it!

At hearing this account, Richard was again greatly disturbed, but let the event be what it would he must make the attempt, and therefore set out to discover it. Even at a distance the cavern had a most dismal and terrifying appearance: it seemed as if the two cypresses had died with horror at the ghastly hollow; which, as he approached it, displayed just above its mouth, a singular stone. It seemed to be entirely covered with grim countenances, some of which bore a resemblance to the hideous baboon-monster on the sea-shore. Yet, on looking fearlessly and attentively, one might perceive that it was merely the rugged stone. Not without trembling did Richard pass beneath these horrible visages. The "Bottle-Imp" now became so heavy in his pocket, that it seemed as if it wished to prevent his advancing further. This circumstance

inspired him with courage to proceed : "for," thought he, "it behoves me to do that which this creature wishes I should not do." On penetrating farther into the cavern, the darkness became so great, that he could no longer discern any terrifying shapes. He now proceeded, with the utmost caution, groping his way with a stick lest he should fall into some abyss, yet found nothing but a soft, mossy turf; and had he not heard at times, a strange groaning noise, his fears would have ceased altogether. At length, he reached the outlet of the cavern. He now found himself in a dreary hollow, quite inclosed by steep hills. On one side, he perceived the large sable steed of the mysterious customer for his phial, which was standing motionless as a brazen statue. Opposite to him was a spring gushing from the rock, and in this, the grim horseman was washing both his face and hands. But the horrid stream was of an inky hue, with which it stained whatever it touched; for when the gigantic figure turned round towards Richard, the latter perceived that his visage was become like that of a Moor, and thereby formed a terrific contrast to his blood-red garments.

"Shudder not," cried the hideous being, "this is only one of the ceremonies which I am obliged to perform in honour of the devil. Each Friday am I bound to wash myself thus, in scorn of him whom ye call your God. I am also compelled to stain my garments afresh with my own blood—it is this which gives it a hue of so much deadly lustre:—besides a number of still more horrible ceremonies which I am obliged to undergo. I have, moreover, formed so strong a compact with the powers of darkness both for body and soul, that it is now utterly impossible for me to obtain redemption on any terms. And what do you imagine are the terms on which I have sold myself?—for a hundred thousand pieces yearly. Thus seeing how desperate is my own condition, still I am

willing to serve thee, by purchasing the imp thou carriest in thy phial, and thus to frustrate the end of all his long servitude; besides the rescuing thee from the powers of hell, will so enrage them, that, reckless of ought else, I'll do it. Then how will their impotent curses peal through the vaults of deepest hell; ha! ha! ha!" So saying, he began to laugh in the most frightful manner, that the very rocks re-echoed, and the sable steed, which had hitherto stood motionless, seemed to shrink with terror at the awful sound.

"Now then, friend," added he, after a while, "hast thou brought me any half-bellers?"

Upon Richard's shewing him his purse, he took three of the pieces and gave him a heller in exchange; one of which he directly paid back again, as the purchase money for the bottle-devil, that now lay crouched up melancholy at the bottom of the phial, so that he felt quite heavy. At perceiving this, the unknown purchaser laughed again most violently, and exclaimed, "Nothing can avail thee, fiend: all resistance is in vain. In token, therefore, of thy obedience, let me have instantly as much gold as my strong steed can bear." And no sooner had he uttered the command, than the enormous beast stood panting beneath the golden load. Then the blood-red horseman having mounted on its back, it began to crawl up the perpendicular sides of the rock, just as a fly does up a wall;—and disappeared for ever.

Richard stood for some minutes fixed to the spot in a stupor of astonishment and joy: but the air of that Stygian recess seemed troublous and heavy, while a hollow voice issuing from the dusky waves of the Black Fountain, exclaimed:—"Now then are all our labours frustrated, for he who while doomed to destruction could attempt the rescue of another may even yet be saved himself." Struck with horror at the sounds, although exulting at their import, Richard rushed again through

vern to feel again the atmosphere
aven.

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merchant now became light and
s an innocent boy, yet without
ing resembling his former levity.
ut boasting, as he might well have
how he had contrived to outwit

the powers of hell, he devoted himself
henceforth to the service of heaven, and
soon found himself thriving in far greater
prosperity, from the efforts of honest
industry, than he had even enjoyed by
means of the fatal talisman. And,
whenever he used afterwards to relate
to his awe-struck grand-children the
adventures of his early days, after ut-
tering a pious orison for the soul of his
deliverer, he would add, by way of
moral to his tale, "Lust not, my dear
children, after ill-gotten and ill-to-be
used mammon, for it is the "Bottle-
Imp," that serves us to our own destruc-
tion."

Popular Tales and Romances of Northern Nations.

THE GOLDEN JEW OF BRUGES.

LIGHT as noon, though at midnight, shone Bruges' great square,
All illumina'd and bright, whilst the noble and fair
Throng'd the palace of Shvaz, and Catholics true,
Grac'd the passover feast of that fam'd "Golden Jew."

To the banquet saloon—at the shrill clarion's call,
Their host led his gay guests from the dance in the hall,
Costly viands, rich wines, in magnificence spread,
Stood around the unleaven'd pure festival bread.

High the revelry rose, while reiterate shout
Of loud ungovern'd mirth, peal'd in echo's without,
As the multitude quaff'd, to the honour and health
Of Joanne—lovely heiress of uncounted wealth.

"Where,—where is my daughter?"—with quick wandering gaze
Cried the Hebrew,—as springing in startled amaze
From his canopied seat, he surveyed the void chair,
Where his Joanne had sat—but, no Joanne was there!

"Nay, my lord,"—quothe the page, who his jewel'd cup bore,
"My fair Lady Joanne, through the low garden door
Bent her way even now, and cannot be afar;
The Scotch Knight was her escort—Sir Claud de la Barr."

"Away!—find her," yell'd Shvaz—as seizing a torch,
His white hair wildly streaming, he rush'd from the porch
In vain search of Joanne, led by love's guilty fire,
Lost to virtue, she flies, from her heart-stricken sire!

Soon the agoniz'd father confirmed every fear,—
To his chamber is brought,—ghastly calm!—not a tear
That wan cheek has bedew'd—and the succeeding day,
Pallid spotted and breathless, the "Golden Jew" lay.

Scarce fifteen summer suns on young Joanne had shone,
When hopeless of pardon, heart and innocence gone,
With her paramour, reckless, to Sootia she sped,
Soon a mother to be, unacknowledged!—unwed!

'Ere that moment arrived, to his nephew and ward,
Came an angry summons, from the stern ancient Lord,
Who by lineage and law, of Sir Claud held the reins,
With a curb, the proud knight did not dare to disdain.

An embrace!—a warm kiss!—and an oath of return!—
Gone is Claud de la Barr—leaving Joanne to mourn,
Till a dread massive told—"he was doom'd to abide,
His fierce uncle's award, in the choice of a bride.

That election too made—all his struggles were nought,
'Twas a Parent's last will!—still his tenderest thought
To her welfare was given, and, his Joanne should find,
Though sunder'd in person, still their souls were conjoin'd."

As the fair victim read, her frame stiffened to stone,
Fixed, her dark eye-balls glared—but, she utter'd no groan,—
Pale as Parian sculpture, mute and motionless sat,
In beauteous despair, o'er the mandate of fate!

An untimely mother, 'ere long, Joanne became—
And, when night cast a veil o'er sin, sorrow, and shame!
From Claud's castle she fled, with her last earthly tie,
To her breast nestled warm!—though she sought but to die.

Sworn are false, heartless vows! 'tis the nuptial day—
Hark, the merry bells ring!—hark, the peasants hurra!
As the carriage whirls on—that in high, open state,
Bears the bride, and Sir Claud, to his ancestral gate.

To the welcoming portal the fleet horses urg'd—
As the mansion they near'd, from the thicket emerg'd
A wild shadowy form!—swift as lightning it speeds,
And, with unholy cry, soon approaches the steeds!

From encircling embrace, as she flew o'er the last
Verdur'd spot in her path, with soft cession she cast
Her infant!—then headlong on eternity rush'd,
And Sir Claud saw Joanne by his bridal wheels crush'd.

In cold horror he gas'd on the disfigur'd breast,
Gash'd, torn!—that had pillow'd his eyes to their rest,
And the white, broken arms! and the blue, livid lip
Froth'd with blood! for the dew, 'twas his bliss once to sip.

He gas'd!—yet he died not!—but old chronicles say,
That his fair auburn locks the next morning were grey!
Cheerless, heirless!—he lived, a lone, unblessed man!
And his last mortal breath shriek'd, "I come, my Joanne!"



THE DANCE OF THE DEAD!

A German Popular Tale.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE TALE, DER FRIESCHUTZ.

MANY a century back, if the old German Chronicle may be credited an aged wandering bag-piper settled at Neisse, a small town in Silesia. He lived quietly and honestly, and at first played his tunes in secret for his own amusement; but it was not long, as his neighbours delighted in listening to him, and would often in the calm of a warm midsummer evening gather round his door, whilst he called forth the cheering sounds of harmony, before Master Wilibald became acquainted both with old and young, was flattered and caressed and lived in content and prosperity.

The gallant beaux of the place, who had near his door first beheld those lovely creatures, for whose sake they had written so much bad poetry, and lost so much more valuable time, were

his constant customers for melting songs while they drowned the softer passage with the depth of their sighs. The old citizens invited him at their solemn dinner-parties; and no bride would have deemed her wedding-feast to be completely celebrated, had not Master Wilibald played the bridal dance of his own composition. For this very purpose he had invented a most tender melody, which united gaiety and gravity playful ideas and melancholy feelings forming a true emblem of matrimonial life.—A feeble trace of this tune is still to be found in what is called, the old German "Grandfather's Dance," which as far down as the time of our parents was an important requisite of a wedding feast, and is even heard now and then in our days. As often as Master Wil

libald played this tune, the prudest spinster would not refuse to dance, the stooping matron moved again her time-stiffened joints, and the grey-haired grandfather danced it merrily with the blooming offspring of his children. This dance seemed really to restore youth to the old, and this was the cause of its being called, at first in jest, and afterwards generally, the "Grandfather's Dance."

A young painter, of the name of Wido, lived with Master Willibald; he was thought to be the son, or the foster-son, of the musician. The effect of the old man's art on this youth was lost. He remained silent and mournful at the most mirth-inspiring tunes Willibald played to him; and at the balls, to which he was often invited, he rarely mingled with the gay: but would retire into a corner, and fix his eyes on the loveliest fair one that graced the room, neither daring to address, nor to offer her his hand. Her father, the mayor of the town, was a proud and haughty man, who would have thought his dignity lessened, had an unknown limner cast his eye upon his daughter. But the beautiful Emma was not of her father's opinion: for the young girl loved with all the ardour of a first and secret passion, the backward, though handsome youth. Often when she perceived the expressive eyes of Wido endeavouring to catch unobservedly her glances, she would abate her liveliness, and allow the youth of her heart to have the undisturbed view of her beautiful and variable features. She easily read afterwards, in his brightening face, the eloquent gratitude of his heart; and although she turned blushing away, the fire on her cheeks, and the sparkling in her eyes, kindled new flames of love and hope in her lover's bosom.

Master Willibald had for a long time promised to assist the love-sick youth in obtaining his soul's dearest object. Sometimes he intended, like the wizards of yore, to torment the mayor with an enchanted dance, and compel him by

exhaustion to grant every thing; sometimes, like a second Orpheus, he proposed to carry away, by the power of his harmony, the sweet bride from the Tartarian abode of her father. But Wido always had objections: he would allow the parent of his fair one to be harmed by the slightest offence, and hoped to win him by perseverance and complacency.

Willibald told him, "Thou art an idiot, if thou hopest to win, by an open and honourable sentiment, like thy love, the approbation of a rich and pitiful old fool. He will not surrender without some of the plagues of Egypt are put to force against him. When once frost is thine, and he no more can change what has happened, then thou wilt find him friendly and kind. I blame myself for having promised to do nothing against thy will, but death acquits every debt, and still I shall help thee in my own way."

Poor Wido was not the only one on the path of whose life the mayor strewed thorns and briars. The whole town had very little affection for their chief, and delighted to oppose him at every opportunity; for he was harsh and cruel, and punished severely the citizens for trifling and innocent mirth, unless they purchased pardon by the means of heavy penalties and bribes.

After the yearly wine-fair in the month of January, he was in the habit of obliging them to pay all their earnings into his treasury, to make amends for their past merriments. One day the tyrant of Neisse had put their patience to too hard a trial, and broken the tie of obedience, from his oppressed townsmen. The malcontents had created a riot, and filled their persecutor with deadly fear; for they threatened nothing less than to set fire to his house, and to burn him, together with all the riches he had gathered by oppressing them.

At this critical moment, Wido went to Master Willibald, and said to him "Now, my old friend, is the time when you may help me with your art, as you

frequently have offered to do. If your music be really so powerful as you say it is, go then and deliver the mayor, by softening the enraged mob. As a reward he certainly will grant you any thing you may request. Speak then a word for me and my love, and demand my beloved Emma as the price of your assistance. The bag-piper laughed at this speech, and replied, "we must satisfy the follies of children, in order to prevent them crying." And so he took his bag-pipe and walked slowly down to the town-house-square, where the rioters, armed with pikes, lances, and lighted torches, were laying waste the mansion of the worshipful head of the town.

Master Willibald placed himself near a pillar, and began to play his "Grandfather's dance." Scarcely were the first notes of this favourite tune heard, when the rage-distorted countenances became smiling and cheerful, the frowning brows lost their dark expression, pikes and torches fell out of the threatening fists, and the enraged assailants moved about marking with their steps the measure of the music. At last, the whole multitude began to dance, and the square, that was lately the scene of riot and confusion, bore now the appearance of a gay dancing assembly. The piper, with his magic bag-pipe, led on through the streets, all the people danced behind him, and each citizen returned jumping to his home, which shortly before he had left with very different feelings.

The mayor, saved from this imminent danger, knew not how to express his gratitude; he promised to Master Willibald every thing he might demand, even were it half his property. But the bag-piper replied, smiling, saying his expectations were not so lofty, and that for himself he wanted no temporal goods whatever; but since his lordship, the mayor, had pledged his word to grant to him in every thing he might demand, so he beseeched him, with due respect, to grant fair Emma's hand

for his Wido. But the haughty mayor was highly displeased at this proposal. He made every possible excuse; and as Master Willibald repeatedly reminded him of his promise, he did, what the despots of those dark times were in the habit of doing, and which those of our enlightened days still practise, he declared his dignity offended; pronounced Master Willibald to be a disturber of the peace, an enemy of the public security, and allowed him to forget in a prison the promises of his lord, the mayor. Not satisfied herewith, he accused him of witchcraft, caused him to be tried by pretending he was the very bag-piper and rat-catcher of Hameln, who was, at that time, and is still in so bad a repute in the German provinces, for having carried off by his infernal art all the children of that ill-fated town. "The only difference," said the wise mayor, between the two cases, was, that at Hameln only the children had been made to dance to his pipe, but here young and old seemed under the same magical influence. By such artful delusions, the mayor turned every merciful heart from the prisoner. The dread of necromancy, and the example of the children of Hameln, worked so strongly, that sheriffs and clerks were writing day and night. The secretary calculated already the expense of the funeral-pile; the sexton petitioned for a new rope to toll the dead-bell for the poor sinner; the carpenters prepared scaffolds for the spectators of the expected execution; and the judges rehearsed the grand scene, which they prepared to play at the condemnation of the famous bag-piping rat-catcher. But although justice was sharp, Master Willibald was still sharper: for as he once had laughed very heartily over the important preparations for his end, he now laid himself down upon his straw and died!

Shortly before his death, he sent for his beloved Wido, and addressed him for the last time.—"Young man," said he, "thou seest, that in thy way of

viewing mankind and the world I can render thee no assistance. I am tired of the whims thy folly obliged me to perform. Thou hast now acquired experience enough fully to comprehend, that nobody should calculate, or at least ground, his designs on the goodness of human nature, even if he himself should be too good to lose entirely his belief in the goodness of others. I, for my own part, would not rely upon the fulfilment of my last request to thee, if thine own interest would not induce thee to its performance. When I am dead, be careful to see that my old bag-pipe is buried with me. To detain it would be of no use to thee, but it may be the cause of thy happiness, if it is laid under ground with me." Wido promised to observe strictly the last commands of his old friend, who shortly after closed his eyes. Scarcely had the report of Master Willibald's sudden death spread, when old and young came to ascertain the truth. The mayor was more pleased with this turn of the affair than any other; for the indifference with which the prisoner had received the news of his approaching promotion to the funeral-pile, induced his worship to suppose, the old bag-piper might some fine day be found invisible in his prison, or rather be found not there at all; or the cunning wizard, being at the stake, might have caused a whisp of straw to burn instead of his person, to the eternal shame of the court of Neisse. He therefore ordered the corpse to be buried as speedily as possible, as no sentence to burn the body had yet been pronounced. An unhallowed corner of the churchyard, close to the wall, was the place assigned for poor Willibald's resting-place. The jailor, as the lawful heir of the deceased prisoner, having examined his property, asked what should become of the bag-pipe, as a *corpus delicti*.

Wido, who was present, was on the point to make his request, when the mayor, full of zeal, thus pronounced his sentence: "To avoid every possible

mischief, this wicked, worthless tool shall be buried together with its master." So they put it into the coffin at the side of the corpse, and early in the morning pipe and piper were carried away and buried. But strange things happened in the following night. The watchmen on the tower were looking out, according to the custom of the age, to give the alarm in case of fire in the surrounding country, when about midnight, they saw, by the light of the moon, Master Willibald rising out of his tomb near the church-yard wall. He held his bag-pipe under his arm, and leaning against a high tomb-stone, upon which the moon shed her brightest rays he began to blow, and fingered the pipes, just as he was accustomed to do when he was alive.

Whilst the watchmen, astonished at this sight, gazed wisely on one another, many other graves opened; their skeleton-inhabitants peeped out with their bare skulls, looked about, nodded to the measure, rose afterwards wholly out of their coffins, and moved their rattling limbs into a nimble dance. At the church-windows, and the grates of the vaults, other empty eye-holes stared on the dancing place: the withered arms began to shake the iron gates, till locks and bolts sprung off, and out came the skeletons, eager to mingle in the dance of the dead. Now the light dancers tilted about, over the hillocks and tomb-stones, and whirled around in a merry waltz, that the shrouds waved in the wind about the fleshless limbs, until the church-clock struck twelve, when all the dancers, great and small, returned to their narrow cells; the player took his bag-pipe under his arm, and likewise returned to his vacant coffin. Long before the dawn of the day, the watchmen awoke the mayor, and made him, with trembling lips and knocking knees, the awful report of the horrid night-scene. He enjoyed strict secrecy on them, and promised to watch with them the following night on the tower. Nevertheless, the news soon

spread through the town, and at the close of the evening, all the surrounding windows and roofs were lined with virtuosi and cognoscenti of the dark fine arts, who all before hand were engaged in discussions on the possibility or impossibility of the events they expected to witness before midnight.

The bag-piper was not behind his time. At the first sound of the bell announcing the eleventh hour, he rose slowly, leaned against the tomb-stone, and began his tune. The ball guests seemed to have been waiting for the music; for at the very first notes they rushed forth out of the graves and vaults, through grass hills and heavy stones. Corpses and skeletons, shrouded and bare, tall and small, men and women, all running to and fro, dancing and turning, wheedling and whirling round the player, quicker or more slow according to the measure he played, till the clock tolled the hour of midnight. Then dancers and piper withdrew again to rest. The living spectators, at their windows and on their roofs, now confessed, that "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy." The mayor had no sooner retired from the tower, than he ordered the painter to be cast into prison that very night, hoping to learn from his examination, or perhaps by putting him to the torture, how the magic nuisance of his foster-father might be removed.

Wido did not fail to remind the mayor of his ingratitude towards Master Willibald, and maintained, that the deceased troubled the town, bereft the dead of their rest, and the living of their sleep, only because he had received, instead of the promised reward for the liberation of the mayor, a scornful refusal, and moreover had been thrown into prison most unjustly, and buried in a degrading manner. This speech made a very deep impression upon the minds of the magistrates; they instantly ordered the body of Master Willibald to be taken out of his tomb, and laid in a more respectable place. The sexton,

to show his penetration on the occasion, took the bag-pipe out of the coffin, and hung it over his bed. For he reasoned thus: if the enchanting or enchanted musician could not help following his profession even in the tomb, he at least would not be able to play to the dancers without his instrument. But at night, after the clock had struck eleven, he heard distinctly a knock at his door; and when he opened it, with the expectation of some deadly and lucrative accident requiring his skill, he beheld the buried Master Willibald in propria persona. "My bag-pipe," said he, very composedly, and passing by the trembling sexton, he took it from the wall where it was hung up: then he returned to his tomb-stone, and began to blow. The guests, invited by the tune, came like the preceding night, and were preparing for their midnight dance in the church-yard. But this time the musician began to march forward, and proceeded with his numerous and ghastly suite through the gate of the church-yard to the town, and led his nightly parade through all the streets, till the clock struck twelve, when all returned again to their dark abodes.

The inhabitants of Neisse now began to fear, lest the awful night wanderers might shortly enter their own houses. Some of the chief magistrates earnestly entreated the mayor to lay the charm, by making good his word to the bag-piper. But the mayor would not listen to it; he even pretended that Wido shared in the infernal arts of the old rat-catcher, and added, "The dauber deserves rather the funeral-pile than the bridal-bed." But in the following night the dancing spectres came again into the town, and although no music was heard, yet it was easily seen by their motions, that the dancers went through the figure of the "Grandfather's Dance." This night they behaved much worse than before. For they stopped at the house wherein a betrothed damsel lived, and here they turned in a wild whirling dance round a shadow,

which resembled perfectly the spinster, in whose honour they moved the nightly bridal-dance. Next day the whole town was filled with mourning; for all the damsels whose shadows were seen dancing with the spectres, had died suddenly. The same thing happened again the following night. The dancing skeletons turned before the houses, and wherever they had been, there was, next morning, a dead bride lying on the bier.

The citizens were determined no longer to expose their daughters and mistresses to such an imminent danger. They threatened the mayor to carry Emma away by force and to lead her to Wido, unless the mayor would permit their union to be celebrated before the beginning of the night. The choice was a difficult one, for the mayor disliked the one just as much as the other; but as he found himself in the uncommon situation, where a man may choose with perfect freedom, he, as a free being, declared freely his Emma to be Wido's bride.

Long before the spectre-hour the guests sat at the wedding-table. The first stroke of the bell sounded, and immediately the favourite tune of the well-known bridal-dance was heard. The guests, frightened to death, and fearing the spell might still continue to work, hastened to the windows, and beheld the bag-piper, followed by a long row of figures in white shrouds, moving to the wedding-house. He remained at the door and played; but the procession went on slowly, and proceeded even to the festive hall. Here the strange pale guests rubbed their eyes, and looked about them full of astonishment, like sleep walkers just awakened. The wedding guests fled behind the chairs and tables; but soon the cheeks of the phantoms began to colour, their white lips became blooming like young rose-buds; they gazed at each other full of wonder and joy, and well-known voices called friendly names. They were soon known as revived corp-

ses, now blooming in all the brightness of youth and health: and who should they be but the brides, whose sudden death had filled the whole town with mourning, and who, now recovered from their enchanted slumber, had been led by Master Willibald with his magic pipe, out of their graves to the merry wedding-feast. The wonderful old man blew a last and cheerful farewell tune, and disappeared. He was never seen again.

Wido was of opinion, the bag-piper was no other than the famous Spirit of the Silesian Mountains.* The young painter met him once when he travelled through the hills, and acquired (he never knew how) his favour. He promised the youth to assist him in his love-suit, and he kept his word, although after his own jesting fashion.

Wido remained all his life-time a favourite with the Spirit of the Mountains. He grew rich, and became celebrated. His dear Emma brought him every year a handsome child, his pictures were sought after even in Italy and England; and the "Dance of the Dead," of which Basil, Antwerp, Dresden, Lubeck, and many other places boast, are only copies or imitations of Wido's original painting, which he had executed in memory of the real "Dance of the Dead at Neisse!" But, alas! this picture is lost, and no collector of paintings has yet been able to discover it, for the gratification of the cognoscenti, and the benefit of the history of the art.

The above entertaining tale we have extracted from a very clever periodical work, called "The Literary Magnet."

* The Spirit of the Silesian Mountains, plays a great part in the German Popular Tales. He always appears full of mirth and whims. The people know him best by his nickname Rubezahl, the turnip counter. The accident which gave rise to this nickname, has been related in a masterly manner in "Muspäus's German Popular Tales," which will be given in the ensuing pages of our work.



THE UNKNOWN!

OR,

THE KNIGHT OF THE BLOOD-RED PLUME.

A Welsh Legend.

On a rising eminence, east of the river Clwyd, in Flintshire, about two miles from its influx into the sea, are the majestic ruins of Rhuddlan castle; which derives its name from the colour of the soil on which it is situated, according to Leland, who thus deduces its etymology in his Itinerary: "Rethlan, communely called Rudelan, cometh of Retha, that ys to saye, *color*, or *pale*, *redde*, and *glan*, that ys *shore*; but *g*, when *glan* ys set with a word preceding *g*, ys exploded." Camden reports it to have been built by Llewellyn ap Sitihilt, a brave and amiable prince, who, after a reign of great glory, in which he had gained the love of his subjects, was assassinated by Howel and Meredyth, the sons of Edwyn by regular descent, of Howel Dha, in hopes of gaining the crown of South Wales; but their schemes were defeated by the odium which the people manifested towards them, and they were obliged to fly to Ireland. He left only one son, by name Gryffydh, who succeeded him, and during his life time made Rhuddlan his chief residence. Of the ruin, there are many legendary tales related; but this, though not the most popular, is perhaps the most extravagant, and is equally credited with the rest by the superstitious peasantry, who tremble to pass the ruin in the dusk of evening, when it is believed that witches and ghosts are there holding their revels.

"—STAY, pilgrim; whither wendst thou?"

"—Cold is the north wind that plays round the mountains—heart-chilling is the snow that's wafted across the moor

—still bleaker blows the blast, cutting, keen, and freezing, as the grey mist of evening falls upon the vales;—frozen is the path that winds through yon forest; upon the leafless trees hangs the

winter's hoary frost—and cheerless the bosom of him doom'd to wander along the lone path in such a night as this."

"—Turn thee, pilgrim! and bend thy step to Rhuddlan's ruined walls, where thou mayst, undisturbed, waste the gloomy night, and take the morning to enjoy the road."

"—Pious hermit! knowst thou not, from dusky eve until return of morn, that tortured spirits in yon castle rove? E'en now, the blood runs chill in my veins, while I do think on what I've seen. Such groans have met my ears—such sights my eyes—and screams and riotous laughs mingled with the winds that whistled through the broken arches of the courts—e'en now, the sweat of terror dews my brow, and languid beats my heart."

"—Say, didst thou penetrate the hall?"

"—I did; and, on the hearth, light some dried leaves to warm my shivering frame. I spread my wallet's fare upon the ground—with joyful heart, began to merry make—but angry spirits broke upon my glee, and fearful noises hailed my livid cheek. Instantly I dropped upon my trembling knee, and told my beads; but the screams increased—a ray of flame shot through the room, and before me stood a warrior in complete armour clad—his casque was down, and above his brow there waved a blood-red plume. No word he spake, but looked upon me with earnestness; his eye was as the sloe, black—as the basilisk's fascinating—his cheek was wan and deathlike. I would have fled, but my feet seemed chained to the ground, and my heart feared to beat against my bosom. At this moment I heard a female voice, that loudly sounded in the hall.—"I come, Eirlda," cried the red-plumed knight; and instantly vanished. Again were the screams repeated; and showers of blood fell upon the marble flooring on which I stood.—My veins were filled with icicles from my heart; but, rendered desperate by fear, in the midst of the most horrible howlings, I

flew; and the expiring embers of my fire casting a faint light, guided me along the courts, through which I darted with the rapidity of lightning. Venerable hermit, again I dare not trust myself in Rhuddlan's walls. I have opposed my bosom to the Saxon's sword and never trembled; I have braved dangers for my country, and was never known to tremble;—but I dare not face the spirits of the angry Clwyd."

The hermit smiled.

"—Thou seest yon rock, which, threatening, hangs above the river—which, slowly rippling along, now hews against its broken sides. In the bosom of that rock, I dwell. Peace is its inmate. My cell is humble, but hospitable; and in its lap the weary pilgrim has often found repose. Rest thou with me this night to share it, friend, and eke my frugal meal."

"—Holy father with joy I follow you; hunger and fatigue sore oppress me; and my wearied limbs almost refuse their wonted office."

The venerable hermit conducted the wearied pilgrim to his cell, which was clean—his meal was wholesome. The pilgrim ate of the frugal repast; and a chrystal water, springing from the rock, was the beverage on which the man of piety regaled. This was proffered in a rudely carved wooden bowl to his guest, who drank, and felt relieved. He now drew his stool near the hearth, on which the faggot blazed; and the hermit, to beguile the moments, and remove the fear which occupied his companion's breast, thus related of the Knight of the Blood-red Plume and the fair Eirlda.

High on the walls of Rhuddlan waved the black flag of death—loud the bell of the neighbouring priory tolled the solemn knell, which every vale re-echoed round, and the sad response floated to the ear through every passing gale.—The monks, in solemn voice, sung a mass for the everlasting repose of the deceased—a thousand tapers illumined the chapel—and bounteously was the dole distributed to the surrounding poor.

The evening blast was keen—the grey mist circled the mountain's craggy brow—and thin flakes of snow beat in the traveller's face, while cold and shivering airs wafted his cloak aside. Sir Rhyswick the Hardy heard, as he advanced, the echo of the distant bell; and spurring his mettled steed, with heart harbouring many fears, pursued his course fleetly through the forest.

"Use speed, Sir Knight!" cried a voice in his ear. "Egberta dies!"

Rhyswick turned pale.

"Egberta's bosom's cold," continued the voice, "and vain will be your sigh."

The Knight in dismay checked his horse, and inclined his head to whence he thought the sound proceeded; but nothing met his eye; all was vacant before him, and only the quivering bough, fanned by the breeze, was heard. Rather alarmed, he set spurs to the sides of his steed—still the snow was drifted in his face. Night was now ushered to the heavens, and it was with difficulty he could maintain the path that branched through the forest. The web-winged bat brushed by his ear in her circular flight; and the ominous screech-owl, straining her throat, proclaimed the dissolution of the deceased.

Sir Rhyswick heaved a sigh; a melancholy thought stole across his brain, and, arriving at the banks of the Clwyd, he beheld, with trembling, the many towers in the priory of Rhuddlan, and heard more distinctly the solemn bell.

"Egberta is no more," cried the voice that had before accosted him; "Egberta is in Heaven."

The Knight turned round; but, beholding no one, and agonized by the prediction, again he roused his steed, and flew, pale and breathless to the castle. He blew the loud horn suspended at the gate of Twr Silod, the strong tower which stands upon the banks of the river: and the loud blast echoing in the courts, aroused the ominous bird that had alighted on its battlements, who, flapping her heavy wings, resumed her

flight, uttering a wild, discordant scream. The portal was opened to receive him; and Sir Rhyswick entered through a long range of vassals, habited in mournful weeds.

"Is the prediction true, then?" he exclaimed: and, rushing to the apartment of Egberta, found her cold and breathless. The colour that once adorned her cheek was faded—her eyes were shrouded—and her lips became more pale, from which the last breath had so lately issued. A serene smile mantled her countenance—her locks were carefully bound in rose-bands—her corpse was prepared for the earth—and two monks sat on each side of her, offering up their holy prayers for her repose. Sir Rhyswick, overcome by this unexpected sight, with a groan, fainted upon the couch. Some servants that had attended him from the hall, conveyed him in a state of insensibility to his chamber; and, the next day, the virtuous Egberta was deposited in the chapel of the castle. Maidens strewed the path with flowers, along which their sainted lady was borne; and some monks from the neighbouring priory sung a solemn dirge over her—bare-headed and with their arms crossed upon their bosoms. The fair Erilda with her own hands decked the person of her mother with flowers; and those flowers were moist with a daughter's tears. A requiem, chaunted by the monks, and in which the maiden joined, closed the ceremony; and Erilda, with oppressed heart, returned to the castle.

Sir Rhyswick, whose grief would not permit him to attend the funeral rites, pressed the affectionate girl to his bosom; and they sought mutual consolation in each other.

Rhyswick the Hardy was the friend and favourite of his prince; he had fought in all the wars of his country, since the first moment he could hurl the spear—victory had always attended his arms; but now, his beard was silvered with age—peace was restored to the land, and he had hoped, at Rhuddlan, in the bosom of his Eg-

berta, to pass away his few remaining years. Bliddyn ap Cynvyn had united in himself by conquest, the sovereignty of Gwynedd, or North Wales, with Powys : and thus had terminated a war that had long threatened destruction to either nation. With pleasure did Wales observe her implacable enemy, the English, struggling to overcome a foreign foe—bloody were the battles fought with William of Normandy, surnamed the Bastard ; and, with secret satisfaction, did Bliddyn ap Cynvyn, a silent spectator, see either army reduced and weakened in the sanguinary contest. Sir Rhyswick had by his beloved Egberta, (from whose fond arms the war had often torn him, and who, in his last absence, being attacked by a sudden and violent illness, in a few days expired,) one only daughter. To Erilda he now looked forward for future happiness. She was beautiful as the morn—roseate health sat upon her smiling cheek—meekness and charity in her lustre-beaming eye—her teeth were as so many snow-drops, regularly even—her breath, like the dewed rose-bud, of glowing fragrance—A dimple revelled playfully near her mouth—and the rich ringlets of her yellow hair floated carelessly on her fine curved shoulders. Upon her snowy breasts she wore a ruby cross, suspended by a gold chain—and down her taper limbs the dazzling folds of her white garments flowed. Erilda was not more beautiful in person than in mind ; for, as lovely a bosom as ever nature formed, encased a heart enriched with every virtue. She was the subject of universal admiration ; all tongues were lavish in her praise, and many suitors came to ask her hand : but, though extremely sensitive, no one, as yet, claimed an interest in her heart : the warm shaft of love had not pierced her glowing veins ; and gay and affable to all—reserved to few—she preserved that freedom which the lover cannot retain. The loss of her mother imparted a melancholy to her cheek, that rendered her far more lovely. Sir Rhys-

wick indulged in grief, and the castle was one scene of mourning. On the brow of the rock, that o'erlooks the angry Clwyd, which rolls beneath, the poorer vassals and dependents of Rhuddlan, every evening came to receive the bounty of their young mistress. It was these excavations in the rock that echoed the soft plaintive notes of her melodious harp.—On this rock she sung, and the spirits of the murmuring river were charmed, as they lay in their oozy bed, with the soft pleasing strains—the billows ceased to roll in admiration, and Zephyrus drew back his head, in mute attention to the rapturous lay.

Once, when the return of twilight was announced in the heavens, by the rich crimson streaks and blushing gold that occupied the vast expanse of sky, and Erilda accompanied with her voice the trembling harp, a warrior Knight, mounted on a barbed steed, in sable armour clad, with a Blood-red Plume waving on his brow, approached the spot from whence the sound proceeded. Erilda, on hearing the advance of horses' feet, turned hastily around ; and, with modest courtesy, welcomed the Knight, who had thus obtruded on her privacy. There was a something in his gait and appearance that struck her with awe ; and the unknown, dismounting from his steed, occupied a seat beside her. Again she struck upon the trembling chords, with fearful hand. The stranger sighed, as he gazed upon her ; and, when her eye met his, she withdrew it, blushing, on the ground. The shade of night approached, and misty fogs obscured the starry sky.

"Sir Knight," she cried, with a courteous smile, while an unusual palpitation thrilled through her heart, of admiration mingled with fear, "Rhuddlan's hospitable walls are ready to receive you ; and no warrior passes her warlike towers, without partaking and acknowledging the munificence of Rhyswick the Hardy."

"Fair lady !" replied the unknown, "the hospitality of the gallant chief-

ed, is not unknown to me; onward on my journey, nor pity which all admire." "Right! this is not courteous." "Adieu! it must not be: I trust that we shall meet again." "His," he pressed her hand to the mounting his steed, flew amidst the winds along the plain that stood before her. So fleet, seemed to skim along: and in an instant he was from her sight.

She was astonished; there was a gleam in the jet black eye of the unknown, while it fascinated, alarmed, and the beautiful colour tinged his cheek; that nature to which she was so true. His locks were black and his figure was noble and commanding; his voice, though harmony conveyed a hollow sound that was strange. In short, his whole person, while it charmed to admiration, gave her with a kind of tremor; he seemed to the palace of Rhuddlan, and at the same time the martial appearance of

a monarch in his countenance!" "He is to herself.—" "What noble demeanour! And, ah! melancholy seems to occupy his features, dims the sparkling lustre of his eye, and clouds those animating features, otherwise beaming with life. Surely such dejection is not in him? No, no; some secret preys upon his heart; and, which, as I have heard, feeds upon the roseate hue, gives languor to the eye—the cheek—and despoils the manhood—that reduce firmness—and poisons the noble weaknesses that are engendered."

He sighed.—Sir Rhyswick met her seeking her chamber; and a man bore the resemblance upon his fretted cheek; but seemed to be cheerful; and,

with an assumed smile, he conducted her to the supper-hall.

Erilda vainly attempted to be gay, but variety of thought occupied her brain; the soul-inspiring song of the family bard charmed not her ear, who, at the board, when the gay goblet circulated at the tables, raised high his tuneful voice to the sublimest pitch, in commemoration of deeds of other days, and sung of triumph, and of glorious war.

Erilda, whose heart was affected by another subject, was not moved with the sweet sounds of the trembling harp, nor participated in that emotion which the song of patriotism inspired in the breasts of the auditors. Had the theme been love, the air been plaintive as the ring-dove's tender tale, Erilda's soul had wasted in the strain, and owned the power of music, when in melody with her feelings. Affectionately imprinting a kiss upon the bearded cheek of Sir Rhyswick, attended by her page, she bade adieu to the knight; and, retiring to her couch, attempted to lull those wild and troubled thoughts that agitated and oppressed her; but the blood-plumed knight, in her slumbers, stood before her: his graceful form—his pensive, melancholy countenance, she pictured to herself: and sighs of regret, when she awoke, and found the unreal image vanished, stole from her heaving breast.

With the first dawn of morning, Erilda arose, and flew to the monastery of Rhuddlan, to offer up her daily prayers. The holy father confessor gave her absolution, on a declaration of her errors; and again she sought the much-loved spot, where she had met the unknown. She looked towards the path he had taken the preceding evening, but he no longer occupied it; and, seating herself upon the rock, she played an air, soft and melodious as the strains of Philomel; but, dissatisfied with her execution, she turned the instrument aside; her voice, she conceived, wanted its usual sweetness—the harp was out of tune—and her fingers, lingering upon the strings, damped the swelling note.

Erilda sighed, and sighed so deep, that the echo, from the excavated rocks, returned them to her ear.—At length the tear glistened in her eye.

“Why, why am I thus concerned for a wandering unknown, whom chance, perhaps, conducted to this spot for a first, and only time? Who, ere now, is leagues distant from my sighs, and who does not entertain one thought of me? Away, hope, thou delusive image, from my bosom—I never shall behold him more—my heart must harbour no such sighs.”

Saying this, with the firmness of resolution, she turned her step towards the castle. Sir Rhyswick was preparing for the chase; the hounds and hawks were abroad—all was noise and confusion—and Erilda consented to make one of the throng. Buckling on her breast the mantle of green, and slinging across her shoulder the bow and arrow quiver, mounted on a cream-backed palfrey, she joined them.

The adjacent forest echoed back the huntsmen's loud horns, and the affrighted deer pricked up their ears to the well-known blast. The yell of the dogs sounded in the deep glens—the loud halloo succeeded—and nimbly o'er the bogs and marshes bounded the fleet object of their sport. It was noon when Sir Rhyswick ordered his vassals to strike their tents upon the plain; and, after refreshing them with a rich repast, again they repaired to renew the chase; the ripe mead, in a golden goblet, was presented to the fair Erilda, who, in the midst of her damsels, looked like the goddess of the wood—and Sir Rhyswick drank from the hirlas horn the soul-reviving cwrw. Soon again was the panting deer pursued up craggy cliffs—through streams and vallies—over the heath—across the moor—and through the mazy forest. Erilda startled a speckled doe from the bosom of a dark glen; and drawing her arrow to the head, in the silver bow, pierced her in the breast. Though wounded the animal made good her flight, and darted away like lightning.

The heroic huntress fleetly pursued while the horns and hounds echo from another part of the plain. Lo! did the doe maintain her speed, and ke in sight, with the arrow in her breast until the pale-faced moon appeared emerging from a cloud, and silvered the glassy lake. At length, the wounded animal dropped, and instantly expired.

Erilda dismounted her steed; and now, she first discovered herself to be absent from her train, and at an hour when angry demons ride upon the air and mutter mischief. Cold winds wafted her brown hair aside; and fast descended the grey mist of evening. In vain Erilda listened to catch the halloo of the huntsmen. No longer the horn sounded in the vale—all was drear and silent, save the hollow murmuring of the wind, forcing its passage, sighing through the trees. Almost fainting with fear, she leaned upon her bow: she endeavoured to blow the horn that was suspended at her breast, but it fell from her grasp, and the bow shrunk from her hand. At length, summoning most fortitude, she remounted her steed; and not knowing what road to take, gave her horse the reins, trusting herself to the protection of her household spirit.—Away flew the impatient steed through the forest—over hill and dale: the turf trembled beneath his hoofs, and the white foam frothed at his extended nostrils. On a sudden, the bell of a neighbouring monastery sounded in the gale, and blazing torches were seen waving through different parts of a wood that lay before her. “Hilli, oh ho!” cried the huntress, with hope animating her bosom. “Hilli oh ho!” but her voice returned responsive to her ear, and the flaming brands disappeared. Still she pursued the path, and fleetly flew the cream-backed palfrey on which she rode—now again the huntsman's horn was heard winding at a great distance, and now the approaching clank of horses' hoofs convinced her that the attendant of the chieftain, her father, were in pursuit of her. Erilda, checking her steed

air coming up with her; but the pursuit took a different route; and, as the mists were dying away, as the attack succeeded, all was again hushed. Weary of suspense, she stood, turning the angle of a knoll that bulged in the fertile plain; she observed a horseman slowly descending its banks. Pensive was his countenance; his right hand rested on a battle-axe, and his left held the reins of a nut-brown steed—his soul seemed occupied with melancholy thoughts—his brain tormented by tormenting thoughts. He advanced towards him, and fixing his eyes upon his cheek, to her surprise he recognized the stranger—the Blood-red Plume. His countenance up, and melancholy tinged with grief—his eyes, half-closed, trembled on his lips—de-seemed to depress his heart, a transitory gloom over every feature preyed upon that energy of his interesting eye betrayed his possessing. Erilda, unable to restrain her impetuous steed, who reared and snorted in rage, the Knight, who, wrapped in his armor, served her not.

"stranger," cried the daughter

Rhuddlan's chieftain, "I stand under your protection; I have strayed Erilda to Rhuddlan's house—the blessings of a distracted father be your's."

"a daughter of the first of the name," replied the Knight, eagerly taking the horse's reins; "I am subject to your commands—my life shall be to your service."

Smiling, he gave him her hand, and bowed respectfully to his lips: ascending, the lofty turrets of the castle appeared in view. The pale moon, adding her rays on its dark face, reflected them to the Clwyd, whose soft billows rippled beneath the moon which it stood. Numbers of warriors were seen glaring in the moonlight, the disconsolate attendants of Erilda, who, in the agony of grief,

dispersed them round the country in search of her. All was bustle; and, no sooner did she appear among them, than loud shouts rent the air, and they flew to bear the welcome tidings to Sir Rhyswick. The stranger Knight conducted her across the courts; and the fond father, impatient to clasp her to his arms, hastened towards her. Erilda fell upon his bosom; and the tear of joy dropped from the old man's beard upon her shoulder. The Knight, in his turn, received the caresses of the venerable chieftain, who, boundless in his joy, would have lavished on him empires, had he had them to command.

"Tell me, Sir Knight," cried Rhyswick, "to whom am I indebted for the restoration of Erilda to my aged arms? Let me fall upon my knees at his feet, and bless him."

"Hospitable chieftain, my name is Wertwrold, a forlorn and suffering wanderer; the world contains no home to shelter me—no friend to welcome me; but, though sorrows oppress my heart, I am ever ready to give joy to others,—Erilda is once more yours," he added with a sigh, and bowing his head, was about to depart.

"Nay, stranger, this night you must share that joy which you have imparted to our breast, and make Rhuddlan your residence."

"Your pardon," cried the Knight, "my envious fortune denies that I should taste of pleasure—I must away, ere the stars fade on the horizon."

"Wertwrold," returned Erilda, "the maid whom you have protected entreats your stay—upon her knee entreats it: do not dispirit our festivity by your departure. Come, let me conduct you to the marble-hall."

The Knight, overpowered by their entreaties, at length yielded; and Erilda taking him by the hand, introduced him to the festive board, where sat the harpers, tuning their strings, awaiting the approach of the chieftain and his guests. Wertwrold appeared struck with the dazzling splendor of the hall that had

regaled princes: rich crimson tapestry hung down the walls in festoons fringed with gold, between pillars of the fairest marble, disposed at equal distances, supporting cornices of polished silver; the carved ceiling displayed emblematical devices of war and of the chase; in one part, Diana was painted with her bow; in another, Caractacus engaging the Romans.

Erilda conducted the Knight to a cedar stool, covered with crimson, and edged with gold, at the table, on which were profusely scattered carved goblets, sumptuously embossed, and flowing with ripe mead. The harpers, during the repast, raised their voices in praise of the ancestors of Rhyswick, and regularly traced his descent, in bardic song: describing each great feat his fathers had performed. And now, the midnight bell sounding, dissipated their mirth—the bards were dismissed—and Wertwrold was led to a couch by one of the attendants, after saluting the fair hand of Erilda, which she offered to him, in token of her favour. The morning dawned unusually splendid—the early dew sparkled on the grass blade—and the effulgent sun rising, tinted the horizon with his gay beams—gentle was the air that played around the mountains—sweet and odoriferous was the scented gale—the river Clwyd timidly flowing, fearful lest it should interrupt the calmness that prevailed, was scarcely seen to move—and Erilda, whose troubled thoughts the preceding evening had denied her rest, hastened to the delightful rock where she first beheld the stranger, Wertwrold; there to indulge in sighs, and those thoughts that, while they pained, pleased. The solitary spot afforded her an opportunity to indulge in the melancholy of her mind; here she could sit and gaze with pensive eye upon the calm waters, as they laved against the shore, and involve her brain in a chaos of bewildering reflection, unobserved by any one. Erilda never knew till now what it was to love—never knew till now what sighs the

absence of him or her we love creates—and now she felt the pains, was unable to sustain them. The Red-plum Knight was master of her heart and her fate; violent was the passion that raged in her bosom, threatening to consume her by a slow lingering fire; for appeared impossible the passion could be gratified. Seated upon an arm of the rock that overhangs the Clwyd, tea flowing down her lovely cheeks, agitated by similar thoughts, and overcome by weight of her emotions, weary, not having tasted of repose the preceding night she sunk into a gentle slumber, her head reclined upon her lily arm.

Wertwrold left the castle to taste the refreshing air, ere the Baron descended from his chamber, or the low bell summoned them to breakfast. His feet, as if by instinct, led him to the spot where first Erilda had attracted his notice. How much was he astonished to behold the lovely maiden in a sweet sleep! He stood awhile to observe her and the tenderest sensation thrilled through his whole soul; her auburn locks played carelessly upon her temples, and her blue eyes were shadowed with her long dark lashes; the tint of the carnation was displayed upon her cheek—a perfect ruby colour were her lips—the white rose leaf, through which runs the blue enamelled vein, was not more fair than her forehead, or more sweet than her breath—the soft air that played around her, wafted the thin gauze that shadowed her snowy bosom, and revealed beauties, which monarchs, on beholding, would have languished to enjoy.—Wertwrold, transported in the ecstasy of passion, dropped upon his knee, and imprinted a kiss upon her cheek.

Erilda, at this moment, awoke; and the Knight, conscious of the crime he had committed, drew back, abashed and trembling. Erilda was alike confused and Wertwrold, seizing this opportunity clasped hold of her hand with fervour and pressing it between his, exclaimed “Lovely Erilda, pardon the presump-

which your beauty has inspired—crime to adore you, then am I criminal; but I bow to my fate—to be unhappy, I willingly resign myself the victim of cruel fortune.”

“Yes, Sir Knight,” cried the emerald Erilda, lending her hand to him from the ground, “why are you persecuted? Repose your head in my bosom; indeed, you will find me one much interested for you. As, from her heart pities you.”

“And does Erilda pity me?” he replied, rising, and assuming a seat by her. “Oh, welcome, ye sorrows! Advance forward, mingled with your tears, ye convey a pleasure in the thought that she whom all the world feels for my sufferings; the next tear shall no longer flow without balm—the arrow of anguish, the wounds, shall on its poison-tipped convey a healing balsam to my

heart say, Sir Knight—why is your life involved in mystery? Lend me your assistance—make me mistress of your life—my bosom shall be its prison—and so tenacious will I be in retaining it, that even to myself I will not whisper it.”

“Oh, lady, could I burst the fetters from my tongue to secrecy, I should find luxury in my grief; but, no, it is denied—you behold in me a house-runderer, against whom the vengeance of Heaven is imprecated, doomed a term, to be a solitary inhabitant of earth—with no settled home to me—no friend to console me—to whom I can confide my sor-

row.” cried Erilda, with impa-

ssion, I dare reveal no more—the must remain unknown.

Erilda could scarce conceal her agitation. “And when,” with a tremulous she added, “will the term expire, releases you of your misery.”

“When—when a virgin shall be of noble birth, and honour speck-

less as the mountain’s dazzling snow, whose beauty shall be the theme of courts and palaces—whose virtue shall be the admiration of those, whom, with parent bounty she has fostered—whose hand shall be urged by knights of rank and enterprise—who shall withstand the temptation of wealth and power, equipage and title—who shall sincerely love me for myself alone, and brave all dangers, to arrive at the haven of my arms.”

Erilda turned pale; the colour on her cheek flew, and her whole frame became agitated. At this moment the loud bell of the castle tolled the breakfast hour, and endeavouring to re-assume her wonted spirits, “Come,” she cried gaily, “we have wasted much time in idle talk.”

Wertwrold lent her his arm, and they proceeded to Rhuddlan. The young Knight at their earnest solicitation, consented to remain at the castle a few days, and various sports were devised to amuse him: nothing was spared to make him forget his griefs. But, in the midst of splendid gaiety, Wertwrold was still himself—melancholy still clouded his brow, and stole the roseate colour of his cheek.

On the second evening, as the last rays of the sun were reflected upon the lakes, and the misty crown of twilight circled the mountain’s peak, Erilda, whose bosom was tortured by the love she bore the unhappy Wertwrold, strayed in the garden adjoining the castle. The day had been rather sultry, and, attended by her little foot page, she made towards the fountain, with an intent to bathe. She had already unloosed her hair, when she observed, extended upon the yellow sands, Wertwrold; he was in a sound sleep—and, approaching with tremulous step, she hung over him with an eye brimful of tears.

“Unhappy Knight!” she cried.—“Where shall be found the maid who can assuage the anguish of thy bosom, and restore it to its former peace?—Where shall that maid be found, speckless as thou hast described, who will renounce every pretension for thee?

Alas! alas! let me not buoy myself up with faint hopes—Wertwrold shall yet be happy, but Erida will be for ever miserable. Yes, yes, some more happy maid than thou, Erida, will gain the heart of Wertwrold, and tear the bond asunder that dates his misery.”

Faster flowed her tears—her agony became more acute—and, clasping her hands together, she sunk down by his side—her eyes were pensive, fixed on his, that were shrouded in sleep; and wrapped in ecstasy, she watched every breath that swelled his bosom, and escaped his lips. How beautiful did he appear, as he lay reclined upon the ground—what a dew sparkled on his lips—what a colour revelled upon his cheeks; his jet black hair, on which the water-drop, from bathing, glistened, clustered in silky curls around his head. He had laid aside his armour, and the true shape and mouldings of his manly limbs were visible; his neck and bosom were bare—they were of the most masculine beauty.

“Ah, Erida!” exclaimed he in his slumbers, “you alone can liberate my anguished heart—you alone can restore the smile to my fretted cheek—but you do not love me.”

“Hear it, Heavens!” cried the enraptured maid; “Oh, Wertwrold!” and fainted upon his bosom.

The Knight awoke from the violence of her fall, and he gazed upon her in astonishment.—“Erida!” he exclaimed, and bathing her temples with cold water, she soon revived; her wild eyes were timidly revealed to the light—and as soon as she discovered herself in the arms of Wertwrold, she gave a faint scream, and broke from his embrace. “Erida!” cried the Knight with fervour, “my fate is in your hands—do with me as you please—you alone can avert my cruel destiny. From this moment, I cease to hope or to despair.”

Erida was in an agony insupportable—tears choked her utterance, and pressing his hand between her’s, she flew to conceal her anguish in another

part of the garden. They met at supper board, but she, feigning indisposition, begged leave to retire; and early did the Baron and his guests the downy pillow.

In her chamber Erida indulged sighs: Sir Rhyswick had chosen her apparent of Wales for her lord, and she well knew it was in to contest his choice. The child loved the happiness of his child, but love of aggrandisement he cherished his bosom; and he looked forward with fond delight to the time when E might, with the partner of her pleasures share the thrones of Gwynedd Powys. A few days was to see young Prince at Rhuddlan—preparations were making for his reception. Sir Rhywick with pleasure beheld the nuptial day advancing—but Erida viewed its approach with agony. The time was far advanced, ere her troublous thoughts were invaded by sleep, still maintaining their empire, conjured up visions to the closed eyes. Erida dreamed, that her father, empowered by his affection for her, her entreaties, yielded his consent to her union with Wertwrold, and placed her hand in his. Transported with joy she threw her arms round her lover’s neck; at this junction awaking, she found the Knight clasped in her embrace. Recoiling with horror from his arms, and recovering her senses, she was at first bewildered. “Awake, she cried in a tone of terror: “proud Knight, leave me; your conduct calls for my indignation. Oh, Wertwrold! was it possible for me to imagine you would thus repay the hospitality you have here experienced, invading, in the midnight hour, the chamber of the defenceless?—Begone!” she added, with a contemptuous frown. “ere I call my attendants, and expel the serpent who repays the favour of Rhuddlan’s lord with abusing his confidence.”

“Yet hear me, Erida,” returned the Knight, “ere I am gone for ever

ne but to gaze my last farewell on
that lovely countenance that dooms me
to everlasting misery: my neighing
now waits at the castle gate, and I
at bid these much loved haunts adieu
ever Farewell, Erida—irresisti-
fate leads me hence—and, oh!
sometimes give a thought on him who,
ded to his agonies, harbours for you
fruitless passion!"

Wertwrold paused.

"For ever!" exclaimed Erida; "Oh,
wertwrold!"

"Could my absence," continued the
right, "create one pang in your
rest, though grateful would the know-
ledge be to my heart, still it would in-
crease a wound, Erida, urging my brain
to distraction, when I paused on your
happiness.—Which ever way I turn,
sorrow attends me—endless sorrow is
my bitter portion: that I am indifferent
Erida creates another pang."

"Oh, Wertwrold!" cried the maid;
and, sinking on his bosom, "I am
yours, and your's alone."

"Do not my ears deceive me," cried
the enraptured Knight; "does Erida
really love me—will she renounce the
world for me?"

"The world!"

"Yes," returned Wertwrold, "and
hence shall my felicity dawn: Erida
must renounce every thing to be mine
—to share with me those transports
which virtuous love creates."

"You speak in mystery."

"Erida must, with heroic fortitude,
welcome every obstacle to our union—
must place implicit confidence in my
word—and sacrifice every thing for me.
Her firm mind can stand, unshaken,
on the stupendous rock, and smile upon
the gulph beneath that threatens to de-
stroy—so must the woman who would
win my arms."

"Wertwrold!"

"Take this ring, Erida, it is a charm-
ed one: which, when breathed upon,
rings me to your presence: use it as
you need me, and I fly, in obedience to
your command, though at the extremity
of the world."

"Yet stay; you leave me in doubt."

"Erida must use her own discre-
tion, I have not power to direct her.
Farewell," he cried; and pressing her
to his bosom, instantly retired, leaving
her lost in wonder and amazement.

For a time she could scarcely believe
her senses—every thing appeared as a
dream before her eyes—but she pos-
sessed the charming ring—and the de-
luding thought vanished, that told her
the preceding scene was the mere fabri-
cation of her imagination.

At breakfast time she met Sir Rhys-
wick, who was not a little surprized and
angered with the abrupt departure of
his guest.

Erida endeavoured to plead his cause
—urging that business of the utmost
importance demanded his immediate atten-
dance, and that to her he apologized.

The generous chieftain was well sa-
tisfied with the excuse, although he
had hoped Wertwrold, in whose favour
he was much interested, should have
been present at the solemnization of
Erida's nuptials, which the fourth day
was to see performed, according to a
message which he had received from
the young Prince, who, impatient to
call Erida his bride, thus early appoint-
ed the day.

Sir Rhyswick, with joy expressed in
his countenance, imparted the news to
his daughter, who, falling upon her
knees—her cheeks bathed in tears—and
grasping his hand, entreated him, as he
considered her happiness, to forego his
intentions.

"How?" cried the astonished Baron.

"I shall never know happiness with
a man whom my heart will not acknow-
ledge for its lord," returned the afflicted
Erida; "Oh!" as you love my peace
of mind, send back the prince—Erida
cannot be the bride of Morven—an-
other object has enchained her heart."

"How," exclaimed the indignant
Baron; "Does Erida reject the heir
to the throne of Wales?"

"It would be criminal to bestow my
hand, when another possesses my heart.
Oh, my father! the happy Morven will

find one more worthy of being his bride—one more closely in conjunction with his soul—who will return his fond affection with affection.

"Erida," cried the venerable chieftain with firmness, "I seek not to know him whom your heart has chosen. If you value my affection, Morven must be your future lord; if not, your father is lost to you for ever." Thus saying, he retired, leaving the distracted maid overwhelmed with grief.

Sir Rhyswick would not see her the rest of the day: and a messenger in the evening coming to her chamber, bid her prepare on the morrow to receive Morven, who was expected at the castle, attended by a numerous retinue.

Erida, in an agony of distraction, threw herself upon the couch; her tears more plentifully flowed to her relief, and eased those labouring sighs that swelled her agitated bosom. She, casting her eyes upon the magic ring that encircled her finger; pressed it to her lips, and her warm breath sullyng the ruby that sparkled upon it, instantly the Blood-red Knight stood before her.

"I come," he cried, "at your command, from the bosom of the vasty deep, to serve the mistress of my heart."

Wertwrold took a seat by her side—Erida hung her head upon his shoulder; her cheek was pale with weeping—her eyes were languid and heavy.

"Oh, Wertwrold!" she exclaimed, "this must be our last meeting; the son of Cynvyn claims Erida's hand, and even now is on the road to Rhuddlan, to lead her to the bridal altar."

"And will Erida yield her honour, then, at the sordid entreaties of avarice and pride? Will she prostitute herself, embittering the remainder of her days, to gratify another's passion?"

"Wertwrold! you—"

"Oh, lady! the fond affection glowing in my bosom has heaped a world of ruin on my heart—I see the gulph yawning at my feet—I see what tortures are preparing for me, and fly to meet

my doom.—It Erida is who hurls me to destruction—it is Erida who moans my sighs, and points me to the spot where angry demons wait to glut themselves on my blood. But these inflictions can brave—for, she I love proves false—she who deceitfully sighed, 'I am your's, and your's alone.'"

"You amaze and terrify me: what tortures what inflictions are those you dread? Oh, Wertwrold! do not keep me in suspense—tell me who, or what are you?"

"Who I am, lady, must remain secret—what I am, my warm sighs my great affliction have revealed—you lover. Oh, Erida! I am man, with half his fortitude—man, with all his weaknesses: love animates and distracts my bosom; and she whom I wed, married me for myself alone."

"Fond Wertwrold! I question you no more—and oh! how shall I convince you that my heart is your's—doomed as I am to misery and Morven."

She fixed her languishing eyes upon his countenance—Wertwrold paused.

Erida's chamber looked into the castle garden; the woodbine and honeysuckle climbed above her window, as a rose-tree entwined itself with the odorous branches of the honeysuckle—some sprigs hung pendant near the sashes of the casement, where the flower bloomed and scented the air with its refreshing sweets.

Wertwrold eagerly slipped a sprig that boasted a full blown flower and ripening bud, which he presented to Erida.

"Look you," he cried; "look at these flowers—the beauty of the one withers, while the other ripens. Here we see a rich bloom upon the cheek of youth; what a glowing fragrance does its breath impart! how sweet the dew that hangs upon the expanding leaf! how rich! how luxuriant! how captivating to the senses! Would not be cruel to pluck this early bud, ere it hath tasted of that dew which now sparkles on its lip—and, at the moment when it is about to enjoy those sweet

which are prepared for early life?—Lady, this new plucked bud, in an hour shall perish—life shall fly its newly created bosom—the hand of man hath deprived it of its succours, and, ere it ceased to charm, it dies, unpitied, unrespected. Then turning to the other—“This full-blown rose, whose shrivelled leaf betrays a speedy dissolution, having tasted of all the pleasures life affords, and enjoyed them in their full sense, prepares to die. The morning sun, instead of cheering, shall wither its juiceless fibres—the flavour of its breath is fled—and the falling dew animates it not—the airs are cold and freezing that play around it—and plucked, it would not perish sooner than were it left to wither upon the spray.”

“I do not understand you.”

“Lady, if one of these flowers must be torn from the branch of life, which would you sacrifice?”

“The full-blown.”

“Then live, Erilda—life to enjoy the tide of pleasure and of happiness.”

“Wertwrold, your words convey a horrible meaning; my soul shudders at the thought.”

“What thought, Erilda?—I ask you but to live—is the thought mercenary? I ask you but to taste of those pleasures, which he for whom you would sacrifice your happiness and person, cannot enjoy. Sir Rhyswick has nearly numbered his years—and dissolution betrays its approach upon his cheek: his infirm limbs—his shrivelled form—his silvery beard—and aged eye, like the full-blown rose, confirms a speedy termination of his life.”

Erilda fainted upon his bosom—his arms encircled her waist—hers were entwined round his neck: the colour of returning life soon crimsoned her cheek: her lips were pressed to his; the kiss was exchanged that imparted a mutual glow to the heart, and filled it with voluptuous thoughts.

“Erilda is mine, eternally,” cried the Knight.

“I am your’s, for ever,” sighed the

maid with half fainting voice.—
“To-morrow she will leave Rhuddlan for my arms?”

“To-morrow, I am your’s.”

They parted—each transported with the warmth of passion; and the ensuing eve was to see Erilda preparing her flight from her paternal home.

The next morning, Morven and his numerous retinue were heard upon their march across the mountain: the martial clang of their warlike instruments was heard at a great distance; and some messengers preceding, brought the early news of his approach and presents for the bride. The castle gates were thrown open to receive them—white flags waved upon the walls, that were thronged with armed soldiers, who owned Rhuddlan’s powerful lord for their chieftain; and bards and harpers raised high their voices in praise of the fair Erilda.

Morven entered the castle, amidst the acclamations of the generous people, who loudly testified their joy at his approach, and whose loud shouts rent the air. Sir Rhyswick received him with every demonstration of pleasure, and instantly conducted him to the presence of his daughter.

Erilda, habited in robes of virgin white, that flowed adown her taper limbs, in the midst of her maidens, welcomed him with a smile. She looked beautiful—her cheeks were flushed with the ripe tincture of the rose—her blue eyes beamed with expression—her hair was tastefully disposed upon her forehead—and silver beads flowed down her fine-shaped bosom.

Morven saluted her with affability. For a while the young Prince was transfixed with wonder and admiration; her beauty far exceeded, in his estimation, the report that had reached his ear; and he looked with impatience for the moment that was to make her his bride.

The day was spent in merry pastimes; but Erilda was depressed with fears; she trembled at the promise she had made to Wertwrold, and more than once resolved to break it. The evening

fast approached, and she grew more and more alarmed; at length the last rays of the declining sun were reflected upon the lake—the tinkling bell of the goat-herds caught her ear—the much dreaded time was arrived—her heart fluttered in her bosom—and wild and unknowing what she did, she sought the harbour where she had promised to meet the unknown.

Wertwrold was already there; with eagerness he clasped her to his bosom—with unallayed passion pressed her lips to his.

“Oh, Erida!” he sighed, “do I hold you in my arms, and shall my present bliss be equalled by the future? Come,” he continued, “let us hasten our departure; a coracle waits us on the Clwyd, to waft us to the opposite shore.”

“Wertwrold!” exclaimed the affrighted maid; “I dare not—do not tempt me—I must remain—and—be the bride of Morven.”

“Perjured Erida! false fleeting woman—is this your truth—is this your constancy? Then farewell for ever.”

“Yet stay,” she cried, one moment: “Oh, Wertwrold! do not leave me a prey to my own thoughts.”

“Will Erida be mine?”

“Yes, yes.”

“Voluntarily mine?”

“Oh, yes!” exclaimed the maid; unconscious of what she said, observing lights at the further end of the walk, and fearful lest they should discover her with the unknown.

“Erida will fly her paternal roof for Wertwrold?”

“Yes, yes.”

“Regardless of a father’s tears and remonstrances?”

“I am Wertwrold’s, and Wertwrold’s alone!” she exclaimed, more alarmed by the nearer approach of the lights; “and no power on earth shall separate me from his arms.”

The Knight of the Blood-red Plume smiled—it was the smile of satisfaction; and he placed in her hand a dagger.

“Use it,” he cried, “in self-defence alone. Where is Sir Rhyswick?”

At this moment, a number of torches were seen flaming down the water. Sir Rhyswick was at the head of a party of servants, whose countenances were expressive of fear.

“See!” cried Erida, “they are following their steps this way; we shall be discovered.”

“Take this dagger,” returned the Knight, thrusting it into her hand.

“How am I to use it?” exclaimed the maid in terror.

“Sir Rhyswick advances; he is alone we have to fear.—Plunge it into his bosom.”

“In the bosom of my father?” she, with horror. “Wertwrold—cruel heavens! do not my ears deceive me? Horror! horror! In the bosom of my father!—Away, monster!”

“Come to my arms, Erida,” cried the Knight, “I have won your virtue, and you are doubly committed to me.” He pressed the trembling maid to his bosom.

At this moment, Sir Rhyswick entered the harbour.

“This way—this way!” cried Wertwrold: and hurrying through a narrow outlet, that led to the river; he pursued them. Still Erida held the dagger in her hand, and the pale beams silvering the path, betrayed the shadow of a person in pursuit, wrapped in a long cloak.

“We are betrayed,” cried Wertwrold; “our pursuer must die.”

“I see the coracle; it is at stake,” said Erida. And, at this moment, she seized her white robe behind.

“Plunge your dagger in his back,” cried Wertwrold.

“Hold your impious hand!” returned a hollow voice.

“Strike!” demanded the Knight.

“Stay, murderess!” uttered the voice.

“Our safety pleads for his death,” rejoined Wertwrold.

The hand of the pursuer now came to Erida’s shoulder; who, disenta-

himself, and rendered frantic, turned hastily round, and plunged the dagger in her assailant's breast.

The wounded man dropped upon the ground. "Cruel Erilda!" escaped his lips, and he instantly expired.

"Hence God-abandoned murderer!" muttered the voice that had before greeted the arm of Erilda. "Fly to meet thy doom."

"Hark!" cried the maid; "heard you nothing?—What voice was that?"

Terror sat on her brow—her lips were pale with fear—her eyes looked wild and fiery.

"I heard nothing but the winds sighing along the strand."

"Do you hear nothing," exclaimed he. "Merciful God! What have I done?—Murderess!"—Oh, let me look on him I have slain."

She approached the corse, spite of the streets of Wertwrold; and discovered, mapped in a long cloak, the bleeding body of Sir Rhyswick! A crimson stream flowed from the fresh-made wound—his eyes were filmed and closed in death—his cheek was wan—his mouth wide and distended.

"Oh, God! my father!" exclaimed Erilda—"Murdered by my hands!" and fell fainting upon his bleeding breast.

Wertwrold endeavoured to recal her recollection; but, for a long time, vain were his attempts. At length, recovering, "Leave me," she cried; leave me to die with my murdered father.—Away! Anguish gnaws my heart.—Abandoned by Heaven, leave me to die, and receive the punishment of my guilt."

"You rave, Erilda!—See, the vassals of the Baron draw near!—Hark! their voices are heard—their torches gleam in the walks; we shall be discovered, Erilda, let me arouse you from this torpor—let us fly, Erilda, and save ourselves from an ignominious death."

"Away!" cried the distracted maid; I am a wretch unfit to live—more fit to die: yet I will expiate the foul

offence by submitting to those tortures that await me—which exceed not the agonies of my own bosom. Oh! my much loved father!" she exclaimed, "your daughter—your own daughter, is your murderer."

She fell upon his bosom; and still the Blood-plumed Knight urged her to fly.

"Erilda!" he returned, "what false notions occupy your breast! Rather by penitence expiate the crime; the foul offence is not to be atoned by death. Heaven in its wrath has doomed your soul to everlasting torments; live then, and, by penitence, seek to appease its vengeance."

"What mercy can the wretched murderer of her parent hope for?—Leave me, Wertwrold; distraction rages through my brain.—I am lost—for ever lost—God-abandoned—doomed to everlasting torments."

"Oh, Erilda! think on your spotless fame to be blasted by the scandalizing tongue of futurity—think on the curses each peasant slave will mutter on her who was once her country's boast; the name of Erilda shall be shuddered at by those who judge not of the motive but the act—children shall be rocked to their slumbers with the frightful relation of her guilt, and she shall live for ever in the detestation and abhorrence even of the criminal.—The pilgrim shall hear and tremble at her tale—the monk shall cross himself, and tell his beads, when he passes Rhuddlan's blood-stained towers—all nature shall be shocked with her enormities; and not a pitying sigh shall be heaved to her memory. Come, Erilda, let us fly; penitence shall soon restore peace to your bosom, and your crime shall be forgotten."

"Oh, no! I will remain and sigh out my last breath on the cold bosom of my father."

"See, Erilda, the torches advance, Prince Morven is at their head; this way he bends his steps—he has his eye upon us—Distraction!—we are lost."

"Ah! Morven! comes he hither to witness my shame?" exclaimed the maid; "I cannot stand the inquiring glance of his penetrating eye."

"Then hasten to the coracle, Erilda, which now awaits us on the shore.—Haste, Erilda, hear you not their voices?—They approach—they are at our heels."

At this moment, a number of voices exclaimed, "This way!"

"Oh! hide me—hide me from them; they come—they come;" cried Erilda. And clasping the hand of Wertwrold, she flew to the strand where the coracle was anchored.

The footsteps approached; and numberless torches lined the strand. Sir Rhyswick was discovered by the vassals of Rhuddlan, wrapped up in his cloak, and bathed in his blood. His heart was cold in his bosom—no signs of life animated his cheek, that was pale and deathlike. His silvery beard was discoloured and clotted with gore;—the last breath had issued from his mouth.

Morven had the corse borne to the castle, where it lay in state for three days; when it was deposited in the earth, and five hundred masses were sung for his eternal repose.

In the mean time, the despairing Erilda having set her foot on board the vessel, was borne over the thin wave with the rapidity of lightning. Torches still lined the strand; and their glaring light was reflected to the opposite shore, breaking through the horrible darkness that clouded the earth.

"Vain is your flight, murderess!" whispered a voice in the breeze.—"Mountains cannot conceal your guilt, or cover you from the wrath of the great avenger.—To the furthestmost corner of the world, the retributive sword of justice shall pursue you."

"Hark!" cried Erilda, clinging to the bosom of her seducer, while horror distorted her countenance. "Hark; heard you not a voice? Oh, heard you not a voice? Oh, Wertwrold!—hide me—hide me."

She buried her face in her cloak, while the warrior Knight maintained a contemptuous silence; at length, gazing upon her with satisfaction, he exclaimed:

"And is Erilda mine—do I now press her in arms—do I now hold her to my heart, beyond the power of man to tear her from me? Why, this, indeed, is triumph—she is mine, voluntarily mine—she has fled her paternal roof for me, an unknown—she has rejected Morven, the heir apparent to the crown of Wales, who came to her with a heart full of love, and proffered the wealth of his country at her feet, to share her smiles, for me an unknown! she has renounced her claim to virtue, embraced infamy for a spotless name, has preferred the blast of scandal to the mild breath of praise, and all this for me, an UNKNOWN!"

A horrible smile, as he concluded, played upon his cheek.—Erilda started from his bosom.

"Wertwrold?" she exclaimed;—"Do you upbraid me?"

"Enamoured beauty, no! To ME, this guilt is pleasure: had you deluged the world in a sea of blood, or brought another chaos on the earth—Wertwrold would have smiled."

"For Heaven's sake," cried the almost expiring criminal; "tell me, who are you?"

"*The Warrior Knight of the Blood-red Plume*: but," he continued, "Erilda is beyond the reach of mercy—is inevitably mine—and I will reveal myself in all my glowing colours. I am an agent of the great infernal—my residence is in the bosom of the Clwyd—my occupation is to aggravate the crimes on earth, and be the great instigator of war and rapine: in my bosom spring those seeds of faction, which scatter in the breasts of princes, urging them to raise the sword against each other's life, and plunge each other's nation in a torrent of destructive war but this had ceased—Morven's father had restored Wales to prosperity and peace—and I, in the bosom of my na-

live stream, was doomed to sleep and brood new broils, in painful inactivity. While thus my mind was occupied with thought, an incubus approached my rosy bed, and breathed Erilda's fame into my ear: I was aroused with the sweet image my fancy drew; and, on beholding the enchanting object, found her sweeter than my imagination had painted her—and, from that moment, resolved to make her mine. I heard of her many virtues—of her piety—and what a feeling heart she boasted; this Jew instructed me what shape to assume; and the Warrior Knight of the Blood-red Plume answered every purpose. Erilda was easily ensnared: she pitied me, because she thought me unfortunate—pity instantly begat love—the glowing fire of all-consuming passion. I had no power to deceive, but speciously—”

“Monster!” exclaimed the frantic wretch, “you were all deception.”

“There Erilda wrongs me,” cried the fiend; “she deceived herself—she taught me what her heart hoped I was—I did not need much art to gain her—she readily entered into all my views—embraced my projects as fast as they were uttered.”

Erilda threw herself upon her knees.

“Nay, prayer is vain,” continued the fiend; “you are lost to Heaven—you scrupled to commit an immediate murder, yet planned a lingering death for the parent who had nurtured you—you would not stab, but preferred planting daggers in your father’s bosom.—Murderess! you bid him who gave you life, live for a time in agony, to reflect on his daughter’s infamy.”

Erilda shrunk with horror and affright from the hideous monster, who now resumed his original shape, amidst the fell of demons, who rose from the sandy deep, upon the curling wave, to greet their chief. The eyes of the sanguinary fiend emitting a sulphureous flame, were fixed upon the pale countenance of the guilty maid, whom he grasped round

the waist in malignant triumph. Green scales covered his body; from his mouth and nostrils he breathed the white frothy waters—and various animals, fostered by the liquid element, trailed their pestiferous slime across his carcase. In his right hand he held a trident, which he raised on high to plunge in the bosom of his victim, who, screaming, burst from his embrace, and falling upon her knees, implored of Heaven protection. Loud thunders shook the sky—terrific lightning flashed in her eyes—and the furious winds bursting through the mountains, swelled the agitated river beyond its bounds. The fiend, with malignant yell, pursued Erilda—the trident entered her bosom—and crimson torrents of her virgin blood gushed from the yawning wound—in agony she fell—the demon, twining his hand in her fair locks, hurled her to the deep, and, sated with triumph, vanished with his coracle.

Long time did the white-browed waves bear up Erilda: in her last moments, she beheld the pale spectre of Sir Rhyswick, who advanced upon the rolling waters, that seemed to shrink from his feet, placing his fore-finger to the deep wound in his breast. More dreadful were her screams—and billow succeeding billow, bore her near the shore. Struggling for life, she clung to a loose rock to save herself, which yielding to her grasp, came rolling down, and crashed her to pieces.

The hermit paused.—

Since then has Rhuddlan’s castle been the seat of anarchy.—Monarchs, indeed, have made it their residence; but, each night, Erilda’s screams are heard, and the Warrior of the Blood-red Plume is seen pursuing her through the ruined courts.

Such is the tale of Rhuddlan’s ruined towers. Pilgrim, go thy way, stop not within its blasted walls, foul fiends ride upon the misty air, and the demons of the angry Clwyd claim it as their right.

THE WIZARD'S REVENGE!

An Irish Tradition.

" On Lough Neagh's bank, as the fisherman strays,
When the clear cold eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the wave beneath him shining!—"

IRISH MELODIES.

ACCORDING to ancient tradition there was, some centuries ago, a large and populous town near Carrickfergus in the north of Ireland.—Towards the decline of a day in autumn, as the nobles and other inhabitants of this town were indulging themselves with music and dancing, on the eve of a festival, an old man, habited in a long dark cloak, and seemingly bent with fatigue, made his appearance among them, and requested refreshments and shelter for the night. The manner in which the traveller sought the kindness of strangers was ill calculated to produce the effects he desired, for the tones of the mendicant were strangely mingled with a voice of command, and the piercing grey eyes that sparkled beneath his white and overhanging eyebrows, were fitfully illumined with a wild and fearful brilliancy. The people gazed at him for a moment, and then, averse to his aspect, closed their hearth and door to his importunity. For some time the old man vainly wandered from gate to gate in search of hospitality, till at length, in the market-place, a person besought him to put up with the accommodation of his humble abode. The pilgrim stopped, and, turning round, beheld the towers and steeples and houses of the town glittering like gold in the rich radiance of a setting sun. A withering expression of revenge darkened his eye, as, smiling bitterly upon the scene, he stretched forth his hands, and said, "The curse of an outcast and wanderer light upon you, proud city; and bright as thy turrets are now, they shine for the last time in the sunburst of day, for the morning will come and find thee fled as a dream from the brain of the sleeper." The young man

started at the stern malediction of the mendicant, and the deep shadowing of his brow; but time for reflection was not given him, for the evening was drawing on, and the stranger accepting his offer, prepared to follow him to his house. After passing through two or three long streets, the guide, whose name was O'Halloran, struck into a narrow lane, and stopping before the gate of a mean habitation, he lifted the latch, and invited the old man to enter.

The room he led his guest into, corresponded with the exterior of the house, and was occupied by an old woman whose years appeared not to have diminished the natural gaiety of her heart, and a young woman, who was seated spinning in a corner, and blithely singing as the merry wheel went round: the latter was a rosy-cheeked daughter of Erin; her hair was chestnut brown, and her eyes dark, blue, and brilliant, sparkled from beneath her bright and curling tresses, as she raised them on the entrance of her husband, who announced the traveller he had invited. In a moment the distaff was thrown by, and the board was spread with the best that the humble dwelling produced; while the old man, having been disencumbered by O'Halloran of his cloak and cap, sat down with an urbanity of countenance that curiously contrasted with the almost supernatural expression of malice which had, a few minutes before, risen like a fire-flash on his features. After supper, O'Halloran brought a harp, one of which was then to be found in every house in Ireland, and placing it before his guest, waited in expectation of his playing. The stranger drew it on his knee, and, as

his fingers wandered among the strings, he sung, in a low but energetic tone, the following verses :—

The sun-light is streaming,
Oh, Lorn! on thy tow'ra,
And soft music is sounding
Within thy green bow'is;

Thy chaplets are woven,
Thy gems are display'd,
And for tilt and for tourney
Thy youths are array'd;

But ere the next sun-beam
Shall spring to the wave,
All—all will be hush'd
In the calm of the grave;—

And the frast and the galliard
And song will be o'er;
And the bright eyes of beauty
Shall kindle no more.

Oh! roses will wither
Where lightly they fall,
Yet more swiftly will vanish
Knight, Lady, and all.

Still breathe on in murmurs
The soul of thy joy,
For no thought of the morrow
Must rapture destroy.

Then speed to the banquet
In castle and hall,
For the night-star that's coming
Shall witness thy fall.

The minstrel repeated in a deepened cadence,—

For the night-star that's coming
Shall witness thy fall.

And O'Halloran felt an emotion of dread steal over him as he gazed upon the mysterious being, and remembered the bitter curse he had, in the market-place, bestowed upon the town. The wanderer disregarded his agitation, and shortly after complaining of fatigue, retired to the chamber set apart for his repose. When the stranger had withdrawn, O'Halloran and his wife and mother drew round the fire, and the singularity of their guest gave rise to many observations, which at length induced O'Halloran to impart to his wondering auditors the circumstance of the traveller's rejection by the neighbours, and the fearful rage he had expressed on the occasion. The old woman's vivacity forsook her, and the gentle Kathleen crossed herself repeatedly, as she sat in awful expectation of the issue.

The moments were wearing on, when suddenly the old woman cried out, that the apartment was sinking. O'Halloran started on his feet,—it was a fact: the hearth had already given some inches,

and the pure water was welling up in the interstices, while black and silvery eels coiled upon the stones. A shriek of dismay burst from the lips of all present, and at that instant the door was thrown open, and the old man appeared before them: his aspect was as that of a demon, and his eyes shone with exultation. "Fly!" cried he, "fly from the destruction ye have not merited! Rise, and follow me, and while time is left ye, seek safety on the mountains." Saying this, he hurried them, without further speaking, to the door. O'Halloran supported his trembling wife and mother in their forced progress through the streets, which were now above ankle deep in water. Every minute it rose higher and higher. "Hurry, hurry!" exclaimed the old man, "or the hour of favour will be past." He was leading to the outskirts of the town, when O'Halloran's mother, shrinking from the reptiles that came in contact with her feet, declared she could proceed no further: his wife hung heavily upon his arm, and the stranger's intricate windings through the town were now difficult to follow, but delay was not to be thought of; the water was rising in every part, and the newt and the eel, and slippery eel, were meandering on the pavement. "For the sake of mercy bear up awhile," said O'Halloran, "and we may yet reach a shelter." He doubled the support of his arm, and the party, renewing their exertions, in a short time gained the steep ascent of a mountain, which raised its stupendous height above the steeples of the town. The old man halted not; but with an agility that was surprising, commenced to tread the mazes of the hill, ever and anon turning his head, and urging his companions to speed. The night was calm and clear, and the heavens were of a deep blue, studded with a myriad of stars, that seemed as innumerable lamps of silver burning and brightening in the sky. In the distance, on the skirts of the horizon, was traced, amidst the density of the surrounding clouds, many a gleam of pale and visionary hue;

and against these rose the far-off hills, and the large black masses of the town, in which now all noise, all light, all revelry, were fast sinking into that still, still gloom and quiet, which proclaims the interval of repose. The shades of night hung upon every object, and the breezes that came from the shores of the ocean, swept chillingly round the steep, and to a fanciful ear might have appeared to wail and lament for the approaching work of desolation. At length, when O'Halloran and his weeping family were seated on a projection of the eminence, they ventured to look down on the houses beneath them: one by one the tapers had been extinguished, and the tones of the lute, and the wild and joyous carrol, were hushed. All lay in one dark and heavy mass of obscurity, and the sleep of the grave seemed to rest on the inhabitants. O'Halloran cast his eye around, and beheld the fatal guest whom he had harboured, standing on the very summit of the mountain: his cap had fallen off, and his cloak and loose hair streamed wildly on the breeze; his hands were stretched forth, and his eyes, beaming with more than mortal brilliancy, were fixed on the planets which were silently rolling in the canopy above. Again O'Halloran bent his glances upon the town, and far and wide as he could see, water was welling and welling as though the springs of the earth had broken loose. Suddenly the stillness was dissolved; the bands of sleep burst asunder; the bells rung violently, and lights were seen flashing to and fro, in house and castle, and from room to room. Dreadful was the scene that now presented itself to the senses of the appalled family on the hill: the houses were sinking rapidly, and the water was level with the windows on the second stories: the upper casements were dashed open, and knight and lady and bondsman issued forth on the tops of the houses, and tossed their arms in harrowing despair, as they beheld retreat cut off on every side. Lower and still lower sunk the dwellings, till

the waters were even as high as the roofs, and then hundreds flung selves into the stream, and, striven with their fate, vainly endeavored to make towards the land. In one a father, encircled by his children, buffeting the tide, and in another husband sustaining his wife, tried to her from the danger that surrounded them. But that was indeed vain! power that invoked their destruction defeated their exertions; and ever sweet tie of kindred was swept in inevitable ruin. Groan and lamentation, intermingled with sobs and fearful oaths, arose from the O'Halloran's brain felt as if, spir round; he shut his eyes, and pressed his hands tightly on his ears, to shut out that sight of woe,—that shattering bewildering despair: it sounded on the breezes of night, and then he sunk into stillness, broken only at intervals by a faint splash in the water, as a hand or arm rose to the surface, waving for a moment, and then sunk heavy in the stream. After the lapse of a time, O'Halloran and his wife and daughter again ventured to gaze upon the scene! All—all was gone! and the town had reflected the beams of the last setting sun, a dark, deep lake now stretching its sullen waters! silvery streaks of light in the heavens betokened the dawning of morning, and as the thick clouds of night rolled into the west, the distant mountains were illumined by the first early rays of the day. O'Halloran looked round on the stranger whose terrible endowment had called down the ruin; but he was gone, and the breeze only waved the reeds where he had stood. A ejaculation broke from the lips of O'Halloran, and he prayed with a fervor and ardent and burning intensity for the souls of the deceased. When he concluded, he rose from his knees, taking the hands of his companions, and turned his steps far from that scene of destruction which, to this day, is known by the name of LOUGHMORN.

E.



THE NYMPH OF THE FOUNTAIN;

OR,

THE MUSK BALL.

—
from the German of Musaus.
 —

At the distance of three miles from the town of Swabia, there was situated a freebooter's hold: it was occupied by a valiant knight, named Siegfried. He was the flower of the free-errantry, the scourge of the remote towns, and the terror of all merchants and carriers, who ventured on the high roads, without purchasing his protection. The moment his vizor was raised, his cuirass fixed, his sword at his loins, and his golden spurs at his heels, his heart was steeled for bloodshed. In conformity with the prejudices of the age, he was accustomed to pillage and plunder among the privileged of the nobles, so he fell, from time to time, by mercy, upon the defenceless and country people; and being

himself muscular and stout, he acknowledged no law but the right of the stronger. At the alarm, "Siegfried is abroad! Siegfried is at hand!" all Swabia was seized with consternation; the peasants flocked into the fortified towns, and the watchmen upon the towers blew their horns aloud, to give warning of the danger.

But at home, when he had doffed his armour, this dread freebooter became gentle as a lamb, hospitable as an Arab, the kindest of masters, and the fondest of husbands. His wife was a soft, amiable lady, a perfect pattern of virtue and good conduct. She loved her husband with the most inviolable attachment, and superintended her household with unremitting diligence. When Siegfried sallied forth in quest of adventures, it

was not her custom to sit at the lattice, looking out for admirers, but she set her hand to the wheel, and drew out the flax to a thread so fine, that Arachne herself, the Lydian spinstress, need not have been ashamed to own it. She had brought her husband two daughters, whom she assiduously instructed in the lessons of piety and virtue. In her monastic retirement nothing disturbed her peace of mind, except the unjust means by which her husband acquired his wealth. In her heart she abhorred this privilege of robbery, and she received no satisfaction from his presents of costly stuffs, interwoven with gold and silver. "Of what use is all this to me, bedewed as it is with the tears of the wronged?" would she say to herself, as she threw it into her coffer, where it was suffered to lie without further notice. She found some relief to these melancholy reflections in administering consolation to the captives, who had fallen into Siegfried's clutches: and numbers from time to time were released in consequence of her mediation; and she never failed to furnish them privately with a small sum to bear their expenses home.

At the foot of the eminence on which the castle was seated, a plentiful spring arose within a kind of natural grotto, and immediately concealed itself among the tangled thickets. The fountain-head, according to tradition, was inhabited by a nymph of the family of the Naiads, though, instead of that sort of Grecian appellation, she passed here under the name of the Nicksy. If report spoke true, she had sometimes been seen, on the eve of important occurrences, in the castle. Whenever, during her husband's absence, the noble lady wanted to breathe the fresh air beyond the gloomy walls of the mansion, or stole out to exercise her charity in secret, it was her custom to repair to this fountain. This spot was her favourite retreat. At the grotto she appointed to meet the poor, whom the porter had refused admittance; and here she not

only distributed among them the contents of her table on set days, but made them considerable present money.

Once, when Siegfried had forth with his troop, to waylay the chants coming from Augspurg farried abroad beyond the time fixed for his return. His affectionate lady, alarmed at the unprecedented lay, apprehended nothing less than he had been slain in the rencount at least had fallen into the enemy's hand. Hope and fear wrestled in her bosom for several days. She often called out to the dwarf that watched upon the battlements: "Lo! Haniel, towards the wood, and see makes such a rustling among the trees—Hark! I hear a trampling of boots in the valley!—What means yonder din of dust?—Dost thou copy thy hastening horse?" Haniel never replied, "There is nothing stirring in the wood—I hear no trampling of boots in the valley—I see no clouds of dust rising—there is no nodding of pines afar off." She repeated these inquiries incessantly, till the evening stars began to twinkle, and the full moon appeared over the eastern hills. Being not able to endure her apartment, she drew her cloak over her shoulders, and went out at the private door towards the grove of beeches, that she might pursue her melancholy ideas without interruption beside her favourite fountain. Here she was dissolved in tears, and her sighs harmonized with the melting music of the rivulet, as it lost itself among the thick grass.

As she approached the grotto, she seemed as if an airy phantom had just within the entrance; but she was too deeply absorbed in sorrow to pay much attention to the vision; a transitory idea, that it was some ill omen of the moon-light, passed half unconceived across her imagination. In the nearer approach a figure in white was distinctly seen to move, and to beckon her into the grove. An involun-

fell upon the mournful lady, but did not fly back; she only stopped to take a more distinct view. The fact concerning the inhabitant of the grotto, that circulated in the neighbourhood, had not failed to reach her ears, and she now recognized the phantom form for the nymph of the fountain. She concluded that the apparition denoted some important family event; and her husband being uppermost in her thoughts, she instantly began to tear her locks, and set up a loud lamentation. "Alas, unhappy day! Ah, Siegfried, thou art no more!—I am left alone, thou art cold and stiff!—Thou hast made me a widow, and thy children are become orphans!" While she lamented in this manner, raising her hands and beating her bosom, a gentle voice was heard to proceed from the grotto: "Be not afflicted, Matilda; I do not come to announce bad news: approach without fear; I am a friend that wishes to converse with thee." The appearance and address of the Naiad were so little alarming, that the noble lady did not hesitate to comply with the invitation. As she stepped into the grotto, the inhabitant took her gently by the hand, kissed her forehead, and drew herself close beside her, and said: "Welcome to my habitation, my dear mortal, whose heart is pure as the water of my fountain: therefore the beneficent powers are all propitious to thee. As for me, the only favour I can bestow upon thee is to disclose the fortunes of thy life. Thy husband is safe: ere morning cock crows thou shalt find him in thy arms. Do not be apprehensive of mourning for thy husband, for the ring of thy life shall be dried up before this. But thou must first bear a daughter ere an eventful hour. The balance of thy fate is equally poised between happiness and misery. The stars are not propitious, but an unfriendly gleam seems to rob her of a mother's foster-care."

A tender-hearted Matilda was greatly affected, when she heard that her

daughter was to become an infant orphan. She was unable to suppress her maternal tears. The Naiad, deeply touched by her sorrow, endeavoured to compose her mind: "Be not afflicted beyond measure; when thou art no longer able to tend thy infant, I will myself discharge a mother's office, on condition, however, that I am chosen for one of her god-mothers, that I may have some interest in the babe. Be careful at the same time that the child, provided thou wilt entrust her to me, bring me back safe the baptismal gift which I shall leave with her." This was no offer to be rejected: to ratify the treaty, the Naiad took a smooth pebble out of the rivulet, and gave it to Matilda; charging her, at the proper season, to send one of her damsels to throw it into the fountain-head, when she would consider it as a summons to attend the ceremony. The matron promised that her injunction should be punctually observed, laid all these things up in her heart, and returned to the castle. Her Naiad patroness stepped into the water, and vanished.

Not long afterwards the dwarf blew a merry blast with his horn from the watchtower; and Siegfried, with his horsemen and a rich booty, entered the court-yard. Before a year had expired, the virtuous lady communicated to her lord a discovery, which raised in his mind the pleasing expectation of the arrival of an heir male. It cost Matilda much reflection, before she could contrive how to manage about the Nymph of the Fountain, for many reasons restrained her from communicating the adventure at the grove to her husband. About the same time it happened that Siegfried received a message of mortal defiance from a knight whom he had offended at a feast. He lost no time in equipping himself and his squires, and when, according to his custom, he came to bid his wife farewell, just before he mounted, she eagerly inquired into the nature of his design; and when, instead of satisfying her, he affectionately

reproved her for her unusual and ill-timed curiosity, she covered her face and wept bitterly. Her tears melted the knight's generous heart; nevertheless he tore himself away, and, without shewing any signs of sympathy, rode briskly to the place of rendezvous, where, after a severe conflict, he dismounted his adversary, and returned in triumph.

His faithful spouse received him with open arms: and by endearing conversation, and all the artillery of female address, strove to extort a communication of his late adventure. But he constantly barricaded every avenue to his heart by the bolt of insensibility, and all her artifices were unavailing. Finding that she still persisted in her purpose, he endeavoured to abash her by raillery;—"Good grandmother Eve, thy daughters have not degenerated: prying curiosity has continued to be the portion of woman to the present day; not one but would have longed for the forbidden fruit." "I beg your pardon, my dear husband," replied the artful dame; "you are too partial to the ladies; there is not a man existing who has not received his lawful portion of mother Eve's inheritance; the whole difference consists in this, the loving wife neither has, nor is permitted to have a secret from her husband. Could I find it in my heart to conceal any thing from you, I would risque a great wager that you would never be at rest till you had drawn the secret from me." "And I assure you, upon my honour," replied he, "that your secret would never give me a moment's uneasiness—nay, you may make the trial, I give you my full consent." This was just the point to which Matilda desired to bring her husband: "Well then," said she, "you know, my dear, that my time is fast approaching. You shall allow me to choose one of the godmothers. I design this office for a dear friend, whom I have locked up in my heart, but with whom you are altogether unacquainted. I only desire that you will never press me to tell who she is, whence she comes,

nor where she lives. If you promise this, and keep steady to the obligation I will consent to lose the wager, and willingly own that the firmness of imperial man has a right to triumph over the frailty of our sex." Siegfried, without scruple, engaged his honour to forbear all enquiry; and Matilda secretly rejoiced at the success of her stratagem.

In a few weeks she presented her husband with a daughter. The father would much rather have taken a boy into his arms; he nevertheless rode about in high spirits to invite his friends and neighbours to the christening. They all appeared on the appointed day; and when the lady heard the rolling of carriages, the neighing of horses and the hum of a large company, she called to her one of her trusty maids and charged her, "Take this pebble, go and throw it behind you, without saying a word, into the fountain in the grotto: be careful to do exactly as I have directed you." The maid punctually obeyed the injunction; and before she returned, an unknown lady stepped into the apartment where the company was assembled, and made her obeisance very gracefully to the knight and dames. When the child was brought out, and the priest had gone up to the font, the highest place fell to the stranger, every one respectfully making way for her. Her beauty, and the gracefulness of her demeanour attracted every eye; and above all the splendour of her dress, which consisted of a flowing gown of azure blue silk, with collar turned up with white satin; she was moreover, as heavily laden with pearls and jewels as my Lady of Loretto on her feast-day. A brilliant sapphire fixed her transparent veil, which flowed in easy folds from the crown of the head over her shoulders, down to her heels and the tip of the veil was dripping wet as if it had been drawn through water.

The unknown lady, by her unexpected appearance, had so disarranged the groupe, that they forgot to ask for instructions about the child's name

iest christened it Matilda, after
r. After the ceremony, little
was carried back to her mother,
adies followed in order to con-
the new-made mother, and
pon their god-daughter the ac-
l baptismal boon. At sight of
ger Matilda betrayed some

She probably felt a mixture
re and surprise, at the punc-
ewn by the Naiad in the per-
of her engagement. She cast
glance at her husband, who
y a smile, which none of the
rs could decypher, and after-
fected to take no notice of the

The presents now engaged
mother's attention: a shower of
poured upon the nursling from
al hands of its sponsors. Last
e unknown lady came forward
boon, and much disappointed
ctations of her associates. They
or a present of inestimable value
splendid a personage, especially
y saw her produce, and unfold
at care and method, a silk case,
as it turned out, contained not
t a musk-ball, and that not the
drug, but an imitation, turned
ood.—This she laid very grave-
the cradle, and gave the mother
y kiss upon the forehead, and
tited the apartment.

ltry a present occasioned a loud
through the room, and a laugh
succeeded. Several shrewd
and sly allusions—for the festi-
christening has in all ages been
ble for its effect in brightening
—entertained the guests at the
of the fair stranger. But, as
ght and his lady observed a
us silence upon the subject,
curious and voluble were ob-
rest satisfied with distant con-

No more was seen of the
nor could any one tell which
had vanished. Siegfried was
ormented to know who the lady
dripping veil, for so, for want
er name, was she entitled, might

be. His tongue, however, was bound
by the dread of falling into a woman's
weakness, and by the inviolable sancti-
ty of his knightly word. Nevertheless,
in the moment of matrimonial confi-
dence, the question, "Tell me now,
my dear, who was the lady with the
dripping veil," often was ready to bolt.
He expected one day or other a full
gratification of his curiosity by dint of
cunning or caresses, firmly relying on
that property of the female heart, in
consequence of which it is as little able
to keep a secret as a sieve of holding
water. For this time, however, he was
mistaken in his calculation. Matilda
kept the bridle on her tongue, and laid
up the riddle in her heart with no less
care than the musk-ball in her casket of
jewels.

Ere the infant had outgrown the
leading-strings, the nymph's prophecy
respecting her affectionate mother was
fulfilled; she was taken ill, and died so
suddenly, that she had not even time to
think of the musk-ball, much less could
she dispose of it for the advantage of
little Matilda, according to the directions
of her patroness. Siegfried was unfor-
tunately absent at a tournament at Augs-
purg, and was on his way homeward as
this melancholy event happened, with
his heart bounding for joy, on account
of a prize he had received from the
hands of the Emperor Frederick himself.
As soon as the dwarf on the watch-
tower was aware of his lord's approach,
he blew his horn, as usual, to announce
his arrival to the people in the castle;
but he did not blow a cheerful note, as
on former occasions. The mournful
blast smote the knight's heart sore, and
raised up sad apprehensions in his
breast: "Alas! he cries, "do you hear
those doleful sounds? it is more un-
grateful to my ears than the screech-
owl's screaming. Hansel proclaims no-
thing good: I fear it is a death's blast."
The squires were all dumb with appre-
hension. they looked their master sor-
rowfully in the face; at last one took up
the word, and spake, "There goes a

single raven croaking to our left hand—Heaven defend us ! for I am afraid there is a corpse in the house.” The knight upon this clapped spurs to his horse, and galloped over the heath till the sparks flew amain. The drawbridge fell ; he cast an eager look into the court-yard, where he beheld the symbol of a dead body set out before the door ; it consisted of a lantern crowned with a flag of crape, and with a light ; moreover all the window-shutters were closed. At the same instant he heard the lamentation of the household, for they had just placed Matilda’s coffin on the bier. At the head sate the two elder daughters, all covered with crape and frize. They were silently shedding showers of tears over their departed mother. The youngest was seated at the foot ; she was as yet incapable of feeling her loss, and so she was employed in stripping, with childish unconcern, the flowers that were strewed over the dead body. This melancholy spectacle was too much for Siegfried’s firmness : he began to sob and lament aloud, fell upon the ice-cold corpse, bedewed the wan cheeks with his tears, pressed with his quivering lips against the pale mouth, and gave himself up, without reserve, to the bitterness of sorrow. Having laid up his armour in the armoury, he drew his hat deep over his eyes, put on a black mourning cloak, and took his place beside the bier, brooding over his affliction ; and at length conferred on his deceased wife the last honours of a solemn funeral.

It has been remarked by a certain great wit, that the most violent feelings are always the shortest in their duration. Accordingly the knight, bowed as he had been to the ground, felt the load of sorrow grow lighter by degrees, and in a short time entertained serious thoughts of repairing his loss by a second wife. The lot of his choice fell upon a brisk young damsel, the very antitype of the gentle Matilda. The household of course soon put on a different form. The new lady delighted in pomp and parade ; her extravagance knew no bounds, and she

comported herself haughtily towards the domestics ; she held banquets and carousals without number ; her fruitfulness peopled the house with a numerous progeny. The daughters of the first marriage were disregarded, and they very soon were put out of sight and out of mind. The two elder sisters were placed in a religious establishment in Germany. Little Matilda was banished to a remote corner of the house, and placed under the superintendence of a nurse, that she might no more intrude upon her step-mother’s notice. As this vain woman was utterly averse to all household affairs, her want of economy rose to such a pitch, that the revenues arising from club-law were inadequate to the expenses, although the knight stretched his privilege to the utmost. My lady found herself frequently under the necessity of despoiling the repositories of her predecessor. She was obliged to barter away the rich stuffs, or surrender them on pawn to the Jews. Happening one day to be in great household distress, she rummaged every drawer and cabinet for valuables ; in her search, she stumbled upon a private compartment in the old escrutoire, and, to her great joy, among other articles, fell upon Matilda’s casket of jewels. Her greedy eye devoured the sparkling diamond rings, the ear-pendants, bracelets, necklaces, lockets, and the whole trinkets besides. She took an accurate inventory of the whole stock, examined article by article, and calculated in idea, how much this glorious windfall would produce. Among other rarities she was aware of the wooden musk-ball ; she tried to unscrew it, but it was swelled by the damp. She then poised it on her hand, but finding it as light as a hollow nut, she concluded it was an empty ring-case, and tossed it as if worthless lumber out at the window.

Little Matilda happened to be playing on the grass-plot immediately below. Seeing a round body roll along the turf, she grasped with a child’s eagerness at the new plaything ; nor was she a whit

is delighted at this, than her mother-law at the other prize. It afforded her amusement for several days; she was so fond of it, that she would not part with it out of her own hands. One sultry summer's noon, the nurse carried her charge to the grotto for coolness; the child, after a while, asked for her afternoon's cake; but the nurse had forgotten to bring it, and did not chuse to be at the trouble of going back quite to the house: so, to keep the little one quiet, she went among the bushes to pick a handful of blackberries. The child meanwhile played with the musk-ball, rolling it before her and running after it: once she rolled it a little too far, and the child's joy, in the strictest sense, tumbled into the water. Immediately a female, fresh as the morning, beautiful as an angel, and smiling like one of the Graces, appeared in view. The child started, for at first she supposed it was her step-mother, in whose way she never came without a beating or a scolding. But the Nymph accosted her in the most engaging terms: "Be not afraid, my little dear, I am thy godmamma: come home: look, here is thy plaything that fell into the water." The sight of this attracted the child towards her: the Nymph took her up in her arms, pressed her gently to her bosom, kissed her affectionately, and bedewed her face with tears. "Poor little orphan," said she, "I have promised to be instead of a mother to thee, and I will keep my word. Come often here to see me. Thou wilt always find me in this grotto upon throwing a pebble into the fountain-head. Keep thy musk-ball with the utmost care: be sure, never play with it any more, lest thou lose it; for some time or other, it will fulfil three of thy wishes. When thou art grown a little older, I will tell thee more. At present thou wouldst not understand me." She gave her much good advice besides, suitable to her tender age, and, above all things, enjoined her silence. Soon afterwards the nurse returned, and the nymph was gone.

Matilda was a sensible, intelligent child; and she had reflection enough to hold her tongue on the subject of godmamma Nicksy. At her return to the castle, she asked for needle and thread, which she used for the purpose of sewing the musk-ball in the lower tuck of her frock. All her thoughts are now turned towards the fountain. Whenever the weather permitted, she proposed a walk there: her superintendant could deny nothing to the coaxing little maid; and, as she seemed to inherit this predilection, the grotto having always been the favourite retreat of her mother, she gratified her wishes so much the more cheerfully. Matilda always contrived some pretext for sending away the nurse; no sooner was her back fairly turned, than dash dropped a pebble into the spring, which instantly procured her the company of her indulgent godmother. In a few revolutions of the year, the little orphan attained the age of puberty: her charms disclosed themselves as the bud of a rose opens its hundred leaves, opens in modest dignity amid the many-coloured race of vulgar flowers. She blossomed indeed but in the kitchen-garden; for she lived unnoticed among the servants. She was never suffered to appear at her mother's voluptuous banquets, but was confined to her chamber, where she employed herself in needle-work; and at the close of the day found, in the society of the Nymph of the Fountain, ample compensation for the noisy pleasures of which she was deprived. The Naiad was not only her companion and confidante, but likewise her instructress in every female accomplishment; and she was studious to form her exactly after the pattern of her virtuous mother.

One day the Nymph redoubled her tenderness: she clasped the charming Matilda in her arms, reclined her head upon her shoulder, and displayed so much melancholy fondness, that the young lady could not refrain from letting fall some sympathising tears upon her hand, as she pressed it in silence against her

lips. The Naiad appeared still more afflicted at this correspondence of feeling; "Alas! my child," said she, in a mournful voice, "thou weepest, and knowest not wherefore; but thy tears are ominous of thy fate. A sad revolution awaits yon fortress upon the hill. Ere the mower whets his scythe, or the west wind whistles over the stubble of the wheat field, all shall be desolate and forlorn. When the maidens of the castle go forth, at the hour of twilight, to fetch water from my spring, and return with empty pitchers, then remember that the calamity is at hand. Preserve carefully the musk-ball, which will fulfil three of thy wishes, but do not squander away this privilege heedlessly. Fare thee well; we meet no more at this spot." She then instructed her ward in another magic property of the ball, which might be serviceable in time of need. At length her tears and sobs stifled her voice, and she was no more seen. One evening, about the season of corn harvest, the maids that went out for water returned pale and affrighted, with their pitchers empty; their teeth chattered, and every limb quivered as if they were shaken by the shivering fit of an ague. "The lady in white," they reported, "is sitting beside the well, uttering deep sighs, and wringing her hands in great affliction." Of this evil omen most of the squires armour-bearers made mock, declaring it to be all illusion and women's prate. Curiosity, however, carried several out to examine whether the report was true or false. They saw the same apparition; nevertheless they mustered up courage to approach the fountain, but as they came near the phantom was gone. Many interpretations were attempted, but no one fell upon the true import of the sign; Matilda alone was privy to it; but she held her peace, in compliance with the strenuous injunction of the Naiad. She repaired, dejected, to her chamber, where she sate alone, in fearful expectation of the things that were to come to pass.

Siegfried of Blackpool had degenerated by this time into a mere womanizer: he could never satisfy his spendthrift wife with enough of robbery and plunder. When he was not abroad waylaying travellers, she prepared a feast, invited a number of bacchanalian comrades, and kept him in a continued fit of intoxication, that he might not perceive the decay of his household. When there was a want of money or provisions, Jacob Fugger's broad-wheeled waggon or the rich bales of the Venetians, afforded a never failing resource. Outraged at these continual depredations the general congress of the Swabian alliance determined upon Siegfried's destruction, since remonstrances and admonitions were of no avail. Before he would believe they were in right earnest the banners of the confederates were displayed before his castle-gate, and nothing was left him but the resolution to sell his life as dear as possible. The guns shattered the bastions: on both sides the cross-bowmen did their utmost; it hailed bolts and arrows: a shaft, discharged in a luckless moment, while Siegfried's protecting angel had stepped aside, pierced his vizor, and lodged deep in his brain. Great dismay fell upon his party at the loss of their undaunted leader: the cowardly hoisted a white flag; the courageous tore it down again from the tower: the enemy, concluding from these appearances, that disco and confusion prevailed within the fortress, seized the opportunity for making an assault; they clambered over the wall, carried the gates, let down the drawbridge, and smote every living thing that came in the way with the edge of their sword: they did not spare even the extravagant wife, the author of the calamity, nor her helpless children, if the allies were as much exasperated against the freebooting nobility, as the French mob against their feudal seigneurs, since the fall of despotism. The castle was ransacked, then set on fire and levelled with the ground, so that not one stone was left on another.

During the alarm of the siege, Matilda barricaded the door of her apartment in the best manner she was able, and took post at her little window in the roof of her house; and having observed the issue of the affair from this advantageous station, and finding that bolts and bars were not likely to afford her any farther security, she put on her veil, and then turned her musk-ball thrice round, at the same time repeating the words her friend the Naiad had taught her :

Behind me, night, I fore me, day,
That none behold my secret way.

She now came down stairs in perfect confidence, and passed unperceived through the confusion of slaughter. She did not quit her paternal residence without deep sorrow of heart, which was much aggravated by her being utterly at a loss which was to take. She hastened from the scene of carnage and desolation, till her delicate feet absolutely refused to serve her any longer. The falling of night, together with extreme weariness, constrained her to take up her lodging at the foot of an oak, in the open fields. As soon as she had seated herself on the cold turf, her tears began to flow, and she made no attempt to restrain them. She turned aside her head to take a farewell view, and to breathe her last blessing on the place where she had passed the years of her childhood. As she lifted her eyes, behold the sky appeared all blood-red : from this sign she concluded that the residence of her forefathers had become a prey to the flames. She turned away her face from this horrid spectacle, heartily wishing for the hour when the sparkling stars should grow dim, and the dawn peep from the east. Ere the morning dew had settled in big round tears on the grass, she proceeded on her wandering pilgrimage. She arrived betimes at her village, where a compassionate housewife took her in, and recruited her strength with a slice of bread and a bowl of milk. With this woman she bartered her clothes in exchange for meaner apparel, and then

joined a company of carriers on their way to Augspurg. In her forlorn situation, she had no other resource than to seek a place in some family : but, as it was not the season for hiring servants, it was a long time before she could find employment.

Count Conrad of Swabeck, a knight of the order of knights templars, chancellor and champion of the diocese of Augspurg, had a palace in that city, where he usually resided in winter. During his absence Gertrude, the housekeeper, bore sovereign sway in the mansion. Gertrude, like many other worthy persons of her sex and calling, had engrafted the failing of an inexorable scold upon the virtue of unremitting industry. Her failing was so much more notorious throughout the city, than her virtue, that few servants offered their services, and none had been able to stay out their time with her. She raised such an alarm, wherever she moved, that the maids dreaded the rattling of her keys as much as children do hobgoblins. Saucepans and heads suffered alike for her ill-humours ; when no projectiles were within reach, she would wield her bunch of keys in her brawny arm, and beat the sides and shoulders of her subalterns black and blue. Every description of an ill-conditioned woman was summed up with, " in short, she is as bad as Gertrude, the Count's housekeeper." One day she had administered her office of correction so rigorously, that all the household decamped with one consent : it was at this conjuncture that the gentle Matilda approached to offer her services. But she had taken care to conceal her elegant shape, by fastening a large lump on her left shoulder, as if she had been crooked ; her beautiful auburn hair was covered with a large coarse cap ; and she had anointed her face and hands, in imitation of the gypsies, with juice of walnut husks. Mother Gertrude, who, on hearing the bell ring, poked her head out at the window, was no sooner aware of the singular figure at the door, than she exclaimed, in her shrill tone, " Go,

get about your business, hussy : there is nothing for great idle girls, like you, here ; such sluts should be in the house of correction !" After this salutation she hastily shut the window. Matilda was not to be so easily repulsed. She rang till the Megara's head was a second time protruded from the casement, for the purpose of retorting upon this insolence of perseverance a torrent of abuse. But before she could unfold her toothless jaws, the young lady had declared her business.—"Who art thou?" demanded the head from above, "Whence dost thou come ? And what canst thou do ?"—The supposititious gypsy answered :

"I am an orphan, Matilda by name :
I'm a stout girl and nimble,
Can manage the thimble;
Can spin, card, and knit,
And handle the spit ;
I can stew, bake, and brew ;
Am honest and true,
And here to serve you."

The housekeeper, softened by the whimsical recitative of all these important qualifications, opened her door to the nut brown virgin, and gave her a shilling in earnest, as kitchen-maid. The new hireling plied her business so diligently, that Gertrude, for want of practice, lost her dexterity at hurling saucepans at a mark. She still, however, retained her morose and querulous humour ; and was sure to find fault with every thing. Nevertheless her subaltern, by avoiding all contradiction, by gentleness and patience, saved herself many effusions of ill-humour.

About the falling of the first snow, the housekeeper had the whole mansion swept and scoured, the cobwebs brushed, the windows washed, the floors sanded, the shutters opened, and every thing put in readiness for the reception of her lord, who soon afterwards made his appearance, followed by a long train of servants, a troop of horses, and a loud cry of hounds. The arrival of the Templar raised little curiosity in Matilda ; her work in the kitchen had grown so upon her hands, that she had not a moment to gape after him. One morn-

ing, as she was drawing water at the well, he accidentally passed by her and his appearance kindled sensation in her bosom to which it had hitherto been an entire stranger. She beheld a young man, whose beauty exceeded the fairest of her dreams. The sparkling of his eye, the good-humour that lightened up his features, his flowing hair, half concealed by the plumes that overshadowed his soldier's hat, his firm step and the grace of his whole demeanour acted so powerfully on her heart, that the blood moved with increasing velocity along her veins. She now, for the first time, felt the degraded station to which an untoward fate had reduced her, and this sentiment was a heavier load than the large pitcher. She returned deeply musing to the kitchen, and, for the first time since she had begun to exercise her culinary functions, oversalted all the soup, an oversight which drew down upon her a severe reprimand from the housekeeper. The handsome knight hovered before her imagination day and night : she was continually longing to see him ; and whenever she heard the sound of his spurs, as he crossed the court-yard, she was sure to discover want of water in the kitchen, and reach with the pitcher in her hand to the well, though the stately cavalier never once condescended to bestow a glance upon her.

Count Conrad seemed to exist merely for the purpose of pleasure. He attended every banquet and rejoicing in the city, which, from its commerce with the Venetians, was become rich and luxurious. One day there was a tilting match at the ring : the next a tournament ; the third a mayor's feast. There was there any scarcity of dances at the town-hall, and in every street. Here the noblemen toyed and frolicked with the citizens' daughters ; occasional presenting them with gold rings and silken stuffs. By carnival-time this tumult of dissipation had arisen to its highest pitch, but Matilda had no share in the festivity : she sate all day in the

smoky kitchen, and wept till her pining eyes became sore, constantly bewailing the caprice of fortune, which heaps a profusion of the joy of life over her favourites, while from others she greedily snatches every instant of cheerfulness. Her heart was heavy, she knew not why; for she had no suspicion that love had taken up his abode there. This restless inmate, who throws every house where he lodges into confusion, whispered every day a thousand romantic schemes into her head, and every night busied her fancy with bewitching dreams. She was now walking arm in arm with the Templar in a delicious garden: now she was immured in the sanctuary of the cloister; the Count was standing at the grate, longing to converse with her, but the strict abbess would not grant permission: sometimes he was leading her out to open a festive dance. These enchanting dreams were very often suddenly cut short by the jingling of Mother Gertrude's bunch of keys, with which it was her custom to rouse the sleeping household betimes. However the ideas spun by imagination during the night, served to amuse her thoughts by day.

Love knows no dangers; the enamoured Matilda formed project after project, till at last she fell upon a scheme to realise the fondest of her dreams. She had still her godmother the Naiad's musk-ball safe: she had never felt any desire to open it, and make an essay of its power to gratify her wishes. She was now resolved to try the experiment. The citizens of Augspurg had, about this time, prepared a sumptuous banquet, in compliment to the Emperor Frederic, on the birth of his son, Prince Maximilian. The rejoicings were to continue three days. Innumerable nobles and prelates were invited. Each day there was a tournament, and a rich prize for the victor: each evening the most beautiful damsels danced with the knights till break of day. Count Conrad did not fail to attend these festivities; each time he was the favourite of the matrons and

virgins. No one, indeed, could hope to share his lawful love, for he was Templar; nevertheless he was the object of all their good wishes—he was so handsome, and danced so charmingly.

Matilda had come to the resolution of sallying forth in quest of adventures, on this occasion. After she had arranged the kitchen, and every thing was quiet in the house, she retired to her bed-chamber, and, washing away the tawny varnish with sweet-scented soap, called the lilies and roses of her complexion into new bloom. She then took the musk-ball into her hand, and wished for a new gown, as rich and elegant as fancy could form, with all its appurtenances. On screwing off the top, a piece of silk issued out, expanding itself, and rustling all the while, as if a stream of water was gushing on her lap. On examination it proved a full dress, fitted up with every little article: the gown fitted as exactly as if it had been cast on her body.—While she was putting it on, she felt that internal exultation, which girls always experience when they adorn themselves for the sake of the other sex, and spread out their dangerous meshes. Her vanity was fully gratified, as she took a survey of her dress, and she was perfectly content with herself. Accordingly she did not defer a moment longer the execution of her stratagem. She thrice whirled round the magic ball, saying,

*In sleep perf-und,
Each eye be drown'd.*

Instantly a deep slumber fell upon all the household, not excepting the vigilant housekeeper and the Janus at the door. Matilda glided in a moment out of the house, passed unseen along the streets, and stepped into the ball-room with the air of one of the Graces. The charming new figure raised great admiration among the company; and along the lofty gallery which encircled the ball-room, there arose a general whisper. Some admired the elegance of the stranger's person, others the fashion of her dress, others enquired whoshe was, and whence

she came; but on these points no one could satisfy his neighbour's curiosity. Among the noble knights, who crowded to take a peep at the unknown damsel, the Templar was far from hindmost. He was by no means a woman-hater; and, though an exact connoisseur in the sex, he thought he had never seen a sweeter person nor a more happy countenance. He approached, and engaged her to dance. She modestly presented her hand, and danced with enchanting elegance. Her nimble feet scarce touched the floor, and the ease and gracefulness of her movements set every eye in rapture. Count Conrad paid his heart for his partner. He no more quitted the fair dancer. He said as many fine things and pushed his suit with as much zeal and earnestness, as the most enamoured of our heroes of romance, for whom the world becomes too narrow a stage, the moment they are goaded on by malicious Cupid. Matilda was as little mistress of her own heart: she conquered, and was vanquished in her turn. Her first essay in love was crowned with success equal to her fondest wishes. It was not in her power to keep the sympathy of her feelings concealed beneath the cloak of female reserve. The enraptured knight soon perceived that he was no hopeless lover; his chief anxiety arose from his entire ignorance of his charming partner; and how to prosecute his suit, unless he could discover where she lived. But on this subject all enquiries were in vain: she eluded every question, and after all his efforts he could only obtain a promise that she would make her appearance at the next night's ball. He thought to outwit her, in case she should forfeit her word, by posting all his servants to watch her home, for he supposed her to be of Augspurg, while the company, from his unremitting attention, concluded she was a lady of the Count's acquaintance.

The dawn had already peeped, before she could find an opportunity of slipping away from the knight, and quitting the room. But no sooner had she passed the

door, than she turned her musk-ball thrice round, and repeated the spell:

*Behind me, night, before me, day,
That none behold my secret way.*

By these means she got to her chamber, in spite of the Baron's sentinels, who did not catch a glimpse of her, though they were hovering in every street. No sooner had she shut the door behind her, than she locked up the silken apparel safe in her box, put on her greasy cook's dress, and resumed her ordinary occupations. The old housekeeper, who had been rattling up the rest of the servants with her bunch of keys, finding Matilda stirring so early, bestowed an ungracious compliment on her diligence.

Never had any day appeared so tedious to the knight, as that which succeeded the ball. Every hour seemed a week: his heart was in perpetual agitation between longing impatience and apprehension, lest the inscrutable beauty should fail in her engagement, for Suspicion, the train-bearer of Love, allowed his thoughts as little repose as the wind did the flag that was flying on the tower. At the approach of evening he equipped himself for the ball, with greater magnificence than the preceding day; the three golden rings the ancient badge of nobility, all beset with diamonds, sparkled in the front of his dress. He was the first at the rendezvous of pleasure, where, having stationed himself so as to command the entrance, he scrutinized every one who came in with the keen eyes of an eagle, expecting, with all the eagerness of impatience, the arrival of his dulcinea. The evening star was already advanced high in the horizon, before the young lady could find time to retire to her chamber, and consider what she should do: whether she should extort a second wish from the musk-ball, or reserve it for some more important occurrence of life. The faithful counsellor, Reason, advised the latter; but Love enjoined the former with such impetuosity, that Reason was quite silenced, and soon withdrew altogether. Matilda wished for a dress of rose-co-

, most sumptuously bedecked. The complaisant musk-lits its powers: the apparel of the lady's expectation; she in high spirits, the rites of and, by the help of the arrived at the spot where she was expected, without having been shielded by mortal eye. She was more charming than before. Count Conrad bounded for joy at the sight of her person. A powerful as the central attraction, he hurried him towards her vortex of dancers; and as almost given up all hopes of her again, he was unable to resist the effusions of his gladness to gain time to recover from his confusion, he danced, when every couple made way for the charming beautiful stranger, hand in hand the noble knight, floated as the goddess of spring in the bosom of Zephyr. In the conclusion of the dance, Count Conrad conducted his partner into the apartment, under the pretext of her some refreshment. Here, of a well-bred courtier, he said flattering things, as he had said the day before; but the cold languor of his countenance insensibly kindling the language of the heart terminated in a late and earnest declaration. Matilda hearkened with bashful ears to his beating heart and glowing eyes; he gazed on her inward emotions; he was pressed for a verbal answer, and she modestly said: "I am not, noble knight, with what I have expressed of affection both before: I am unwilling to give up my purpose is to deceive your insinuations. But how can I be of the wedded love of a man who must have taken the vow of celibacy. Solve me this, and you will find that you might have uttered your smooth language in vain: therefore explain

without disguise how we may be united according to the rites of holy mother church, that so our marriage may abide in the sight of God and man."

The knight answered seriously and without guile: "You speak as becomes a discreet and virtuous maiden; I will therefore solve your difficulty without fraud or deceit, and satisfy your question. You must know that at the time of my reception into the order my brother William, the heir of the family was alive. Since his decease I have obtained a dispensation from my vow, as the last remaining branch of the house, and am at liberty to quit the profession of knighthood whenever I please. But never till the moment I saw you, has almighty love taken possession of my heart: from that instant I felt an entire change within my bosom; and I am firmly persuaded that you, and no other, are allotted me by Heaven as my wedded bride. If therefore you do not refuse me your hand, nothing from this moment forward but death shall part us." "Consider well what you propose," replied Matilda, "lest repentance overtake you. Those who marry in haste, have commonly leisure to repent. I am an entire stranger: you know nothing of my rank or station; whether I am your equal in birth and dignity, or whether a borrowed lustre dazzles your eyes. It is unbecoming a man of your rank to promise any thing lightly: but a nobleman's engagements should be held inviolable." Here Count Conrad eagerly seized her hand, pressed it close to his heart, and in the warmth of his affection exclaimed, "Yes, I pledge my knightly honour, and engage my soul's salvation, were you the meanest man's daughter, and but a pure and undefiled virgin, I will receive you for my wedded wife, and raise you to high honour."

On this he pulled a diamond ring from his finger, and gave it her as the pledge of his truth; and took in return the first kiss from her chaste untasted lips, and thus proceeded: "That you may entertain no suspicion of my pur-

pose, I invite you three days hence to my house, where I will appoint my friends,—knights, nobles, and prelates,—to be witnesses of our union."

Matilda resisted this proposal with all her might: she was not satisfied at the galloping rate at which the knight's love proceeded; but determined to prove the constancy of his affection. He did not cease to press her to consent, but she said neither no or yes. The company did not break up before the dawn of day. Matilda vanished; and the knight, who had not enjoyed one wink of sleep, summoned the vigilant house-keeper betimes, and gave her orders to prepare a sumptuous feast.

As the dread skeleton figure with the scythe traverses palaces and cottages, mowing down whatever falls in his way, so old Gertrude, having her inexorable fist armed with the slaughtering knife, paced through the poultry-yard and hen-pens, dispensing life and death among the domestic fowls. The unsuspecting tenants of the court fell by dozens before her burnished blade, flapped their wings in agony for the last time, and hens, doves, and stupid capons, yielded up their lives in heaps. Matilda had so many fowls to pluck, draw, and skewer, that she was obliged to give up her night's rest: yet she did not grudge her labour, well knowing that the banquet was all on her account. The hour approached; the cheerful host flew to receive every guest as he arrived, and every time the knocker sounded, he imagined the beautiful stranger was at the door: but when it was opened, some reverend prelate's paunch, matron's gravity, or solemn office-bearer's visage, strutted in. Though the guests were assembled, the sewer lingered long before he served up the dishes. Sir Conrad still waited for the charming bride; but at last, when she did not appear, he was reluctantly obliged to give the signal for dinner. When the guests were seated, there appeared one cover too much; but no one could guess who it was that had dishonoured the knight's invitation.

The founder of the feast lost his cheerfulness by perceptible gradations, and in spite of all his exertions it was not in his power to enliven his guests with the spirit of mirth. The leaven of spleen soon soured the sweet cake of social joy, and in the banquetting room there prevailed a silence as dead as at a funeral feast. The musicians, who had been summoned for the evening ball, were discharged; and for this time the banquet ended without one tuneful sound, in the house that had always before been the mansion of joy.

The disconcerted guests stole away at an unusually early hour: the knight longed for the solitude of his bed-chamber; he was impatient for an opportunity to runinate at liberty on the fickleness of love. While his reflections were engaged by the melancholy subject, he tossed and tumbled to and fro on his bed: with the most intense exertion of thought, he could not determine what conclusion to draw from the absence of his mistress. The blood boiled in his veins; and ere he had closed an eye the sun peeped in through his curtains. The servants found their master in a violent paroxysm of fever, wrestling with wild fancies. This discovery threw the whole family into the most violent consternation: the men of medicine tripped up and down stairs, exhibited solemn faces, and wrote recipes by the yard: in the apothecary's shop the mortars were all set going as if they had been chiming for morning prayer. But not one of the physicians fell upon the herb Eye-balm, which alone allays longing in love; as to their balsams of life and essence of pearls, the patient rejected them all; he would hearken to no plan of diet, he conjured the leeches not to plague him, but to allow the sand of his hour-glass to run out quietly, without hastening its pace, by shaking with their officious hands.

For seven long days did secret chagrin gnaw Count Conrad's heart; the roses of his cheeks were all withered; the fire of his eyes was extinguished; the breast

of life was suspended between his lips, like a thin morning mist in the vallies, which the slightest gust of wind is capable of dissipating altogether. Matilda had perfect intelligence of every thing that was going forward within doors. It was not either from caprice or prudery that she had declined the knight's invitation. It cost her a hard conflict between head and heart—reason and inclination, before she could firmly resolve not to hearken to the call of her beloved. But on the one hand she was desirous of proving the constancy of her fiery suitor, and she hesitated on the other to extort its last wish from the musk-ball : for she considered that a new dress was necessary to the bride ; and her godmother had charged her not to lavish away her wishes thoughtlessly. Nevertheless, on the feast day she felt very heavy at heart, retired to a corner, and wept bitterly. The Count's illness, of which she easily divined the cause, gave her still greater concern ; and when she heard of his extreme danger, she was quite inconsolable.

The seventh day, according to the prognostication of the physicians, was to determine for life or death. We may easily conjecture that Matilda voted in favour of her beloved ; that she might be instrumental in his recovery was a very probable conjecture, only she could not devise any method of bringing forward her services. However, among the thousand talents which love imparts or unfolds, that of invention is included. In the morning Matilda waited as usual, upon the housekeeper, to receive her instructions respecting the bill of fare. But old Gertrude was in too deep tribulation to be capable of arranging the simplest matter, much less could she regulate the important affair of dinner. Big tears rolled down her leathern cheeks : " Ah ! Matilda," she sobbed, " our good master will not live out the day." These were gloomy tidings : the young lady was ready to sink for sorrow ; she soon, however, recovered her spirits, and said, " Do not despair of our lord's life, he will not die, but recover ; this

night I have dreamed a good dream." Old Gertrude was a living repository of dreams : she hunted out every dream of the servants, and whenever she could seize one, imagined an interpretation that depended on herself only to fulfil ; for the most agreeable dreams in her system boded nothing but squabbles and scolding. " Let me hear thy dream, that I may interpret it," said she.—" I thought," replied Matilda, " that I was at home with my mother, she took me aside, and taught me how to prepare a broth from nine sorts of herbs, which cures all sickness, if you do but take three spoonfuls. Prepare this broth for thy master, and he will not die, but get better from the hour he shall eat of it." Gertrude, much struck at the relation of this dream, refraining for the present from all allegorical interpretations.—" Thy dream," said she, " is too extraordinary to have come by chance. Go, this instant, and make ready thy broth, and I will try if I cannot prevail on our lord to taste it."

Sir Conrad lay feeble, motionless, and immersed in meditations upon his departure hence : he was desirous of receiving the sacrament of extreme unction. In this situation Gertrude entered into his chamber, and by the suppleness of her tongue soon turned aside his thoughts from the contemplation of the four last things. In order to deliver himself from the torment of her well-meant loquacity, he was fain to promise whatever she desired. Meanwhile Matilda prepared an excellent restorative soup, with all sorts of garden herbs and costly spices, and when she had dished it, she dropped the diamond ring, given her by the knight as a pledge of constancy, into the basin, and then bade the servant to carry it up.

The patient so much dreaded the housekeeper's boisterous eloquence, which still echoed in his ears, that he constrained himself to swallow a couple of spoonfuls. In stirring his mess to the bottom he felt a hard body, which could have no business there. He fished

it out with the spoon, and beheld, to his astonishment, his own diamond ring. His eye immediately beamed life and youthful fire; his pale, deathly countenance cleared up: to the great satisfaction of Gertrude, and the servants in waiting, he emptied the whole basin, with visible signs of a good appetite. They all ascribed this happy change to the soup, for the knight had taken care to keep his ring concealed from the bystanders. He now turned to Gertrude, and enquired, "Who prepared this good soup for me, that restores my strength, and calls me back to life?" The motherly dame wished the reviving patient to keep himself still, and by no means to exert himself in speaking, she therefore replied, "Do not give yourself any concern, good sir knight, about the person who prepared the soup: God be praised that it has had the good effect for which all of us prayed!" This evasion was not likely to satisfy the Count: he gravely insisted on an answer to his question, when the housekeeper gave him this information: "There is a young gypsy servant in the kitchen, she understands the virtues of every herb and plant, it was she who prepared the soup that has done you so much good." "Bring her to me this moment," resumed the knight, "that I may thank and recompense her for the life she has saved." "Pardon me, I beseech you, Sir," returned Gertrude, "but the very sight of her would make you ill again. She is as ugly as a toad: she has a great hunch on her back; her clothes are black and greasy; her hands and face are bedaubed with soot and ashes." "Do as I order you," concluded the Count, "and let me hear no longer demurs." Old Gertrude obeyed in silence: she summoned Matilda quickly from the kitchen, and threw over her shoulders her own veil, which she wore at mass, and ushered her, thus caparisoned, into the sick chamber. The knight gave orders that every one should retire, and shut the door close. He then addressed the gypsy, "You must acknowledge freely, my

girl, how you came by the ring I found in the basin in which my breakfast was served up." "Noble knight," replied the damsel, "I received the ring out of your own hands: you presented it to me the second evening we danced together at the public rejoicings, it was when you vowed eternal love and constancy to me.—Look now, and say whether my figure or station deserves that on my account you should sink into an early grave. In compassion for the condition to which you were reduced, I could no longer suffer you to remain in such a mistake."

Count Conrad's weak stomach was not prepared for so strong an antidote to love; he surveyed her some moments in astonishment, and paused. But his imagination soon presented the idea of his charming partner, with whom he by no means reconcile the contrast before his eyes. He naturally conceived a suspicion, that his amour had been betrayed, and his friends were practising a pious fraud to extricate him. Still, however, the genuine ring was proof positive that the beautiful stranger was some way or other concerned in the plot. He therefore determined to cross-examine and convict her out of her own mouth: "If you are indeed," said he, "the lovely maiden to whom I devoted my heart, be assured that I am ready to fulfil my engagement; but take care how you attempt to impose upon me. Re-assume but the form under which you appeared two successive nights at the ball-room; make your body taper and straight like a young pine; strip off your scaly skin, like the snake; and like theameleon change your colour; and the words which I uttered when I delivered this ring to you shall be sacred and inviolable. But if you cannot perform these requisitions, I shall cause you to be corrected for a vile impostor and a thief, unless you satisfy me how you gained possession of this ring."—"Alas!" replied Matilda, sighing, "if it be only the glare of beauty that has dazzled your eyes, woe be to me when

chance shall rob me of these charms; when age shall have his tender shape, and bowed to the ground; when the roses shall fade, and this sleek skin shrivelled! When the born, under which I now appear, some time it will, belong to will become of your vows and

Conrad was staggered at this high seemed much too consider a kitchen wench. "Know," "that beauty captivates the man, but virtue alone can retain bandage of love."—"Be it needed the damsel in disguise; fulfil your requisitions: the fulfil my fate shall be left to your

Conrad fluctuated between hope and dread of a new deception: he turned to Gertrude, and gave her orders:—"Attend this girl to her room, and wait at the door while she changes her clean clothes. Be sure you remain till she comes out." Old Gertrude took her prisoner under charge, and was able to guess the intention of the knight's injunctions. As they were waiting, she enquired, "If thou hast clean clothes, why dost thou withhold them to me? but if thou hast none, follow me to my chamber, and I will lend thee what thou needest." Then she went through the whole of her old-fashioned wardrobe, in search of help of which she had made use half a century ago. As she turned up, article by article, a recollection of past days darted into her mind. Matilda took little notice of the catalogue: she only asked for a napkin and a handful of bran, took a wooden basin, entered her attic, and closed the door, while the new-arrived woman watched on the outside with the punctuality that had been bred to her.

Conrad, big with expectation, reclined on his bed, put on his most elegant attire, and took himself to his drawing-

room, there to abide the final issue of his love adventure. His impatience made the time seem long, and under his uncertainty he paced quickly up and down the room. Just as the finger of the Italian clock on the Augsburg town-hall pointed to eighteen o'clock, the hour of mid-day, the folding doors flew open of a sudden; the train of a silk negligee rustled along the antichamber: Matilda, arrayed like a bride, and beautiful as the Goddess of Love, stepped into the room. Sir Conrad exclaimed, in the transport of a lover intoxicated with joy, "Goddess or mortal! whichsoever you may be, behold me prostrate at your feet, ready to renew the vows I have already made, and to confirm them by the most solemn oaths, provided you do not disdain to receive this hand and heart."

The lady modestly raised the suppliant knight: "Gently, sir knight, I pray: do not be too rash with your vows; you behold me here in my right shape, but in all other respects I am an utter stranger to you. Many a man has been deceived by a smooth face. You have still the ring on your finger." Sir Conrad instantly drew it off, and it sparkled on his partner's hand, and she resigned herself to the knight. "Henceforward," she said, "you are the beloved of my heart. I have no longer any secret for you. I am the daughter of Siegfried the Strong, that stout and honorable knight, whose misfortunes, doubtless, are well known to you. I escaped with difficulty from the downfall of my father's house; and under your roof, though in mean estate, have I found safety and protection." She proceeded to relate the whole of her story, without even suppressing the mystery of the musk-ball. Count Conrad, utterly forgetting that he had just been sick to death, invited, for the following day, all the guests who had been driven away by his dejection, before whom he solemnly espoused his bride; and when the sewer had served up dinner, and counted round, he found that there was no cover too much. The knight now relinquished

the order, and celebrated the marriage with great magnificence. But amid all these important transactions, old Gertrude was totally inactive. The day she kept watch at Matilda's chamber-door, so great was the consternation with which she was seized, at seeing a lady in sumptuous apparel come forth, that she tumbled backward off her seat, dislocated her hip-bone, and limped all her life afterwards.

The new-married couple spent their honey-moon in Augspurg, in mutual happiness and innocent enjoyments, like the first human pair in the garden of Eden. The youthful bride, penetrated by the tender passion, would often recline on her husband's bosom, and pour out the artless dictates of her pure affection. One day, with the most endearing affection, she enquired, "If you have any latent wish in your breast, impart it to me; I will adopt it, and you shall instantly be gratified. For my own part, the possession of you has left me without any thing further to desire; so I shall willingly excuse the musk-ball the wish which is still in reserve." Count Conrad clasped his affectionate bride fondly in his arms, and firmly protested that he had nothing further to ask for upon earth, except the continuance of their mutual felicity. The musk-ball, therefore, lost all its value in the eyes of its fair possessor, nor had she any motive for preserving it, except a grateful remembrance of her benefactress.

Count Conrad's mother was still living. She passed her widowhood in retirement, at the family seat at Swaback. Her dutiful daughter-in-law had for some time longed, out of pure filial affection, to beg her blessing, and thank her for the noble son whom she had borne. But the Count always found some pretext for declining the visit; he now proposed, instead, a summer excursion to an estate that had lately fallen to him, and bordered upon the grounds belonging to Siegfried's demolished fortress. Matilda consented with great eagerness. She rejoiced at the idea

of revisiting the spot where she had spent her early youth. She explored the ruins of her father's residence; dropped a duteous tear over the ashes of her parents; walked to the Naiad's fountain, and hoped her presence would induce the Nymph to manifest herself. Many a pebble dropped into the spring-head, without the desired effect. Even the musk-ball floated on the surface like an empty bubble, and Matilda herself was fain to be at the trouble of fishing it out again. No Nicky rose to view, although another christening was at hand; for the lady was on the point of bestowing on her Count one of the blessings of wedlock. She brought forth a boy beautiful as Cupid; and the joy of the parents was so extravagant, that they had almost stifled him with kindness. The mother would never part with him from her arms. She herself watched every breath of the little innocent, although the Count had hired a discreet nurse to attend the infant. But the third night, while all within the castle were buried in profound sleep, after a day of tumultuous rejoicing, and a light slumber had fallen upon the watchful mother, on awaking she found the child vanished out of her arms. She called out in a voice of surprise and terror, "Nurse! where have you laid my babe?" "Noble lady," replied the nurse, "the dear infant lies in your arms." The bed and bedchamber were strictly searched, but nothing could be found, except a few spots of blood upon the floor. The nurse, on perceiving this, uttered a loud scream, "God and all his holy saints have mercy on us! —the Great Griffin has been here, and carried off the child." The lady pined for the loss of her child, till she became pale and emaciated, and Sir Conrad was inconsolable. Though the belief in the Great Griffin did not weigh a single grain of mustard in his mind, yet, as he could not explain the accident in any plausible manner, he allowed the nurse's prattle free range, and applied himself to comfort his afflicted wife;

and she, out of deference to him, who meted all sadness, forced a cheerful countenance.

Time, the assuager of grief, closed degrees the wound of the mother's hurt, and love made up her loss by a second son. Boundless joy for the new heir reigned throughout the palace. The Count feasted with all his neighbours for whole day's journey round about; the owl of congratulation passed incessantly from hand to hand; from the lord and his guests to the porter at the door, all drank to the health of the young Count. The anxious mother would not part with the boy; and she resisted the influence of sleep as long as ever her strength would permit. When at last she was no longer able to refuse the call of nature, she took the golden chain from her neck, slung it round the infant's body, and fastened the other end in her own arm: she then crossed herself and the child, that the Great Griffin might have no power to hurt it, and soon after was overtaken by an irresistible slumber. She awoke at the first ray of morning, but—horrible to tell! the sweet babe had vanished out of her arms. In the first alarm she called as before, "Nurse! where have you laid my infant?" and nurse replied, "Noble lady, the babe lies in your arms." Matilda examined the golden chain that was wrapped round her arm; she found that one of the links had been cut through by a pair of sharp scissors, and swooned away at the discovery. The nurse raised an alarm in the house; and Count Conrad, upon hearing what had befallen his lady, drew his knightly sword in a transport of rage and indignation, firmly resolved to inflict condign punishment on the nurse.

"Wretched woman!" he exclaimed in a voice of thunder, "did I not give thee strict charge to watch all night, and never once to turn aside thine eye from my infant, that when the monster came to rob the sleeping mother, thou mightest raise the house by thy outcries, and scare the Great Griffin away? But

thou shalt now sleep an everlasting sleep."

The woman fell down on her knees before him: "Yes, my noble lord, I entreat you, as you hope for mercy hereafter, to slay me this instant, that I may carry to the grave the horrid deed mine eyes have seen this night; and which neither rewards nor punishments shall extort from me."—The Count paused: "What deed," he asked, "have thine eyes beheld this night, too horrid for thy tongue to tell? Better confess, as becomes a faithful servant, than have thy secrets extorted from thee by the rack." "Alas!" replied the woman, "what does your ill-fortune instigate you to force from me! Better the fatal secret were buried with me in the cold ground." The Count, whose curiosity was only raised the more by suspense, took the woman aside into a private apartment, and by threats and promises forced from her a discovery, which he would fain have been saved the pain of making. "Your lady, since I must needs disclose it, is a vile sorceress; but she dares without reserve upon you, insomuch that she does not spare even the fruit of her own body to procure the means of preserving your love, and her own beauty unperishable. At the dead of night, when every thing was hushed in repose, she feigned herself asleep, and I, without well knowing why, did the same. Not long afterwards she called me by my name, but I took no notice of her proceedings, and feigned to be sound asleep. Supposing me fast asleep, she raised herself upright in her bed, took the infant, and pressing it to her bosom, kissed it fondly, and lisped these words, which I distinctly overheard, 'Child of bone, be transformed into a charm to secure me thy father's love. Now, thou little innocent, go to thy brother, and then I will prepare, from nine sorts of herbs and thy bones, a potent draught, which will perpetuate my beauty and thy father's fondness.'—Having said this, she drew a diamond needle out of her hair, forced

it through the infant's heart, held the poor innocent out to bleed, and when it had ceased struggling laid it upon the bed before her, took out her musk-ball, and muttered a few words to herself. As she unscrewed the cover, a magic flame blazed forth, and consumed the body in a few moments. She carefully gathered the bones and ashes into a box, which she pushed under the bed. She then, as if suddenly awaking, cried out, 'Nurse! what have you done with my babe?' and I replied, shuddering for fear of her sorcery, 'Noble lady, the infant lies in your arms.' Thereupon she began to shew signs of bitter sorrow, and I ran out of the room, under pretence of calling assistance.—These are the particulars of the horrid deed, which you have forced me to disclose. I am ready to ratify the truth of my words, by suffering the ordeal of carrying a red-hot bar of iron in my naked hands thrice up and down the court-yard."

Sir Conrad stood as still as though he had been petrified; and it was a long time before he could utter a word.—When he had a little collected himself, he said: "What occasion is there for the fiery trial? the stamp of truth is impressed on your words; I feel and fully believe that all is as you say. Keep the horrid secret close pent up in your heart. Intrust it to no mortal, not even to the priest when you confess. I will purchase a dispensation from the bishop of Augspurg, so that this sin shall not be imputed to you in this world, nor in that which is to come. I will go in to the hyæna with a feigned countenance; and while I embrace her, and speak comfort to her, be sure to draw the box with the dead bones from under the bed, and deliver it secretly to me."

He stepped into his wife's chamber with the air of a man firm though deeply touched. His lady received him with the eye where no guilt was depicted, though her soul was wounded to death. She did not speak, but her countenance resembled an angel's; the first glance extinguished her husband's rage and

madness, for his heart was enflamed by these furious passions. Compassion softened the spirit of vengeance; he clasped the unhappy mother to his bosom, and she moistened his garment with the tears of her affliction. He spoke kind and consoling words to her, but was all the while impatient to quit the scene of abomination. Meantime the nurse had taken care punctually to perform what she was ordered respecting the delivery of the horrid reservoir of bones. It cost his heart a hard struggle before he could determine the fate of the supposed sorceress. He at length resolved to get rid of her privately, and without drawing the notice of mankind towards his domestic grievances. He mounted his steed, and rode away towards Augspurg, after he had given his seneschal these orders,—“When the Countess, according to the custom of the country, leaves her chamber at the expiration of nine days, for the purpose of bathing, bolt the door on the outside, and let the fires be raised as high as possible, that she may sink under the vehemence of the heat, and come no more out alive.”—The seneschal, who, in common with the whole household, adored his kind and tender-hearted lady, heard these orders with the utmost sorrow and concern. But nevertheless he was afraid to open his lips in opposition to the knight, on account of the positive manner in which he spoke. On the ninth day Matilda gave orders for heating the bath. Her husband, she thought, would not abide long at Augspurg; and she wished, before his return, to eradicate every vestige of her late misfortunes. On entering the bathing-room she observed the air to quiver from heat, and she made an effort to retreat but a vigorous arm forced her irresistibly forwards, and she instantly heard some one without bolt and bar the door. She cried out for help in vain—nobody heard; the fuel was now piled high, and the fire raised, till the furnace glowed like a potter's furnace.

It was not difficult to divine the mean

all these circumstances. The Countess resigned herself to her fate ; she was seized by an odious suspicion, which she had felt had fallen upon her, after her soul much more than her body had died. She took advantage of a moment of recollection, and drew a silver pin out of her hair, and said these words on the white sheet apart, " Fare thee well, Countess ! I die a willing but innocent victim, in consequence of thy commission."

She then threw herself down on the couch, as her last agonies were passing. Nature, however, on the stroke of the evil hour, will make an extraordinary struggle against her dissolution. In the anguish occasioned by the scorching heat, as the unhappy Countess tossed and tumbled on the couch, the musk-ball, which she had constantly carried about her, fell to the ground. She reached it eagerly up, and cried, " O godmother Naiad, if it be thy power, deliver me from a dishonourable death, and vindicate my innocence !" She screwed off the top, and the same instant a thick mist arose from the musk-ball, and diffusing it through the whole apartment, released the Countess, so that she no longer felt any oppression. The watery vapour from the grotto in the rock had absorbed the heat, or the kind Naiad, in virtue of the antipathy she bore to the fiery element, had vanquished her natural enemy. The cloud dissolved itself into a visible form ; and the Countess, whose apprehensions for her life had now vanished, beheld, to her great joy, the Nymph of the fountain clasping the new-born infant in her bosom, and holding the elder boy in her right hand.

" Alas, my beloved Matilda !" exclaimed the Naiad : " happy was it for thee that thou didst not so heedlessly fulfil the third wish of thy musk-ball, as thy former. Behold here the two witnesses of thy innocence ; they will enable thee to triumph over the Countess, under which thou hadst

nearly sunk. The inauspicious star that threatened thy life, now rapidly verges to its decline ; henceforward the musk-ball will fulfil no more of thy wishes ; but nothing further remains for thee to desire ; I will unfold the riddle of thy fate ;—know, that the mother of thy husband is the author of all thy calamity. The marriage of her son proved a dagger to the heart of that proud woman ; who imagined he had stained the honour of his house by taking a kitchen-wench to his bed. She breathed nothing but curses and execrations against him, and would no longer acknowledge him for the offspring of her womb. All her thoughts were bent on contrivances and plots to destroy thee, although the vigilance of thy husband had hitherto frustrated her malicious designs. She, however at last succeeded to elude his vigilance by means of a fawning, hypocritical nurse. She induced this woman, by the most liberal promises, to take thy first-born out of thy arms, whilst asleep, and cast it, like a whelp into the water. Fortunately she chose my spring-head for her wicked purpose ; and I received the boy in my arms, and have ever since nursed him as his mother. In the same manner did she undesignedly commit to my charge the second son of my dear Matilda. It was this vile deceitful nurse who became thy accuser. She persuaded the Count that thou wert a sorceress, that a magic flame had issued from the musk-ball—thou shouldst have kept thy secret better—in which thou hadst consumed thy children in order to prepare a love portion from their remains. She delivered into his hands a box full of the bones of doves and fowls, which he took for the remains of his children, and, in consequence of this mistake, gave orders to stifle thee in the bath. Spurred on by penitence, and an eager desire to countermand this cruel sentence, though he still holds thee guilty, he is now on his return from Augspurg ; and in one short hour thou wilt recline, with thy honour vindicated, on his bosom." The Nymph, having uttered these words,

stooped to kiss the Countess's forehead. She then, without waiting for any reply, involved herself in her veil of mist, and was no more seen.

Meanwhile the Count's servants were exerting their utmost efforts to revive the extinguished fire. They thought they could hear the sound of human voices within, whence they concluded that the Countess was still alive. But all their stirring and blowing were ineffectual. The wood would no more take fire than if they had put on a charge of snow-balls. Not long afterwards Count Conrad rode up full speed, and eagerly enquired how it fared with his lady. The servants informed him that they had heated the room right hot, but that the fire went suddenly out, and they supposed that the Countess was yet alive. This intelligence rejoiced his heart. He dismounted, knocked at the door, and called out through the key-

hole, "Art thou alive, Matilda?" And the Countess, hearing her husband's voice, replied, "Yes, my dear lord, I am alive, and my children are also alive." Overjoyed at this answer, the impatient Count bade his servants break open the door, the key not being at hand, he rushed into the bathing-room, fell down at the feet of his injured lady, bedewed her unpolluted hands with the tears of repentance, led her and the charming pledges of her innocence and love out of the dreary place of execution to her own apartment, and heard from her own mouth the true account of these transactions. Enraged at the foul calumny and the shameful sacrifice of his infants, he issued orders to apprehend and shut up the treacherous nurse in the bath.—The fire now burned kindly,—the chimney roared,—the flames played aloft in the air,—and soon stewed out the diabolical woman's black soul.



**THE TREUENFELS;
OR,
THE ROCK OF FIDELITY.**

—
A Tradition of the Rhine.
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In a wild and almost impenetrable valley, not far from the Rhine, are to be seen some old fragments of a ruined building, covered with brambles and moss, and situated on a steep rock; and on a part of one of these walls, is a fractured monument, with an inscription, in which the word "*Liba*," is still plainly legible. The characters of the rest of the lines are nearly obliterated, and can be made out only here and there. The place is called The Treuenfels, and the chapel which was built there, was dedicated to the memory of a maiden, who died in the bloom of youth.—The following tradition is related with respect to the founding of it.

In the neighbourhood of the Seven Mountains lived an old knight; his name was Balthar, and that of his only daughter was Liba. She was so beautiful and so good, that she had no equal, and many knights sought to obtain her hand from her father, but he granted it to the brave Schott of Grunstein, and Liba felt no reluctance to consent, for the knight was handsome, extremely discreet, brave, and full of probity. The spring-tide of first love flourished in all

its luxuriance around the happy couple, and neither the knight nor his Liba were aware of the storm that was gathering over their heads.

For a long time the aged Balthar had cherished an ancient hatred against the pious but severe Engelbert, the archbishop of Cologne, of whom he was a vassal; and one day, when some of his neighbours, who had an equal dislike to the prelate, were complaining bitterly against him, Balthar, knitting his brows,

said, "If I could now wield my sword as I used to do in the days of my vigour, I would not suffer the pride of this coxcomby bishop to go unpunished!—Does he not treat us like his slaves, we who are of families as good as his own?"

"But what can be done?" exclaimed they.

Balther filled up his cup, and replied, "Death to our mortal enemy! He who is a man will understand me." He then drank off the cup.—"And I too!"—"And I too!" eagerly shouted all the guests; and they solemnly swore that the bishop should be dispatched.

It was not long before they killed the prelate; but the emperor ordered the criminals to be seized, and condemned them to the ignominious gibbet. Several of them, at the time of execution, confessed that it was Balther who excited them to the conspiracy. The irritated emperor immediately directed that his castle, and all that it contained, should be destroyed by fire. A body of troops marched without delay, and surrounded the castle, before Balther had the least suspicion of what was at hand. It was a dark and stormy night, and he was sleeping soundly, when Liba, half-dressed, and her hair dishevelled, rushed into his chamber, and awoke him by her piercing cries.

Balther leaped from his bed in the utmost terror, for the flames were already spreading through the apartments, and appeared to render it impossible to escape. With a trembling hand he seized his sword, and wished to use it, for the purpose of delivering himself by a speedy death from the dreadful fate which threatened him. But Liba threw herself into his arms. "Let us fly through the subterraneous passage," said she, as she drew him after her to the bottom of the staircase. At every step they took, the flames reached them, and the hair and eye-brows of Balther were scorched. Liba was not touched by the fire: an invisible hand seemed to protect her. The vault led under a

to a boggy spot, covered by

closely matted underwood. E by fatigue, the two fugitives themselves to sleep, from which they were not awoken till day-break by the warbling of the birds. Liba gathered some berries from the bushes to allay her hunger, and Balther's scorched eye-lids throbbed with pain, and he suffered severely from thirst in vain for some drops of water to moisten his parched mouth. Mal way gently between brambles, and at length Liba discovered a small stream of water trickling down, which she drew in a hollow bit of bark, and carried it to relieve her aged parent. In this sheltered spot, and preserving the profoundest silence, they waited till midnight, when the darkness enabled them to commence their flight, which was effected by traversing glens, coveys, and wood, and interspersed with prayer. At last they came to a cavern, at the foot of the rock, on which the ruins of a chapel are still to be seen. "Remain here," said Liba, "where you will never think of penetrating this dismal asylum."

"What will become of us," lamented the old man, with a sigh.

"Whatever God pleases," said Liba, with the firmest confidence. The same time kissing the hand of her father.

Thus they passed several weeks in the cavern. Roots and wild fruits sustained them from absolute famine. The scorched eyes of Balther grew in time, and they daily became dimmer and dimmer, and he was finally bereft of sight. But he bore every trial with patience, and not a murmur was heard from him in his wretched state. "Praised be God," said he, "that I have time to suffer for my injuries. Meanwhile, the scanty resources they drew from the wild fruits of the barren solitude, were gradually exhausted, and it was only by going out for a few roots, at a great distance, that the fatigued Liba could bring to the cavern a little basket of straw

or raspberries. Her delicate hands had contrived to weave the rushes, and necessity had taught her to make substitutes for such articles as were of indispensable use.

One day, while she was engaged in one of her toilsome searches, she saw a hunter, who was seated a few hundred paces from her. His tired head was resting on his hand, and he seemed to be overwhelmed with sorrow. By his side were a spear and two faithful greyhounds. The knight got up, and the dogs by their caresses in some degree diverted his attention from his grief. Liba recognized him; it was her lover; it was Sir Schott of Grunstein.

By an involuntary impulse she stretched out her arms, and strove to utter his name, but the sounds died away upon her lips. What! thought she to herself, shall I involve him in our unhappy fate! He would insist upon our taking refuge in his castle, and he would be proscribed as we are; this would be a fresh source of anguish to me, which deserved reproaches would increase. No! let us endure the just punishment which my father has drawn down upon himself. I will endure it with him, in the hope that the powerful hand of avenging justice will one day cease to weigh so heavily on him.

The generous Liba felt herself strengthened by this resolution; and greatly comforted she returned to the cavern. She there found her father less agitated than usual. Taking her hand, he said, "I know not how it happens that I find my heart so much lighter to-day; ah! if I could see the sky but for a moment! Liba, is it not very clear?"

"Clear!" said Liba, "there is only a single black cloud, and that appears to be quickly passing over."

"Cannot you lead me out into the

sunshine, that I may warm myself a little in his rays?"

Liba looked on all sides. "The sun," said she, "cannot penetrate to any part of this hollow. But I have discovered a good path up the rock; shall I lead you thither?"

She led him to the summit, where a mossy carpet covered the rock. The old man sat down, and leaned against the trunk of a withered oak. "Liba," exclaimed he, "I see the sky! I see the sun!"

"You can see again, my dear father?"

"Not with these eyes, which are dead for ever; they are dried up! But in my own mind I behold a sky—a sun!"

Liba threw herself on her knees, clasped her hands, and sighing, prayed—"Supreme Judge of the celestial regions, show that thou hast forgiven us!"

Balthar, too, joined his hands, and said, "Amen!" At that instant the thunder burst—the lightning flashed.—The old man and his daughter were no more. The body of Balthar was reduced to ashes; but that of Liba was unchanged, and nothing in the appearance of it manifested the symptoms of a violent death. Her face still retained the bloom of life. It was the repose of slumber—the peace of innocence.

Schott had heard the thunder, and seen the lightning strike the rock. Curiosity led him to the place to examine the traces which this phenomenon had left. He climbed up the rock. Alas! he saw there only the lifeless body of his beloved, and the ashes of Balthar. What language can describe his grief! The chapel is a memorial of his just and lasting regret! He dedicated it to Our Lady of Sorrows. But the rock has received the name of Treuenfels, (the rock of fidelity) in remembrance of this noble instance of filial piety.

THE DRACHENFELS.

A Tradition of the Rhine.

The castle of Drachenfels, says Lord Byron, stands on the highest summit of "The Seven Mountains," over the Rhine banks; it is in ruins, and connected with some singular traditions; it is the first in view on the road from Bonn, but on the opposite side of the river; on this bank, nearly facing it, are the remains of another, called the Jew's Castle, and a large cross commemorative of the murder of a chief by his brother; the number of castles and cities along the course of the Rhine, on both sides, is very great, and their situations remarkably beautiful.

THE Drachenfels is one of the Seven Mountains. The ruins which crown its summit look boldly down on all the country in the vicinity of the Rhine. In the olden time, says an ancient tradition, the cavern, which is still to be seen there, served as the retreat of a monstrous dragon, to which the neighbouring inhabitants paid divine homage, and sacrificed human victims. For this latter purpose were devoted the prisoners who had been taken in war. In the opinion of the people this was the most acceptable worship which could be offered to the horrible divinity. On one occasion, there was among the captives a young maiden, belonging to a noble family, and who had been brought up a Christian. She was of exquisite beauty, and two of the chiefs disputed for the possession of her. The elders, however, decided that she should be made an offering to the dragon, in order to prevent her charms from becoming an apple of discord among the youth. Dressed in white, and crowned with flowers, the lovely captive was conducted to the top of the mountain, where was the cave of the monster, and was tied to a tree, near which stood a large stone that was used as an altar. A numerous crowd was assembled within sight, to witness the frightful spectacle, but there were few hearts so insensible to pity as not to commiserate the fate of the unfortunate maiden. She, meanwhile, was calm, and fixed her anxious looks on heaven.

The sun now darted his first ray from behind the peaks of the eastern mountains, and these forerunners of a glorious day penetrated through the gloomy entrance of the cavern. Soon with expanded wings, the monster issued from his den, and trailed his wings fold towards the spot where he was accustomed to satisfy his sanguinary voracity. The young maiden remained undaunted. She drew from her bosom the image of the Saviour, in whom alone she trusted, and held forth the crucifix to arrest the progress of her formidable enemy. The affrighted dragon hastily receded, and with horrible hisses plunged into the abyss of the surrounding woods, and was never seen more.

Astonished by the miraculous deliverance, the people hastened to unloose the bonds of the young Christian, and they looked with wonder on the little crucifix. But their captive instructed them with respect to the subject of her firm belief, and of the power of the God whom she adored.

On hearing this they prostrated themselves at her feet, intreating her to return to her home, and to send to them a priest that they might be taught and baptized in the name of the Almighty. Thus did Drachenfels become the cradle of the faith in this country, and a chapel was built on the spot which was originally occupied by the altar stone of the vanquished dragon.



THE INFIDEL.

A Welch Legend.

It has been suggested to us, that an apology was necessary for the following tale, to those who might take umbrage in the cause of religion, at some remarks which will be made in the course of this Legend.

It is as far from our wish, as from our interest, to offend our readers, or to enter into any religious controversy. This we mean to avoid by coinciding with the poor Jew, who, being asked vauntingly by a son of the Romish church, which was the best of the three religions,—the Catholic, Jewish, or Mahomeddan? answered:—There was a certain rich man, possessed of much monies, who had several children, and being possessed of a very valuable ring, which had been in the family for many generations, he determined by will, to leave the bulk of his property to him who, by his virtues, should deserve the ring. Accordingly, he had one son of the most unexampled virtue, a youth universally beloved. This son succeeded him, and possessed the ring, who left it to his son, and to his son's son, until in regular descent it came to a man who had three sons, all equally good, all equally beloved. Now, this father was at a loss how to act by his children; for, great were the merits of all, and in justice, he could not present the ring to any particular one. Thus he got a curious artificer to make him two rings, so much like the former one, that they could not be distinguished. This was done; and the father, upon his death-bed, called his sons separately to his chamber, and gave each a ring, which every son looked upon as the real one, that had so long remained in the family. Accordingly, they all claimed the right of inheritance: the rings were produced, but they were all so much alike, no difference could be seen. However, by mutual consent, the property was equally divided, and each son enjoyed his proportion with the ring, which he believed to be the true one, and brought up his children in the same belief.

The scene of this Legend is in the castle of Llanbedder in Radnorshire, in Wales, at the period of time when the lion-hearted Richard engaged in the eminent crusade, and the war of religion was countenanced by every European court. Many Welch barons aided

the cause, and transported their vassals to Palestine, for the establishment of the Christian cross. Among the rest, Caradoc the Brave, a powerful chieftain of Radnor, the Lord of Llanbedder Castle, was not the least forward; but his beard was grey in the service of his country; himself was too old for the war, and the command of his vassals devolved to his only son Adelfred, whom he had by a Saxon princess; a youth of noble virtues, universally esteemed by the troops for his valour and accomplishments.

The following remarkable inscription, carved in rude characters upon a monumental stone, was, a few years since, discovered buried in the ruins of Llanbedder Castle, in Radnorshire, and appears to have some connection with the legend:

There is butte oune Godde, and he is unithersalle. Godde is Godde, howebeit ye worshippinge himme; and he is a true worshippinge who aucthe kindle in the ste of the Lordde, who reigne the hobe the skie.

SLOWLY were the last rays of the burning sun withdrawn from the transparent lakes—cool were the zephyrs that played about the mountain's light—and salubrious were the airs, which the herdsman inhaled, which made the waters ripple, and which revived the drooping flower, parched with the boisterous heat of the parent of fecundity. Sweet were the breathings of the shepherd's pipe to him who had not pressed the turf of Albion for seven long weary years. Sweet was the jocund whistle of the labourer returning to his home, who, with pike cross his shoulder, trilled the merry song; and sweet the recollection of the day of infancy to him, who, after an absence of seven years, returned to press with transport his parent soil.

It was evening, and upon the river Wye, which, with bold grace, branches from the mouth of the Severn, was seen a double coracle, bearing a pilgrim, as he should seem by his garb, from the holy land, attended by one, whose golden complexion declared him to be a worshipper of the sun, or of the faith of Alla. Joy was visible on the pilgrim's cheek, mingled with a kind of anxiety; he threw back the thin wave briskly with his paddles; the vessel in haste skimmed over the yielding billow's brow, and the objects flew on either shore from their sight, as the slender vessel sailed with the rapid tide. Anchoring in a small inland creek, the strangers leaped upon the shore; and the pilgrim, falling prostrate upon the ground, kissed the turf with transport.

"Forgive me, thou God of my country," cried the infidel, upon his knees, with clasped hands, and bowing with worship to the sun, half hidden in the ocean, "thou Great Adorable; who livest in the hearts of thy children, illumined by thy mild influence, forgive thy votary. Thou, who dost extend, in thy charity, thy munificence to the misguided worshippers of another God, forgive thy servant, who has sought their lands, but who owns in his heart no other God but thee."

"Welcome, welcome, happy Albion!" cried the other, "thrice welcome, thou dear place of my nativity! With what transport did I behold thy white cliffs increasing in size as I approached thy coasts, borne upon the circling wave. And do I once more breathe thy healthful air? Do I once more behold thy fertile fields clothed in luxuriant plenty? And shall I once more press to my arms a father? Oh, Ali Sheing," he added, turning to the infidel, "how do the incidents of my youth recur to my imagination, on returning to my native country! After a tedious absence of seven long years, what pleasures do I anticipate, in once more mingling with the dear partners of my heart, whose love for me is equal to my own. But, come, come," he continued, with a voice expressive of much impatience, "let us onward; for high above yon threatening mountain appear the turrets of Llanbedder, in whose bosom dwells every thing on earth I hold most dear; a father, whose tears for me, during my captivity, have been doubt-

less often shed : a cousin, too, in bonds of love and friendship never to expire : and still one other object, Ali, for whom alone I live, a female of the most bewitching excellence, whose heart is wholly mine !”

Ali smiled.

Rugged and uneven was the path which they pursued ; and fast the sun sought his oozy bed in the bosom of the distant ocean. The first thin gauze of twilight was thrown across the earth, which deeply shadowed every object that had so late been decked with the glory of the resplendent monarch of the eastern sky. The rose drew together its blushing head ; and the violet waved lightly to and fro, wafted by the timed breeze. The pilgrim often stopped to gaze upon some well-known object, delighted with thoughts that crowded upon his brain ; and frequently pointing to what reminded him of former days, would recount to his companion adventures and anecdotes that had filled his youth.

At length, they approached a tall stately elm, whose spreading branches extended across the narrow valley they had entered, situate between two hills ; around the trunk of the tree, beneath its shady foliage, a small bench was reared ; at its foot, a thin transparent rivulet ran sparkling along, through a clean bed, that wound round the mountain's base.

The pilgrim, ravished with pleasing recollection, threw himself upon the bench, and, clasping his hands together, sighed in ecstasy. Ali, endeavouring to awake him from his transports, affectionately bade him arise, and continue his route.

“ Oh, Ali !” returned the youth, “ most dear to me is this spot ; it reminds me of those days when I so often exchanged vows of eternal love with the peerless Elfrida. Here, at eve, would we sit, and here imprint on each other's burning lip, the glowing kiss. It was here I swore to Elfrida, I was her's and her's alone. And here was it, while I lay reclined upon her spotless bosom,

that she sighed, “ Oh, Adelfred, I am your's ; I live but for you.” God of Heaven ! was not Elfrida like to those superior beings that surround thy regal seat ? Did she not diffuse the rays of prosperity that smiled on her, to those who then groaned under a malignant fate ? Was it not here her charity was extended towards a poor peasant, who was like to become a victim of disease—of want—who, but for her, would have angered unpardonably with his Creator ? Was it not her charitable hand that rescued him from despair ? Oh, yes : she preserved a father, and a helpless family from a lingering death, who, in the fulness of their hearts manifested a gratitude that time never could obliterate. Old Ruthwold—”

“ Who calls on Ruthwold,” cried a voice from behind the elm,—“ on the unhappy Ruthwold ?”

The pilgrim started up in surprise, and, looking round, beheld an aged man, extended upon the ground. Grey were his venerable locks, and thinly were they scattered upon his wrinkled brow ; he lifted up his head—the white tear oozed at his eyes, and pale was his furrowed cheek.

“ Who art thou, venerable mourner ?” cried the pilgrim ; “ Speak, I conjure you ! Why is that eye filled with the scalding tear ? Pause awhile thy grief, and speak to me ?”

The sufferer brushed with his hand aside the trembling drop, and with a voice of mingled doubt and surprise, exclaimed : “ Merciful God ! it cannot be. Yet, sure—no, no, my eyes deceive me—Lord Adelfred !”

The pilgrim drew nearer.

“ Ruthwold !” he involuntary uttered, and flew into his embrace.

The heart of Ali Sheing melted into a flood of tears—tears of pleasure ; he beheld the transports of their meeting with delight—participating in their emotions.

After a few moments consigned to congratulations, questions multiplying upon the tongue of Adelfred, he eager-

ly enquired after the maid he so much adored, when, turning round, he beheld a rough-hewn stone, raised above the sod, bearing the inscription, "A tribute of gratitude to the memory of Elfrida."

Adelfred gazed upon it with delirious eye. "Merciful God!" he exclaimed; and uttering a faint scream, sunk breathless upon the turf.

The old man was distracted; he put his hand upon his heart to see if it beat, and perceiving some signs of life, entreated the assistance of Ali Sheing, to bear the fainting Adelfred to his cottage, which stood at the extremity of the valley, upon the borders of a stream. The unhappy youth was borne, in a state of insensibility, to the habitation of Ruthwold, and every means used to restore him to life. He soon revived: and the venerable cottager, when his guest was able to hear what had transpired at the castle of Llanbedder, in his absence, related to him the unhappy change which time had made.

* * * * *

Caradoc the Brave, as he was called, was in his time a powerful chieftain, the Lord of Llanbedder castle, the friend and favourite of his prince; he wived with a Saxon princess of extraordinary beauty, who died in giving birth to her first and only child, who surviving, was christened Adelfred. For a long time was the wretched father inconsolable for the loss of his beloved Ethela, until time, which dissipates grief, and the infantine prattle of his darling son, who now began to lisp, removed the weight of anguish from his heart. At this time, too, his country was engaged in a fresh war, after a short slumber of two years, and the assistance of Caradoc was required by the reigning prince, to expel the turbulent enemy, who were marching with rapid strides to the centre of his kingdom. The gallant chieftain collected together his vassals, and proceeded at their head, in conjunction with other patriotic lords, to the expulsion of the foe. Many battles were fought—many

prizes obtained—and Saxon blood

clogged the soil of Wales. At length, the day arrived that was to, either see crushed the aspiring foe, or the native liberty of Cambria expire. The morning sun smiled upon the plain devoted to the sanguinary contest; and both armies, with floating banners, came marching to the field. Caradoc, in a bold and energetic speech, urged his men to act like lions in the broil.

"Be not daunted," he cried, "by the glittering of their shield; remember, you fight for your native country, your native liberty—they for extended glory. What are our motives, but to defend our rights? What theirs, but to subjugate and oppress?—They fight for rapine—we for our homes, our native land, and liberty. My brave companions, do not shrink from the sanguinary sword of the foe, but boldly front it: and those whose fate it is to fall, let their example inspire the survivors with the rage and fury of lions, to destroy; but, when mercy is demanded, be merciful, for the Lord God is so."

The voice of Caradoc called slumbering valour to the bosoms of the daunted; and now the loud-mouthed trumpet proclaimed to arms—the steady-rolling drum filled the echoes—and soon the martial clash of swords battering shields was heard. The Britons pressed hard upon the foe: Caradoc was seen in the throat of war: blood crowned his sabre's point—and the groans of the dying issued at his feet.

Leofred, a valiant Saxon leader, performed prodigies with his single sword; the Britons were forced to give back wherever he appeared; and him the ferocious Caradoc was in search of. He cut his way through a defile of soldiery, and snatching a banner from the grasp of a young ensign, defied the haughty chief; who now, disengaging himself from another part of the field, came, burning with anger and revenge, to the defiance of Caradoc. The Saxon banner was to be the victor's prize; and the strife commenced. The well-tempered steel of Leofred crushed the helm of Caradoc,

not mingled blood and sweat trickled from the seams of the armour of either: now they roll, entwined in each other's grasp, upon the ground—and now, disengaged, they are up again—and steel lashes against steel—each sword emits angry sparks of fire: but Leofred was weak, and his enemy taking this advantage, thrust his well-aimed sabre in the breast of the reeling chief, who dropped his weapon, and fell exhausted and bleeding beneath the arm of his adversary; the last breath issued from his lips—a frown of disappointed vengeance distorted his agonized brow, while he rendered up his soul, that flew in a groan from his gaping bosom.

The Saxons were now put to the rout; no longer able to maintain the field, they fled, in wild disorder, with precipitancy, and great loss: many a valiant heart lay bleeding upon the field of slaughter—many a noble soul fled its clayey mansion: the shafts of death were hurled at random, without respect to age or dignity.

The noble Caradoc was severely wounded: faint with loss of blood, he rested upon his sword, and a deadly paleness sat upon his cheek. An arrow, shot from the bow of the flying enemy, pierced his manly breast; the cruel weapon, with fortitude, he plucked aside, and endeavoured to stop the effusion of blood that followed, by applying a bandage to the wound; but still he became more faint: his feeble limbs refused to bear him to the Saxon camp, that was now occupied by his brave countrymen; and, no longer able to sustain him, he sunk upon a pale, mangled corse, that had long since parted with its soul, while a deadly drowsiness overpowered his eyes. The fogs of evening now began gradually to descend upon the earth, and enlivening dews occupied the bosom of the plant, where late the warm rays of the fecundating sun had rested; the combatants were all retired from the field—the loud-mouthed trumpet, sounding the glad tidings of victory, had ceased—and each retired army was

counting over its loss, when, disturbing the stillness that surrounded, the screams of an infant child were heard by Caradoc, who, aroused by the cries of distress, and animated with a new life, arose upon his weak limbs, and flew to relieve the suffering object, exposed to a miserable, relentless death. He soon reached the spot from whence the shrieks proceeded, and discovered an infant crying with terror, clasped in the arms of its deceased mother. Caradoc was petrified at the sight. A dead soldier lay extended upon the plain: dry were all his veins—the pulsation of his heart was long since gone; upon his bosom rested a woman, his wife, as it should seem, who, wild with grief, had shared his fate, regardless of her duty to her tender offspring, whose cries were heart-piercing, and whose little hands were stained with its parents' blood.

Caradoc, unmanned by the sight, and yet invigorated with the hope of giving relief, eagerly seized the defenceless object, and flew with it in his arms, in hopes of gaining the camp, but each step he became more faint: still he pressed forward, till at length, with a groan, he relinquished the path, and, unable to proceed, awaited with resignation the interposition of Heaven in his favour. A short interim had elapsed, during which the child's cries continued, when footsteps were heard at some distance, and a number of torches were seen flaring in the hands of a small group. Caradoc, now summoning all his voice, hallooed loudly for assistance. The halloo was instantly returned—Caradoc joyfully repeated the cry—and the footsteps were heard approaching nearer. Their voices were now distinguished: again Caradoc repeated the cry—and instantly the men surrounded him.

The Cambrian chiefs sat in council, and, on missing the brave Lord of Llanbedder, instantly dispatched scouts over the field to bring news of him; these were a party whom Caradoc hailed, and he was immediately borne to the tent of the assembled chieftains. The surgeons

declared his wounds not dangerous—that he was only faint for loss of blood. Healing ointments were instantly applied, and he was conveyed to a couch, where sleep refreshed him, and recruited strength to his enfeebled body. Equal care was taken of the helpless infant, committed to the protection of a humane villager, the mother of a new-born babe. Each day brought with it strength to Caradoc; and, in a short time, he was thoroughly recovered.

The Saxons, disgraced by this recent defeat, and feeling the severity of their loss in the death of their leader, the intrepid Leofred, evacuated Wales, and left it to enjoy a temporary peace. The British chieftains now retired with their vassals to their castles again, to indulge in hospitality, and add a lustre to their names, by extending their munificence, undiminished, to their dependents, and the defenceless. Never was pilgrim known to depart dissatisfied from the castle of Llanbedder—nor ever did tongue reproach the bounteous Caradoc: his return from the war was hailed with unfeigned transports, and the praises due to him were lavished with truth and freedom. The good Lord sheltered in the castle the orphan whom he had rescued from a pitiless fate that awaited it, and brought it up as his own; the child was christened Elfrida, and, soon as she could speak, equally profited with the young Adelfred, by the paternal instruction of the virtuous chieftain. The children grew beneath his eye, lovely and amiable—they regarded each other as brother and sister, and both called Caradoc father: their minds were formed by the most virtuous of men; and, with the shoots of reason, every virtue dawned; the impression was made upon their hearts—it was the love of doing good, which carries with itself so grateful a pleasure, that the mind never ceases its labour, to crown the heart with bliss.

Adelfred was now ten years old, and Elfrida just entered her ninth, when a brother of the amiable chieftain dying,

bequeathed to his care his only son, Owain, a youth just then in his fifteenth year; he had no estates to leave him, being deprived of them in the Saxon wars, but recommended him to the protection of the virtuous Caradoc, who received him at Llanbedder, and treated him as his own son. Owain was several years their elder, and the children looked upon him as their superior in knowledge, and in every thing, saving their father's love, which they both felt they enjoyed in its fullest proportion.

One day, when their studies were over, Adelfred tempted Elfrida to take a walk in the garden of the castle, where they were accustomed to spend a leisure hour or two, in some childish amusements. The day was rather sultry, and the venerable Caradoc had sought a shady recess there, where, free from observation, he might enjoy a tranquil moment in reflection, and out of the heat of the sun. He had not lain long in an obscure corner of the garden, when the following conversation caught his ear. He listened with attention, that he might catch the sounds more perfectly. It began with Adelfred.

"Look, sister Elfrida," he cried, "this violet will look most beautiful in the nosegay; and the smell is so sweet, you will be charmed with it."

"Is it for me, Adelfred?" asked the little maid.

"Most assuredly," returned he; "to place in your bosom."

"But will they not very soon fade?"

"Not if you breathe upon them, pretty Elfrida; your breath will revive them, when they droop."

"But is it not a pity, brother," rejoined she, "to rob ourselves of the pleasure of beholding those flowers daily, for the gratification of possessing them?"

"Then I have offended you," added Adelfred mournfully, dropping the nosegay from his hand, and running towards her.

At this moment, Owain approached them; he was thoughtful and gloomy.

he disliked the love which and Elfrida felt for each other. I them as objects thwarting the hope he entertained of being the undisputed Lord of Llannd a deadly hatred of them his bosom, which he dared

indeed, indeed, brother, I am led," replied Elfrida, not no- approach of Owain, "but ased with you." Adelfred ; and Owain broke in upon urse.

re mistaken, Elfrida," he cried, licious smile, seating himself . "My cousin Adelfred is not er ; you are not the daughter c, but an orphan protected by 7. No one knows who or what

e been told as much," rejoined yes half filled with tears ; "but ight me to call him father, red brother, and my own heart e to it."

he has taught you presump- it is requisite the seed should e it bear you beyond yourself. be orphan of a common sol- died in the field of battle."

hat soldier was a man," cried his eyes sparkling with fire ; father has often told me, that kes the man, and not rank or

lied fighting, but honour was ched to his name ; he was one who, dying, is not missed, or l of more," added Owain, with : grin.

ied for his king and country," adelfred, nettled ; "he died in the death of a brave man is lamented—and he is a despit- ch, who will not shed a tear rave warrior who fell in the of his duty."

in, you espouse the cause of n too warmly. Recollect—" burst into tears.

cried Caradoc, much anger-

ed, and bursting from his concealment, "the cause of the distressed orphan cannot be espoused with too much warmth. Humanity should teach us to feel for their sufferings, and not to aggravate them.—Recollect yourself, Sir ; what are you, but a dependant on my bounty ? You have forced me to remind you, that you are equally a dependant : and, for the future, take care I do not withdraw my countenance from you."

Owain fell upon his knees ; and Elfrida, drying her eyes, flew to obtain for him a pardon, that was ere long pronounced. The good old chieftain pressed the angelic maid to his bosom, and added, "In future, take example by this peerless girl, so very far above you. Model your heart from her's, and then will you be as dear to me." Owain promised, and the offence was forgotten.

Envy, and the bitterest hatred, from this moment, occupied his breast. Ambition began her spreading circle in his bosom, that now only brooded mischief, subtlety, and cunning. He concealed, with a good face, his views and sentiments from the chieftain ; and by fallacious smiles, regained the favour of his unsuspecting friends.

Adelfred now attained his eighteenth year, and a mutual passion glowed in the bosom of him and Elfrida. With transport Caradoc witnessed their love, and firmly resolved upon their union.

At this time, Richard Cœur de Lion ascended the throne of England, and invited the Welch barons to join with him in the crusade. The vassals of Llanbedder, fired with a religious enthusiasm, eagerly embraced the cause, and their proffered services were accepted by the gallant Richard. Years had turned to grey the locks of Caradoc ; feeble were his limbs ; the sword he had once wielded with gigantic strength, was now too heavy for his grasp ; and he was compelled to decline the command of his brave clan. Adelfred was elected their chief, and the young hero prepared for the expedition to Palestine, under the command of the English king.

The day was appointed for their departure, which arriving, brought with it the tears and groans of the wretched mother, and the despairing wife. The morning dawned, and the brave troops were assembled in the valley; their banners floated in the gale; and the rising sun shone resplendent upon their polished helms. Mingled in their ranks were women and children, taking their last farewell. Here the lover gave a token to his mistress—there the half-distracted wife and mother presented her infant to its father's embrace.

Adelfred, armed cap-a-pee, now approached them from the castle; Caradoc, with eyes streaming with tears, grasped his right hand; and Elfrida, little less distracted, pressed with her snowy fingers his left. Owain followed, apparently much affected, with his handkerchief to his eyes. The clan hailed their leader with a loud huzza, on his arrival, and the hills re-echoed with their testimonies of joy.

At length, the signal was given for departure: Adelfred bade adieu to Owain; and Caradoc, calling down Heaven's blessings upon his son, pressed him to his heart, and flew away from the interesting scene, lest his affection should get the better of his manhood.

But now, the last sad duty was to be performed: Elfrida still rested upon his bosom. "Oh, Adelfred," she cried, in despair, "my foreboding heart informs me that we part for ever."

"Be calm, my gentle Elfrida," he returned. "Let not such idle fancies make our parting bitter: repose your confidence on the wisdom of the Lord, whose merciful arm is stretched out to save the meanest of his creatures, if worthy. Come, come, compose your troubled thoughts."

The troops, who marched immediately on the signal given, now turned the brow of the hill, and were almost instantly out of sight. Elfrida, seeing this, screamed in all the wildness of delirium. Adelfred, agonized, pressed her to his distracted bosom, and know-

ing not what he did, whispered an adieu in her ear.

"Stay," she cried: and throwing a scarf around his neck, "Remember Elfrida," she added; and sunk back in the arms of Owain.

Adelfred now, equally affected, mounted his steed, and flew away; the maid, with a groan quivering on her lips, followed him with her eyes. At length, he reached the hill that was about to withhold him from her sight—he stays his steed—she sees him wave his hand—she waves her's in return—he's lost to her eyes, and overcome with the insupportable anguish of her heart, she falls lifeless upon the plain. Owain bore her back to the castle, and had her conveyed to her apartment.

The venerable Ruthwold commenced his narrative at this period, and related what follows, to the attentive Adelfred, while his hospitable dame replenished the pitcher with cyrrw, and filled the horn upon the oaken board.

"Alas! my Lord, that day will never be effaced from my memory, that saw you depart from Llanbedder: all hearts grieved: and the widow and the orphan's prayers were for your safety. For several weeks, the noble Caradoc would admit no stranger to his presence, but he who brought tidings of the brave Adelfred. Elfrida confined herself to her apartment, to conceal those tears she fain must shed, and the first six months passed away in grief and mourning.

The only news in that interim that arrived was, that the armament had sailed for Palestine, with floating banners, bearing the insignia of the Christian cross; that they were joined in their route by the French monarch, and the chief nobility of several nations, who brought their followers to aid the cause.

"The enterprise now seemed certain of being crowned with the most brilliant success; the troops were animated with the most lively hopes, and despised every danger that presented itself in country, whose climate differed so materially from that which they inhale

their birth ; teeming with fevers and
 resses so fatal to Europeans.

" This grateful news was welcome
 xived by the Lord Caradoc, which
 eviated his fears, and gave some com-
 rt to the bosom of Elfrida. Owain
 ily ingratiated himself in the favour
 them both. He endeavoured to con-
 le them for their loss, which he de-
 dered he himself sustained, and twelve
 onths passed without any thing mate-
 al happening at the castle. But the
 ed Baron's health was seen to decline
 ily.

" My good dame once having some
 iness at Llanbedder, called, and, to
 great surprise, found all noise and
 mension. Alarmed, she made several
 quires, and from one of the servants
 ured that Owain had declared a par-
 tity for Elfrida, to the Baron, who
 ured the offer with indignity ; alledg-
 g, to the knowledge of Owain, the
 id was betrothed to his son. The
 ain did not end here, but, with threats
 d entreaties, urged Elfrida herself,
 to treated them with the like disdain.
 " Owain bit his nether lip in anger ;
 d darting from the room, in half
 isper exclaimed, ' This pride, I doubt,
 ll soon be humbled.'

" Elfrida, alarmed, flew to the Baron,
 whom she unfolded the dark insinua-
 ion that had been thrown out by the
 ble villain, who, at this moment, en-
 red the apartment, holding in his hand
 paper much rumpled : his eyes were
 full of tears—his agitation exces-
 sive. He threw himself upon a sofa,
 the end of the room—his bosom heav-
 with repeated sobs—and the paper
 ipped from his feeble grasp. The
 iron was half distracted ; he dared not
 action, but many fears occupied his
 own ; and, snatching up the letter
 on the ground, he read its contents.
 ily his countenance changed as he
 used it ; then, turning his tearful eyes
 the pale cheek of Elfrida, he cried,
 Alas ! my fears are too true. My son,
 ' Adelfred, is slain !'

" Like an arrow, the dreadful tidings

pierced her brain ; she burst not into
 tears, but wildly exclaimed, ' The will
 of God be done !'

" Owain, at these words, affecting
 composure, arose from the couch. ' He
 died the death of a hero,' he cried. ' He
 died fighting for the establishment of
 the Christian cross, and eternal shall be
 his memory.'

" ' He died the death of a hero,' re-
 peated Elfrida, crossing her hands upon
 her bosom, and sinking upon the floor.

" ' My son, my son is dead,' added
 Caradoc, in despair ; and fainted away
 in the arms of his attendants.

" The death of our dear young lord
 was afflicting news : there was not a dry
 eye at Llanbedder for many months—
 not a heart but dissolved in tears. Sor-
 row, like a cankerworm, preyed
 upon the roseate cheek, and every bosom
 yielded to her powerful sway.

" Caradoc was borne to his couch,
 from which he never more arose. The
 news of his son's death struck deep to
 his heart, and long did his soul struggle
 in its separation from the body, which
 at length tamely yielded its last breath,
 and instantly became inanimate."

Ruthwold paused, to wipe the tear
 from his cheek—Adelfred was almost
 lifeless—but the old man, regaining
 composure, resumed :

" My Lord, I shall not hold you long ;
 what I have to add, though pregnant
 with mystery, will occupy but a little
 portion of your time. After the death
 of the noble chieftain, your father,
 Owain, as next of kin, succeeded to his
 wealth and honours : the vassals of Llan-
 bedder swore to maintain his lawful
 rights with their lives, and be subser-
 vient on every occasion.

" The time of mourning for the late
 Lord being expired, the castle gates were
 thrown open to admit the welcome
 stranger : festivity began her reign ; and
 amidst the loud tumult of joy, which
 each day witnessed, Elfrida alone was
 sad. Owain, haughty, proud, and se-
 vere, soon gained the dislike of his
 people, whom he now began to tyrannize

over without fear.—Groans and murmurs were whispered beneath his castle walls; factions upon factions opposed his power; and rebellion, with blood-stained front, stared him in the face. And now, the news was circulated abroad, that he was about to lead the beautiful Elfrida to the bridal altar. The report was founded upon truth; the day was appointed for the consummation of their nuptials, and the bride and bridegroom appeared before the holy father, that the ceremony might be ratified. There was no animation in the countenance of the devoted maid—no lustre beamed from her once sparkling eye—and when she stood before the priest, her tottering limbs could scarce support her. The rites were now more than half performed—the nuptial kiss about to be exchanged, when she burst from the embrace of Owain, and exclaimed, ‘Monster, take my life: I never will repose in a murderer’s arms!’

Adelfred groaned.

Ruthwold continued: “This unexpected reply threw all into confusion. Owain, boiling with rage, retired; and the rites were unperformed. The next day, it was reported that Elfrida lay dangerously ill; no one was permitted to go nigh her, excepting the physicians who were employed by Owain. My good dame went to the castle, but was roughly denied admittance; and the day following, her death was published, and the black flag was hoisted on the tower.

“This was so sudden, so abrupt, that all wondered, and few credited the report; but her burial succeeded, to affirm the truth of what was circulated; and, with a breaking heart, I went to see her cold remains deposited in the chapel of Llanbedder. Her coffin was bathed with the tears of those supported by her bounty. I owed to her my life—my every thing; it was her charitable hand that raised me from despair and ruin. Oh, God! what a load of anguish was upon my heart, and still, it cracked not, standing the severest trial of affliction.

From this time, Owain became gloomy and morose: no longer was the pilgrim entertained at his gate—no longer was the guest received with welcome at Llanbedder—sad, and was the change!—fled was sportive pleasure—the song—the moments of mirth, which the pained heart could no longer enjoy—alas! Llanbedder never before knew of such a change as a few days had made in her once hospitable walls.

“Time now glided heavily along. Owain received no company—vision troubled his soul, and for ever wounded his peace of mind. Some said that Elfrida still lived—others said he had poisoned the Baron whose spectre haunted him. But to these tales I gave no credit, though it struck me all was not right.”

Adelfred was all impatience. “I pray you proceed, good Ruthwold,” he cried, tortured by suspense. “What have you heard with regard to myself?”

“That the report of your death was false,” exclaimed the old man, his eyes sparkling with pleasure. “I have heard that you still lived—that you had been taken a prisoner in a battle with the infidels—that you had made your escape, after six years’ captivity, and were on the seas, bound for your native country. Oh! this was welcome news to my aged heart. But I sadly feared the truth, until my eyes convinced me how much I was mistaken in putting no confidence in what I heard.”

Adelfred’s arms were extended to receive the honest Ruthwold, who rushed into his embrace. “To-morrow,” cried the young warrior, “I will claim my paternal inheritance: and—”

“Not so hasty, my good Lord,” interrupted the cotter. “Claim not your inheritance, until your vassals own you for their true Lord; and, ready to support your cause, arm in your defence; for Owain will, doubtless, dispute your person, and seize upon you as an impostor. Be wary, and baffle the machinations of your designing cousin: he has laid down a plan, sure to succeed, un-

equalled by you in cunning: for, knowing that you lived, and fearing the loss, he has bridled, by his arts, two lions lately returned from Palestine, and, in their fear, they themselves saw you fall in the action, and did the honours of your funeral."

"Perfidious monster!" exclaimed Adelfred, rising from the couch. "But you shall soon feel my vengeance." The supper was now spread upon the table—the pitcher of cyrrw was profusely unsparingly to the guests, whose tables were heaped by the overjoyed ones, with a cold kid pie, and homely rye bread.

Adelfred, at an early hour, with a laden heart, retired to a couch; and Ali Sheing was, by the fearful provider of the feast, conducted to the chamber adjoining the room where Adelfred lay. "Oh, holy prophet Alla," cried Adelfred, sinking upon the pallet, "I commend me to thy mercy." Sleep closed his eyes; but restless was the heart of the rightful Lord of Llanbedder.

Vainly he courted the soporific to his weary eyelids; but troubled thoughts, that, after each other, rapidly visited his brain, chid it thence, on approach: and in the morning he awoke, flagged and unrefreshed. Ruthwen met him, as he descended from his humble apartment, and embraced him.

Adelfred now determined to go in disguise to Llanbedder, attended by the priest, as a pilgrim from the holy land, and could give some information respecting the fate of the unhappy son of Caradoc; by this means, he would learn the disposition of his cousin, and know how to proceed in procuring his release.

Ruthwen readily assented to the scheme, which was immediately put in execution. A silvery-haired beard was added to the chin of Adelfred—his vest was torn, and girded round his waist—and in his hands he held the fluted harp—a broken sword was suspended at his side—a battered helmet,

bearing no crest, was fixed upon his head—and in his right hand he held a headless spear, which served him for a staff. Thus accoutred, accompanied by Ali Sheing, after taking leave of the honest cottager and his wife, he proceeded to Llanbedder. High upon a mount stood the noble building, whose dark towers had withstood the ravages of time—the clinging ivy crept around its casements, where the web-winged bat built her clayey nest, and dug her talons in the crumbling walls—the screech-owl brooded on the tower's summit, in a cavity where a stone had dropped, forced from its seat by the rumbling storm, that had often shaken the stately edifice to its foundation—rust had eat away the polish of the iron gates of the castle, that creaked upon their hinges to admit the stranger, who seldom knocked at the portal since the days of Caradoc the Brave—the scene around was wild, and here and there was seen scattered a hamlet, whose rustic owners were too infirm to move to the spot where the more youthful had retired, or were the creatures of Owain; for no one, who could avoid it, would draw a breath beneath the towers of their chief, who ruled them with a rod of iron.

Adelfred, with a sigh, passed on; and approaching the heavy northern gate, struck a few trembling wild notes upon the harp, which he accompanied with his voice. After some time, Owain appeared at a casement above, and the eyes of the cousins involuntarily met each other. Alas! how changed was the countenance of the reigning Lord of Llanbedder, to what it was in the recollection of the rightful heir! Sallow was his sunken cheek, that once had boasted the fresh colour of the rose—his dark eye was overhung by a thick, scowling brow—and the whole of his person was emaciated. Adelfred gazed upon him in surprise and pity, until the other, conscious that on him the pilgrim's searching eye was fixed, with a frown, drew together the casement, and disappeared.

The youth, venerable in appearance, again struck upon the harp, and sung of battles fought, and of victories over the infidels obtained. He had not resumed long, when a servant of the castle unbarred the gate, and beckoned him to approach. Adelfred slung the harp upon his shoulder, and obeyed; Ali Sheing followed. The servant conducted him through a long marble hall, to a stone apartment, where the various domestics were assembled over a large fire. The guests were invited to a seat upon a long oaken bench, on which the servants crowded, and bread and cheese and cwrw, was to reward them for an air or two upon the harp. All wondered at the dark complexion of Ali, who attracted the eyes of the whole group. Adelfred played, and often varied the strain, which sometimes enlivened, and often depressed, their spirits, by the feeling with which the solemn air was executed. At length, he ceased; and the song gave way to entertaining chat.

"I have fought by the side of the gallant Richard," cried Adelfred, introducing the subject: "full many a time have seen the plains, near Lebanon, stained with the gore of infidels—have seen the Moorish crescent fall, and the Christian cross proudly waving over the blood-stained ground."

"Heard you," asked a domestic, "in the wars, of Adelfred of Llanbedder?"

"I fought under him," returned he.

"You, doubtless, can inform us of the certainty of his death," added Iserlt, the favourite attendant of Owain—the agent of his villanies—and whose dark lowering brow betrayed the depravity of his heart.

"I was by his side, when he fell," answered Adelfred, emphatically.

"Indeed!" was returned for an answer; and Iserlt rose from his seat.

Adelfred, without seeming to observe this action, continued:—

"Fatal was that day to many a valiant Briton: much noble blood was spilt upon the plains of Salem, where the Chris-

tians gave way to the powerful advances of the Moorish crescent; there it was that Adelfred fell, in the struggle with a young banneret, for a trophy he had just earned from an expiring soldier: dreadful was the conflict, which would have decided in favour of the son of Caradoc, but that an arrow, fiercely whizzing from a Paynim's bow, pierced his stout breast, even in the moment when his conquering arm had purchased him the victory."

Iserlt, overjoyed, flew to unfold the pilgrim's tidings to the ear of Owain.

"He is an impostor," cried the half-convinced chief, hope and fear visible upon his cheek.

"He is no impostor," returned Iserlt, angered.

"Have I not letters, certifying that he lives, and is now on his return to Britain?" said Owain.

"Most true; and true it may be, that he lives; but, if you wish to disprove the tale, a noble opportunity offers itself to check the belief that runs among your vassals, of his existence; and, declaring him, who will offer himself as the son of Caradoc, to be a subtle villain, who, by imposture, would deprive you of your lawful inheritance, and usurp authority over the vassals of Llanbedder."

"Iserlt, do I understand you aright?" eagerly enquired he.

"Call up this grey-bearded bard," returned the other, "and summon your domestics; then, in their presence, let him affirm the death of Adelfred—be you affected when he narrates the tale—and, with well-feigned tears, deplore the loss of a cousin, whom, beyond your existence, you must avow, you prized."

Owain eagerly embraced the design, and the strangers were ushered to his presence: throngs of domestics, by the order of Owain, filled the apartment, and several questions were put to the pretended pilgrim, who answered them with boldness. Owain was apparently much affected.

"On the plains of Salem," cried the

pilgrim, "both armies met; the Christian, composed of the flower of many countries, but in number far inferior to their adversaries. The signal was given, and the bloody strife commenced. King Richard, with a chosen band, flew to the Soldan's camp, who was surrounded by the wise men and officers of his court. The rage of the lion was depicted in his countenance—like a madman, he fought in the throat of war—shields and lances, with his single arm, he battered down—and the force of overwhelming thousands could alone drive him back. And now the clamour of war rose from different parts of the field," . .

"But what of Adelfred?"

"Oh, in the midst of the fight he stood, with stout arm, throwing aside the arrows aimed at his bosom; many faithful gasped at his feat; but King Richard gave back—his intrepid soldiers fell breathless by his side; and still the monarch fought, enacting wonders with his single arm, cutting his path through the enemy, until he was severed from his troops, and surrounded by a heathen multitude, with each sabre levelled at his breast. At—"

"Well:—and Adelfred!" hastily interrupted Owain.

"Saw the danger of his monarch, while engaged in another part of the field—like lightning, followed by a bold troop, he flew to his rescue, and saved the life of England's King, the renowned Richard."

"Heroic cousin! This deed shall immortalize thee. I will raise a monument to thy fame: and this act shall be recorded of thee in every future age."

"The King had but time to thank his deliverer, whom he pressed to his bosom, and flew to another part of the field, where the bloody crescent was seen waving above the cross."

"But what of Adelfred?—Say of Adelfred?—What of my gallant cousin?"

"Oh, he was still where most of the battle raged. Two wounds he had already received upon his breast; but he felt no wound, saving that given by the dis-

comfiture of the side he fought for. I saw his helmet clove in twain—the sword dropped from his grasp—and, stunned with the blow, he fell—"

"O—h!" exclaimed Owain, clasping his hands together, in well feigned agony.

"—But up again he rose, swift as an arrow, and renewed the fight. In the mean time, the King—"

"Tell me not of the King, but of Adelfred. You torture me, by keeping me in this suspense. Say, how fought Adelfred? He is the only one who can claim an interest in my breast—the warlike Adelfred!—the partner of my youthful pleasures!"

The pilgrim paused in astonishment.

"Why do you not proceed?" cried Owain. "Oh! tell me all! But say not that he died."

"The King, in the mean time, had collected together his flying people, and once more made a stand. A shower of arrows from Christians' bows, now in their flight, obscured the sun: and in their turn, the Heathens gave ground. Adelfred saw the advantage obtained, and inspiring with his voice a brave troop to follow him, he sought out the Soldan of Persia and his retinue, whom the King had before attacked. The conflict was now bloody, warm, and obstinate; upon the life of the Soldan depended the triumph of the day, and many gallant arms defended him. But the brave troop made good their way, and Adelfred engaged with Persia's monarch, sword to sword; bloody and wounded as he was, still, in defiance of death, he fought. Showers of arrows whizzed, as they flew over the heads of the two combatants."

"Well, and—"

"Adelfred in twain severed the heart of the proud Soldan of Persia; he fell, without a groan, and died."

"But, Adelfred," cried Owain, with a voice expressive of much impatience and hope, "he lived."

Alas! deep were the wounds in his bosom, from which his heart's blood

flowed copiously. He was feeble ; the breath of life fast wasted from his lips ; and, as he lay thus in the agony of death, a well aimed arrow eased his labouring heart, and robbed him of the few moments he might have pined away in misery—”

“ God ! God ! ” exclaimed Owain, “ this is too much ! ” and fainted away upon a couch.

The pilgrim flew towards him, and pressed his hand upon his heart. It did not seem to beat—his cheek was wan and pale—and the starting tears stood at the corners of his closed eyes.

The pilgrim, with a sudden frenzy, exclaimed, “ Oh ! Ruthwold, thou hast deceived me ! ” and throwing off the torn vest, and tearing from his chin the deceitful beard, added, with a voice of triumph and pleasure, “ Owain, awake ! —Thy cousin lives !—Behold in me, Adelfred, eager to press you to his heart ! ”

The domestics instantly recognized their young Lord ; and loud shouts of joy rent the apartment. Instantly an universal clamour prevailed ; and, in a short time, the news of the return of Adelfred was spread over the whole domain. In the confusion, the sudden surprise and chagrin of Owain went unobserved ; he was compelled to return cordially the embrace of his cousin ; he dared not deny him, for he was universally acknowledged in a short time by the whole of the tenantry. Adelfred was invested with the power his father had enjoyed—the peasants joyfully took the oath of vassallage, and once more were the castle gates thrown open, for the reception of the weary pilgrim, or the passing stranger. Ali Sheing was regarded by all, as the friend and favourite of their chief. But, in the midst of the gaiety of the castle, when all was revelry and confusion, a melancholy would overshadow his brow, and he would wander by himself, disconsolate and forlorn. Mirth had not the power to cheer him.

In the mean time, Owain, whose bosom was the seat of tumultuous passions, where hatred and the most determined

malice reigned, was planning schem how to destroy his cousin, without being thought guilty of his death. To strike him privately—to poison him—to employ an armed band to assassinate him—these were expedients his troubled brain resorted to, and as instantly abolished ; knowing that, however cautiously executed, suspicion would fall upon him.

Iserlt, his faithful adviser, studied deeply, and suggested many plans ; but the following operated most powerfully upon the mind of Owain, and they determined : that Owain should retire to a neighbouring convent, avowing his intention to dedicate the remainder of his life to penitence and prayer ; while Iserlt should remain at the castle, strongly recommended to Adelfred, for the purpose of playing upon the passions of the friendly Moor, and rousing his revenge, having previously learned, that he had been much injured by the Lord of Llanbedder, during his captivity ; thus making the virtuous, unsuspecting Adelfred the footstool of their ambition. The next day, Owain, with much seeming piety, made his intentions known to Adelfred, who, in the most affectionate manner, urged him to renounce them.

“ Every thing that is mine is equally yours,” he cried. “ Remain with me, and I will share with you every thing I possess.”

“ Noble Adelfred,” returned the designing hypocrite, “ I am not formed for the world ; my heart is but little attuned to mirth : and loathsome to me are pleasures which I cannot enjoy. No ; in a convent’s dreary walls, I shall find repose—solemnity is congenial with my soul—the gloomy cloister is in concord with my brain. Fare you well and sometimes think on Owain—you will be ever in his prayers.”

Adelfred was somewhat affected ; but Owain had resolved upon the prosecution of his plan ; and, in a few days, he took up his residence at a religious house, a few miles from Llanbedder.

Adelfred had now no friend in whose



he could confide his secret but Ali Sheing. He often heaved to the memory of Elfrida, and would follow. "Oh, Elfrida," he cried, "I thought thee so closely round my heart, that, in the end, it needs must break. But, flinty bosom sustains thy loss, and me to think on thee to madly dwell on thy name—to remember former loves, sanctioned by a promise we both acknowledged." As Ali Sheing devoured by memory.

Still would he wander disconsolate the castle's ruined courts. Heeded his sorrows; but every account of his complexion, fled. He was a fit object for Iserlt upon; as the most brooding he easiest to arouse to an act of rage. He felt himself deserted, disgusted with all but Adelfred, and friendship for him was unbounded. So, every opportunity, sought any, and poured the kindest words in his ear. But Iserlt was jealous of attracting his notice, and hastily threw himself in his

path; but Ali was little disposed for conversation, and a slight inclination of the head was, for some time, the only advance that could be obtained.

Iserlt, ever on the watch for an opportunity, observed him, one day, enter a small arbour, at the bottom of the castle garden, but little frequented, shady and retired. Thither he followed him; and heard him distinctly utter the words, "Oh, Zulema!" Tears followed the exclamation, accompanied by a sigh, proceeding from the bottom of an agonized heart. He threw himself upon a seat, and reclined his head against the branch of a spreading elder, rich in luxuriant clusters of its wholesome produce.

Iserlt advanced with a timid step—the eye of Ali caught his—and he was about to retire.

"Pardon me," he cried; "I would not willingly obtrude upon your privacy; I feel too much for man's sorrows, not to respect them. I pray you, excuse my presence—the mere effect of chance—which conducted me here.—Farewell."

"Nay, stay," replied Ali, rising, "you have sought this retired seat, and I drive you from it—I will leave you."

"Not for worlds.—Oh, no, thou noble-minded man; let me begone.—Your sorrows have obtained an interest in my heart, I do not seek to be your confidant—yet I feel severely for your stay here. Indulge your griefs in solitude—I will not again interrupt you."

Ali was sensibly affected. "Generous man!" he exclaimed, and drew him to a seat beside him. His eyes were filled with tears—his bosom heaved with repeated sobs—and he sunk upon the bosom of the designing Iserlt, repeating "Oh, Zulema!"

"Why do you so often breathe that interesting name?" cried Iserlt, in an affectionate tone. Then checking himself, "but pardon me; the interest I take in your griefs will, I fear, hurry me beyond discretion. Come, come, now, do not despond, but let the smile of peace again animate that cheek. Think not a Christian cannot feel: I do with all my heart; and will press you as close there as though we adored one and the same God."

"Oh! thou immortal Alla," exclaimed Ali Sheing, suddenly arising from the bosom of Iserlt, and prostrating himself on the ground; "adored by me, thy devoted slave, teach my ignorance, if I do err, in confiding in the misguided worshipper of another God. It is the creed of his fathers he observes, and he sins not by being of the Christian faith, being born in error. Thou great Omnipotent, I do know the good heart is welcomed by thee, however misguided in its worship of thee, immortal prophet!"

These words were uttered in the most solemn tone: thrice he kissed the earth, with profound reverence; and rising, resumed his seat by the side of Iserlt.

"Christian," he cried, "I would with freedom pour into thy bosom all the wrongs I have sustained; nay, lay before thee all my heart, but that the soul of Ali raises above such mean

avowal—such purchased pity for his sufferings."

"Nay, Ali, think not that Iserlt with tears condole with you, and bid you make your mind to sorrow: no; if you are injured, he will bid you see revenge, and fan it into a flame in your bosom. Nay, by my life, were my own brother the author of your wrongs, have that within me, which, casting off all ties of consanguinity, would urge you to spare him not, but take an ample and full revenge."

"Christian, thou dost warm my own heart. Our prophet, Alla, dost inspire us with an ardour for revenge, and give his followers souls of fire to accomplish it. Thou canst not judge of men born beneath the torrid zone, whose hearts are warmed by its genial influence—whose passions are like burning fivers in their veins—fervid in their love as destructive in their hate. Thou canst not judge of men, as far superior to the pallid white—of men, whose generous nature can only be equalled by the fire that animates them—whose souls are alike susceptible of love and hatred."

"Noble Ali, I can judge by thee and grieve, to see a spirit, so great as thine, doomed to be broken by an abject slavery."

"Slavery! Ah!"

"But, come, no more of this; tell me of Zulema. By Heavens, your imagined wrongs bear me beyond myself!"

"Imagined wrongs?"

"To me imagined; since I know them only by the effect they have upon your dauntless spirit."

"Oh! Iserlt."

"Away with this, Ali Sheing; you do forget yourself."

"By the immortal Alla, I do. Oh Zulema, the sighs and groans which thou hast cost me!" Then, after a pause, "I am the only son of the warlike Zuntma, the father of his people who, when the robber Christians sought our shores, and with fire and sword endeavoured to make us, the true worshippers of Alla, renounce our faith, for on

d, collected together his thousand warlike champions of religion, camped them on the banks of the rolling Doora, a rapid tide, the plains of Bedamoora, where he dwelt. I followed my father, and was elected to the command of a brave and warlike band, religion and patriotism were so wound around their hearts, that at the attempt of the Christian to sever them. The Soldan himself reviewed the discipline of his army, and we stood prepared, a firm band, to protect our country, religion, and our monarch, from the five arms of the ruthless robbers, who had our shores. It was now we beheld the lovely Zulema, and, as she became her adorer. One day, when the moist winds blew, the sands of the desert were whirled in eddies, so fatal to the Arab who perished in their march, and the laden camels are overwhelmed with burning grains, in whirlwinds and over the trackless desert billowed when the sun raises the flesh on us, I strayed from the camp, and in contemplation, followed a track, unconscious whither it led me. The air was thick and on which the netting insects at dart their poisonous stings in the air—the blood swelled in my veins—my eyes were sunk with intense heat—and my tongue was parched with drought: born to the clime, to sustain its warmth, still this day it tormented me—heat such as this, I had never before experienced. I had not far, when, beneath a mountain, barren sides were parched—and the brook, whose tardy waters, so slowly sliding along, were nearly wasted, served a neat hut, that reared its head in solitude, and thither I led my step, to waste away an refreshing ease. Within a few paces of the door, I stopped; for, upon a mossy pillow, by the side lay a beauty, rich in loveliness,

sumptuously attired, and attended by two female slaves, who were employed in fanning from her swelling bosom the stinging insects that fretted her slumbers. For a while, I stood over her, and the most pleasing sensation thrilled through my whole soul: her teeth were like so many drops of European snow, regularly even—her breath, more sweet than the perfumes of Arabia—her lips would vie, for luxuriance, with the richest coral—her timid breath, in passing and repassing, swelled her speckless bosom, on which I could have fallen, transported as I was, and, with a dying murmur, sighed out my heart. She awoke: Heavens! how intelligent were her eyes!—What volumes to the soul they spoke!

“Oh! Iserlt, on me were their mild lustre shed—on me they paused. I approached her with a respectful bow; she arose from the turf, and returned me the salutation. Alla! Alla! immortal Alla! What a form!—What a shape! How graceful!—how elegant! Ecstasy, for a time, deprived me of the power of speech: both were embarrassed. At length, with a modest courtesy, leaning upon the arms of her slaves, she withdrew. I dared not scarcely breathe—words were upon my tongue, but my heart throbbed—sighs burst from my lips, and I could only follow her with my eyes. I saw her enter the cottage, that stood but a few paces from the margin of the stream. As the door was about to close, she looked back—her eyes met mine—I bowed—she was gone—and I threw myself upon the spot that her limbs had pressed. Long time I lay, and could only think on her. Still in imagination she stood before me—still did my eyes feast upon her beauties—the more I thought, the more I grew enamoured.

“The shade of evening now approached, bringing with it those enlivening airs that make Asia tolerable. Once more the tanned bough waved—the waters rippled—and the feathery choristers, refreshed by the gale, began their

evening chant. My eyes were constantly fixed upon the cottage, which held my heart. Joy, joy to my soul! the door opened—she appeared, the lovely daughter of the sun appeared—the angel-form I worshipped—the goddess of my dreams appeared, between the same slaves who before attended her. I arose from the ground; my tottering limbs could scarce support me—I was faint with hunger and fatigue, and still more so with the love I cherished in my bosom, which nurtured the flame that now glowed in all my veins, and stole the native freshness of my cheek. As she approached, her light garments winnowed in the air, and displayed all the luxury, all the sweetness of her shape; the thin muslin was wafted from her voluptuous breasts, between which hung, flowing down her neck, a string of pearls—her heaving bosom was bared—and, on observing my eyes fixed upon her, with a blush, she drew together the wanton robe, and concealed it from my ardent gaze.

“Overcome by my emotion, I hastened to throw myself at her feet, and struck something before me; it jingled, and I stopped. It was a bracelet, which I eagerly seized; and, knowing the owner, as eagerly pressed to my lips. I was now undetermined how to act; whether to wear it as an eternal remembrance, or to present it to her. At length, I formed the pleasing resolution of making it the instrument of my introduction, and I flew to place it in her hand. My voice failed me. When I approached her, I fell upon my knees. She received the bracelet, and, with a winning smile, raised me from the ground. Alla! Alla! her touch thrilled through my veins.

“I pressed her fingers to my lips: ‘Pardon me, Lady,’ I cried, ‘pardon my presumption. Inspired by your beauty, cold must be that heart that will not adore you—senseless the bosom that is not fired on beholding you. Oh! let me throw myself at your feet, and vow to eternally love you. Nay, Lady,

do not frown upon me—pity, if you cannot cherish, the flame which devours unceasingly this faithful breast.’

“Her hand I clasped between my own; a smile was upon her cheek. Again I pressed it to my eager lips. She was about to speak—benignity beamed through her radiant eyes; but at this moment, a voice from the cottage cried, ‘Zulema!’

“Hastily withdrawing her hand,—‘Stranger, adieu!’ she sighed, ‘I am called.’

“‘Zulema!’ the voice repeated.—She struggled to depart.

“‘Enjoy my favour,’ she cried; ‘we may meet, perchance, again.’

“‘Alla shower his choicest blessings on thee, for the thought,’ I exclaimed, ‘adored daughter of the faithful!’

“I arose from the ground—a new sensation animated my heart,—and, with the sweet emotion, I dared to join my lips to her’s.

“‘Zulema!’ was again the cry.

“‘Adieu!’ she uttered.

“‘Oh! Zulema!’ I faintly articulated, and sunk upon the ground.

“Again were my eyes fastened upon the cottage door. The twilight still continued. Hunger oppressed me; but it was worse than death to depart the spot, that might again present to my ardent gaze the lovely Zulema. I waited in the most dreadful suspense. Each moment seemed an age, that passed in her absence. At length, a small lattice above the door opened, and Zulema, brighter than the sun, appeared. I flew towards the cottage—she waved her hand—the lattice closed, and left me tortured by cruel disappointment.

“It grew late; I had been many hours from the camp, and I knew my return must have been looked for.—With heavy heart, and Zulema upon my tongue, I began to retrace my steps often looking back upon the hut that possessed the only gem that on earth prized.

“I had proceeded to some distance. The path I was to pursue now branched

into another direction, and the cottage was about to be concealed from me by the intervention of a rude rock, whose raggy head, soaring high above, threatened on the valley. I paused a moment to take a farewell look, ere I proceeded, and observed some one in haste, approaching towards me. Her finger was often raised above her head, beckoning to me; and one of the slaves of Zulema invited me to return.

"Enraptured, I hurried her along, burning with love. I soon reached the cottage—the door was open to receive me—Zulema awaited me; and, in a moment, I held her in my arms. Immortal Alla! thou great adorable, who to the faithful art beneficent, then thou didst witness the raptures that crowned our meeting; thou in thy ethereal seat didst hear the lips of the divine Zulema confess that she loved me—thou didst hear our pure vows—didst know our hearts. The beauteous maid invited me to a collation her own hands had provided, of which I ate: rich wines were presented to me in a cup from which she had sipped, and in the sweet libation which I took, I drank down heart-consuming draughts of entralling love.

" 'Oh! Ali Sheing,' sighed the fond Zulema, 'will you ever love me?—Will you ever press me to your bosom with the same affection as now?—Will you give the foolish Zulema your heart?'

" 'I have it not to give,' I returned, transported; 'it was your's the first moment I beheld you. Oh! Zulema,' I added, 'may the immortal Alla reject my prayers, and may I fall dishonoured beneath the christian sword, if ever I love you less than at this moment.'

"Christian, despise not Zulema for the forward avowal of her passion to one unknown to her before this day. I see upon thy cheek the crimson blush—thy turned-up lip—thy eyes disdainful, and contemptuous glance; but learn, ere you judge of the Asiatic world, it differs from that of Europe, whose allid sons are cold, phlegmatic, and,

like the air they breathe, dull in their very natures. With them coyness results from the cold habit of their blood; and suspicion, the foul offspring of guilt, checks the forward passion while it dawns; and reason, cold in her very birth, the enemy of love, makes the dull heart her empire; but we, who are by nature warm, who, above dishonour, need no laws to curb our wild desires—we, ourselves guiltless, are unable to suspect—we, our hearts so liable to impression, when we feel the soft emotion and the kindling flame expand through all the veins, make a merit of confession, knowing how valuable are the hours of love, and eager for enjoyment.

"A tear gemmed the eye of Zulema—her head hung upon my breast—her arms were thrown around my neck, and numberless sighs struggled in her bosom. 'Tell me, Zulema,' I cried, pressing her to my eager heart, 'tell me, tell me, thou peerless maid, wilt thou be mine?'

" 'Ali Sheing must deserve,' she replied.

" 'What shall I do to gain favour in the eyes of Zulema? Tell me of dangers that I may brave them.—By the faith of Alla, I swear—'

" 'Swear not, Ali,' returned the blushing maid; then raising her interesting eyes to mine, she added in a dignified feeling voice, 'If you love me, Ali, snatch me from the arms of one great in power, who persecutes, by avowing an odious passion for me. Oh! Ali, my father devotes me to his loathsome embrace.—Vain are my entreaties—he flies from my prayers, and dooms me to endless misery.'

" 'Zulema!' involuntarily escaped my lips. She continued:

"I am the daughter of Mahomedd Bensadi, the chief of the monarch's councils, his only child, Ali Sheing; and me he devotes the victim of his ambition. I am to be the sacrifice to that baneful passion which engrosses his whole soul, and stifles paternal feeling: I am to be the chief

instrument in the establishment of his future glory. Scarce six moons are wasted since our Soldan was advised by his viziers, fakirs, and nobles, of his court at Jaza, to select three of the choicest beauties our country boasted, of distinguished birth, and take them to his arms, subservient to his pleasures. 'Commander of the faithful!' cried Bensadi, 'at whose foot the worshippers of Ali bend, listen to the entreaties of thy people, and choose among the fairest of the daughters of thy nobles, three of surpassing beauty, and let her who bears of thy loins a son, be thy favourite Sultana, and be that son thy heir, so shall the wish of thy people be accomplished, and the glory of thy name be transmitted to succeeding generations.' With smiles our Soldan nodded his assent, and the blushing daughters of the nobles were presented to the youthful monarch, who made his choice of three. Oh! Ali Sheing, I am one of the elected—I am devoted to receive embraces that to me are loathsome: vain, vain, are my tears! Bensadi, my father, is deaf to my prayers and entreaties.'

"This news overpowered me—despair was depicted upon my cheek—my knees tottered beneath me—agony pierced my heart, and convulsed my bosom. Vain was it to contend with the powerful commander of the faithful—the descendant of the prophet Mahomed: tremblingly I let go her hand, that was clasped between mine, and fell back, almost fainting upon my seat.

"Zulema arose: what a dignity shone in her whole deportment, as she frowned upon me!—Her eye, contemptuously turned upon me, spoke volumes to my soul. I arose from the sofa.

"How have I been deceived?" she cried: 'Ali Sheing, who dares to love, shrinks from the glance of a powerful rival, whom he dares not contend with.' Then, after a pause: 'Zulema is lost to him for ever!'

"Saying this, she immediately burst from the room.—I followed her—vain-

ly she endeavoured to put me back—I was determined to be heard—I kissed the hem of her garment, which she endeavoured to tear from my burning lips. 'Oh, Zulema!' I cried, 'I will perish, or you shall be my mistress.'

"At this moment, the venerable Bensadi entered the apartment; frowning, he seized his daughter's hand, who fainted upon his bosom, and myself was seized by several mutes, who bound and bore me to the camp, where I was left in my tent a prey to anguish. The next morning, my father, Zantma, entered, and pressed me to his bosom: to him I related my foregoing adventure, who almost crushed my hopes by the cruel information that our Soldan loved Zulema, and would spare no cost or pains to win her, by gentle means, to his arms. This dreadful relation acted like a thunderbolt through the brain: but I resolved to gain an audience of the Soldan, and lay before him the whole of my heart. For a long time my endeavours were vain: surrounded by his viziers, fakirs, and officers of state, it was long before I could make my petition; but each day I saw Zulema—each day, by some stratagem, she eluded the vigilance of Bensadi, who, acquainted with our mutual passion, was ever on the watch to keep us asunder; but each day I pressed the lovely maid with fond rapture to my bosom; which embrace was as eagerly returned by the blushing Zulema; and we mingled together our breath, our sighs, and our foreboding tears.

"At length, I obtained an audience of the Soldan—the long-wished-for moment arrived; and he being informed that my business required a private interview, I was ushered to his closet. Gracious Alla! I never feared to address my sovereign till now—my heart died in my bosom—my tongue feared to utter what my soul was desirous of, and I retreated a few paces from the Sultan, who sat in an attentive posture opposite to me.

" 'Speak Ali,' he cried, after a pause, with a voice expressive of much benignity: 'Why this tremour in the presence of a sovereign, who honours you for your valour, and loves you for the affection you shew to ourself?'

" His tenderness inspired me, and I threw myself at his knee; but oh! agony, how dared I address myself to a monarch, youthful, vigorous, and full of blood, who loved the object of my affection?—Would he tear out his own heart that mine might triumph? The thought was madness. After a pause, during which my emotions were most painful, I thus addressed him: "Oh, gracious Sultan, pardon the presumption of thy slave, who has dared to fix his eyes upon the object of thy love—who has dared to sigh for the enjoyment of her on whom thou lavishest thy affection."

" At this moment, I fixed my eye upon his cheek, and beheld it pale—I grasped his hand with fervour, while anger knitted his brow. 'Proceed,' he cried, 'and name—'

" 'Never, never!' I interrupted, 'until you pronounce both our pardons.'

" He smiled, and bit his nether lip, 'I promise,' at length he uttered, with a half bow, and laying his hand upon his heart.

" A pause ensued—a pause of agony. I almost feared to rely upon the honour of my sovereign, whose word 'twas death to dispute, knowing that jealousy exists while a rival breathes, and that man is most to be distrusted in cases of ignorance: love, whose influence over the human breast is such, as to turn the richest virtue to the rankest weed.—Christian, knowest thou the power of heart-consuming love? Hast thou felt its fire in thy veins?—Hast thou harboured the passion in thy breast? Sayest thou not? Then thou canst not judge the pangs it creates—the fears—the jealousies—the racking thoughts—all the tormenting doubts it brings with it—and all the distracting tumults of the soul.

" Oh, Alla, Alla! what is that man who loves?—How lost!—For a time, how mad—how raving! while he still hugs the fond passion closer to his bosom, rioting in despair and hope; and yet, who would be he that cannot love, since he must be made of cold blood—of a savage disposition—of ferocity of manners, and turn of mind to anarchy and blood?

" At length, summoning more confidence, and looking the Soldan sternly in the face, I exclaimed, 'Zulema has exchanged the vow with me—Zulema, the daughter of Bensadi.'

" He started back on hearing her name.—'Zulema!' his lips quivered.

" 'Mercy! mercy!' I cried; 'look around thy mighty empire, and see beauties lovely as Zulema.'

" 'Thinkest thou so?' he eagerly interrupted.

" I was staggered with the question; and after another pause, continued, 'Many there are that excel, though not in my eyes.'

" 'And why should they in mine?' again interrupted the angry monarch. 'Thinkest thou thy Soldan is less susceptible than thou art? Presumptuous wretch! Hence, and learn that I love Zulema.'

" Saying this, he left the closet, and despair occupied my whole soul. After this time, I no longer saw Zulema; she was shielded from me. In vain I endeavoured to learn tidings of her; she and Bensadi were removed from the cottage near which I first beheld her—barren was the spot, and the tenantless hut left to ruin. Oh! with what sweet delight would I wander over those apartments where once had dwelt the lovely Zulema, until the recollection that she was lost to me for ever, urged my brain to madness—my thoughts were entirely on her—ceaseless were my lamentations—endless my heart-broken sighs—the air and mountain-hollows mocked my griefs, by echoing my groans. The daughter of Bensadi was torn from me, and, perhaps, wantoning in the Soldan's

arms. Distraction! how often was I impiously on the point of raising my arm against my life: the world had no charms for me, and I resolved to die. At this time the Christians advanced to Salem: our men were drawn out to receive them; the red cross waved on high, and the golden crescent as proudly overtopped the plain, while the faithful followers of Alla breathed out a prayer, and prepared to die in the cause of their religion.

"A glorious opportunity presented itself to me, which I determined to take advantage of. The fight commenced, and the martial clangour of destructive arms was heard at the same moment from all parts of the field. Despairing, I rushed forward into the thickest of the fight, opposing my breast to the arrows of the enemy. On every side of me I saw my countrymen wallowing in gore. Many Christians fell by my arm, but in vain I sought to die: the arrows of the enemy, as if by fate's decree, sunk exhausted ere they reached my bosom, or clove the air beside me in angry whistle, leaving me alone unhurt, standing in the storm in pursuit of danger.

"For a long time, the sanguinary contest lasted; often was seen the bloody cross displaced by the golden crescent, and then again the Christian banners scattered over the field, and the proud crescent dragged upon the ground besmeared with gore. The Soldan issued like a tiger to destroy—in vain he collected together his scattered ranks—the Christians were too powerful, and with their broad falchions mowed down our men by ranks. From a distant part of the field, I saw the Soldan engaged in combat with the leader of a Christian troop: fire flashed from their warm glances—dreadful was the fight—furiously were the strokes dealt, which falling on the opponent's shield, threatened annihilation. Blood poured from the crevices in the armour of both—the Soldan was faint, and more feeble grew each stroke he dealt. I saw the danger, and swift as an arrow, flying to his relief,

arrived at the very moment when, by repeated blows, his powerful antagonist had brought him to the ground. The falchion was already reared to be plunged in his breast, but I parried the blow with my sabre, and struck a mortal wound in the heart of my adversary. He fell: the blood rushed in torrents from his bosom, and he instantly expired.

"The Soldan, in gratitude, pressed me to his bosom. 'Ali Sheing,' he cried, 'I owe my life to you.' Saying this, he seized his sabre, and binding up his wounds, again rushed forward to the fight.

"The trumpet of the enemy now sounded a recal; both armies were much enfeebled—day was on the close, and they retired from the field unmolested. The next morning, the Christians had retreated to some hills about three miles from Salem; our Soldan thought it imprudent to attack them in his present disabled state, but waited till fresh succours were obtained. In the mean time, a council was called, and Zantma, Bensadi, and all the officers of court attended. The Soldan, surrounded by his viziers and wise men, thus addressed the whole assembly, who listened with eager attention to what he was about to say.

"'Beloved subjects, and faithful followers of the powerful Alla, who in his glory seat of Heaven presides, and in mercy judges, I have assembled you here to learn from you how to bestow my favours upon the worthy, and to know how I shall reward him, who, at the risk of his own, saved my life.'

"He paused. All tongues were for a time mute. I was astonished.

"At length, my father, Zantma, broke the silence. 'Monarch of the earth,' cried he, 'the preserver of thy life deserves at thy hands nothing, doing but his duty; but from the people whom you rule, every thing; having performed his duty so well. Shew us the man, that we may fall at his feet, and bless him.'

"My father concluded, and the Sol-

can smiling, raised him from the position which in his reverence he had thrown himself into. 'Approach, Bensadi,' cried the virtuous descendant of our country's god, the noble defender of the faithful; 'what sayest thou the man deserves who so nobly discharged his duty to his country, by saving the life of his sovereign, the destroyer of his happiness, when he might so easily have gloried in his death?'

"Your love," cried the old man, enthusiastically, 'your friendship,—your gratitude: for noble is the man.'

"Thou sayest aright," returned the Soldan; 'the saviour of our life deserves, and shall enjoy our love.'

"In the greatest agitation, I threw myself at his feet. The whole assembly were surprised, and the Soldan embraced me in his embrace."

"Ali Sheing," he cried, addressing me, 'thou hast heard pronounced what thy virtues demand of us, and thou shalt enjoy bliss in its fullest sense.' Then stamping his foot upon the ground, four female slaves approached, bringing with them a female veiled, whose trembling step pronounced her to my heart, to be Zulema. I could but gaze upon the gaze that concealed the lovely countenance of her I eagerly hoped was the daughter of Bensadi. The colour often came and fled from my cheek, as hope and fear alternately animated my bosom. The torturing suspense was madness—through the whole divan reigned the strictest silence—no one dared whisper—so eager was every one for the sequel of what at this moment was inexplicable to them.

"And now, to relieve my heart, by virtue of a nod from the Soldan, the gaze was removed by the officiating slaves. Angels of Heaven! hope did not fail me!—It was Zulema, lovely as I first beheld her. The Soldan led her to my arms. I pressed her to my bosom; and the fond girl, with artless blandishment, returned my caresses."

"Take her, Ali Sheing," cried the virtuous monarch,—'take her,

thou hast deserved her. I deliver her spotless to thy arms; receive and cherish her. The lustre in my crown is not more pure, or the ethereal saints that crowd around the regal seat of Heaven, more fair, than is the honour of Zulema. I can bestow on thee no more worthy gift—the world contains it not. Take her; she is thine.'

"Overcome by his generosity, we threw ourselves before him, and called on Alla to bless him. With mild benignity he raised us up, and resumed: 'Noble Ali, I am still your debtor: for, in bestowing upon you the hand of Zulema, I give you nothing. I am but just, as a monarch should be; and more just I should have been, had I, in love of justice, given her, when you demanded her of my hand.—Oh, Ali! in virtue and magnanimity thou dost rise above thy Soldan, who, when he had the power to save, in love with his own passion, devoted two hearts to misery. Thou, Ali, in thy turn, hadst power; didst use it, nobly use it; didst save, and triumph, in nobleness of soul, over thy prostrate monarch.'

"Gracious sovereign," I returned, my heart overwhelmed with anguish, 'make not a merit of my duty; you over-rate the act; for who, in my situation, would not have saved his Soldan? Who of your divan would not die for you? And, oh! how nobly do you reward me! You give me that—'

"Which is your own," interrupted he. 'The love that raged in my breast for the virtuous Zulema, was but a lascivious weed, that crossed the ripening of two fair flowers. It was but justice to pluck it thence, that they might flourish and entwine. Oh, thou munificent Alla! who in thy mercy canst heal the bosom's wounds, look down in thy clemency upon thy devoted slave; give him another Zulema, that the bride of Ali Sheing may be forgotten by his heart. Thou, omnipotent Alla, knowest how sincerely I love: heal, then, those poignant wounds that goad my breast. Thou, in thy wisdom, didst in-

flict this trial upon me, to know thy slave. I bend subservient to thy will—I embrace thy pleasure—Zulema loves, and is beloved by Ali Sheing—Alla, crown their loves with a diadem immortal.’

“Murmurs of applause ran through the whole divan—Bensadi placed his daughter’s hand in mine—and Zantma dropped a tear of illumined joy upon his breast—a tear of piety and gratitude.

“The nuptial rites were soon performed: the Soldan was present and assisted at the rites: the whole country spoke of his unparalleled generosity, and our marriage-day was a day of joy to the inhabitants of Bedamoor, for the Soldan extended his munificence to the most humble and lowly of his people. All was mirth and festivity. What heart but rejoiced? Oh, What raptures were mine!

“Not long did the sun of our joy shine in an unclouded sky.

“The Christians, with an increase of force from all the nations of Europe, came against us, firing towns and villages in their progress, and putting every living thing to the sword. Inhuman wretches! ye came to our shores to enlighten—was it rather to destroy—to satisfy your accursed thirst for blood?

“All Asia was in arms to repel their force. I followed to the war; and Zulema, with warlike ardour, determined to accompany me. Alas! what perils did she sustain for me—how endure the moist and burning heat—traversing vast and trackless deserts for me! Alla gave her fortitude for the undertaking, and she overcame all the terrors, all the inconveniences and difficulties attending such a march, that she might be by my side.

“We now arrived at Gudingooma, where the Christians were encamped; and instantly prepared to give them battle.

“A new-created vigour animated my bosom, added to the martial fire that before had nerved me in the fight for a beloved wife. I fought: and when the

action commenced, and the air-cleaving arrow whistled across the field, I sighed the name of Zulema, and drawing my sharp-edged sabre, rushed to the conflict: breathing, as I aimed each destructive blow, ‘for Zulema, my country, and my king!’ Christians gasped beneath my blood-besmeared scymitar—their eyeballs rolled in the agony of death, and still I pursued my mad career, delighting in the havoc that I made, and followed by a band of steady patriots, who bore destruction in their powerful hand.

“At length, I was severed from them by a christian troop, which hemmed me in on every side. I now saw certain death before me; and I resolved to fall worthy the son of Zantma, worthy of such a father—the father of his people. There was no hope. Fierce and thickly I dealt my blows; but, overpowered by numbers, I sunk upon the ground, bloody, and severely wounded.

“‘Zulema,’ still my trembling lips repeated. And now the pointed sword was reared against my breast. In this moment of life and death, a female’s screams were heard—her locks hung dishevelled on her shoulders—she burst through the crowd. All powerful Alla! it was Zulema. She flung herself upon my bosom, and exclaimed, ‘Now, barbarians, strike! strike through the hearts of both! O, Ali Sheing, my husband, we will die together.’

“‘Stab the pagan wretches,’ cried a soldier, rearing his weapon. ‘Let them not live to breathe their impious prayers. Stab them, I say.’

“‘Who dares to lift an arm against the defenceless?’ cried a young knight, interfering. ‘Coward, learn, that he who seeks for triumph, triumphs most in being merciful to a fallen foe. Be-gone,’ he exclaimed, with much energy; ‘and for the future, shew valour in temperance.’

“The soldier drew back, abashed: with a murmur they retired, and Zulema flew, wild with joy, into the arms of our deliverer. She embraced him, thung herself at his feet, and bathed them with

The generous Christian raised us on the ground: in the warmth, united our hands, and hurried away, bidding us in the fatal field, where the cross waved in the pride of the crescent, the banner of Islam yielded. Our troops were routed; and it is needless to you, the successful advances of Christians, who, in each ensuing fight, slaughtered our people, and committed great havoc.

At length, they drove us back to the sea, where they still prevailed; and the Soldan perished in the conflict.

This was a grievous blow, that fell upon the hearts of his subjects. He exhorted him, and with the firm resolve to die or conquer, determined on his death: a speedy-raised army opposed the Christians, not so numerous as the former ones, but full of desperation in their bosoms, threatened to consume even his darling gratification. In the Zantma and Bensadi perished the Christians gave way, and were defeated. With immense numbers they fled in every direction:—the Lion was wounded; and when they evacuated our shores, we then peace, and her thousand smiles upon us; we poured our hearts to the high and mighty God in gratitude, and devoted two days to prayer and rejoicing. The late Soldan was proclaimed throughout the empire. Six moons were now devoted to festive mirth.

A heart of joy was mine! I loved me—mutual were the gifts we lavished upon each other; and Alla crowned our transports with his holy boy. Nine moons were past, and we first tasted of connubial bliss.

Zulema gave to my arms a new life as the morn, lovely in comparison to the golden sun.

So be less prolix in my narrative; I shall now hastily draw to a close; I shall but inform you,

that Zulema and myself awoke to a new felicity.

“At this time, the Soldan declared it his pleasure, that the Christian prisoners, taken in the newly-closed war, should make a forfeit of their lives. I pitied the fate of the poor misguided wretches. Zulema wept when the dreadful news reached her ear, but it was not in our power to avert the impending blow; and then, again, did they not come into our shores to subjugate and oppress?”

“The day was appointed, which soon arrived, and hundreds of wretched Christians manacled, were led forth to perish in consuming flames. They passed beneath the window of our dwelling: agony was in their countenances; their hands were crossed upon their breasts. They passed us with slow and disorderly step, with the broad scimitar of our countrymen opposed to their necks. Many there were that preferred that death to the one prepared for them, and rushed upon the cruel weapon raised against their lives. Zulema, almost fainting, hung upon my bosom; and one brought up the rear of the solemn procession, who smiled on death, but it was no smile of insensibility—he did not go vaunting to his fate. There was in the midst of all, a majesty and solemnity in his demeanour, a noble spirit in his countenance, which defied all torture. Gracious Heaven! I looked upon him. Zulema burst from my arm, and we both involuntarily exclaimed, “All powerful Alla, our deliverer!”

“For a time I was paralyzed: the pulsation of my heart was thick: recollection flashed across my brain. I could not see my preserver perish, and I flew to save him. The Soldan heard my prayers, and the prisoner was remanded back to prison. This prisoner was no other than Lord Adelfred, the preserver of my life—your lord, and the rightful Baron of Llanbedder. Gracious Alla, thou didst give me the power to save HIM, who, in my distress, saved me. Upon my knees I thanked

thee for it, thou great adorable : thou heardst me.

"A few days after this event, Zulema and myself, with the Soldan's permission, visited Lord Adelfred in his confinement : he recognised us with brim-full heart—he flew towards me, while mine overflowed with tears.—Zulema held him in her arms. Painful was this interview. Our hearts were variously overwhelmed, tears of mingled joy and anguish, flowed at the same instant down our cheeks, engendered by the same emotions of love and gratitude : needless would it be to recount the many stratagems I formed for his emancipation. I sought the Soldan, but he turned a deaf ear to my entreaties.

"The life of the abandoned Christian I have spared," he cried, "at your solicitation : he lives ! but never shall he taste of liberty until he embraces our faith."

"Impossible !" I cried. "Surely you cannot so determine. Oh ! mighty Soldan, give this Christian liberty :—shew how merciful you are inclined to be, and teach the frigid nations of Europe, by your example, honour, generosity, and nobleness of conduct. Oh ! most wise Soldan, set your prisoner at large ; free to depart, to tell his pallid countrymen how widely differ the sons of Asia, from the cold-blooded children of the north : to tell them that Alla will protect our faith—that the monarch whom we love, mild in his justice, resigns the power to destroy, for the nobler means of conquering by mercy."

"I have declared my will," he cried ; "dare not to dispute it."

"Again I urged, but in vain. Zulema sought the palace : the Soldan saw her—her prayers and entreaties almost subdued his breast : but firm in his determination, he left her ; and a second time, she was denied admittance to his presence. Now then, no resource was left—we flew to the dungeon where he was confined, and mingled our tears with his. Five years' intercourse ripened our friendship. Vain was it to per-

suade Adelfred to embrace our faith—he was inflexible ; and my heart owned his rectitude, fully persuaded, that is the true religion which a man is born in.

"In this interval of time, Zulema blessed me with four children : lovely in innocence ; the first that could lisp I taught to bless the name of Adelfred. And now an opportunity presented itself for us to favour his escape ; but, ah ! how could we part ? Five years' intercourse had so closely wound him round our hearts, that to separate would be to deprive us of one of our strongest holds to life. To me, Adelfred was a second Zulema ; to Zulema, a second Ali Sheing.

"Wonder not, that we who differed so widely in our faith, could be in friendship so firm : our hearts were good, and the same sun shone upon us ; we loved each other, and religion never made a part of our conversation ; we prayed in secret, and the God of either sanctioned our orisons, and blessed us.

"Adelfred discovered a small aperture in his cell, which led to some courts in the palace ; he had explored them, but it was impossible to escape by their means, they being always locked and guarded. He informed me of this : his wasted form made an impression on my heart ; I determined to assist him in his emancipation, and acquainted Zulema with my resolution. Zulema shed tears of regret, but acquiesced, and the night was fixed upon for his departure. I got the keys of the palace gates from the keeper, who did not fear to trust me with them, and procuring a disguise for Adelfred, at midnight, when stars innumerable laced the heavens, descended to his dungeon.

"All was profound silence : we embraced each other, as we thought, for the last time.—Adelfred hurried on his disguise, and we reached the gates unmolested.

"Noble and generous Ali," he cried, grasping my hand : Alla ! Alla ! it was cold as death ; his voice faltered, and he hung upon my shoulder, statue-like, and motionless. In this attitude a sen-

covered us, who presented a my breast. 'Stand,' he cried, 'clare yourself.'

'Ali Sheing,' I returned; 'the friend—the friend of my coun- Pass on,' was returned for and we escaped without discovery. Adelfred parted with tearful eyes, Zulema, who was alike overwhelmed with grief; and bidding adieu to Adelfred he retired to a cavern in which I discovered to him, at two paces, waiting the ensuing aid his escape to the sea-shore. I led him to my heart—Zulema bent her cheek with her tears—but Adelfred was forced to separate, and he flew in an agony of mind almost insupportable.

The next day, the prisoner was discovered to have fled, and instantly Adelfred fell on me. Bound in chains, and exposed to the Soldan's presence, I dissimulated I scorned to deny my treachery against me. I confessed the fact of my contrivance in the plot, and I begged to betray my friend. I desired. I would not give up the fact of his concealment; and the Soldan, enraged, gave me liberty on this condition; that if I did not surrender Adelfred the ensuing day, I should lose my head. I left his presence with the best determination to act with regard to my friend; and rather to save my life than him.

Adelfred I flew to the cavern where I directed him, and informed him of my success. He urged me to fly—to my nation, my country, and Zulema; but in my despair, I half consented. He urged, pictured to me the joy of meeting Zulema in a chris-—laid down a plan so plausible, I assented to his views, and hurried him to the nearest shore, instantly getting on board a small vessel, and set sail for other lands; the joyed, when morning dawned, to find himself so far out at sea—the with aching heart, on beholding Adelfred's shore decrease in size, as the vessel mounted over the wave.

"We had provided ourselves with provisions—were prepared for a long voyage. Adelfred was light and gay; but the more I thought, the more I became dejected. Melancholy now occupied my bosom: I thought on Zulema—on my orphaned children, orphaned by the flight of a fugitive father, until distracted by my feelings, my brain was almost turned, and I was more an inanimate corpse than a being on the earth.

"In this situation, we arrived at an European port, where a seafaring man undertook our safe conduct to Britain. We arrived in Wales: you know the rest."

* * * * *

The infidel ceased. He had often wept during his interesting narrative; and Iserlt hastened to dry his tears.

"Great, indeed, have been your sufferings, Ali," cried the designing wretch; "sufferings which the warmth of your own heart has led you to."

"Oh, could I once more press the fond Zulema to my breast!"

"Think on it no more, Ali; she is lost to you for ever," interrupted Iserlt. Then after a pause—"But I will not aggravate your misery, by opening your eyes to the treachery of Adelfred."

"Treachery!—"

"Pardon, pardon—I have said too much. Dwell not upon my words; they have been uttered in haste; and—"

"Treachery!" repeated Ali.

"Answer me but this question," rejoined Iserlt: "Does Adelfred favour you now, as when he was dependant upon your mercy? Seeks he now to repose his griefs in your bosom, as when imprisoned at Bendamoora?—There was he not all love? Does he avoid you now? See you no change: or is he still the same?"

A new light beamed through the brain of Ali. He paused—his eye sparkled with angry fire—then, checking the suspicious thoughts, he cried, "No, no, it cannot be: Adelfred is still the same."

"Say you so? Oh, blessed Ali, blessed in thy ignorance! Live, live, and love! Cherish in thy bosom friend—"

ship for the deceitful Adelfred : friendship to be scorned. But, in thy blindness, thou shalt feel no pang of rejected love—thy sensibility shall not be wounded by the keen dagger of favours ill returned."

"Adelfred saved my life."

"And so didst thou his."

"He had no incitement but his own heart—I was prompted by gratitude and affection."

"Oh, noble Ali, what a soul hast thou! By Heaven, thy wrongs bear me beyond myself. My veins swell with my boiling blood. Rancour and hate ennerve my arm to vengeance. Thou, Ali, art all truth—Adelfred all deception. He keeps thee, like a slave, in his train—rewards thy virtue with a yoke of bondage. Thou art his friend no longer, but his menial—the slave whom he values, not for services done, but as part of his pomp, his equipage."

"Iserlt, thou drivest me mad.—It cannot be—it is impossible. Adelfred—yet, arouse thee, Ali Sheing—"

Passion choked his speech—wildly his eye balls glared.

"Revenge!" cried Iserlt.

Insulted honour swelled the chest of Ali Sheing. "Thou god of Asia," he exclaimed, "if Adelfred be true, to my heart I'll clasp him with sincerity—if false, I'll compass the earth for a deep and firm revenge."

Iserlt daily worked upon the passions of the poor Moor, who, half-inclined to think the noble Adelfred false, misconstrued every act; and from the rooted sorrow that preyed upon his mind, drew out a conclusion of services at an end, and cold dislike.

Great was the soul of Ali Sheing; he scorned an explanation with him whom he thought his foe. Often would his rolling eye-balls declare his anger in the presence of the dejected Adelfred. And now the designing Iserlt prepared for the final blow. Owain constantly corresponded with him from the monkish convent, whither he had taken sanctuary, and gained every intelligence necessary to his views. It was rumour-

ed abroad, that Elfrida still lived. affirmed that she was confined of the dungeons of the castle, by These reports met the eye of Ad who totally discredited them. The duct of Owain, spite of the many reports that met his ear, appeared untainted; and upon this ground raised his structure.—The time near to accomplish his death: the warring Moor must be surprised in act. Iserlt had sounded him to the bottom of his heart; and found giving him time to reflect, was losing what, by his inflated conversation he had gained. Iserlt dared not upon the Moor to stab Adelfred in the castle, fearful lest his schemes fail, and the whole mischief be upon himself. Ali Sheing was so be roused to commit the act by a recollection of his wrongs. Deliberation brought his dagger's point; and Iserlt determined to draw, by some design, Lord Adelfred to the vaults of the castle, where he might be instantly dispatched without the hopes of rescue, and Owain being the judge of the murderer, doom him to instant death: thus every wish would be frustrated, and he be the rightful Baron of Llanbedder.

For this purpose, Iserlt addressed an anonymous letter to Adelfred, which he took care to drop in his path;—it requested him not to place great reliance in the virtues of Owain, who had deceived him; and informed him that the report of Elfrida's death was not without foundation, that she still lived, and was, a traitorous cousin, confined in one of the vaults beneath the castle. It concluded by desiring him to be secret—and that the mid-night bell tolled, to descend into the caverns, where he would find a friend ready to conduct him to the arms he loved.

At first, Adelfred could not believe what his eyes beheld. Again he went—it was a third—a fourth time. "It is not possible!" he exclaimed. "no! it is a treacherous artifice of a designing villain, disgraced by me."

his want of honour—I will not t.”

after a few moments’ deliberation. “But I will unravel this mystery. I will go at the hour appointed by fate, and drag him to instant

this resolve, he folded the paper, put it in his pocket, awaiting the next night, to descend to the tomb. The bell tolled eleven: all the world was still: Ali Sheing alone was undisturbed: sleep could not close his eyes—gloomy thought devour-

he fled to his chamber, as the half-past eleven sounded through the courts, finding him in conversation, drew near the vaults. Crossing a long passage, they descended a marble staircase, and the door was open before them that led to the caverns. He was seen at a distance, bearing a torch in his hand: he seemed much exhausted, and often paced the narrow passage as wounded by suspense. At length he stopped, and raising the velvet cover of his head, looked towards the Moor and Iserlt.

“You are discovered,” cried the latter, “do not avoid but speak to him. I know so much I hate him for the wrong he has done me.” Instantly retired; and by this time Adelfred came up with the Moor. “What!” he exclaimed, “you here, alone? But say, quick, quick, what has happened? What has happened?” returned the other, with great simplicity of manner.

“What is your motive?”

“Why does Adelfred question me?—Why does he question me?”

“Don’t you see, Ali Sheing, but—leave me alone.—I—”

At that moment the bell tolled twelve. He expressed greater impatience. “Go away,” he cried.

“You shall hear me,” cried the Moor. “I—”

“To-morrow, to-morrow,” inter-

posed Adelfred; and pushing him from the vault, he descended down the vault.

Iserlt now appeared, with a torch in his hand. “Do you still doubt?” he enquired. “Oh, Ali Sheing, where is the fervid fire of Asia, the soul of the followers of Alla? Where that nobleness of spirit, which thou boasted of? Will Ali Sheing stoop to slavery? Oh! thou God of Heaven! ennerve my arm to stab the wretch who has subjugated the soul of Ali.”

“Iserlt, he shall die,” exclaimed the frantic Moor.

“He slew great Persia’s Soldan: him who gave to your arms the lovely Zulema. Adelfred, whose life you saved, stabbed him who plucked his heart out, that you might enjoy eternity of bliss.”

With rage trembled the Moor, while he grasped his dagger.

“He slew the Soldan, yet spared you. Ah!—Zulema was present—what a horrible thought! Did he not lust for her? By Heaven—”

“No! no! no!” cried the heart-torn Ali.

“You, in return, saved his life; and when he was in your power, was he not all affection? Would Adelfred then have thrown Ali Sheing from him? He tore you from the arms of a wife you loved—from children—your own children—the children of Zulema! Just God! to save him, you sacrificed your own peace: and what is his return? You are made his slave. Already he hates and loathes you. Oh! it is certain that power is wrested from the hands of the generous Ali—he can no longer save: his services are at an end.”

“No more, no more—he dies!”

“For your wife and children, strike the blow.”

“He dies!”

“For the Soldan.”

“No more,”

“For the loss of your liberty.”

Adelfred appeared, wrapped in a cloak, at the farther end of the vault; and Ali Sheing rushed forward with drawn dagger. He stabbed; bathed in his blood, the victim fell, and with a groan, expired.

Iserlt now alarmed the castle. The

Moor stood over the bleeding corpse in an attitude of horror: the most dreadful thoughts crowded upon his brain. All the various passions were at work in his bosom, and holding conflict with nature. No cry escaped his lips; his heart was rent asunder; and retreating a few steps from the body, he fell, heart-broken, and gave up life without a groan.

Now various torches were seen in the different vaults, and numbers of vassals, directed by Iserlt, approached the spot. All the caverns seemed in a blaze of light. The vassals knelt over the bleeding body, and with one accord exclaimed, "Owain!" Iserlt himself drew near. It was Owain, who, instead of Adelfred, was slain. The villain trembled on beholding the accomplice in his guilt become the victim of their united artifice. His cheek became livid and pale with fear; a cold sweat hung upon his contracted brow.

In this moment of confusion, Adelfred himself was seen leading from an inner vault, a female, faint and languid, who hung upon his arm, while her tottering limbs dragged upon the ground, unable to sustain her feeble frame.

The vassals now, with united voice, exclaimed, "Long live Lord Adelfred!"

Iserlt, with conscious guilt in his face, threw himself at his feet, and confessed the whole.

The Baron of Llanbedder, awaiting the promised coming of the author of the billet he had received, after he had broke from Ali Sheing, and while traversing the vaults in impatience, heard some faint murmurs from an inner cave, and the voice that made these lamentations mentioned his name. Astonished, he paused awhile to listen; the voice broke forth again in the same plaints; and, eager to relieve distress, he burst into the vault from whence the sounds proceeded, where he beheld a female whom he instantly recognized to be Elfrida, stretched upon a bed of straw. A solitary lamp hung suspended from

the concaved roof, which shed a dim light upon the dilapidated walls. Adelfred could scarce believe his eyes.—"Perfidious cousin!" after an interval of horror, he exclaimed. Elfrida raised up her head, on hearing his voice, and uttering a wild scream of joy, fainted upon his bosom. She soon recovered, and confirmed the words of Ruthwell.

Adelfred instantly conveyed her from the vault; and, directed by the torches of the vassals, came to the spot where the bleeding Owain lay.

During the confusion of Iserlt, Elfrida was borne to a chamber in the castle, and every means used to recover her. While Adelfred execrated his perfidious cousin, Iserlt confessed how he had worked up the passions of the generous, unsuspecting Ali; who, in an agony of thought, contemplating on the crime he had committed, instantly expired.

It appeared, that Iserlt had made Owain acquainted with his scheme; who, fearing the failure, had come to the vaults, which had a communication with the convent, to which he had gained access, habited for immediate flight with Elfrida. The villain tortured by doubt, lest his victim should be discovered in her confinement; and, seeking to avoid this, found a deserved death.

Iserlt was ordered for immediate execution: the body of Owain was privately buried; while that of Ali Sheing was interred with all funeral pomp. A rich urn was erected over his tomb: on it was engraven his many virtues; and no breath of approach ever sullied the marble remembrance.

Elfrida soon recovered; and her former beauty once more revelled on her cheek. The nuptial rites were soon performed, that made her the bride of the Baron of Llanbedder; and thousands blessed the united names of Adelfred and Elfrida, for their nuptial-day was the first of true happiness to the vassals of Llanbedder, since the death of the brave Caradoc.



THE GNOME KING;

OR,

THE MAGIC SCEPTRE.

A Silesian Legend.

the lofty Parnassus of Silesia, the Giant Mountains, exclusive of and the nine Muses, resides the renowned elfin, Lord of the mine, known to the peasants, under innumerable names, as Ruberzahl, Ruck, and Waldmann. His more common appellation is that of "Nummelp," or, for shortness, "Nummelp;" and the origin of this appellation will be found in the following which is still current among the people of the Silesian mountains. Though he and the deities of song have excellent good terms with each other, he has contributed more to the fame of the Giant Mountains, than the whole of Silesian poets, with their divine inspiration, too into the bargain.

The earthly monarch rules over the mountains with the most despotic sway, and his kingly dominions are said to extend once a few fathoms below the very soil, and extending to the depth

of four thousand miles, reach as far as the very centre of the globe.

This subterraneous monarch amuses himself with rambling through the strata and rocks which form his extensive territory. In these tours he surveys his inexhaustible treasures of mineral wealth, assembles his body of sprites, and allots to each of them his individual employment. Some he commands to stop up, by means of dykes and dams, the furious torrents of subterraneous lava. Others are appointed to cut channels for the red volcanic fire, lest it overrun the fields where the topaz and emerald lie buried, and thereby dim their brilliancy; others are appointed to lay hold of mineral streams, and impregnate the barren rock, till, through the rich metallic damp, it becomes a valuable and precious ore. Sometimes this potent monarch, by way of diversifying the scene, and to afford himself some relaxation, lays aside his subterranean government, and ascends to the

glimpses of the moon. Here he holds his court in the mountains well known in Germany by the title of *Riesen-ge birge* (Giant Mountains); where his whole delight consists in sporting with the feelings of men, and teasing them by every species of mischief and terror which his fertile imagination can suggest.

It may be necessary to inform the reader, that this monarch is a contrariety of the passions; cunning, rude, and waspish, quarrelsome and insolent; tinctured with pride and vanity, and withal so inconstant, that no lasting criterion can be formed of him. To-day he may appear your warmest friend: to-morrow he will not deign to own you. Sometimes, indeed, the distressed have found in him a kind and generous friend; but he is so much, and so perpetually at variance with himself, that a traveller may follow a *Will o' the Whisp* with as much certainty as depend upon his promises or pretensions.

In ancient days, when the sun and moon were young, and creation had but just burst into life, and long before the descendants of Japhet had reached so far northward as to clear and plant the regions bordering on his domain, *Number-Nip* would then shoot aloft on pranks of love and mischief, and as he roved among the barren heaths and rugged hills, would frequently exercise his mischievous disposition upon the brute inhabitants of the fields and forests,—urging wolves to tear the mighty buffalo—bewildering the weary traveller, blighting the fruitful vine, and scaring whole herds of timorous deer down roaring cataracts and gloomy precipices.

Having amused himself this way till he grew tired, he changed the scene, and thought proper to descend into the regions of the lower world. He remained for several centuries immersed in the depths of the globe, without a wish to leave his golden caves; till at length the desire to feel the genial warmth of the sun, and once more survey the works of external creation, again arose within

him. But what pen can describe the astonishment at the total change served in the surrounding scene he beheld it from his station on the snowy summit of the Giant. No longer was to be seen the impenetrable forests; in their place appeared arable land, whose soil was enriched with extensive crops of grain. From the bosom of the orchards he could discern the roofs of many a social village jutting forth, and chimnies diffusing their comfortable wreaths of smoke into the unruffled atmosphere. In places, stood a solitary watch-tower on the brow of a hill, formed for the purpose of guarding the land. Meadows below were crowded with sheep and cattle, enjoying the pastures; the ear was ravished with the harmonious sounds, which proceeded from beneath the refreshing shade of the spacious oak. So far from feeling the least displeasure at the plant which had presumed to take possession of his domain waiting for his leave, this lord of the domain was so delighted with the novelty and quietness which reigned throughout this landscape, that he not the least wish to disturb them. On the contrary, this sprite, in a good mood, waved all privilege, and surrendered the territory which he thus taken possession of. Nay, he went farther. He felt a strong desire to become himself acquainted with the various species between a brute and an angel, to learn their manners, and disposition. For this purpose he assumed the form of a hardy ploughman and hired himself to the first opportunity that happened to throw in his way. Whatever kind of labour he undertook, he thrived well under his hand; and the monarch (now known by the name of *Waldmann*, i. e. woodman) was highly esteemed the best workman in the village. But his master was an intemperate fellow, and continually fell into intoxication. Through his intemperance he squandered away whatever

he derived from the exertions of his faithful servant, and showed small gratitude to him for his fidelity and industry. It is not to be wondered, therefore that the sprite soon released himself from such an employer. Being highly esteemed for his abilities, a neighbour immediately engaged him; from whom he received the charge of his flock, which he carefully tended, and drove it to distant wilds and inaccessible steeps, abounding in wholesome herbs. Under his direction, the flocks rapidly increased and multiplied; not a single sheep was ever known to tumble over a precipice, nor was a harmless lamb ever destroyed by the rapacity of the wolf. In this master, poor Number-Nip was again unfortunate. He was mean, niggardly, and villanous. So far from rewarding his shepherd as he deserved, among his other actions, he stole the best wether out of the flock, and laid it to the negligence of the servant: for which, he stopped part of his wages. Number-Nip found it absolutely necessary to quit the service of such a knave. He next entered into a judge's employ. Here he became the terror of thieves, and the indefatigable promoter of justice. But this judge, instead of executing his office with impartiality and justice, perverted the law, and decided according to favor and affection: thus rendering himself, instead of a blessing, a curse to the human race. As Number-Nip possessed too much spirit to become the instrument of injustice and oppression, he gave the judge warning to quit his service. This so highly exasperated the tyrant, that he threw him into prison. Here his power, as a sprite, was of service to him; for he easily escaped through the key-hole.

Thus examples he met with in his first attempt to learn the ways of mankind, were but ill calculated to warm his heart to philanthropy. He therefore retired, in disgust, to the point of the rock; and, as he surveyed from that station the beautiful fields, cultivated as

they were by human industry, he silently wondered that mother earth should have thus kindly bestowed her gifts on such an ungrateful and worthless brood. Unwilling to be foiled in what he had once set his heart on, he determined to try another experiment, for the purpose of studying mankind. Instead of appearing publicly, he now glided invisible into the vale, and lay concealed among the trees and bushes. In this situation he kept a sharp look-out, and at length perceived a sweet Silesian maid, beautiful as Venus, when she arose from the world of waters. Like that goddess she was unincumbered with drapery; for she was stepping out of a basin, in which she had been bathing. Her companions lay negligently around her upon the grass, by the side of a water-fall, which flowed from the rocks, and descended into the stream. In this retreat the sportive maidens amused themselves, and chatted with their mistress in that innocence of heart which knows no guile. The Gnome Spirit was so affected at this tender scene, that he seemed inclined to renounce his ethereal nature, and ardently longed to share the lot of humanity. He gazed upon these lovely objects with as warm desires as ever animated the breasts of those belonging to the terrestrial world; and he who never aimed till now above a village lass—a homespun blowzy wench, whose whole business consisted in driving her cow to the field, or making hay in sunshine, now felt the mould that clogged him, tempered and sublimed by a new flame; and he determined within himself to become possessed of the fairest star among the daughters of men. However strong the impression might be, at first, which this beauteous maid had made on him, he found it must soon evaporate, as the organs of spirits are too delicate to be susceptible of any lasting impression. He found, that a body was necessary to receive the image of the bathing beauty. He, therefore, metamorphosed himself immediately into the shape of a youth

in the prime of life. This was the surest method he could adopt, to revive, in its full force, the idea of a blooming girl. New sentiments now arose in his mind, of which before he had not the most distant idea; he might be said to be cast in a new mould; he felt himself restless, without knowing the cause; and his desires veered, without him, to a mark, for which he had no name. An irresistible impulse hurried him mechanically towards the cascade, and he felt, at the same time, the strongest repugnance to approach the emerging beauty in a state of manhood, or to rush out of the thicket; though, as he strove to gain a distinct view from his covert, he experienced no counteracting force, nor any internal struggle.

The lovely object before him claimed for her parent, the Duke Rudolpho who reigned in the neighbourhood of the Giant Mountains. It was her usual custom to frequent the woods and thickets around the mountain, with her train of attendant virgins, in search of sweet-scented flowers, or to gather (such was the frugality of the age) a basket of wild strawberries or mushrooms for her father's table. Frequently in hot weather, she would ramble beside the cascade, to seek for refreshment; and oft times would she bathe in the basin. From this moment, the delicious enchantment of love fixed the spirit to the spot. He never quitted it, even for a moment, but waited with the most eager expectation, and the fondest wishes, for the return of the charming train of bathing nymphs. A considerable time elapsed, before this beauty appeared: but at length the princess, one summer's day, about noon, attended by her companions, sought the cooling shade beside the water-fall. But what was their astonishment, on seeing the place entirely changed! The rugged rocks were covered with alabaster and marble; no longer did the water dash in a wild stream from the steep precipice, but descended down a flight of steps, and diffused itself with a gentle

murmur into a capacious basin of marble; from the middle of which the ascended an amusing jet, that continually fell back in a shower of large drops, which a gentle breeze alternately flung from side to side. Dainty primroses, violets, and a variety of odd flowers, the produce of nature, diffused their bloom around the brink; a rose-bushes, interwoven with jessami and woodbine, encircled the retreat a proper distance. On each side the cascade appeared the mouth of beautiful grotto, whose side and arched ceiling glistened with the Mosaic livery of many coloured ores, mountain crystal and spar, topaz, ruby, emerald, and carbuncle,—all of them so bright and sparkling, that the eye was dazzled beholding them. Added to these ornaments were disposed, in various niches, the most elegant refreshments. In the middle of the pool stood a small island, clothed with living verdure, which an elegant pavilion reared a glittering head,—a romantic bridge of pure white marble formed a passage from the shore of the pool to the pavilion. The princess, on beholding the scene, was wrapped up in silent admiration. She could scarcely credit her eyes, and remained undetermined whether to fly the enchanted spot, or stay there. At length, she ventured into the grotto, and tasted of the delicious fruit which her warm imagination suggested had been placed there on purpose for her. Having satisfied this desire, she examined every particular of this wonderful structure, she felt a strong inclination to cross the bridge, and enter the pavilion on the island. Her attendant, Brinhilda, endeavoured, by every species of artless rhetoric to dissuade her from the attempt; and even hinted that the wonderful change that taken place in the appearance of the spot, was the work of some diabolical fiend. "Ah," said the princess, "must be a generous fiend to give us such a magnificent landscape—a landscape whose wondrous brilliancy dazzles

It enraptures the imagination. I must build fine castles in the air. The powerful art has reared that tower in water." And, so saying, the princess placed her foot upon the bridge. "Surely not cross it," said the attendant, seizing her arm. "And why not, Brinhilda?" said the princess,—"Nothing give you courage?—Be gay, whatever be the prospect, tremble like the aspen in the wind. Come, follow me." As she had the lovely nymph crossed the bridge, than it began to sink, prevented Brinhilda, who had been behind, from crossing. The princess, who had proceeded onward to the pavilion, was unmindful of the accident which had taken place behind her. Alarmed by the shrieks of her attendant, she turned round to see what caused the noise, when she felt herself seized, and borne irresistibly to the pavilion. She was near the end of her senses by the velocity with which she was carried, when she was seized by a wild laugh of exultation arose from her side, and a voice which uttered, "The prize is irrecoverably mine!—Now sink to the centre!" Her attendants on either side in vain screamed for assistance. Could they ring their snow-white hands in vain did they invoke the assistance of the Naiads; in vain run they frantically round the edge of the basin. All they received for their anxiety was a sprinkling from the shower which it had been played upon. No one had courage to follow after her, except her favourite attendant, who immediately dived into the endless pool, with no other expectation but that of sharing the fate of her loved mistress. But instead of being drowned, she floated upon the surface like a dry cork, nor could all her exertions enable her to make the least impression upon the watery element. There was no other remedy than to follow the Duke with the melan-

choly circumstance. Just as he was returning from the chase, the dejected train met him, absorbed in sighs and tears. They communicated the sad intelligence to him in as gentle a manner as possible. But, notwithstanding this precaution, he was so affected that he rent his robe in sorrow and consternation; he took the golden diadem from his head, and wrapped his visage in his purple robe, while he mourned aloud for the loss of his beautiful Stella. Having paid the first tribute of parental affection to the memory of his beloved daughter, he summoned up his fortitude, and immediately repaired to the cascade, to learn the particulars of this dreadful catastrophe. But no cascade met his eye. The charm was now dissolved. Uncultivated nature was seen in her native wildness; there was neither grotto nor basin; not even a circle of rose trees, or a sprig of jessamine. The duke and his train returned in the most dejected manner to their residence, and nought was heard but sighs and lamentations for the lost princess, who was greatly beloved; the houses were closed, and prayers were offered up for her restoration. Meanwhile the beautiful Stella was borne into the centre of the globe by her aerial lover; and having alighted, he conducted her, by a subterraneous passage, to a palace, far more magnificent and elegant than any thing she had hitherto seen, and which the earthly monarch had caused to be made solely for her reception. When the animal spirits of the princess were recruited, she found herself seated on an easy sofa, clad in a robe of rose-coloured satin, and girt with a sash of the most beautiful azure blue silk. Here large cascades flowed among bowers of roses, jessamine, and amarynth; there stood splendid grottos, supported by massy pillars of golden hue, and pavilions with tapering pilasters of brilliant silver, inlaid with diamonds and other rich and sparkling productions of the interior of the globe. An elegant youth, attired in silver and crowned with diamonds,

with an engaging countenance, lay prostrate at her feet, watching with the tenderest solicitude her every look—her every motion, and apparently endeavouring to anticipate every wish, ere it had been formed, and uttering the tenderest emotions of love, which she received with the becoming blush of modesty. The enraptured spirit gave her an account of his state and origin, described the subterraneous regions that were under his command, conducted her through the apartments of the palace, and shewed her all the riches and splendor belonging to it. The refreshing shade, which continually rested on the turf, particularly charmed the princess: her eye was delighted with the beautiful fruit trees, which bore ruddy gold-streaked apples. The bushes were crowded with abundance of birds, whose harmonious voices joined in more than common melody. His look hung upon her lips, and his ear eagerly swallowed the sounds that issued from her melodious mouth. Every word glided into his heart, and remained there fixed as adamant. During his life of endless ages, he never enjoyed such rapturous hours as he now owed to his first love. The transports of the lady were not, however, in perfect unison with his; her brow was clouded with heaviness; that soft melancholy, that melting languor, which gives such irresistible grace to the female sex, betrayed some ungratified wish that her heart concealed, some feelings that did not exactly tally with those of her lover. He soon discovered this, and strove, by the most endearing caresses, to disperse the cloud, and cheer the heart of the dejected damsel, but in vain. "Alas!" would she often repeat, "what is it to me, that thou art a monarch of unbounded realms and riches—what to me that thou art a subterranean power whose potency exceeds the sway of all those sceptered earthlings, whose heads are canopied by the clouds, if I am destined always to reside here within thy kingdom, a living grave! Oh! (would she continue) re-

store me to my father—to my friends—to every tie of life that renders life most dear!"

As often would the elfin sprite reply, with winning softness, "Nay, fair Stella, cast your eyes around, and say, does this beauteous globe appear a sepulchre?—are these wanton zephyrs, that play upon the brilliant ruby of thy lip, like the damp breath that swims within the gloomy charnel-house?—banish far such hideous thoughts. Here the pleasures reign—myriads of my subjects shall bow in adoration at thy throne, not with a dirge to chant thy funeral requiem, but to chase thy sorrow with songs of unfading love, and melt thy soul in transport."—Still the princess felt that she was a prisoner, and sighs and tears would gush spontaneously from her eyes. In order to alleviate her sorrow, the sprite desired her to name her every wish, which should instantly be realized.

"Have we not revels," would he often say, "do not my people throng in duty round you?" "Yes," would the princess reply, "but the beings here whom I behold, are foreign to my race. Here I look in vain for features, which, about my father's court, had been rendered dear by custom. In vain I look for lineaments of those still dearer, who, from my earliest years, were my companions,—oh! were they here, I might be happier."—"Well then," replied the elf, "thy wish shall be accomplished; and if my potent power can chase away dejection from thy lovely breast, that power is wholly thine." He immediately touched the ground with his sceptre, and baskets of fruits and vegetables, with turnips, large gourds, melons, and pomegranates of an extraordinary size arose from the earth.

After gazing at her a few moments, with looks of the most affectionate tenderness, he thus addressed her: "Fairest among the daughters of the earth, resume thy native cheerfulness; banish all sorrow from thy soul, and let thy heart be alive to the joys of society

no longer remain a solitary in my habitation. These obtain every thing necessary to happy, and as I see return-beam upon thy cheek, parti-coloured wand, what-ches that vegetates, will yield the form which you and every form produced every thing execute your will, me, fair one, though nature influence, nature's laws are able—a higher power than es over them. I cannot bid nd the rose outlive the term or their existence; and every ed from things so perishable, with them. Your compa-wither when their parents die when they die. Saying he retired, leaving the prin-ow her own inclinations; nor ay one moment to act upon tions. Her first wish was to favorite maid: striking one urds, "Brinhilda, my dear she cried, "appear."—o her summons, her maid ate before her, tenderly em-mistress's knees, and bedew-und with tears of joy. The was so complete and perfect, started at the work of her . She was in doubt, whether d trusty servant had appeared ; or whether a delusive phan-ot mocked her eyes. How-ould not refrain from giving : sensations of joy. They each other's arms, bedewed with mutual tears. They ither up and down the gar-iating on the beauty of the plucking from the trees, the ed apples with which they d. She made numerous en-r those she had left on earth, er, and even her former lover, Duke Ratibor, were not fo-all enquiries the fictitious gave the most discreet and answers; and the princess

was so happy in her company, that she almost forgot to trouble her wand for a farther stretch of its wonder-working power.

The watchful gnome now hugged himself on the penetration which he imagined he had displayed in diving into the heart of woman; nor was he less elevated with the idea of the progress he had made in the science of man. The princess now seemed to him more beautiful, lovely, and cheerful than ever. She, on her part, had at length given animation to her whole stock of turnips, gourds and melons. With her enchanted wand, she had converted the whole of them into the form of her attendant virgins. But having two more left than she wanted for this purpose, she gave to one of them the shape of a cat, and on the other she bestowed the body of a monkey. She now established a court, assigned each servant her portion of work, and was obeyed by them all with the utmost alacrity. The whole household, in fact, anticipated her wishes; a nod was sufficient; no need of words: and every order was executed without the smallest demur. She enjoyed for many months the uninterrupted pleasures of society; dances, songs, music, and merriment of every kind succeeded each other from morning till night in this enchanted palace; but time, that never-failing monitor, reminded her that the freshness of her companions' cheeks began to fade. The glass in the marble saloon first suggested this observation to her. She was astonished to perceive, that her complexion bloomed like a rose-bud; while her attendants were shrunk like so many withered flowers. One morning, the beautiful princess entered the breakfast parlour, where she beheld a company of helpless women tottering to salute her. They were supported upon crutches, apparently quite decrepid from complete old age. The monkey lay stretched out and stiff, and the cat fell down, not being able to crawl. Stella

instantly rushed out of the chamber, dreadfully alarmed at the horrid sight, and immediately hastened to the garden, where she called aloud upon the sprite. He quickly obeyed the call, and appeared in an humble attitude. "Malicious elf," said she, in an angry mood, "why dost thou envy me the society of the appearances of my former companions—the only comfort of my unhappy life? Immediately restore to my attendants that health and beauty of which thou hast robbed them, or my hatred, scorn, and contempt shall avenge thy audacity."—"Fairlest of mortals," replied he, "whatever lies within the reach of my abilities, only waits your commands; but do not expect from me things impossible. As long as any vegetative moisture remained in the vegetables, the magic wand could transform the principle of life according to your desire; but their moisture is now evaporated, and they are near the verge of dissolution. But do not be uneasy. Another basket-full shall make thee amends. Now, therefore, return to mother nature her presents; thou wilt find companions more suited to thy taste in the garden, on the grass-plot." Having said this, the sprite departed. Stella immediately took the parti-coloured wand; and gently touching her decrepid maids, they all became withered turnips, gourds, and melons. She now tripped lightly over the verdant lawn, in quest of the basket; but she could not find it any where. After a long while spent in fruitless search, the gnome appeared at the vine-walk with a sorrowful countenance. "Thou hast deceived me," said she; where is the basket? I have been seeking for it, to no purpose, above this hour."—"Gracious mistress of my affections, chief delight of my heart," replied the sprite, "wilt thou forgive my thoughtlessness? I have promised more than I am able to perform. I have traversed around my country, in quest of turnips and other vegetables; but they have been long gathered, and are now rotting in damp cellars. The

very fields are in mourning. In the vale beneath, winter enjoys his reign unmolested. Thy presence alone fixes spring to these rocks. Only wait three moons, and thou shalt have plenty in command." Eloquent as this speech was, before he half finished it, Stella turned from him in disgust, and retired to her chamber without answering him a word. He, however, desired his chief sprite to obtain a load of vegetable seeds of all descriptions, with which he sowed some hundred of acres of ground. He then consigned the charge of the field to the same attendant spirit, charging him to kindle a subterraneous fire, and to ripen the plants with a kindly heat. The turnip-field prospered amazingly, and promised an excellent crop in a short time. The princess went every day to view it; and though she seemed to take considerable pleasure in viewing their progress, yet disappointment and discontent had clouded her azure eyes; her favourite spot was a plantation of gloomy firs, which was situated by the rocky side of a brook, that discharged its crystal stream into the valley. Here she would often retire, and give way to the most profound melancholy. The gnome observed her behaviour, and was very much concerned at it. Though he plainly perceived he had not made the least impression on her heart, he still hoped time, and his tender assiduities, would overcome her maiden coyness, as he flattered himself no one had ever possessed her affections. In this, however, he was mistaken. Prince Ratibor, a young neighbour of her father, had placed his affections on her, and received hers in return. The enamoured pair were looking forward to the completion of their happiness, when the sudden disappearance of Stella frustrated all their hopes. The prince was distracted; he rambled into the woods, without knowing what he did. He even visited the mighty wizard Zauberstarrf, the chief of the Guebres, or workers in fire; but even his cabalistic charms and Roucrucian sorceries availed nothing; and

the cabalist had gained by
 the aid of the Spirit of Intelli-
 gence, after some magic rites and
 to enforce her compliance,
 the following oracular answer
 was propounded to her:—

As of the rarest worth,
 hidden in the earth;
 hidden deep,
 the mould warp will not creep.

Are gems of sparkling hue?
 is sparkling Stella too?
 hidden deep,
 the mould warp will not creep."

nent!" cried Ratibor, "if
 strain delude not my doubt—
 surely my Stella mourns
 fearful region of our sphere,
 human sight." "Aye,"
 the wizard, "even in the centre
 of the gnome spirit there
 is life—nay, do not wonder,
 at the words I breathe—
 that every element is thronged
 with which none but cabalists,
 to see myself in wisdom, can
 understand. "Command this infer-
 nal, then, to give her back,"
 cried the prince. "I could
 not," answered the wizard,
 "but enamoured. But love so
 that his votaries break every
 clash with his own."—"He
 is lost for ever," said the
 prince. "Not so," replied
 the wizard, "who fails by force, may
 triumph by guile. Then courage,
 for courage may indeed be
 our adventure as I shall give
 thee proof."—"Put me to the proof,"
 cried the prince. "Teach
 me, and were she placed
 at the base of Etna, while its fire
 smoked from the summit, I would leap
 down to free her from her bondage."
 "I will," said the wizard; "there is a spot near
 the Mountains,—a bleak and
 where nothing thrives, but
 in its sternest mood appears
 dead. Whatever there accosts
 man, or brute, or animal,
 the air,—then hail it as a
 bliss, sent from your love

—follow where it leads the way, and
 happiness may yet be yours."—With
 a bounding heart did Ratibor hasten on
 his (to him) welcome task. Leaving
 him at the desolate spot, we will now
 return to the princess Stella, who had
 been exhaling her sorrow in sighs, drawn
 from the bottom of her heart. She,
 however, kept her grief so carefully
 concealed, that the gnome was a per-
 fect stranger to the cause of it. After
 revolving in her mind many schemes
 and plans to elude the vigilance of her
 mother, she hit upon the following one.

The spring was now returning; the
 sprite had suffered his subterranean fires
 to go out; and the vegetables not having
 been checked by the winter's frosts,
 were ripening apace. The crafty prin-
 cess gathered a few every day; and, by
 way of experiment, transformed them
 into a variety of forms. One day, she
 metamorphosed one into a dove.—
 "Thou emblem of constancy and meek-
 eyed peace," said she, "sweet bird of
 love, fly hence—fly to my Ratibor; find
 out where he mourns. Spread thy soft
 pinions circling over him, and guide
 him to this spot to rescue me from this
 hated thralldom." The gentle bird obeyed,
 and flew upwards through the wind-
 ing mazes of the dreary caves where the
 anxious prince was gazing with intense
 anxiety for aught that should cross his
 longing sight.—This spot was indeed a
 lonely one—bleak, dreary, and deso-
 late—here and there a bent and blasted
 pine-tree, on which the thunderbolt
 had hurled its vengeance, gave a still
 more gloomy appearance to the scene;
 and, on one side, rocks which appeared
 to have been rent by some strong con-
 vulsive effort of expiring nature, dis-
 played a dark and fearful chasm,—the
 very look of which sickened the soul of
 the ardent Ratibor. The bird having
 arrested the attention of the prince by
 its fluttering round him, flew gently
 towards the yawning cavern, Ratibor
 following, his every nerve strengthened
 with the idea of again beholding his
 all that could be obtained was some in-

adored Stella. The bird hovered over the gulf for a moment, then closed its wings, and dropped plumb down into the cavern. Ratibor observed every action, and uttering the words "Love and Stella aid me," plunged headlong forward. The depth he fell took from him all life and motion, and he lay at the bottom stunned and breathless. On coming to himself, he was astonished at the scene which arose before his wondering sight—innumerable gems glittering like suns, but with a chastened splendour, shed an unearthly but enrapturing light; as far as the eye could penetrate, rocks of gold and silver rose on every side, relieved by the brilliant corruscations which continually flew from masses of living emeralds, sapphires, and rubies. Ratibor was bewildered. He looked on every side for his feathered guide; but the glare was so brilliant and intense, that his eyes were dazzled, and he could scarcely discern any thing. "Ah!" said he to himself, "have I lost my guide? Some fiend, plumed as the bird of love, has, doubtless, lured me hither to my destruction." At this moment a strain floated through the caves, so thrilling, yet so sweet, that his senses were lulled with the rapturous lay.—He distinguished the following words among others, which the invisibles had chanted:—

"Tho' dangers threat no ill betide
Him who follows true-love's guide.
Onward thro' each labyrinth stray,
The bird of love will lead the way."

"Hark!" murmured the enraptured prince, "viewless spirits breathe encouragement to my soul—again the feathered tempter hover round my head and seems to murmur at my indecision.—Yes! yes! I will onward."—Saying this he rushed forward, the dove leading the way, flapping its wings as if delighted at its errand. Meanwhile Stella had arranged every thing for her purpose. She had ceased to mortify her elfin lover with killing coyness; her eye beamed hope, and her inflexibility seemed to be yielding apace. The

sprite soon perceived the alteration, and renewed his suit with redoubled ardour. After a little while, she consented to be his; but expressed her apprehension, that, as an aerial being, which never underwent any change, he might abate his affection, when time had destroyed the beauties of her person. To convince her that his passion was as lasting as sincere, he desired her to command his patience to the utmost, and judge by his performance how unalterable his affection was. She embraced the offer, and addressed him as follows:—"Go immediately, and number all the vegetables in the field. I will animate them, all, and they shall be witnesses of my marriage. But avoid deceiving me; miss not a single one; for on thy exactness will I judge of thy constancy."

Without hesitation, he immediately set about it. What will not he that loves descend to? Even this degrading task he eagerly undertook, and, through his agility, soon finished the numbering; but, to be quite certain, he went over it a second time, when he had the mortification to find a variation in the number, which obliged him to have a third muster; when, alas! there was still another error; however at last he succeeded to reckon, without the least mistake, every vegetable in the field, both great and small. While the gnome was thus labouring to convince his mistress of his sincere attachment, she was preparing every thing necessary to facilitate her escape. The dove had led her lover into her bower, and the transports of the happy pair may be more easily conceived than described. Fearful, however, of the return of the sprite from the grovelling task she had imposed on him, the prince was under the necessity of concealing himself; therefore, snatching a hasty embrace, he retired into a shady part of the bower, where, without being seen, he could advantageously observe all that was going forward. At this instant the sprite returned, elated with joy at having accomplished his task;

rushed in from every spot, but a mighty power struck them dumb and motionless. A loud crash succeeding, the earth beneath their monarch opened and displayed a gulph, from which volcanic fire and liquid lava boiled with unceasing fury. With curses and horrible imprecations he threw himself violently into the fiery abyss, which opened widely its rapacious jaws to receive him. Loud thunder rolled through the vaulted labyrinths—while the prince and his lovely charge ascended to the regions of light on the very spot where he had descended after the dove, the magic sceptre aiding them in their flight. Having again put the power of the talisman to the test, he plunged it down the abyss they had ascended : immediately the scene changed to the palace of Stella's father ; who welcomed her with all the overflowings of a parent's heart, and shortly after the princess and her daring lover were indissolubly united. The prince shared with his bride his hereditary throne : he built a city, to which he gave his own name, and which it still retains to this day.

The strange and extraordinary adventures of the princess—her constancy, her spirit, and her miraculous escape became the theme of the whole country round : and has been handed down, from father to son, to the present generation. The inhabitants of the neighbouring places, and more particularly the miners who work in the Giant Mountains for the gems and rich treasures which they fancy are still concealed there, not knowing the proper name of the sprite, have nick-named him **NUMBER-TURNIP**, or, for shortness, **NUMBER NIP** : and this is the name by which he is almost always distinguished in the legendary tales with which the country of Silesia abounds.

THE CHASE OF KING WALDEMAR, THE DAN

The following traditional relic has been forwarded to us by a gentleman by whom translations and communications we have considerably benefitted. In his accompanying letter he states that it is taken from the popular traditions and superstitions of the Danes; and that he conceives it to be the true foundation of the German Legend of the Wild Huntsman, given at page 97.—At all events it appears to be connected in some way with that singular superstition; and, having never appeared in an English work, has been induced to translate it for the amusement of our readers.—With it may be remarked we are induced to coincide, as we are well acquainted with many traditions of romantic legends, which are now (or have been) highly popular in Germany, and traditions of which are to be found in the superstitious relics and oral traditions of the Danes, Norwegians, and other northern nations.

KING Waldemar loved Tovehill, a lady of Ryggen; and he was so strongly afflicted when she died, that he would not forsake her body, but caused it to be carried along with him wherever he went. This became very disagreeable to those who were about the king, and on that account, a courtier, profiting by a favourable opportunity, examined the body, in order to discover what it was that bound the king to it with so powerful an attachment. He at last perceived a magic ring on her finger, which her mother had given her in order to secure the king's love. The courtier took the ring, and immediately the king's infatuation towards the body disappeared, and he allowed it to be interred. But mark the consequence: all the king's love was transferred to the courtier, who was now in possession of the ring; so that he granted him every thing he asked for, and would scarcely trust him from his sight; which constraint at last became irksome to the youth, and, as he knew what was the cause of it, he dropped the ring into a pond, as he one day rode through the grove of Gurra. From that moment the king began to find himself better in that particular grove than in any other place; he caused the castle of Gurra to be built, and hunted night and day in the wood. He was frequently heard to say, that God might keep heaven to himself, if he were only permitted to hunt in Gurra; and, after his death, God punished him by fulfilling his wish.

He now rides every night from Gurra, and is, through the whole district, known by the name of the Huntsman. When he approaches, first, a horrid howling, bell and whip-cracking, in the air, at every person ought to turn out of path, and conceal himself behind trees. Then comes the whole Foremost of all run the coal-black snuffing the ground, and with lolling tongues lolling from their mouths. Then appears "Wolmar," seated on his white horse, and generally with his head under his left arm. When he meets any body, especially if it is to be an old man, he commands him to hold his dogs, and sometimes holds him standing with the hounds for hours, or, at other times, he presently afterwards fire a shot, and the hounds hear that, they burst their bands, and scamper off. When away in this manner, the game heard slamming to after him; many places, where there is a passage through a house, he enters in at the one and out of the other, and no bolts are so heavy that they do not spring back at his approach. He frequently rides through Ibsga Oddsherred; and there is in Rø house where the doors are now left standing open during the night, for, previous to that, he frequently broke the locks to pieces. In certain it frequently happens that he takes his course over the house; and in the

of Herlufsholm there is a cottage of which in the middle is a hole sunk, because he has passed it. In North Zetland he has a castle called Gurra, in which stand some chambers which are called Waldemar's. It is here customary for the old king on the eve of St. John's day, to walk themselves in the paths, and to set gates for him. Half a mile from the castle lies Wolmar's height, surmounted by water. According to tradition, black monks, mumbling psalms, walk every midnight across the heath. Between Søllerød and Næstved he hunts with his hounds and travels a long road which takes its toll from him.

He has thus made a circuit of himself by turns in all the residences scattered through the country. He takes particular pleasure in Valloe-burgh, where a chamber appropriated to him, stands two beds: in the same room are likewise two strong chests, which, once opened, were found filled with small round pieces of silver for better money there was in Waldemar's days." A subterranean passage connects Valloe-burgh with Høsegaard, in the bailiwick of which here he likewise has a sleeping-place, and the maidens and people, in fashion of the times when he was frequently seen making the acquaintance of a countryman, who would not

believe that the king came by night to this place, had the audacity to keep watch there; but, about midnight, the spectre-monarch entered, saluted him in a friendly manner, and said, I will reward you for this kind visit," and at the same time threw him a gold coin; but, when the fellow caught at it, it burnt a round hole through his hand, and fell to the ground a fiery coal. We may easily judge what he suffered from this fiendish gift. But it frequently happens, that when old men and women have for many hours held the phantom's hounds, he casts something to them, which looks like a coal, and is therefore generally disregarded; but if it be picked up and examined, it is found to consist of pure gold.

The following is one of this remarkable personages adventures:—

Late at eve they were trilling on Hærris bank,
For in harvest men n'er should be idle,
Towards them rode Waldemar, meagre and lank,
And he linger'd, and drew up his livid.

"Success to your labour, and have ye to-night
Seen any thing pass ye while reaping?"
"Yes, yes," said a peasant, "I saw something white
Just now thro' the corn-stubble creeping."

"Which way did it go?"—"Why, methought to the
leech."

Then off went King Waldemar bounding;
A few moments after they heard a faint screech,
And the horn of the hunter resounding.

Then back came he, laughing in horrible tone,
And the blood in their veins ran the colder,
When they saw that a fresh-slaughter'd mermaid was
thrown

Athwart his proud baron's dappled shoulder.
Said he, "I have chas'd her for seven score years,
As she lured to drink at the fountain."
No more did he deign to their terrified gaze,
But gallop'd away to the mountains.

THE LEPREGHAUN, OR GOLD GOBLIN.

AN IRISH TALE.

"Ireland hath been always accounted a land of wonders."

BURTON.

LEAVE to the staunch oak, my
lad Jasper Trevenny to a youth
d by his side in a dillosk-ga-
hut. Cleave to a tight ship, my

occupation of these people is ga-
the edible sea-weeds laver and
both of which are boiled for use,

boy, as long as the wind blaeth, and
while she lives upon the waters, she'll
aye be a mauther to thee. Pine not
upon a down pillow ashore wi' pale

but a portion of the latter is often dried in
the sun, until it assumes a fine ruddy
complexion, when it is esteemed a luxury.

maids and wrinkled beldames bewailing about thee;—but when thee diest, die like a true heart—the white foam for thy winding sheet, the roaring voice of the ocean for thy death-lament, and a noble bark for thy coffin. What can mate with the great sea? Look thee, my son, it's beautiful at all times—when it beats against the beach-rocks that hem it in, foaming and raging like a madman wi' his fetters, as well as when the waves be one and all asleep, moving as gently as slumbering babies wi' the broad moon poring like a fond mauther above 'em. What though thee diest, as the Hollanders had like to ha' died an hour aback, in a cockle-shell smack? even then, thee goest out of the world like a man. You shall hear, brethren," continued the stout Cornish mariner raising his voice as the dillousers gathered around him. "The brig was scudding away like a sea-bird above the breeze, and we afearing nought, though 'twas dark as death, having those aboard that knew the course as well as the way to their hammocks, and warranted coming a'thwart o' little 'pon that tack, while the wind spoke Nor' about. Anon the forward look-out, a whistling time after he'd howled out his dismal 'All's well,' jumped upon the cable-coil and shouted wi' all his breath, 'Vast! avast! mates, helm a-lee and about ship!—a sail a-head here, all hands, yohoy!' Reuben roared, but 'twas too late. A sloop of a thing, wi' all aboard snoring under hatches, lay just neast our bows. We crushed upon her about midships, and rode her down awfully—most awfully, by G—d. A demurrage, for a second, succeeded the shock, and then on we went again as if nought had mattered. She proved to be a Dutch swab, lurking in yonder seas for fish—or something richer mayhap. To put about, or bring to, in time for help, was impossible—moreover every sand in the glass was gold to us. But the yawl was out, and three hearties, with the captain himself, and my fool of a boy here, wer' aboard her

in a snatch. It got light in the nick the moon having struck out from the black cloudy harbour into the broad blue sea of Heaven. We tugged aback wi' heart and sinew, but all was quiet and silent above and about the place where she went down, as a grave at midnight, and nought visible but the trailing feather o' foam which the strong brig left astern. I thought I heard a deep screech in the waters 'below us—'twas fancy mayhap, but it hit me hard like a bullet. 'I was just as if my heart heard it afore my ear. It reminded me against my will o' the night when my old father sunk abaft the keel (as we say), long ago. Presently up shot a cask and a few spars, then a shoal of hake, skate, and your beggarly ling, some gasping, others quite dead with their white bellies and glazed eyes glittering in the moonlight. We heard a dash and a splutter windward, and up on looking about, to our awful wonder eyed a little out-o'-sorts creature kicking and spluttering amid another troop o' floating milk-bellies, and laying among 'em wi' his arms, like a wind mill in a hurricane. His face was lean hard, and tawny. It looked like old gold horribly tarnished by time, but age could not wrinkle it. Sometime he stood aloft, and clamouring knee-deep in the sea; then he sunk fathom, and we saw nought of him for a time again. We were one and all mortally gallied at the sight, but the captain. The yawl lay like a log upon the waters, while we stood to glowy at the wonder. Anon, however, the captain doffed woollens, and, dashing among the pieces of wreck that now covered the sea's face, grappled the tawny one, and towed him manfully alongside. Upon hauling him aboard, smite me, cousins, but there was a most enormous Hollander hanging by his legs, and he came up, clumsily wriggling in the wake, like a thumping chub at the tail of a fisherboy's muckworm, ha! ha! But I must tellee, the whole crew (three Dutchmen and a black boy) was saved

line or spar, and preciously swabbed as the captain about it; howsomever, as we'd hove in sight of your blazing hearth, he acked about, and bore away like a Geneva pink that has run all upon a king's ship in a fog."

As Jasper Trevenny concluded his tale, the dillosk-gatherers were summoned to front about to the hearth, by the deep voice of their patriarch and Brehon King, old Fergus Consadine the Wise. The Cornishman, who had entered the hut with his boy to seek reimbursement after landing the Hollanders, now beheld for the first time, as the dilloskers opened on either side, the gaunt old monarch of the beach. Although reposing on the oak-log, which had been the throne of his predecessors for ages, it was plain, that, when erect, he towered far above even those of surpassing stature who gathered around him. His huge legs, encased in dark brown leather trowsers instead of the customary hose, wandered along the floor, seeming more like the main roots of a giant oak in its senility, than the limbs of a man. His mantle of yellow* frieze, curiously embroidered at the edges, was thrown entirely from one shoulder, so as to reveal the bandel-cloth vest, and studded bark belt beneath it, and streamed down in great plenitude of fold to the base of his oaken throne. His long hair was turned back in the ancient Glibb or Cooleen fashion, and surmounted by a burred or conical woollen cap: moreover, it was of so peculiar a complexion and wavy a nature, as (like the bard's of old) to be compared to a living stream of milk. His large features, worn as they were by time and mischance, bore an imposing similarity to a mouldering ruin of which sufficient masses remain to shew what it had been in the days of its glory. The transient smile upon the one, as the passing sunbeam upon the other, illumined but to expose. A wreath of the red sun-dried dillosk-weed, mingled with old laver, encir-

cled his brows, and while his bony left hand wandered lovingly among the light tresses of a sleeping girl, he supported its fellow on one of the bends of a huge black staff, warped and scotched by nature or art into the figure of a snake. This was the Brehon King's sceptre, the symbol of his authority, and all in his domains paid implicit obedience to the laws promulgated by him who wielded it, for the time being, on the oaken log of ages. Tradition and legend were fertile in its honour, but neither Bard nor Shanaghos could narrate the story of its mysterious origin. The general belief was, that it had been vital, and would again resume its pristine nature, to the infinite peril of man, if ever the old Tanistry laws and Brehon Kings should be banished from Erin.

"My sons," says old Fergus to his attentive dilloskers, "you have heard enough from the Sassenach, to put every young limb among you in motion. Far be it from one who sits on the oak of old times, to rise up against the festivals which our fathers rejoiced in and honoured—above all, so sacred a one as that of the Wren on the holy tide of Saint Stephen—may the Bancointha* wail over poor Onagh, the dear child of my child, when I do so! But, my sons, the honours of the day are done—you have ensnared the kingly little Wren on the brown furze—you have enthroned him in the green holly bush, set off with white love-knots and the fair tresses of your most comely virgins; you have carried him far and near in glory and state, and lastly, raised him

* The praises of the dead are sung prior to interment by the Bancointha or Coin-taghaun, who is hired by the friends of the deceased for that purpose. A similar custom prevails among the Greeks. *Les pleureuses publiques* are mentioned by Pouqueville, in his *Voyage en Morée*, and there seems to be but little difference between their occupation and the Bancointha's. The whole ceremony of a burial, as described by him, approaches remarkably near to a rural wake and funeral in Ireland.

* The choicest colour of the old Irish.

above your broad board while feasting on what men have bestowed on you, as homage and gift to the king of all birds.* 'Tis now near unto morning, and the reign of the Wren is over. Bestir yourselves, boys. Misfortune has come upon a crew of strangers on your coast. They are now, perhaps, watching with eager eyes for the remains of their wreck on the morning tide. They may lack a brotherly hand to aid them. Away then, all of you—prove yourselves strangers to the cursed blood of inhuman Kerry, and my blessing be on his head who proves first in the good work!"

The young dilloskers tumultuously rushed out of the hut as old Fergus concluded, and hurried on towards the beach; young Paudrigg Dooley, the swiftest of foot among them, taking the lead. Christy Scanlon, the next in repute for speed, as usual, outstripped the mass of his companions, and trod close upon the steps of Paudrigg. On emerging from a little valley dingle that broke abruptly upon the beach, he came on a sudden in full view of the timorous Dooley, not in high action as he had expected, but pale and motionless as a wind-bleached hill-rock. "What happened you, Paudrigg?" was the young dillosk-gatherer's first question on reaching his fellow. "Is it elf-struck ye are, man? or has one of old Finn's giants been down from the Sliabh and scared you? or maybe the heart's kilt in your body by the cruel kiss of a wave girl.—Avoch! avoch! he's dead dumb! "Husht! husht! asy, Scanlon," whispered Paudrigg; "asy, boy Christy, and look above there." "Where? what?" eagerly inquired the youth. "Now see him," replied Paudrigg, "across the crake to the right of the bushes where the ship struck, and all died long ago when the sea flowed up to the glynn. It's the spirit of a father cursing the rocks that wrecked all

his little ones." "Powers, have him," shouted Christy spirit of a father, said ye?—I ye're a fool—a caubeen entire! It's a gold spirit!"—"A Lepre—" "Ay that is he, as sure as built the Binguthan—'tisn't the self saw."—"Will we be at a clutch at the treasure he think ye?"—"Maybe yea, ma—but look, Paudrigg—by Lough Darragh* the creature's ed."—"My grief then! he l Christy, and sure enough he'll a whole legion of rocks in a twin brothers the one he sta and we'll have no mark of his

The whole body of dillosk- had by this time joined the two and drank with greedy ears the of their discourse. "But was a gold goblin," think you, Pat "As sure as you're a simpletonis," replied Dooley to the i "Christy himself said it wa creature tallied to a hair with in the wake mummery—an't Christy?

"Aged and warped, and yellow was he,
As the dry dead leaf beneath the tree,
On a crooked root he shivering sat,
Till scared by the moth or flapping bat
Then round and over the gold grave shrou
As if whirled by winds—but left it not;
'Twas a miser's ghost, a Lepreghann,
Whose doom is to watch from dark till
By the brown turf shroud where his ov
And keep it by craft from mortal eyes."

"I know 'twas a Lepreghann cluded Paudrigg; "and mark n there's coin in the crags."—" said Jasper Trevenny, appr "coin in the crags yander? V prate about? Coin indeed thee'd sooner find coin in a tin. There was a lurking expressio

* Lough Darragh was always a holy. In a copy of the articles which, it is said, was found in the of priest Murphy, who was killed in the battle of Arklow, the 26th art thus—"We are bound to acknowledge the lake in the north to be holy Lough Darragh." St. Patrick's is situate on a small island in the

* The Wren feast is still kept up in Munster with the ceremonies detailed by the Brehon.

Cornish mariner's face which told the dillosker, that notwithstanding his sneering tone, he would willingly be convinced of the probability of discovering a treasure, even on the rough unpromising skirts of the glynn; and Dooley, who was unaccustomed to the pleasure of being attentively listened to, immediately entered into an elaborate detail of all the old proverbs and pithy rhymes current on the subject. Jasper continued to sneer, and interrupted the dillosker from time to time by exclaiming, "Oh! thee'rt mazed, mun, clean gone, a' fool, mazed as a whether," Nevertheless he moved with huge strides towards the creek. Christy in vain attempted to restrain his countryman's injudicious exposure of the gold grave "to a Sassenach, who, by the look of him, would just murder a worm for the sake of his hide and fat. It was a sin in the face of the country—to let a stranger share in the rich produce of the soil; meat and drink all were welcome to, but a Lepreghaun's gold none ought to touch but a Milesian."

The creek was forded with little difficulty, and, on reaching the crags, the party took different paths, and earnestly sought out the treasure grave. Paudrigg thought that the rocks were prodigiously multiplied, and the sand (which appeared to have been recently disturbed in different places) he asserted was dug up by the wary Lepreghaun and his manifold fellow sprites, for the purpose of bothering them. Christy said nothing; but, observing the Cornishman preparing to seek round the little rock, which he felt assured had been the goblin's temporary resting place, the passionate youth violently wrested a small hatchet from the belt of Paudrigg, and proceeded to cut up the hard gravel and sand with such energy, as to attract the undivided attention of his anxious companions. In a few moments his edge sunk deep in the side of a coffer, which lay buried in a cavity at the root of the crag; a few vigorous

blows shattered the oak, which verily proved to be a gold-coffin.

All was mute. Trevenny was the first who broke the long silence, by unconsciously uttering a short prayer, as Christy with a trembling hand dragged forth a large heavy untanned bull's-hide bag, from which the eloquent voice of gold emanated at every jerk.

They soon regained the dillosk-hut; and no sooner had Scanlon thrown his precious load upon the board, than Trevenny attempted to sever the thongs which bound its mouth. His knife was keen, but the tough hide altogether defied its edge; and the irritated Cornishman growled forth a tremendous oath, as he suddenly drew his blade athwart the bellying side of the gorged bag. A flood of tarnished silver and gold mingled with precious stones, (some of which were naked, and others richly encased) streamed from the gash. Jasper gazed in ecstasy upon the glorious spectacle for a moment. He then thrust a handful of the coins into his bosom, and bathed his rough face in the mass. "I never was so freighted in my life," said he, appearing to be totally unconscious of the dillosk-gatherer's presence. "Mine, all mine—right Jacobuses, and true gold too, by Saint Joes." He next proceeded to replenish the bag; but Christy and his companions, who had hitherto stood motionless, although by no means indifferent spectators of the scene, suddenly rushed forward with one accord, and laid hands upon the treasure. "Ah! what!" roared Trevenny, "Hands off, you devils! Pouch paws, I say, by blood else you'll rue it. An' poison me but I'll scat the first he that meddles wi' a dollar dead upo' the planchin." At that moment the door of the dillosk-hut began to tremble upon its hinges, and opening slowly to its full extent, at length revealed a stunted, gaunt-looking, yellow-visaged figure, tottering athwart the threshold.—It was the Lepreghaun!

All eyes were at once fixed on the goblin, who advanced slowly towards

the board, and laid his brown palm on the naked arm of Trevenny. "What! flesh and blood after all?" cried Jasper, as the Lepreghaun touched him. "Why mun, I counted 'pon seeing a pixy at least, instead o' thou, my dainty bait-worm. What's come o' the Hollander porpoise we fished up in your wake, mun, eh?"—"We parted," replied the supposed gold-goblin, to the amazement of the dilloskers, "we parted on the beach—may he be as successful in his quest as I have been in mine!"—"Quest! thine! What's thee prate about 'oosbert?" asked Trevenny.—"This—ay—this is my gold," firmly replied the diminutive creature.—"Thine?" quoth Jasper, "thine? ha! ha! why thee'rt witless. It's a godsend, my chap, a fee,—finder's chattels—a float."—"I buried it," resumed the supposed sprite, "beneath the glynn crags, seaman, on the day when, in the extravagance of my affection, I endowed an unworthy nephew with the bulk of my possessions, and demeaned myself to sit as a guest at the board where I might rightfully have presided as lord of the feast. I was soon punished for my folly, cruelly punished by the misdeeds of him in whom I had placed my hopes. The allurements of the harlot, the wine-cup, and the gamesster, were too mighty for his youth. The old gold flowed in streams from the fountain-coffers of his ancestors; his broad lands passed away from his possession, and the plough of the stranger furrowed his hearth. Shame for his guilt at length drove him from the land of his fathers, to wander an outcast upon the face of the earth. What had I to do in Erin then? I left the land in madness, and heeded not my buried gold. I return a pauper, bitterly sensible of its value in all parts of the world, and solemnly claim my own. It is equally valuable to me now with the very blood of life."—"Come, thee'st a good running tackle," said Jasper; "the coin o' thy tongue's mint may pass current enough wi' clods, but

it melts not Trevenny. Harkye, chap, so I suppose thee wast coming for thy gold across the seas?"—"In the frail vessel which you ran down last night in the roads. Wearily have I sought for my coffer since you put me on shore."—"Sure!" quoth the Cornishman. "And pray who bees the rogue of a neevey thee tell's about?"—"His name," was the reply, "is well known here—Morty Quann."—The Cornishman staggered—"Quann! Morty Quann!" shouted he, "Blood, Sarrah, how so? Quann, say'st thee? Here's a land-shark, my cousins. He wants to berogue us wi' lies and what not. Let un swim, shall he? Let un float in a sieve, or a torn podger, shall he? We musn't be gallied out o' the gold so, brethren. This is the little nestle-tripe we hoisted out o' the brine to-night, cronies."—"We!" said the other petulantly; "say not we, fellow. To your chief I owe my life;—but for you—I might have perished before you would have thrust out a straw to aid me in my mortal strife."—"What, Sarrah!" cried Trevenny, his brow assuming a deeper red: "this to Trevenny of Lost-witnel?—Jasper Trevenny that was hunted from home for his milkiness in the matter o' float-flesh? Stand aback, cousins—stand aback—I'll pitch un half way to Penzance at a jerk." As he spoke, the passionate Jasper moved round the board towards the old man, who, terrified at his threats, hastily retreated to the vacant Brehon throne, and, leaping upon it, loudly calling upon the dillosk-gatherers for protection. "Save me, my sons," said he, "save me from the knife of the robber. Visit not the sins of my nephew upon me;—forget if you can, that your patriarch's grand-child was a victim to his guiles. Give me a weapon at least! Does no one stand out? Are ye Irishers? Is there not one of my old faction—not a single O'Dwyer among ye?"—"My mother was one, Sir Morough; for him I take you to be," shouted the tempestuous

Christy Scanlon, "and by her death-blessing I'll be with you to the last of my life. Hear that now, and come on, all of ye." The dilloskers stood irresolute. The sight of the gold and jewels; the sudden appearance of old Morough, whom they at first feared as a Lepreghaun; and the daring manner of Trevenny, had completely overpowered them. For a moment their passions were stagnant, and Jasper was just about to grapple with Christy, when a pale girl, on whose handsome features present joy appeared to be struggling with the memory of by-gone grief, followed by a tall figure, in the ruddy prime of manhood, glided like a spirit into the hut.

A glance from the manly stranger instantly subdued the sturdy Cornishman, and the pale young beauty having taken down the wren-bush from the low roof, and placed it on the floor in front of Christy, began to chant one of the verses which are still used by the merry wren-boys when they "sound for collection along."

"On Saint Stephen's day, the little king bird
In his green holly hower is always heard,
Claiming house and gift from maids and men:—
Heart-cankered be they who frown on the Wren!"

This fearful malediction from the honoured grandchild of the old beach king, poor Onagh, the spendthrift's victim, effectually smoothed the knotted brow of Christy. Meantime Trevenny endeavoured to palliate his guilt, by stating the cause of the uproar. "At last," concluded he, "my little hero said without a stammer, but outright and full as I speak it, that you, even you, Morty Quann, was the roguish nevey he'd been prating about. That was too much, Captain, I could not pouch it, to say nought of his beslaving me:—so you see—" The Cornishman's speech was here cut short by an exclamation of joy from the old man, as he staggered into the arms of Morty—for Morty himself the stranger was—"My preserver! my kind-hearted, brave, forgiven boy," said Morough,

"do I indeed owe my life to thee? Bless thee, Morty—bless thee—bless thee!"—"Procure my pardon from Fergus Consadine, uncle," said Quann, bowing to the revered Brehon king, who had just re-appeared, "and let Onagh share your blessing as my bride. I shall then be as happy—" "Thy bride, Morty!" interrupted Morough.—"We have plighted troth together this night upon the beach," replied Quann. "'Twas little she thought I stood breathless at her side, listening to the song she sang, while she stood by the sea's edge, pondering so deeply (upon me perhaps too) that the white foam glimmered upon her brow unheeded. Her words would have won a harder heart than I can boast of, with all my guilt. You shall hear them, uncle. Do you listen also, king Fergus, and prepare both of ye to give my Onagh joy of her reclaimed and penitent spendthrift as the last words melts away on her lips." The moment was critical, and the bashful Onagh instantly placed her hands in those of Morty, and chanted with a faltering voice the following simple rhymes.

"I smile by day, for the old man's sake,
Although my heart's at sea,—
With the flowers all night I weep and wake,
They seem to pity me.

"My kinsmen say, he was virtue's foe,
And ruler than the sea;
But what care I, when well I know,
He once was kind to me!"

Old Fergus listened with tears in his eyes to young Onagh's song, and joined Morough O'Dwyer in a hearty benison on the heads of the plighted ones. The hut then became a scene of joyous uproar. The rude dilloskers pressed around Morty, and loudly welcomed him to his home again. Onagh sat silent and happy, reposing on the bosom of Fergus beneath the wren-bush, while old Sir Morough distributed largesse from his treasure-bag among the beach-boys. Even Trevenny was not forgotten by the kind forgiving old man, notwithstanding he had just aggravated his precedent delinquency, by churlishly

observing that, "Fortune, in throwing Sir Morough on his native shore, and putting gold in his palm again in his extreme old age, had played the part of the fickle fishwife, who, in a fit of humanity, pitched the mackerel into his natural element, after she had gutted and pickled him." The Cornishman was, however, summoned to approach the board and take his allotted portion of the treasure; but he declined accepting the proffered gift, and turned towards the youth with whom he had entered the hut, a mischievous half-lunatic elf, the eternal cause of sorrow and anger to Trevenny, who patiently endured his manifold misdeeds; "seeing," said he, "that the cursed 'oosbert lost his wits

by a blow from my old father's tough staff that was properly levelled at my own head; and if I won't stand by the imp, and bear wi' his folly, who on the wide seas would, I wonder?" The youth was occupied in draining a vessel of meadh, and Jasper urged him to prolong his draught, by roaring this old Cornish drinking-catch in his ear, with all the mirth and carelessness of one in whose presence nothing extraordinary had lately occurred.

"Drain the jug, dreehtily,
Tippie boy, tippie boy;
Lay to it mouthily,
Swigging boy, swigging boy;
Warm it now nosily,
Rory boy, rory boy,
And be not outfaced by brown ale."



THE MARINER'S LEGEND;

OR

THE BRIDAL OF DEATH!

It's sweet to go with hound' and hawk,
O'er moor and mountain roamin';
It's sweeter to walk on the Solway side,
With a fair maid at the gloamin';
But it's sweeter to bound o'er the deep green sea,
When the blood is chafed and foam'n';
For the seaboy has then the prayer of good men,
And the sighing of lovesome woman.

The wind is up, and the sail is spread,
And look at the foaming furrow,
Behind the bark as she shoots away,
As fleet as the outlaw's arrow;
And the tears drop fast from lovely eyes,
And hands are wrung in sorrow;—
But when we come back, there is shout and clap,
And mirth both night and morrow.

OLD BALLAD.

a harvest afternoon, (says the re-
f these traditions) when the ripe
which clothed the western slope
Cumberland hills, had partly
ted to the sickle, a party of reap-
re seated on a small green knoll,
ing the brief luxury of the dinner
The young men lay stretched

on the grass: the maidens sat plaiting
and arranging their locks into more
graceful and seducing ringlets: while
three hoary old men sat abreast and
upright, looking on the Sea of Solway!
which was spread out, with all its ro-
mantic variety of headland, and rock,
and bay, below them. The mid-day

sun had been unusually sultry, accompanied with hot and suffocating rushes of wind; and the appearance of a huge and dark cloud, which hung, like a canopy of smoke and flame over a burning city,—betokened, to an experienced swain, an approaching storm. One of the old reapers shook his head, and combing the remainder snow over his forehead with his fingers, said,—“Woe’s me! one token comes, and another token arises, of tempest and wrath on that darkening water. It comes to my memory like a dream;—for I was but a boy then groping trouts in Ellenwater—that it was on such a day, some fifty years ago, that the Bonnie Babie Allan, of Saint Bees, was wrecked on that rock, o’er the top of which the tide is whirling and boiling,—and the father and three brethren of Richard Faulder were drowned. How can I forget such a sea! It leaped on the shore, among these shells and pebbles, as high as the mast of a brig; and threw its foam as far as the corn-ricks of Walter Selby’s stack-yard,—and that’s a good half-mile.”

“Ise warrant,” interrupted a squat and demure old man, whose speech was a singular mixture of Cumbrian English and Border Scotch,—“Ise warrant, Willie, your memory will be rifer o’ the lovely lass of Annanwater, who whomel’d, keel upward, on the hip of the Mermaid rock, and spilt her rare wameful of rare brandy into the thankless Solway. Faith mickle good liquor has been thrown into that punch-bowl; but fiend a drop of grog was ever made out of such a thriftless basin. It will aiblens be long afore such a gude-send comes to our coast again. There was Saunders Macmichael was drunk between yule and yule—for by—”

“Waes me, well may I remember that duleful day,” interrupted the third bandsman: “it cost me a fair son—my youngest and my best—I had seven once—alas, what have I now—three were devoured by that false and unstable water—three perished by the sharp swords of those highland invaders, who

slew so many of the gallant Dacres and Selbys at Clifton and Carlisle—but the Cumberland ravens had their revenge! I mind the head and yellow hair of him who slew my Forster Selby, hanging over the Scottish gate of Carlisle. Aye, I was avenged no doubt. But the son I have left, has disgraced, for ever, the pure blood of the Selbys, by wedding a border Gordon, with as mickle gypsy blood in her veins as would make plubians of all the Howards and Percys. I would rather have stretched him in the church-ground of Allanbay, with the mark of a Hielandman’s brand on his brow, as was the lot of his brave brothers—or gathered his body from among these rocks, as I did those of my other children!—But oh, Sirs, when did man witness so fearful a coming-on as yon dark sky forebodes.”

While this conversation went on, the clouds had assembled on the summits of the Scottish and Cumbrian mountains, and a thick canopy of them, which hung over the Isle of Man, waxed more ominous and vast. A light, as of a fierce fire-burning, dropt frequent from its bosom,—throwing a sort of supernatural flame along the surface of the water,—and shewing distinctly the haven, and houses, and shipping, and haunted castle of the Isle. The old men sat silently gazing on the scene, while cloud succeeded cloud, till the whole congregating vapour, unable to sustain itself longer, stooped suddenly down from the opposing peaks of Criffel and Skiddaw, filling up the mighty space between the mountains, and approaching so close to the bosom of the ocean, as to leave room alone for the visible flight of the seamew and cormorant.

The water-fowl, starting from the sea, flew landward in a flock, fanning the waves with their wings, and uttering that wild and piercing scream, which distinguishes them from all other fowls, when their haunts are disturbed. The clouds and darkness encreased, and the bird on the rock, the cattle in the fold, and the reapers in the field, all looked

upward, and seaward, expecting the coming of the storm.

"Benjamin Forster," said an old reaper to me, as I approached his side, and stood gazing on the sea—"I counsel thee, youth, to go home, and shelter these young hairs beneath thy mother's roof. The mountains have covered their heads—and hearken, too,—that hollow moan running among the cliffs! There is a voice of mourning, my child, goes along the seacliffs of Solway before she swallows up the seafaring man. Seven times have I heard that warning voice in one season—and it cries, woe to the wives and the maids of Cumberland!"

On the summit of a knoll, which swelled gently from the margin of a small beck or rivulet, and which was about a dozen yards apart from the main body of the reapers—sate a young Cumbrian maiden, who seemed wholly intent on the arrangement of a profusion of nut-brown locks, which descended, in clustering masses, upon her back and shoulders. This wilderness of ringlets owed, apparently, as much of its curling elegance to nature as to art, and flowed down on all sides with a profusion rivaling the luxuriant tresses of the madonnas of the Roman painters. Half in coquetry, and half in willingness to restrain her tresses under a small fillet of green silk, her fingers, long, round, and white, continued shedding and disposing of this beautiful fleece. At length, the locks were fastened under the fillet—a band denoting maidenhood—and her lily-looking hands, dropping across each other in repose from their toil, allowed the eye to admire a smooth and swan-white neck, which presented one of those natural and elegant sinuous lines, that sculptors desire so much to communicate to marble. Amid all this sweetness and simplicity, there appeared something of rustic archness and coquetry;—but it was a kind of natural and born vanity, of which a little gives a grace and joyousness to beauty.—Those pure creations of female simplicity, which shine in pastoral specula-

tions, are unknown among the ruddy and buxom damsels of Cumberland. The maritime damsels of Allenbay are not unconscious of their charms, or careless about their preservation; and to this sweet maiden nature had given so much female tact, as enabled her to know, that a beautiful face, and large dark hazel eyes, have some influence among men.—When she had wreathed up her tresses to her satisfaction, she began to cast around her such glances,—suddenly shot and as suddenly withdrawn—as would have been dangerous, concentrated on one object, but which, divided with care, even to the fractional part of a glance, among several hind, infused a sort of limited joy, without exciting hope. Indeed, this was the work of the maiden's eyes alone, for her heart was employed about its own peculiar care, and its concern was fixed on a distant and different object. She pulled from her bosom a silken case, curiously wrought with the needle. A youth sat on the figured prow of a bark, and beneath him a mermaid swam on the green silken sea, waving back her long tresses with one hand, and suppling the young seaman with the other.—This singular production seemed the sanctuary of her triumphs over the hearts of men. She began to empty out its contents in her lap, and the jealousy of many a Cumbrian maiden, from Allanbay to St. Bee's-head, would have been excited by learning whose loves these emblems represented. There were letters expressing the ardour of rustic affection—locks of hair, both black and brown, tied up in shreds of silk,—and keepsakes, from the magnitude of a simple brass pin, watered with gold, to a massy brooch of price and beauty. She arranged these primitive treasures, and seemed to ponder over the vicissitudes of her youthful affections. Her eyes, after lending a brief scrutiny to each keepsake and symbol, finally fixed their attention upon a brooch of pure gold: as she gazed on it, she gave a sigh, and looked seaward,

with a glance which showed that her eye was following in the train of her affections. The maiden's brow saddened at once, as she beheld the thick gathering of the clouds; and depositing her treasure in her bosom, she continued to gaze on the darkening sea, with a look of increasing emotion.

The experienced mariners on the Scottish and Cumbrian coasts, appeared busy mooring, and double mooring their vessels. Some sought a securer haven, and those who allowed their barks to remain, prepared them, with all their skill for the encounter of a storm, which no one reckoned distant. Something now appeared in the space between the sea and the cloud, and emerging more fully, and keeping the centre of the sea, it was soon known to be a heavily laden ship, apparently making for the haven of Allanbay.—When the cry of “A ship! a ship!” arose among the reapers,—one of the old men, whose eyes were something faded, after gazing intently, said, with a tone of sympathy,—“It is a ship indeed—and woes me, but the path it is in be perilous in a moment like this!”

“She'll never pass the sunken rocks of St. Bee's head,” said one old man: “nor weather the headland of Barn-hourie, and the caverns of Colven,” said another:—“and should she pass both,” said a third, “the coming tempest, which now heaves up the sea within a cable's length of her stern, will devour her ere she finds shelter in kindly Allanbay!”

“Gude send,” said he of the mixed brood of Cumberland and Caledonia,—“since she maun be wrecked, that she spills nae her treasure on the thankless shores of Galloway! These northerns be a keen people with a ready hand, and a clutch-like steel: besides, she seems a Cumberland bark, and it's meet that we have our ain fish-guts to our ain sea-maw.”

“Oh see, see!” said the old man, whose three children had perished when the Bonie Babie Allan sank—“see how

the waves are beginning to be lift up! Hearken how deep calls to dee and bear, and see, how the winds at the windows of heaven are loose. Save thy servants—even those seafaring men—should there be but one right person on board!”—And the old reaper rose, and stretched out his hands in supplication as he spoke.

The ship came boldly down the middle of the bay, the masts bending a quivering, and the small deck crowded with busy men, who looked wistful to the coast of Cumberland.

“She is the Lady Johnston of Annanwater,” said one, “coming with wood from Norway.”

“She is the Buxom Bess of Allarbay,” said another, “laden with the best of West India rum.”

“And I,” said the third old man, “would have thought her the Mermaid of Richard Faulder—but,” added he, in a lower tone, “the Mermaid has not been heard of, nor seen, for many months;—and the Faulders are a doomed race:—his bonny brig and he are at the bottom of the sea; and with them sleeps the pride of Cumberland, Frae Forster of Derwentwater.”

The subject of their conversation approached within a couple of miles, turned her head to Allanbay, and, though the darkness almost covered her as with shroud, there seemed every chance that she would reach the port ere the tempest burst. But just as she turned to the Cumbrian shore, a rush of wind shot across the bay, furrowing the sea as hollow as the deepest glen, and heaving it up masthead high. The clouds too dropt down upon the surface of the sea, the winds, loosened at once, lifted the waves in multitudes against the cliffs; and the foam fell upon the reefs, like a shower of snow. The lashing of the waters on the rocks, prevented the peasants from hearing the cries of men whom they had given to destruction. At length the wind which came in whirlwind gusts, becoming silent for a little while, the voice

a person singing was heard from the sea, far above the turbulence of the waves. Old William Selby uttered a shout, and said—

“That is the voice of Richard Faulder, if ever I heard it in the body. He is a fearful man, and never sings in the hour of gladness, but in the hour of danger—terror and death are beside him when he lifts his voice to sing.

This is the third time I have listened to his melody—and many mothers will weep and maidens too, if his song have the same ending as of old.”

The voice waxed bolder, and approached the shore; and, as nothing could be discerned, so thick was the darkness, the song was impressive, and even awful.

The Song of Richard Faulder.

It's merry, it's merry, among the moonlight,
When the pipe and the cittern are sounding—
To rein, like a war-steed, my shallop, and go
O'er the bright waters merrily bounding.
It's merry, it's merry, when fair Allanb'ay,
With its bridal candles is glancing—
To spread the white sails of my vessel, and go
Among the wild sea-waters dancing.

And it's blythesomer still, when the storm is come on,
And the Solway's wild waves are ascending
In huge and dark curls—and the shaven masts groan,
And the canvas to ribbons is rending :—
When the dark heaven stoops down into the dark deep,
And the thunder speaks 'mid the commotion,
Awaken and see, ye who slumber and sleep,
The might of the Lord on the ocean !

This frail bark, so late growing green in the wood,
Where the roebuck is joyously ranging,—
Now doomed for to roam o'er the wild fishy flood,
When the wind to all quarters is changing—
Is as safe to thy feet as the proud palace floor,
And as firm as green Skiddaw below thee,—
For God has come down to the ocean's dread deeps,
His might and his mercy to show thee.

As the voice ceased, the ship appeared through the cloud, approaching the coast in full swing, her sails rent, and the wave and foam flashing over her, mid-mast high. The maiden, who has already been introduced to the affection of the reader, gazed on the ship, and, half suppressing a shriek of joy, flew down to the shore, where the cliffs, sloping backwards from the sea presented a ready landing place, when the waves were more tranquil than now. Her fellow-reapers came

crowding to her side, and looked on the address and hardihood of her crew,—who, with great skill and success, navigated their little bark through and among the sand-banks and sunken rocks, which make the Solway so perilous and fatal to seamen. At last they obtained the shelter of a huge cliff, which, stretching like a promontory into the sea, broke the impetuosity of the waves, and afforded them hopes of communicating with their friends, who, with ropes and horses, were hastening to the shore.

But, although Richard Faulder and his Mermaid were now little more than a cable-length distant from the land, the peril of their situation seemed little lessened. The winds had greatly abated, but the sea, with that impulse communicated by the storm,—threw itself against the rocks, elevating its waters high over the summits of the highest cliffs, and leaping and foaming around the bark, with a force that made her reel and quiver, and threatened to stave her to pieces.—The old and skilful mariner himself was observed, amid the confusion and danger, as collected and self-possessed as if he had been entering the bay in the tranquillity of a summer evening, with a hundred hands waving and welcoming his return. His spirit and deliberation seemed more or less communicated to his little crew; but chiefly to Frank Forster, who, in the ardent buoyancy of youth,—moved as he moved, thought as he thought, and acted from his looks alone, as if they had been both informed from one soul. In those times, the benevolence of individuals had not been turned to multiply the means of preserving seamen's lives; and the mariner, in the hour of peril, owed his life to chance—his own endeavours—or the intrepid exertions of the humane peasantry.—The extreme agitation of the sea rendered it difficult to moor or abandon the bark with safety: and several young men ventured fearlessly into the flood on horseback, but could not reach the rope which the crew threw out to form a communication with the land. Young Forster, whose eye seemed to have singled out some object of regard on shore, seized the rope; then leaping, with a plunge, into the sea, he made the waters flash!—Though for a moment he seemed swallowed up, he emerged from the billows like a waterfowl, and swam shoreward with unexpected agility and strength.—The old mariner gazed after him with a look of deep concern,—but none seemed more alarmed than the maiden with many keep-sakes. As he

seized the rope, the lily suddenly chased the rose from her cheek, and uttering a loud scream, and crying out,—“Oh help him, save him!”—she flew down to the shore, and plunged into the water, holding out her arms, while the flood burst against her, breast high.

“God guide me, Maud Marchbank,” cried William Selby,—“ye’ll drown the poor lad out of pure love.—I think,” continued he, stepping back, and shaking the brine from his clothes, “I am the mad person myself—a caress and a kiss from young Frank of Derwentwater is making her comfortable enough. Alas, but youth be easily pleased—it is as the northern song says—

Contented wi’ little and cantie wi’ mair;

but old age is a delightless time!”

To moor the bark was the labour of a few moments, and fathers, and mothers, and sisters, and sweethearts, welcomed the youths they had long reckoned among the dead with affection and tears. All had some friendly hand and eye to welcome and rejoice in them, save the brave old mariner, Richard Faulder alone. To him no one spoke, on him no eye was turned; all seemed desirous of shunning communication with a man to whom common belief attributed endowments and powers, which came not as knowledge and might come to other men,—and whose wisdom was of that kind against which the most prudent divines, and the most skilful legislators, directed the rebuke of church and law. I remember hearing my father say, that when Richard Faulder, who was equally skilful in horsemanship and navigation, offered to stand on his grey horse’s bare back and gallop down the street of Allanba— he was prevented from betting against the accomplishment of this equestrian vaunt by a wary Scotchman, who, in the brie manner of his country said, “dinn’ wagger, Thomas—God guide yere wi— that man’s no cannie!”—At the time, though a stripling of seventeen and possessed strongly with the belie—

of the mariner's singular powers, I could not avoid sympathizing with his fortune, and the forlorn look with which he stood on the deck, while his companions were welcomed and caressed on shore. Nothing, indeed, could equal the joy which fathers and mothers manifested towards their children,—but the affection and tenderness with which they were hailed by the bright eyes of the Cumbrian maidens.

"His name he praised," said one old man, to whose bosom a son had been unexpectedly delivered from the waves.

"And blessed be the hour ye were saved from the salt sea, and that fearful man,"—said a maiden, whose blushing cheek, and brightening eye indicated more than common sympathy.

"And oh! Stephen Porter, my son," resumed the father, "never set foot on shipboard with that mariner more!"

In another group stood a young seaman with his sister's arms linked round his neck; receiving the blessings, and the admonitions, which female lips shower so vainly upon the sterner sex:—"This is the third time, Giles, thou hast sailed with Richard Faulder; and every time my alarm and thy perils encrease.—Many a fair face he has witnessed the loss of,—and many a fair ship he has survived the wreck of:—think of the sea, since think of it thou must—but never more think of it with such a companion."

In another group, a young woman stood gazing on a sailor's face, and, in her looks, fear and love held equal mas-

tery. "Oh! William Rowenberry," said she, and her hand trembled with affection in his while she spoke,—“I would have held my heart widowed for one year and a day, in memory of thee—and there be fair lads in Ullswater, and fairer still in Allanbay,—I'll no say they would have prevailed against my regard for thee before the summer.—But I warn thee," and she whispered, waving her hand seaward, to give importance to her words,—“never be found on the great deep with that man with thee again!”—

Meanwhile, the subject of this singular conversation kept pacing from stern to stern of the Mermaid—gazing, now and then wistfully shoreward—though he saw not a soul with whom he might share his affections. His grey hair, and his melancholy look, won their way to my youthful regard, while his hale and stalwart frame could not fail of making an impression on one not wholly insensible to the merits of the exterior person. A powerful mind, in poetical justice, should have a noble place of abode. I detached myself a little from the mass of people that filled the shore, and seeming to busy myself with some drift wood which the storm had brought to the hollow of a small rock, I had an opportunity of hearing the old mariner chant, as he paced to and fro, the fragment of an old maritime ballad—part of which is still current among the seamen of Solway, along with many other singular rhymes full of marine superstition and adventure.

Sir Richard's Voyage.

Sir Richard shot swift from the shore, and sailed
Till he reached Barnhourie's steep,
And a voice came to him from the green land,
And one from the barren deep:
The green sea shuddered, and he did shake,
For the words were those which no mortals make.

Away he sailed—and the lightning came,
And streamed from the top of his mast;
Away he sailed, and the thunder came,
And spoke from the depth of the blast:—
“O God!” he said,—and his tresses so hoar,
Shone bright i' the flame, as he shot from the shore.

Away he sailed—and the green isles smiled,
 And the sea-birds sang around :
 He sought to land—and down sank the shores,
 With a loud and murmuring sound—
 And where the green wood and the sweet sod should be,
 There tumbled a wild and a shoreless sea.

Away he sailed—and the moon looked out,
 With one large star by her side—
 Down shot the star, and upsprang the sea-fowl,
 With a shriek—and roared the tide !
 The bark with a leap, seemed the stars to sweep,
 And then to dive in the hollowest deep.

Criffel's green mountain towered on his right—
 Upon his left, Saint Bees—
 Behind—Caerlaverock's charmed ground—
 Before—the wild wide seas :—
 And there a witch-fire, broad and bright,
 Shed far a wild unearthly light !

A ladye sat high on Saint Bee's head,
 With her pale cheek on her hand,
 She gazed forth on the troubled sea,
 And on the troubled land :
 She lifted her hands to heaven—her eyes
 Rained down bright tears—still the shallop flies,

The shallop shoulders the surge and flies,—
 But at that ladye's prayer,
 The charmed wind fell mute nor stirred
 The ringlets of her golden hair :—
 And over the sea there passed a breath
 From heaven—the sea lay mute 'as death.

And the shallop sunders the gentle flood,
 No breathing wind is near :
 And the shallop sunders the gentle flood,
 And the flood lies still with fear—
 And the ocean, the earth, and the heaven smile sweet—
 As Sir Richard knees low at that ladye's feet !

While the old mariner chanted this maritime rhyme, he looked upon me from time to time,—and, perhaps, felt pleased in exciting the interest of a youthful mind, and obtaining a regard which had been but sparingly bestowed in his native land. He loosed a little skiff, and stepping into it, pushed through the surge to the place where I stood, and was in a moment beside me. I could not help gazing, with an eye reflecting wonder and respect, on a face—bold, mournful, and martial, as his

was,—which, had braved so long “the battle and the breeze.”—He threw across my shoulders a mantle of leopard skin,—and said, as he walked towards his little cottage on the rock,—“Youth, I promised that mantle to the first who welcomed me from a voyage of great peril :—take it, and be happier than the giver,—and glad am I to be welcomed by the son of my old Captain—Randal Forster.”

Such were the impressive circumstances under which I became acquaint-

ed with Richard Faulder of Allanbay. Now lend an attentive ear to some of his romantic adventures, as he related them to me: they have ever been indelibly fixed upon my memory, as their interest is of the most unearthly and intense description.

It was, I think, said the mariner, in the year seventeen hundred and thirty-three, that one summer evening, I sat on the summit of Rosefoster-cliff, gazing on the multitudes of waves which, swelled by the breeze, and whitened by the moonlight, undulated as far as the eye could reach. The many lights, gleaming from Allanbay, were extinguished one by one; and the twinklings of remote Saint Bees, glimmering fainter and fainter on the Solway. As I sat and thought on the perils I had encountered and braved on the great deep, I observed a low dark mist arise from the middle of the Solway; which, swelling out, suddenly came rolling huge and sable, towards the Cumberland shore. Nor was fear or fancy long in supplying this exhalation with sails, and penons, and the busy hum and murmur of mariners. As it approached the cliff on which I had seated myself, it was not without dismay, that I observed it become more dark, and assume more distinctly the shape of a barge with a shroud for a sail. It left the sea, and settled on the beach within sea-mark, maintaining still its form, and still sending forth the merry din of mariners. In a moment the voices were changed from mirth to sorrow; and I heard a sound and outcry like the shriek of a ship's company whom the sea is swallowing. The cloud dissolved away, and in its place I beheld, as it were, the forms of seven men, shaped from the cloud, and stretched black on the beach—even as corpses are prepared for the coffin. I was then young, and not conversant with the ways in which He above reveals and shadows out approaching sorrow to man. I went down to the beach, and though

the moon, nigh the full, and in mid-heaven, threw down an unbroken-light, rendering visible mountain, and headland, and sea, so that I might count the pebbles and shells on the shore,—the seven black shadows of men had not departed, and there appeared a space in the middle, like room measured out for an eighth. A strange terror came upon me; and I began to dread that this vision was sent for my warning—for be assured, heaven hath many and singular revelations for the welfare and instruction of man. I prayed, and, while I prayed, the seven shadows began to move—filling up the space prepared for another: then they waxed dimmer and dimmer,—and then wholly vanished!

I was much moved; and, deeming it the revelation of approaching sorrow, in which I was to be a sharer, it was past midnight before I could fall asleep. The sun had been some time risen when I was awaked by Simon Forester, who, coming to my bed side, said,—“Richard Faulder, arise, for young Lord William of Helvellyn-hall has launched his new barge on the Solway, and seven of the best and boldest mariners of Allanbay must bear him company to bring his fair bride from Preston-hall—even at the foot of the mountain Criffell; hasten and come, for he sails not, be sure without Richard Faulder!”

It was a gallant sight to see a shallop, with her halsers and sails of silk, covered with streamers, and damasked with gold, pushing gaily from the bay. It was gallant, too, to behold the lordly bridegroom, as he stood on the prow, looking towards his true-love's land, not heeding the shout, the song, and the music-swell, with which his departure was hailed. It was gallant to see the maids and the matrons of Cumberland, standing in crowds, on headland and cliff, waving their white hands seaward, as we spread our sails to the winds, and shot away into the Solway, with our streamers dancing and fluttering, like the main of a steed as he gallops against the wind. Proud of our

charge, and glorying in our skill, we made the good ship go through the surge as we willed; and every turn we made, and every time we wetted her silken sails, there came shout and trumpet-sound from the shore, applauding the seven merry mariners of Allanbay.

Helvellyn-hall, of which there is no stone standing—save an old sun-dial, around which herdsmen gather at noon-day, to hear of old marvels of the Foresters,—was an extensive mansion, built in the times when perils from the pirate and the Scot were dreaded,—and stood on a swelling knoll, encompassed with wood, visible from afar to mariners.

In the centre was a tower, and on the summit of the tower was a seat, and in that seat tradition will yet tell you, that good Lord Walter Forester sat for a certain time, in every day of the year, looking on the sea. The swallows and other birds which made their nests and their roosts on the castle-top, became so accustomed to his presence, that they built, and sung, and brought out their young beside him; and old men, as they beheld him, shook their heads, and muttered over the ancient prophecy, which a saint, who suffered from persecution, had uttered against the house of Helvellyn.

Let the Lord of Helvellyn look long on the sea—
For a sound he shall hear, and a sight he shall see;
The sight he shall see is a bonnie ship sailing,
The sound he shall hear is of weeping and wailing;
A sight shall he see on the green Solway shore,
And no lord of Helvellyn shall ever see more.

As we scudded through the water, I looked towards the shore of Cumberland, stretching far and near, with all its winding outline, interrupted with woody promontories; and there I beheld the old Lord Walter of Helvellyn, seated on the topmost tower of his castle, looking towards the Scottish shore. I thought on the dying man's rhyme; and thought on the vision of last night: and I counted the mariners, and looked again on the castle and Lord Walter; and I saw that the fulfilling of the prophecy and the vision was approaching. Though deeply affected, I managed the barge with my customary skill, and she flew across the bay, leaving a long furrow foam from behind. Michael Hammer, an old mariner of Allanbay, afterwards told me, he never beheld a fairer sight than the barge that day breasting the billows—and he stood, warding off the sun with his hands from his fading eyes, till we reached the middle of the bay. At that time, he said, he beheld something like a ship formed of a black cloud, sailing beside us, which moved as we moved, and

tacked as we tacked,—had the semblance of the same number of mariners, and, in every way, appeared like the bridegroom's barge! He trembled with dismay, for he knew the spectre shallop of Solway, which always sails by the side of the ship which the sea is about to swallow. It was not my fortune to behold fully this dreadful vision; but, while I gazed towards Helvellyn-hall, I felt a dread, and although I saw nothing on which my fears could fix, I remember that a kind of haze or exhalation, resembling the thin shooting of a distant light, floated through the air at our side; which I could not long endure to look upon. The old Lord still preserved his position on the tower, and sat gazing towards us, as still and motionless as a marble statue, and with an intensity of gaze like one who is watching the coming of destiny.

The acclamations which greeted our departure from Cumberland, were exceeded by those which welcomed us to the Scottish shore. The romantic and mountainous coast of Colvend and Sildick was crowded with shepherd, and

matron, and maid, who stood motionless as their native rocks, and as silent too, till we approached within reach of their voices, and then such a shout rose as startled the gulls and cormorants from rock and cavern for a full mile. The Scotch are a demure, a careful, and a singular people; and, amid such homeliness of manner, have something of a poetical way of displaying their affections,—which they treasure too for great occasions, or, as they say, “daimen times.” There are certain of their rustics much given to the composition of song and of ballad, in which a natural elegance occasionally glimmers among their antique and liquid dialect. I have been told the Lowland language of Scotland is more soft and persuasive than even that of England; and assuredly there was Martin Robson, mariner of mine, in the Mermaid, whose wily Scotch tongue made the hearts of half the maidens of Cumberland dance to their lips. But many of their ballads are a barbarous jingle, and can only be admired because the names of those whom their authors love and hate, and the names of hill, and dale, and coast, and stream, are interwoven with a ready ease unknown among the metric rhymes of any other people.

Preston-hall—the plough has long since passed over its foundation!—was the residence of a branch of the

powerful and ancient name of Maxwell; and such was its fame for generosity, that the beggar or pilgrim who went in at the eastern gate empty, always came out at the western gate full, and blessing the bounty of the proprietor. It stood at the bottom of a deep and beautiful bay, at the entrance of which two knolls, slow in their swell from the land, and abrupt in their rise from the sea,—seemed almost to shut out all approach. In former times they had been crowned with slight towers of defence. It was a fairy nook for beauty; and tradition, which loves to embellish the scenes on which nature has been lavish of her bounty, asserted that the twin hillocks of Preston bay were formerly one green hill, till a wizard, whose name has not yet ceased to work marvels, cleft the knoll asunder with his wand, and poured the sea into the aperture,—laying, at the same time, the foundation-stone of Preston-hall with his own hand.* On the sides and summits of these small hills, stood two crowds of of peasants, who welcomed the coming of Lord William with the sounding of instruments of no remarkable harmony. As this clamorous hail ceased, the melody of maidens' tongues made ample amends for the instrumental discord. They greeted us as we passed with this poetical welcome, after the manner of their country.

The Maidens' Song.

MAIDS OF COLVEND.

Ye maids of Allanbay sore may ye mourn,
For your lover is gone—and will wedded return;
Her white sail is fill'd, and the barge cannot stay,
Wide flashes the water—she shoots through the bay.
Weep maidens of Cumberland, shower your tears salter,—
The priest is prepared, and the bride's at the altar!

* Scotland is rife with the labours of wizard and witch. The beautiful green mountain of Criffel and its lesser and immediate companions were created by a singular master which befel Dame Ailie Gunson. This noted and malignant witch had sustained insult from the sea of Solway, as she crossed it in her wizard shallop, formed from cast-off slipper; she, therefore, gathered a huge creelful of earth and rock, and, stride on stride, was advancing to close up for ever the entrance of that beautiful bay! An indignant and devout mariner, who witnessed her approach, thrice blessed himself, and at the same time a small mountain fell out of the witch's creel; the last was the largest, and named the mountain Criffel, which certain rustic antiquarians say is softened from reel fall,” for the witch dropt earth and creel in despair.

MAIDS OF SIDDICK.

The bride she is gone to the altar—and far,
And in wrath flies gay Gordon of green Lochinvar;
Young Maxwell of Munshes, thy gold spur is dyed
In thy steed, and thy heart leaps in anguish and pride—
The bold men of Annan and proud Niddesdale
Have lost her they loved, and may join in the wail.

MAIDS OF COLVEND.

Lord William is come; and the bird on the pine,
The leaf on the tree, and the ship on the brine,
The blue heaven above, and below the green earth,
Seem proud of his presence, and burst into mirth.
Then come, thou proud fair one, in meek modest mood—
The bridal-bed's ready—unloosen thy snood!

MAIDS OF SIDDICK.

The bridal-bed's ready;—but hearken, high Lord;
Though strong be thy right arm, and sharp be thy sword,—
Mock not Beatrice Maxwell!—else there shall be sorrow
Through Helvellyn's vallies, ere sun-rise to-morrow:
Away, haste away! can a gallant groom falter,
When the bridal wine's poured, and the bride's at the altar!

During the minstrel salutation, the barge floated into the bosom of Preston-bay; and, through all its woody links and greenwood nooks, the song sounded mellow and more mellow, as it was flung from point to point over the sunny water. The barge soon approached the green sward, which, sloping downwards from the hall, bordering with its livelier hue the dull deep green of the ocean, presented a ready landing-place. When we were within a lance's length of the shore, there appeared, coming towards us from a deep grove of holly, a female figure, attired in the manner of the farmer matrons of Scotland,—with a small plaid, or mantle, fastened over her grey lint-and-woollen gown, and a white cap, or mutch, surmounting, rather than covering, a profusion of lyart locks which came over her brow and neck, like remains of winter snow. She aided her steps with a staff, and descending to the prow of the barge, till the sea touched her feet, stretched her staff seaward, and said with a deep voice and an unembarrassed tone,—“What wouldst thou, William Forster, the doomed son of a doomed house, with Beatrice Maxwell, the bless-

ed child of a house whose name shall live, and whose children shall breathe while green woods grow, and the streams run? Return as thou camest nor touch a shore hostile to thee a thine. If thy foot displaces but a blade of grass—thy life will be as brief as the endurance of thy name, while that giddy boy is even now writing the sand within sea-mark;—the next tide will pass over THEE—and blot out for ever and ever! Thy father, even now watching thy course from his castle-top, shall soon cease to be the ward of his house's destiny; and the Cumberland boor, as he gazes into the bow of the Solway, shall sigh for the ancient and valiant name of Forster.”

While this singular speech was uttering, I gazed on the person of the speaker—from whom no one, who had once looked, could well withdraw his eye. She seemed some seventy years old, unbowed or unbroken by age,—and that kind of commanding look, which common spirits dread. Lord William listened to her words with a look of kindness and respect:—“Margery Forster,” he said, “thou couldst but prophesied more fortunately and wis-

u wished it—but thou art a friend and servant to my Beatrice—except this broad piece of gold, ne a more pleasant tale, when, evening tide, I return with my selvellyn.” The gold fell at man’s feet, but it lay glittering shed among the grass, for her eye seemed intent on matters with the glory of her master’s friend am I to Beatrice Max-ot servant,” said Margery, in tone, “though it’s sweet to be so beautiful.—Touch not I say again, William Forster vain to forbid—the thing that must—we are fore-ordained to ourse—and this is the last he gallant house of Forster.” stepped aside, opposing Lord o longer, who, impatient at tion, was preparing to leapipping her staff in the water dips his rod, she held it drips the Solway, to which she sed herself:—“False and sea—slumbering now in the mer sun, like a new lulled e lived by thy side for years I shall not sum; and every hou craved and yearned for , and made the maids and ail in green Galloway and

When shalt thou be satishungry sea?—even now, sun-et as thou seemest, dost thou y mouthful ordained to thee prophecy, and the fair and morsel is at hand.”

s, dim and spiritless at first, ed, while she uttered this to the sea, with a wild and ht—her stature seemed to ad her face seemed to dilate of grief than joy, and her and sapless with age, writh-forehead and temples, as if a distinct life of their own. her staff into the sea, she he grove of holly, and dis-

“May I be buried beyond et sound,” said Sam Selby beck, “if I fail to prove if

that dame’s tartan kirtle will flatten swan-shot—I never listened to such un-blessed language,” and he presented his carbine after her—while William Macgowan, a Galloway sailor, laid his hand to the muzzle and said,—“I’ll tell thee what, Margery Forsythe has more forecast in the concerns o’ the great deep than a wise mariner ought to despise. Swan-shot, mon!—she would shake it off her charmed callimanco kirtle; as a swan shakes snow from its wings. I see you’re scantily acquaint with the uncannie pranks of our Colvend Carline. But gang up to the Boran point and down to Barnhourie bank, and if the crews of two bonnie ships, buried under fifteen fathom of quicksand and running water, winna waken and tell ye whose uncannie skill sunk them there; the simplest hind will whisper ye that Margery Forsythe kens mair about it than a God-fearing woman should. So ye see, Lord William Forster, I would even counsel ye to make yere presence scarce on this kittle coast—just wyse yersel warily owre the salt water again. And true-love’s no like a new-killed kid in summer—it will keep, you see; it will keep. This cross Cummer will grow kindly, and we shall come snooring back in our barge, some bonnie moonlight summer night, and carry away my young lady with a sweeping oar and a wetted sail. For if we persist when Carline resists, we shall have wet sarks and droukit hair. Sae ye laugh and listen not? Aweel, aweel, them that will to Couper will to Couper!—a doomed man’s easily drowned!—the thing that maun be maun be!—and sic things shall be if we sell ale!”

These predestinating exclamations were occasioned by a long train of bridal guests hurrying from the hall to receive the bridegroom, who disregarding all admonition, leaped gaily ashore, and was welcomed with trumpet flourish and the continued sound of the lowland pipe. He was followed by six of his mariners, I alone remained—overawed by the vision I had beheld the preced-

ing night—by the prophetic words of Siddick—and by that boding forecast of disaster, which the wise would do well to regard.

On all sides people were seated on the rising ground: the tree tops, the immemorial resting places of ravens and rooks, were filled with young men, anxious to see the procession to the chapel of Preston, and hearken to the bridal joy; and even the rough and dizzy cliff of Barnhourie Burn, which overlooks the Solway for many miles, had the possession of its summit disputed with its native cormorants and eagles, by some venturesome school-boys, who thus showed that love of adventure which belongs to the children of the sea-coast. The sun was in noon when we landed in Preston-bay, and its edge was touching the grassy tops of the western hills of Galloway, when shout above shout, from wood and eminence,—the waving of white hands from field and knoll, and the sudden awakening of all manner of clamorous and mirthful melody, announced the coming of the bridal crowd. The gates of Preston-hall burst suddenly open; out upon the level lawn gushed an inundation of youths and maidens clad in their richest dresses, and the living stream flowed down to the Solway side. As they approached, a shallop, covered from the mast-head to the water with streamers, and pennons, and garlands, came suddenly from a small anchorage scooped out of the bosom of the garden, making the coming tide gleam to a distance, with the gold and silver lavished in its decoration. But my admiration of this beautiful shallop was soon interrupted by the appearance of a lady, who, standing on the ground by the prow of the bride's barge, looked earnestly seaward, and trembled so much, that the white satin dress which covered her from bosom to heel—studded, and sown, and flowered with the most costly stones and metals—shook as if touched by an ungentle wind. Her long tresses of raven black hair—and

which descended from her shoulders till she could sit upon them—partook of her agitation. Her eyes, large and bright, and fringed with long lashes of a black still deeper than that of her hair, were calm and contemplative, and seemed with her mind meditating on some perilous thing. While she stood thus, a maiden came to her side, and casting a long white veil—a present from the bridegroom—over her head, shrouded her to the feet: but the elegance of her form, and the deep dark glance of her expressive eyes triumphed over the costly gift:—though the fringe was of diamonds, and the disastrous tale of the youth who perished swimming over the Solway to his love, was wrought, or rather damasked, in the middle. I could have gazed from that hour to this on this beautiful vision; but while I looked; there came slowly from the wood a figure of a woman, bent with age or distress to the ground, and entirely covered in a black mantle: she approached the bride unperceived, and lay down at her feet—as a foot-stool on which she must tread before she could enter the shallop. This was unheeded of many, or of all; for the blessings showered by all ranks on the departing pair,—the bustle of the mariners preparing to sail with the tide, which now filled Preston-bay,—the sounding of bugle and pipe,—and the unremitting rivalry in song and ballad, between the mariners in the barges of the bridegroom and bride, successively filled every mind—save mine, overclouded then, as it has ever since been, before some coming calamity. Ballad and song passed over my memory without leaving a verse behind; one song alone, sung by a mariner of Allambay, and which has long been popular on the coast, interested me much,—more, I confess, from the dark and mysterious manner in which it figured or shadowed forth our catastrophe, than from its poetical merit, the last verse alone approaching to the true tone of the lyric.

Michael Palmer's Song.

Upon the bonnie mountain side, upon the leafy trees,
 Upon the rich and golden fields, upon the deep green seas,
 The wind comes breathing freshly forth—ho ! pluck up from the sand
 Our anchor, and go shooting as a wing'd shaft from the land !
 The sheep love Skiddaw's lonesome top—the shepherd loves his hill—
 The thistle loves the budding bush—sweet woman loves her will—
 The lark loves heaven for visiting, but green earth for her home ;
 And I love the good ship, singing through the billows in their foam.

My son, a grey-hair'd peasant said, leap on the grassy land,
 And deeper than five fathom sink thine anchor in the sand ;
 And meek and humble make thy heart for ere yon bright'ning moon
 Lifts her wond'rous lamp above the wave and night's lonely noon,
 There shall be shrieking heard at sea—lamentings heard ashore—
 My son, go pluck thy main-sail down, and tempt the heavens no more.
 Come forth and weep, come forth and pray, grey dame and hoary swain,
 All ye who have got sons to-night upon the faithless main.

And wherefore, old man, should I turn ? dost hear the merry pipe,
 The harvest bugle winding among Scotland's corn-fields ripe,
 And see her dark-eyed maiden's dance, whose willing arms alway
 Are open for the merry lads of bonnie Allanbay ?
 Full sore the old man sigh'd—and said, go bid the mountain wind
 Breathe softer, and the deep waves hear the prayers of frail mankind,
 And mar the whirlwind in its might—his hoary head he shook,
 Gazed on the youth, and on the sea, and sadder wax'd his look.

Lo ! look ! here comes our lovely bride—breathes there a wind so rude
 As chafe the billows when she goes in beauty o'er the flood ;
 The raven fleece that dances on her round and swan-white neck ;
 The white foot that wakes music on the smooth and shaven deck :
 The white hand that goes waving thus, as if it told the brine—
 Be gentle in your ministry, o'er you I rule and reign ;
 The eye that looks so lovely, yet so lofty in its sway—
 Old man, the sea adores them—so adieu sweet Allanbay.

During the continuance of this song, an old gentleman of the house of Maxwell, advancing through the press to the barges, said aloud—"A challenge, ye gallants, a challenge!—let the bridegroom take the merry mariners of England—let the bride take her mariners of old Galloway—push the barges from Preston-bay, as the signal-pipe sounds ; and a tun of blood-red wine to a cup-full of cold water, that we reach Allanbay first." As the old man finished his challenge, hundreds of caps, and bonnets too, were thrown into the air, and the bridegroom, with a smile, took

his offered hand, and said,—“What ! Sir Marmaduke Maxwell, wilt thou brave us too ?—A ton of the richest wine to a drink of the saltiest brine in the centre of the Solway, that the merry lads of Allanbay exceed thee at least by ten strokes of the oar.” The English mariners replied, as is their wont—with a shout, threw aside their jackets and caps, and prepared gladly for the coming contest : nor were the mariners of Siddick and Colvend slow in preparing : they made themselves ready with that silent and sedate alacrity peculiar to that singular people. “May I never see

Skiddaw again," said Walter Selby of Derwent, "nor taste Nancy Grogson's grog, or her pretty daughter's lips, if the freshwater lads of Barnhourie surpass the saltwater lads of Allanbay."—"And for my part," said Charles Carson, "in answer to my comrade's vow, may I be turned into a sheldrake, and doomed to swim to doomsday in the lang black lake of Loughmaben, if the powkpuds of Skiddaw surpass the cannie lads of green Galloway." And both parties, matched in numbers, in strength,—of equal years, and of similar ability, stood with looks askance on each other, ready to start, and willing to win the bridal boast, and the bride or bridegroom's favour. "And now, my sweet bride," said Lord William, "shall I help thee into thy barge?—Loth am I that thy kinsman's vaunt should cause a brief separation:—now guide thy barge wisely and warily," said he to her helmsman, "I would liefer pay the wine for thy mistress ten thousand fold than one lock of her raven hair should be put in jeopardy.—If thou bringest her harmless into Allanbay, I shall give a hundred pieces of gold to thee and thy

mates.—Shouldest thou peril her in thy folly, come before my face no more." "Peril Beatrice Maxwell, Lord William," said the Scottish helmsman, with a look of proud scorn, "My fathen have fought to the saddle-laps in English blood for the men of the house of Maxwell—and I would rather see all who own the surname o' Forester sinking in the Solway without one to help them, than be the cause of Preston soiling slipper or snood.—I see ye dinna ken ought of the Howatsons of Glenhowan." "I know nought of the Howatsons of Glenhowan," said the bridegroom, "but what I am proud and pleased with—therefore ply the oar and manage the sail, for I have men with me who will put you to your might in both." To this conciliating speech the maritime representative of the ancient Howatsons of Glenhowan returned no answer, but busying himself in his vocation, chanted, as was his wont on going upon any important mission, some fragment of an old ballad—made by one of the minstrels of the house of Maxwell, when its glory was at the fullest.

"Give the sail to the south-wind, thou mariner bold,
Keep the vessel all stately and steady,
And sever the green grassy sward with her prow,
Where yon lances gleam level and ready."
"An ominous star sits above the bright moon,
And the vessel goes faster and faster;
And see the changed planet so lovely even now
Glow like blood, and betokens disaster."

"The moon, thou coward churl—foe to the swift shafts
All as fleet as the winter snow flying,
And hearken the war steed—he neighs in his strength,
And tramples the dead and the dying."
And the bark smote the ground and ashore they all leapt
With war-shout, and pipe-note, and clangor
Of two-handed claymore and hauberk—and soon
Their foes they consumed in their anger.

All on yon fair shore where the cowslips bloom thick,
And the sea-waves so brightly are leaping,
The sun saw in gladness—the moon saw in death
Three hundred proud Foresters sleeping:

And long shall the Cumberland damocles weep
Where the sweet Ellenwater is flown,
The hour the gay lads of Helvellyn were slain
By Lord Maxwell and gallant Glenbowan,

Ere the song had ceased, the bride proceeded to enter the barge, when she perceived at her feet a figure in a black mantle, and scarce refrained from shrieking. "Margery, what wouldst thou with me, Margery," said she visibly affected—"the cottage thou livest in I have given thee."—"Worlds, wealth, and creature comforts are no cares of mine," said the old domestic of the house of Maxwell. "I laid me down here, ere Beatrice Maxwell departs with one of a doomed house she should step over my gray hairs.—Have I not said—have I not prayed?"—"Margery, Margery," said the bride, "be silent and be wise."—"Are we to stand here and listen to the idle words of a crazed maniac?" said one of the house of Maxwell,—"aboard, ye gallants, aboard," and placing the bride on deck, the barges, urged by oar and sail, darted out of the bay of Preston, while the shout and song of clamouring multitudes followed us far into the ocean.

The wind of the summer twilight, gentle and dewy, went curling the surface of the water; before us the green mountains of Cumberland rose; behind as we beheld the huge outline of the Scottish hills, while, a full stone-cast under the barges pursued their way, and the crews, silent and anxious, had each their hopes of conquering in the contest. As we went scudding away I looked towards the hall of Helvellyn, and there I beheld on its summit the old lord, with his grey hair—his hands clasped, and his eyes turned intent on the barge which contained his son. I thought on the prophecy, and on the vision of the preceding evening, and looked towards the hills of Scotland, now fast diminishing in the distance. At first I thought I saw the waters agi-

tated in the track we had pursued, and continuing to gaze, I observed the sea furrowed into a tremendous hollow, following the sinuous course of the barge. I now knew this to be a whirlwind, and dreading that it would fasten on our sails, I tacked northward—the whirlwind followed also.—I tacked southward, and to the south veered the whirlwind, increasing in violence as it came.—The first sight I beheld was the sea at our stern, whirling round in fearful undulations. The wind at once seizing our sails, turned us thrice about, and down went the barge, headforemost in the centre of Solway. I was stunned—and felt the cold brine bubbling in my ears as emerging from the flood I tried to swim—barge, bridegroom, and mariners were all gone. The bride's barge came in a moment to my side, and saved me, and standing for the coast of Cumberland, spread the tale of sorrow along the shore, where crowds had assembled to welcome us. The old Lord of Helvellyn remained on the castle top, after he had witnessed the loss of his son; and when his favorite servant ventured to approach, he was found seated in his chair, his hands clasped more in resignation than agony, his face turned to the Solway, and his eyes gazing with the deepest intensity—and stiff and dead. The morning tide threw the body of Lord William and those of his six mariners ashore; and when I walked down at day dawn to the beach, I found them stretched in a row on the very spot where the vision had revealed their fate to me so darkly and so surely. Such a tale as this will be often told you among the sea-coast cottages of Cumberland.—Young man, be wise, and weigh well the mysterious ways of Providence.

ELLEN OF EGLANTINE.

Fast fell the night's shadows, and late was the hour,
 When Ellen, pale Ellen, arose,
 Unheeding the wrath of the thick-driving show'r,
 Alone she attended the ivy-clad tow'r,
 To tell the sad tale of her woes.

"Why comes not my Egbert?" distracted she cried,
 "Oh! where is his constancy flown?"
 "Though threats may assail me, though parents may chide,
 'E'er Raymond shall bear me away as his bride,
 "Grim Death shall call Ellen his own."
 "Full well I remember, when last in my ear,
 "My love pour'd his amorous sighs;
 "Hence vain apprehension! hence banish all fear!
 "Cheer up!" he exclaimed, "let me kiss off the tear,
 "That trembling starts from your eyes!"
 "When my rival expects thee, exulting and vain,
 "All dress'd in your bridal array;
 "When midnight assumes her still shadowy reign,
 "Then, then, to this bosom I'll clasp thee again,
 "And bear thee from Raymond away,

In vain my eye wanders across the dark dale,
 "No signs of my warrior I view;
 "I see not his plume floating wide in the gale,
 "I see not the gleam of his glittering mail!
 "He comes not! my Egbert's untrue!"

Ah, no! hapless Ellen, in yonder dear wood
 Your Egbert by ruffians is slain;
 For Raymond, revengeful and thirsting for blood,
 Urged on the assassins, the fast-flowing flood
 Around hath empurpled the plain!

Now midnight was past, and deep sounded the bell,
 All hope far from Ellen had flown!
 "He comes not!" she cried, as she shrunk at the knell,
 "This I drink to thee, Egbert, though force may compel,
 "This makes me for ever thy own."

Thus saying, while horror distorted her eyes,
 To her lips she the poison convey'd;
 She feels in her breast a chill languor arise,
 Through her veins a cold numbness, death's harbinger, flies,
 "I am free!" she exultingly said,

Now all was prepar'd, and the banquet was spread,
 Faint and faltering came the sad maid:
 The rose from her cheeks, worn with sorrow, had fled,
 E'en Raymond stood speechless, and shudder'd with dread,
 When her care-wasted form he survey'd.

She led on to the altar her life-ebbing tide
 With throbbing tumultuous beat;
 "I come to thee, Egbert!" exulting she cried,
 "Know, Raymond, that Ellen will ne'er be thy bride!"
 Then sank a pale corse at his feet.



**THE SPECTRE HORSEMEN OF SOUTRA-FELL;
OR,
THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF SELBY.**

A Cumberland Tradition.

And she stretched forth her trembling hand,
Their mighty sides to stroak,
And ay she reached, and ay she stretched,
’Twas nothing all but smook;
There were but mere delusive forms,
Of films and sulphry wind,
And every wave she gave her hand,
A gap was left behind.

JAMES HUGG.

“A BRIGHT fire, a clean floor, and a pleasant company,” is one of the proverbial wishes of domestic comfort among the wilds of Cumberland. The moorland residence of Randal Rode exhibited the first and second portion of the primitive wish, and it required no very deep discernment to see that around the ample hearth we had materials for completing the proverb. In each face was reflected that singular mixture of gravity and humour, peculiar, I apprehend, to the children of the north. Before a large fire—which it is reckoned

ominous ever to extinguish, lay half a dozen sheep dogs spreading out their white bosoms to the heat, and each placed opposite to the seat of its owner. The lord or rather portioner of Fremmet-ha himself lay apart on a large couch of oak antiques carved, and ornamented like some of the massive furniture of the days of the olden church, with beads, and crosses, and pastoral crooks. This settee was bedded deep with sheepskins—each retaining a fleece of long white wool. At each end lay a shepherd’s dog—past its prime like

its master, and like him enjoying a kind of half ruminating and drowsy lethargy peculiar to old age. Three or four busy wheels, guided by as many maidens, manufactured wool into yarn for rugs, and mauds, and mantles. Three other maidens, with bared arms, prepared curds for cheese, and their hands rivalled in whiteness the curdled milk itself. Under the light of a large candlestick several youths pursued the amusement of the popular game of draughts. This piece of rude furniture ought not to escape particular description. It resembled an Etruscan candle-bra, and was composed of a shaft, capable of being depressed or elevated by means of a notched groove, and sunk in a secure block of wood at the floor, terminated above, in a shallow cruce or plate, like a three-cocked hat, in each corner of which stood a large candle, which rendered the spacious hall where we sat as light as day. On this scene of patriarchal happiness, looked my old companion Eleanor Selby contrasting, as she glanced her eye in succession over the tokens of shepherds' wealth in which the house abounded, the present day with the past—the times of the fleece, the shears, and the distaff, with those of broils and blood, and mutual inroad and invasion, when the name of Selby stood high in the chivalry of the north. One might observe in her changing looks the themes of rustic degradation and chivalrous glory on which she brooded—and the present peaceful time suffered by the comparison—as the present always does in the contemplation of old age. The constant attention of young Maudeline Rode, who ministered to the comfort of her ancient and wayward relative, seemed gradually to soothe and charm down the demon of proud ancestry who maintained rule in her breast; and after interchanging softer and softer looks of acknowledgement and kindness with her fair young kinswoman, she thus proceeded to relate some of the adventures she had witnessed in the time of her

youth. These she poured out in a singular manner, unobtrusively, apparently, at times of the presence of others—and often addressing herself to the individuals whom her narrative recalled to life, as if they stood life-like and breathing before her.

“When I was young, like thee, Maudeline Rode, a marvel happened, which amazed many—it is, and will be a lasting tale, and a wonder—for it came even as a vision, and I beheld it with these eyes. In those days, the crown of this land, which now stands so sure and so shining on the brow of him who rules us, was held as one of ambition's baubles that might be transferred by the sword to some adventurous head; and men of birth and descent were ready with trumpet and with brand to do battle for the exiled branch of the house of Stuart. Rumours of rebellion and invasions were as frequent as the winds on our heaths—and each day brought a darker and more varied tale—of risings in the east, and risings in the west—for the King abroad, and for the King at home—and each relator gave a colour and a substance to his tidings, even as his wishes were. The shepherd went armed to the pasturage of his flocks—the lover went armed to the meeting with his mistress—those who loved silver and gold sought the solitary and silent place, and buried their treasure; the father and mother gazed at their sons and their daughters, and thought on the wrongs of war—and the children, armed with hazel rods for spears, and swords of lath, carried on a mimic and venturous war with one another, under the hostile banners of the lion and the bonnie white rose. Those who still loved the ancient church, were dreaded by those who loved the new; and the sectarians hated both, and hoped for the day when the jewelled mitre would be plucked off the prelate's head—and austerity that denies itself, yet giveth not to others—and zeal, which openeth the gates of mercy, but for a tythe of mankind—should

hold rule and dominion in the land. Those who had broad lands and rich herriages, wished for peace—those who had little to lose, hoped acquisitions by a convulsion—and there were many of the fiery and intractable spirits of the land who wished for strife and commotion, for the sake of variety of pursuit—and because they wished to see coronets and crowns staked on the issue of a battle. Thus, hot discussion and sore dispute divided the people of this land. It happened on a fine summer evening, that I stopped at the dwelling of David Forester, of Wilton-hall, along with young Walter Selby of Glamora, to refresh after a stag-hunt, on the banks of Derwent water. The mountain air was mild and balmy, and the lofty and rugged outline of Soutra-fell appeared on a canvased back ground of sky so pure, so blue, and so still, that the earth and heaven seemed blended together. Eagles were visible, perched among the moonlight, on the peaks of the rocks; ravens roosted at a vast distance below, and where greensward joined the acclivity of rock and stone, the flocks lay in undisturbed repose, with their fleeces shining in dew, and reflected in a broad deep lake at the bottom, so pure and so motionless that it seemed a sea of glass. The living or rather human portion of the picture, partook of the same silent and austere character, for inanimate nature often lends a softness, or a sternness to man—the meditative melancholy of the mountain, and the companionable garrulity of the vale, have not escaped proverbial observation. I had alighted from my horse, and seated on a little green hillock before the house, which the imagination of our mountaineers had not failed to people at times with fairies and elves—tasted some of the shepherds' curds and cream—the readiest and the sweetest beverage which rustic hospitality supplies: Walter Selby had seated himself at my feet, and behind me stood the proprietor of Wilton-hall and his

wife, awaiting my wishes with that ready and respectful frankness, which those of birth and ancestry always obtain among our mountain peasantry. A number of domestics, shepherds, and maidens, stood at a distance—as much for the purpose of listening to our conversation as from the desire to encumber us with their assistance in recommencing our journey. "Young lady," said David Forester, "have you heard tidings of note from the north or south? The Selbys are an ancient and renowned race, and in days of old, held rule from sunny Carlisle to the vale of Keswick—a day's flight for a hawk.—They are now lordless and landless, but the day may soon come, when to thee I shall go hat in hand, to beg a boon, and find thee lady of thy lands again, and the noble house of Lanercost risen anew from its briers and desolation." I understood better than I wished to appear, this mysterious address of my entertainer—and was saved from the confusion of a reply, either direct or oblique, by the forward tongue of his wife.—"Marry, and God forbid," said she, "that ever old lady Popery should hold rule in men's homes again—not that I wholly hate the old dame either, she has really some good points in her character, and if she would put fat flesh in her pot o' Fridays, and no demand o' one a frank confession of failings and frailties, she might hold rule again i' the land for aught I care; though, I cannot say I think well of the doctrine that denies nourishment to the body in the belief of bettering the soul. That's a sad mistake in the nature of us moorland people—if a shepherd lacks a meal a minute beyond the sounding of the horn, all the house hears on't—it's a religion, my lady, that will never take root again in this wild place, where men scorn the wheat and haver food, and make, for lack o' kitchen, the fat mutton eat the lean." The good woman of the house was interrupted in her curious speech by the arrival of those

personages, who, with a horse and pack, distribute the luxuries and comforts of the city over the mountainous regions of the provinces. His horse, loaded with heavy panniers, came foremost, anxious for a resting place, and behind came the owner, a middle-aged man, tall and robust, with hair as black as the raven, curled close beneath a very broad bonnet, and in his hand one of those measuring rods of root grown oak, piked with iron at the under end, and mounted with brass at the upper—which seemed alike adapted for defending or measuring his property. He advanced to the spot where we were seated, like an old acquaintance, asked for and obtained lodgings for the evening, and having disposed of his horse, he took out a small box, resembling a casket, which he placed on the grass, and, seating himself beside it, assumed one of those looks of mingled gravity and good humour—prepared alike for seriousness or mirth. He was not permitted to remain long in silence.—“You come from the north, Simon Packpin,” said one of the menials,—“one can know that by yere tongue; and as ye are a cannie lad at a hard bargain, ye can tell us in yere own sly and cannie way, if it be true, that the Highland gentlemen are coming to try if they can set with targe and claymore the crown of both lands on the brow it was made for.” I looked at the person of the querist—a young man of the middle size, with a firm limb, and a frank martial mien, and something in his bearing which bespoke a higher ambition than that of tending flocks—his face too I thought I had seen before, and under very different circumstances. “Good sooth, Wattie Graeme,” said another of the menials, “ye might as well try to get back butter out o’ the black dog’s throat, as extract a plain answer from Sleekie Simon—I asked him no farther than a month ago, if he thought we would have a change in the land soon—‘the moon,’ quoth he, “will change in its season, and so maun

all things human.’” “But do ye think,” said I, “that the people will continue to prefer the cold blood of the man who keeps the chair, to the warlike kindly English blood o’ him that’s f away?” “Aye, aye,” quoth he, “no doubt, nae doubt—when we would drink ditch-water rather than red wine. “But,” said I, “would it not be better for the land, that we had the throne made steadfast under our own nation, than have it shaken by every blast that blews, as I hear it will soon be?” “Say ye nae!” said he, “say ye nae better have a finger off than ay wagging,”—and so he continued for an hour to reply to every plain question with such dubious responses of northern proverb, that I left him as wise as found him. This historical sketch of the pedlar obtained the notice of the farmer’s wife, who, with the natural impatience of womankind, thus abruptly questioned him, “We honest mountain people hate all mystery: if you are a man loyal in your heart and upright in your dealings, you may remain and share our supper—but if ye be a spy from those northern marauders, we are coming with boughs as bare as the swords to make a raid and a foray upon us—arise, I say, and depart—but stay tell us truly, when this hawk of the uncannie nest of the Stuarts will come to wreck and herrie us?” To all this Simon the pedlar opposed a look of the most impenetrable good humour and gravity, and turning over his little oaken box, undid a broad strap and buckle—applied a key to the lock—took out combs, and knives, and spectacles, and some of those cheap ornaments for the bosom and the hair, and all the while he continued chanting over the following curious song—addressed obliquely to the good dame’s queries—and perfectly intelligible to all who knew the poetic language and allegorical meaning, which the adherents of the house of Stuart employed to convey tidings of importance to each other.

The Cuckoo's a bonnie bird.

The Cuckoo is a gentle bird, and gentle is his note,
And April it is pleasant, while the sun is waxing hot;
For amid the green woods growing, and the fresh flowers' blooming throng,
Forth comes the gentle Cuckoo with his meek and modest song.

The eagle slays the little lambs on Skiddaw high and hoar,
The hawk, he covets carnage, and the gray glede grieves for gore,
The raven croaks aloud for blood, through spring and summer long,
While the bonnie Cuckoo gladdens us with many a merry song.

The woodcock comes, and with the swan brings winter on his wing,
The groves cast off their garments green, the small birds cease to sing;
The wild birds cease to sing till the lillies scent the earth,
But the Cuckoo scatters roses round whenever he goes forth.

The Cuckoo is a princely bird, and we will wait awhile,
And welcome him with shout and song, in the morn of green April;
We'll lay our thighs o'er our good steeds, and gird our claymores on,
And chase away the hooded crows that croak around the throne.

could not help glancing my eye on curious and demure traveller; but perfect simplicity of his looks baffled the scrutiny which the mysterious note of his song induced me to make. Mr. Graeme, one of the shepherds, lown at his side, desirous of purging some of his commodities, but rank mountaineer was repulsed in tempt to dip his hands among the contents of the pack—and had me to the arbitration of personal strength, there could be little doubt of success—for the merchant had a will-ward and a frame of iron. Silence reigned for a while—the pedlar, who for a time had stolen a glance at me, and all at once to come to some conclusion how to proceed, and fastening in a little box, approached me with an air of submission and awe, “Fair sir, the pedlar is but a poor man, who is an honest penny among the penny—but he has a reverence and a respect for the noble names which grace our verse and our chivalry; and who has an English heart that knows not, beats not high at the sound of Selborne—and who bears a Scottish heart that sorrows not for the wreck and desolation of our most ancient and

most noble foe. I tell thee, lady, that I honour thee more—lady, as thou seemest to be, but of a kirtle and a steed, than if thou satest with a footstool of gold, and hadst nobles' daughters bearing up thy train. This cross and rosary,” —and he held in his hand these devotional symbols, carved of dark wood, and slightly ornamented with gold, —“are of no common wood—a princess has sat under the shadow of its bough, and seen her kingdom won and lost; and may the fair one, who will now wear it, warm it in her bosom, till she sees a kingdom, long lost, won as boldly, and as bravely, as ever the swords of the Selbys won their land.” And throwing the rosary around my neck, as he concluded, away he went, and opened his pack anew, resuming again his demure look and the arrangement of his trinkets. Walter Selby, who all this while, though then a hot and forward youth, had remained mute, addressed me in a whisper, “Fair Eleanor, mine own giddy cousin, this pedlar—this dispenser of rosaries made of Queen Mary's yewtree—he, whom the churls call Simon Packpin, is no seeker of profit from vulgar merchandize. I'll wager a kiss of thine own ruddy lips

against a kiss of mine, that he carries swords made of good Ripon steel, and pistols of good Swedish iron, in yon horsepack of his—wilt thou pledge a kiss, my gentle cousin? And instead of a brain, stored with plans for passing an English yard for a Scottish ell, and making pieces of homespun plaiding seem costly works from the looms of Arras, or even Leeds, it is furnished with more perilous stuff, pretty Eleanor; and no man can tell us better, how many of the Scottish cavaliers have their feet ready for the stirrup, and on what day they will call on the Selbys to mount and strike for their ancient lord and their lost inheritance." Something of this colour had been passing in my own mind, but the temper of the Selbys ever more required to be repressed than encouraged—and so I endeavoured to manage thee poor Walter Selby,"—she went on in a slow solemn tone—"I saw thee, thou last and thou bravest of all the Selbys with thy banner spread, thy sword bright, and thy long golden locks waving on thy shoulders, when the barriers of Preston were lost and won, and the gallant lairds of Ashiesteel fought like brothers by thy side—O, that this last bright picture were all I remember of thee. But can the heart of woman, though her head be gray, forget that she saw those long locks which made the dames sigh, waving, soiled and bloody, on the gates of Carlisle. There is much done in this world that must be answered for in the next, and this cruel and remorseless deed is one—" Old Eleanor, while she spoke, looked as though her agitated fancy had given semblance to the picture she had drawn, and her eyes be-

came as fixed and frozen, as stars in winter night. This passed away with a smothered groan and a passing of her hand over her bosom, and she again resumed her narrative. "Truly," said I, "my forward cousin, thou art the best soldier our poor prince could put his arms with—thou canst make a peal churt into a deep plodding politician, capable of overturning a throne. And this pack filled with shreds of lace and remnants of ribbon, into a magazine of weapons fit for furnishing an army. What wilt thy wise head make of these dubious sybil verses, which this mysterious politician, of thine I been doling out for thy especial instruction?" "By the good, my worthy Eleanor," said Walter, "I shall win a battle and wed thee in revenge for this. I thinkest thou not, that the box which has endowed that white neck of thine with a cross and rosary of gold, as wood still more precious, may not contain things equally curious and strange. Some golden information, this pedlar—since pedlar thou wilt have him—carries in his looks—I wish I could find the way to extract it." The stranger, as if guessing by our looks and our whispers what was passing between us, proceeded to instruct us in his own singular way—he described the excellent temper of his Sheffield whittles—praised the curious qualities of his spectacles which might enable the wearer to see distant events, and after soothing over some lines of a psalm or hymn common to the presbyterians, he proceeded to chant the following ballad of which I regret the loss of several verses.

The Pedlar's Ballad.

It is pleasant to sit on green Saddleback top,
And hearken the eagle's cry;
It is pleasant to roam in the bonnie green wood,
When the stags go bounding by,
And it's merry to sit when the red wine goes round,
And the poet's sweet song and the minstrel's sweet sound.

It is merry in moonshine to lead down the dance,
 To go starting away when the string
 Shakes out its deep sound, and the fair maidens fly
 Like the sunlight—or birds on the wing.
 And it's merry at gloaming aneath the boughs green,
 To woo a young maiden and roam all unseen.

But it's blyther by far when the pennon is spread,
 And the lordly loud trumpet is pealing,
 When the bright swords are but, and the war courser neighs,
 As high as the top of Helvellyn,
 And away spurs the warrior, and makes the rocks ring,
 With the blows that he strikes for his country and king.

Our gallants have sprung to their saddles, and bright
 Are the swords in a thousand hands;
 I came through Carlisle, and I heard their steeds neigh
 O'er the gentle Eden's sands.
 And seats shall be emptied, and brands shall be wet,
 Ere all these gay gallants in London are met.

Lord Nithsdale is mounted by winding Nith,
 Lord Kenmore by silver Dee;
 The blythe lads spur on from the links of the Orr,
 And Durisdeer's greenwood tree.
 And the banners which waved when Judaea was won,
 Are all given again to the glance of the sun.

The Johnstone is stirring in old Annandale,
 The Jardien—the Halliday's coming,
 From merry Milkwater, and haunted Dryfe bank:
 And Erke that shall list at the gloaming,
 The war shout, the yell, and of squadrons the dash,
 And gleam to the claymore, and carabine's flash.

Then come with the war horse, the basnet and sword,
 And bid the big trumpet awaken;
 The bright locks that stooped at a fair lady's feet,
 'Mid the tempest of war must be shaken.
 It is pleasant to spur to the battle the steed
 And cleave the proud helmet that holds a foe's head.

Thy sword's rusty, Howard—hot Dacre art thou
 So cool when the war-horse is bounding?
 Come, Percy, come thou, like a Percy of yore,
 When the trumpet of England is sounding;
 And come, gallant Selby—thy name is a name,
 While a soldier has soul, and a minstrel has flame.

And come too, ye names that are nameless—come mount,
 And win ye a name in proud story,
 A thousand long years at the sock and the share
 Are not worth one moment of glory.
 Come arm ye, and mount ye, and make the helms ring,
 Of the Whigs, as ye strike for your country and king.

"The whole household of Wilton-hall, including Walter Selby and myself, had gradually gathered around this merchant-minstrel, whose voice from an ordinary chant, had arisen, as we became interested, into a tone of deep martial melody. Nor was it the voice alone of the stranger that became changed, his face, which at the commencement of the ballad had a dubious and sinister expression, brightened up with enthusiasm, his frame grew erect, and his eyes gleamed with that fierce light which has been observed in the eyes of the English soldiers on the eve of battle. "What thinkest thou, fair Eleanor, of our merchant now," said Walter Selby; "I should like to have such a form on my right hand when I try to empty the saddles of the southern horse of some of the keenest whigs."—"And I'll pledge thee, young gentleman," said the pedlar, raising his voice at once from the provincial drawl and obscurity of lowland Scotch into the purest English, "any vow thou askest of me to ride on which hand thou wilt, and be to thee a friend and a brother, when the battle is at the hottest, and so I give thee my hand on't." "I touch no hand," said Walter Selby, "and I vow no vow either in truce or battle, till I know if thou art of the lineage of the gentle or the churl; I am a Selby, and the Selbys—" "The Selbys," said the stranger, in a tone, slow and deliberate, "are an ancient and a noble race; but this is no time, young gentleman, to scruple precedence of blood. In the field where I have ridden, noble deeds have been achieved by common hands, while the gentle and the far descended have sat apart nor soiled their swords; I neither say I am of a race churlish or noble, but my sword is as sharp as other men's, and might do thee a friendly deed, were it nigh thee in danger."—"Now God help us," said the dame of Wilton-hall, "what will old England become—here's young Wat Selby debating lineage and blood with a packman churl—in good truth, if I had but one drop of

gentle blood in my veins, I would an him up in his own place and beat him to death with his own old sword, which I'll warrant is a full, though broad, short of measure." I stood looking at Walter Selby and the stranger, the former standing aloof, with a look of haughty determination, and the latter, with an aspect of calm and a trepid resolution, enduring the scowl of the hot-brained youth, and the scorn of the vulgar matron. It might be now about nine o'clock, the air balmy and mute, the sky blue and clouded, and the moon, yet unrisen, had sent as much of her light to her as served, with the innumerable stars, to lighten the earth from the summit of the mountains to the deep vales. I never looked upon so lovely a night, and gladly turned my eyes from the idle disputants to the mountain-side, upon which that runner gleam which precedes the dawn had begun to scatter its light. While I continued gazing, there appeared upon Soutra-fell side, strange, coming and obscure, at that time, but which was soon after explained in death and in blood. I saw all at once, a host of horsemen coming swiftly down the steep and impassable side of the mountain, where no earthly horse ever trod. They amounted to many hundreds, and trooped onwards in succession, their helmets gleaming, and their swords shining amid the starlight. Beholding this vision, I uttered a loud scream, and Walter Selby, who was always less or more than other men, shouted till the mountain echoed, "Is ever man so gallant a sight? A thousand steeds and riders on the particular side of old Soutra—see how they gallop along a line, where I could hardly fly a hawk! O, for a horse so sure and so swift a foot as these, I might match me with this elfin valtry. My wanton brown, which I bound across the Derwent like a pack with me on its back, is but a packman to one of these." Alarm was visible in every face around; for we all knew

LEGENDS OF TERROR.

but the apparition foreboded . . a lost life and a ruined cause. I heard my father say that the like sight appeared on Helvellyn side, before the battle of Marston-moor, with this remarkable difference, the leader wore on his head the resemblance of a royal crown, where the leaders of the troop whom I beheld wore only earls' coronets. "Now is sight hand, protect us," said the leader of Wilton-hall, "what are we bound to endure? what will follow us?" "Misery to many," answered the pedlar, "and sudden and early death to some who are present." "Cease thy croak, thou northern raven," said Walter Selby, "if they are phantoms, let them pass—what care we for men of mist? and if they are flesh and bone, let guess by their bearing they must truly be; they are good and gallant soldiers of our good king, and thus do bid them welcome with my bugle." He winded his horn till the mountain echoed far and wide; the spectre-horsemen, distant near a quarter of a mile, seemed to halt; and the youth had his horn again at his lips to renew the note, when he was interrupted by the pedlar, who laying his hand on the instrument, said, "Young man, be wise, and be wised; yon vision is sent for man's instruction, not for his scoff and his scorn." The shadowy troop now advanced, and passed towards the south at the distance of a hundred yards. I looked on them as they went, and I imagined I knew the forms of many living men, doomed speedily to perish in the battle field, or on the scaffold. I saw the flower of the jacobite chivalry—the Maxwells, the Gordons, the Ilys, the Drummonds, the Ogilvys, the Camerons, the Scotts, the Foresters, and the Selbys. The havoc which happened among these noble names, is needless to relate; it is written in the ballad, and sung in song, and deeper still it is written in family feeling and national sympathy. A supernatural light accompanied this apparition, and rendered perfectly visible

horse and man; in the rear I saw a form which made me shudder—a form still present to my eye and impressed upon my heart, old and sorrow-worn as it is, as vividly as in early youth. I saw the shape of Walter Selby—his short cloak, his scarlet dress, his hat and feather—his sword by his side—and that smiling glance in his deep dark eye which was never there but for me, and which I could know among the looks of a thousand thousand. As he came, he laid his bridle on his horse's neck and leaned aside, and took a long, long look at me. The youth himself, full of life and gladness beside me, seemed to discover the resemblance between the spectre-rider and him, and it was only by throwing myself on his bosom, that I hindered him from addressing the apparition. How long I remained insensible in his arms I know not, but when I recovered, I found myself pressed to the youth's bosom; and a gentleman, with armed attendants, standing beside me, all shewing by their looks the deep interest they took in my fate.

The vision of the spectre-horsemen, in which human fate was thus darkly shadowed forth, passed away; and departed too, I am afraid, from the thoughts of those to whom it came as a signal and a warning, as a cloud passes from the face of the summer-moon.—I am now to tell a tale I have related a thousand times to the noble and the low; it is presented to me in my dreams, for the memory of spilt blood clings to a young mind, and the life's blood of Walter Selby was no common blood to me.—Seated on horseback, with Walter Selby at my bridle-rein, and before and behind me upwards of a score of armed cavaliers, I had proceeded along the mountain side about a mile, (without knowing their intentions, or my own destination, and with a brain crazed at the remembrance of that fatal vision) when a horn was winded at a small distance in our front. We quickened our pace; but the way was rough and difficult, and we were

obliged to go a sinuous course, like the meanderings of a brook, round rock and cairn and heathy hill, while the horn, continuing to sound, still seemed as far a-head as when we first heard it. It was about twelve o'clock; and the moon gleamed down from the summit of a mountain, and lightened us on our way through a narrow wooded valley, where a small stream glistened and sparkled in the light, and ran so choked with a bough, as compelled us to cross it every hundred yards. Walter now addressed me in his own singular way: "Fair Eleanor, mine own grave and staid cousin, knowest thou whither thou goest? Canst thou to counsel how fifty men may do the deeds of thousands, and how the crown of this land may be shifted like a 'prentice's cap?" "True," said I, "I go with thee, like an afflicted damsel of yore, in the belief that thy wisdom and valour may reinstate me in my ancient domains, or else win for me some new and princely inheritance." "Thou speakest," said the youth, "like one humble in hope, and putteth thy trust in one who would willingly work miracles to oblige thee. But ponder, fair damsel—my sword, though the best blade in Cumberland, cannot cut up into relics five or six regiments of dragoons; nor is this body, though devoted to thee, made of that knight-errant stuff that can resist sword and bullet. So I counsel thee, most discreet coz, to content thyself with hearing the sound of battle afar off, for we are going on a journey of no small peril." To these sensible and considerate words, I answered nothing, but rode on, looking, all the while, Walter Selby in the face, and endeavouring to say something witty or wise. He resumed his converse: "Nay, nay, mine own sweet and gentle cousin, my sweet Eleanor, I am too proud of that troubled glance of thine, to say one word more about separation,"—and our horses' heads and our cheeks came closer as he spoke. "That ballad of the pedlar, for pedlar shall the knight be still, to

oblige thee, his ballad told more than I reckoned a minstrel could infuse into verse. All the border chieftains of England and Scotland are; say or with us, and now for the giving of coronets and crowns,—a coffin, or an earl's bauble,—for we march upon Preston." Prepared as I was to these tidings, I could not hear without emotion, and I looked with eye on Walter Selby that was not calculated to inspire acts of heroism could not help connecting our present march on Preston with the shadowy procession I had so recently witnessed and the resemblance which one of the phantoms bore to the youth beside pressed on my heart. "Now do be afraid of our success, my coz," said he, "when to all the names of the border—names thou long since learned by heart, and rendered musical by repeating them—add the names of two most wise and prudent persons, who shall hereafter be called the settlers-up and pluckers-down of kings—even thy cool and chivalrous cousin, and a certain staid and serious damsel." This conversation obtained for us the attention of several stranger cavaliers who happened to us as, emerging from the woody glades, we entered upon a green and wide or common. One of them, with a staid cloak and sloped hat and horse feather, rode up to my right hand, glancing his eye on our faces; he addressed himself to me in a kind-hearted, but antique style: "Fair lady, thou be sights less to a warrior's liking than so sweet a face beside a wild mountain, about the full of the moon. I came that soik one of these thine tresses in dew, must be a cause dear man's heart; and, fair one, if thou permit me to ride by thy bridle, my presence may restrain sundry jests and jests which young cavaliers, so what scant of grace and courtesy (there be such in our company) use, on seeing a lady so fair and young, on such a dangerous and



wounded journey." I thanked this northern cavalier for his charitable civility, and observed, with a smile, "I had the protection of a young person who would feel pleased in sharing the responsibility of such a task." "And, fair lady," continued he, "if Walter Selby be thy protector, my labour will be the less." My cousin, who during this conversation had rode silent at my side, seemed to awaken from a reverie, and glancing his eye on the cavalier, and extending his hand, said, "Sir, in a strange dress, uttering strange words, and busied in a pursuit sordid and vulgar, I knew you not, and repelled your frank courtesy with rude words. I hear you now in no disguised voice, and see you with the sword of honour at your side instead of a pedlar's staff: accept, therefore, my hand, and be assured that a Selby—as hot and as proud as the lordliest of his ancestors, feels honoured in thus touching in friendship the hand of a gallant gentleman." I felt much pleased with this adventure, and looked on the person of the stalwart

borderer, as he received and returned the friendly grasp of Walter Selby; he had a long brow serene and high, an eye of sedate resolution, and something of an ironic wit lurking amid the wrinkles which age and thought had engraven on his face. I never saw so complete a transformation; and could hardly credit, that the bold, martial-looking, and courteous cavalier at my side had but an hour or two before sung rustic songs, and chattered with the peasants of Cumberland, about the price of ends of ribbon and two-penny toys and trinkets. He seemed to understand my thoughts, and thus resolved the riddle in a whisper;—"Fair lady, these be not days when a knight of loyal mind may ride with sound of horn, and banner displayed, summoning soldiers to fight for the good cause; of a surety, his journey would be brief. In the disguise of a calling, low, it is true, but honourable of its kind, I have obtained more useful intelligence, and enlisted more good soldiers than some who ride aneath an earl's pennon.

Our party, during this nocturnal march, had been insensibly augmented; and when the gray day came, I could count about three hundred horsemen— young, well-mounted, and well-armed—some giving vent to their spirit or their feelings in martial songs; others examining and proving the merit of their swords and pistols, and many marching on in grave silence, forecasting the hazards of war and the glory of success. Leaving the brown moorlands, we descended into an open cultivated country, and soon found ourselves upon the great military road which connects all the north country with the capital.

It was still the cold and misty twilight of the morning, when I happened to observe an old man close beside me, mounted on a horse seemingly coeval with himself,—wrapped, or rather shrouded, in a gray mantle or plaid, and all the while looking steadfastly at me from under the remains of a broad slouched hat. I had something like a dreamer's recollection of his looks; but he soon added his voice, to assist my recollection,—and I shall never forget the verses the old man chanted with a broken and melancholy, and, I think I may add, prophetic voice :

Oh, Preston, proud Preston.

Oh ! Preston, proud Preston, come hearken the cry
Of spilt blood against thee, it sounds to the sky;
Thy richness, a prey to the spoiler is doom'd,
Thy homes to the flame, to be smote and consumed;
Thy sage with gray locks, and thy dame with the brown
Descending long tresses, and grass-sweeping gown,
Shall shriek, when there's none for to help them : the hour
Of thy fall is not nigh, but it's certain and sure.
Proud Preston, come humble thy haughtiness—weep—
Cry aloud—for the sword it shall come in thy sleep.

What deed have I done—that thou lift'st thus thy cry,
Thou bard of ill omen, and doom'st me to die ?
What deed have I done, thus to forfeit the trust
In high heaven, and go to destruction and dust ?
My matrons are chaste, and my daughters are fair ;
Where the battle is hottest my sword's shining there ;
And my sons bow their heads, and are on their knees kneeling,
When the prayer is pour'd forth, and the organ is pealing :
What harm have I wrought, and to whom offer'd wrong,
That thou comest against me with shout and with song ?

What harm hast thou wrought ! list and hearken—the hour
Of revenge may be late—but it's certain and sure ;
As the flower to the field, and the leaf to the tree,
So sure is the time of destruction to thee.
What harm hast thou wrought !—haughty Preston, now hear—
Thou hast whetted against us the brand and the spear ;
And thy steeds through our ranks rush, all foaming and hot,
And I hear thy horns' sound, and the knell of thy shot :
The seal of stern judgment is fix'd on thy fate,
When the life's blood of Selby is spilt at thy gate.

Oh ! Selby, brave Selby, no more thy sword's braving
The foes of thy prince, when the pennon is waving ;

The Gordon shall guide and shall rule in the land ;
 The Boyd yet shall battle with buckler and brand ;
 The Maxwells shall live, though diminish'd their shine,—
 And the Scotts in bard's song shall be all but divine ;
 Even Forster of Derwent shall breathe for a time,
 Ere his name it has sunk to a sound and a rhyme ;
 But the horn of the Selbys has blown its last blast,
 And the star of their name's from the firmament cast.

pt the bridle from my hand, and green expanse of dale or hill m before me. The voice of the had for some time ceased, be- ad courage to look about ; and I ately recognized in the person minstrel an old and faithful sol- my father's, whose gift at song, d untutored as it was, had ob- im some estimation on the bor- here the strong, lively imagery, niliar diction of the old ballads intain their ground against the elegance and melody of modern I drew back a little ; and shak- old man by the hand, said, years have passed, Harpur Har- since I listened to thy minstrel Lanercost ; and I thought thou me, and I should never see thee Thy song has lost some of its grace and military glee since test my father's hall." " Deed, nie lady," said the borderer, voice suppressed and melanco- e something of his ancient smile ed his face for a moment, of sorrow and dule have been th me than ballads of merriment th. It's long now since I rode ght by my gallant master's side, he battle waxed fierce and des- and my foot is not so firm in up now, nor my hand so steeve teel, as it was in those blessed oic days. It's altered days with Harberson, since he harped e nobles of the north, in the f the gallant Selbys, and won of gold. I heard that my bonnie d her gallant cousin were on ck ; so I e'en put my old frail a frail horse, to follow where I

cannot lead. It's pleasant to mount at the sound of the trumpet again ; and it's better for an auld man to fall with the sound of battle in his ear, and be buried in the trench with the brave, and the young, and the noble,—than beg his bread from door to door, enduring the scoff and scorn of the vulgar and sordid, and be found, some winter morning, streaked stiff and dead, on a hassoc of straw in some churl's barn. So I shall e'en ride on, and see the last of a noble and a hopeless cause." He drew his hat over his brow ; while I endeavoured to cheer him by describing the numbers, resources, and strength of the party. And I expressed rather my hope, than firm belief, when I assured him, " that there was little doubt that the house of Selby would lift its head again and flourish, and that the grey hairs of its ancient and faithful minstrel would go down in gladness and glory to the grave." He shook his head, yet seemed almost willing to believe, for a moment against his own presentiment, in the picture of future glory I had drawn—it was but for a moment.— " 'Deed no—' deed no, my bonnie, bon- nie lady, it canna—canna be ; glad would I be could I credit the tale, that our house would hold up its head again, high and lordly. But I have too strong faith in minstrel prediction, and in the dreams and visions of the night, to give credence to such a pleasing thought. It was not for naught that horsemen rode in ranks on Soutra side last night, where living horsemen could never urge a steed,—and that the forms and sem- blances of living men were visible to me in this fearful procession. Nor was it for nought that my grandfather, old

minstrel Harberson, caused himself to be carried in his last hour to the summit of Lanercost-hill, that he might die looking on the broad domains of his master. His harp—for his harp and he were never parted—his harp yielded involuntary sounds, and his tongue ut-

tered unwilling words—words of sad import, the fulfilment of which is at hand. I shall repeat you the words; they are known but to few, and have been scorned too much by the noble race of Selby.

I rede ye, my lady—I rede ye, my lord,
To put not your trust in the trumpet and sword;
To follow no banner that comes from the flood,
To march no more southward to battle and blood.
League not with Dalzell—no, nor seek to be fording
The clear stream of Derwent with Maxwell and Gordon,—
To a Forester's word draw nor bridle nor glaive,—
Shun the gates of proud Preston, like death and the grave—
And the Selbys shall flourish in life and in story,
While eagles love Skiddaw—and soldiers love glory.

“These are the words of my ancestor—what must be must—I shall meet thee again at the gates of Preston.” As he uttered these words he mingled with the ranks of horsemen under the banner of a border knight, and I rode up to the side of my cousin and his companion.

It is not my wish to relate all I heard, and describe all I saw on my way southward; but our array was a sight worth seeing, and a sight we shall never see again—for war is now become a trade, and men are trained to battle like hounds to the hunting. In those days the noble and the gentle, each with his own banner,—with kinsmen and retainers, came forth to battle; and war seemed more a chivalrous effort than it seems now—when the land commits its fame and its existence to men hired by sound of trumpet and by touch of drum. It was soon broad day-light; all the adherents of the house of Stuart had moved towards Lancashire, from the south of Scotland and the north of England; and forming a junction where the Cumberland mountains slope down to the vales, now covered the road as far as my eye could reach—not in regular companies, but in clusters and crowds, with colours displayed. There might be, in all, one thousand horsemen and fifteen hundred foot, the form-

er armed with sword and pistol and carabine—the latter with gun and spear. It was a fair sight to see so many gentlemen dressed in the garb of other days—some with head and bosom pieces of burnished mail: others with slouched hats and feathers, and scarlet vests—and all with short cloaks or mantles, of velvet or woollen, clasped at the bosom with gold, and embroidered each according to their own or their mistress's fancy. A body of three hundred chosen horsemen, pertaining to my Lord Kenmure, marched in front, singing, according to the fashion of the Scotch, rude and homely ballads in honour of their leader.

One hundred horse, conducted by Lord Nithsdale, succeeded; those of Lord Derwentwater followed—a band numerous, but divided in opinion—unsteady in resolution, and timid in the time of need and peril, like their unfortunate lord. The foot followed: a band of warriors—strange, and even savage in their appearance—brave and unblenching in battle—with plaid and bonnet and broadsword—bare kneed, and marching to a kind of wild music, which, by recalling the airs of their ancestors, and the battles in which they fought and bled, kindles a military fury and resolution which destroys all against

which it is directed. These were men on the mountains of Scotland, and they were led by chieftain Mackintosh, who was to them as a divinity—compared to whom, the prince, in whose cause they fought, was a common being—a mere mortal. I admired the rude, natural courtesy of these people, and mented the coward counsels which delivered them up to the axe and the sword, without striking a single blow. The rear accounted, in this march, with an enemy behind as well as before, a sort of some peril, was brought up by about two hundred border cavaliers and their adherents; and with them rode Walter Selby and his new companion. The command seemed divided among many; and without obeying any one chief in particular, all seemed zealous of the cause, and marched on with a rapidity regulated by the foot. No serious attempt was made to impede us: some random shots were fired from the edge rows and groves; till at length, after a fatiguing journey, we came within sight of Preston; and there the enemy made his appearance in large masses of cavalry and foot, occupying the distant rising grounds, leaving our way into the town free and uninterrupted. Something in my face shewed the alarm I felt on seeing the numbers and array of our enemies; this passed at unobserved of the cavalier at my side, who said, with a smile, "Fair lady, you are looking on the mercenary bands which sordid wealth has marched against; these are men bought and sold, and who hire their best blood for a scarlet surcoat and a groat. I wish I had wealth enough to tempt the avarice of men who treasure all that is good on earth by the money it brings. And yet, fair one, I must needs own, that our little band of warriors is brought strangely together, and bound by ties of a singular kind. It would make a curious little book, were I to write down all the motives and feelings which have put our feet in the stirrup. There's my Lord Kenmure—hot, a brave, and a self-willed, and

the Scotch maidens say a bonnie Gordon; his sword had stuck half-drawn from the scabbard, but for the white hand of his wife; but he that lives under the influence of bright eyes, Lady Eleanor, lives under a spell as powerful as loyalty. And what would the little book say of my Lord Nithsdale, with whom ride so many of the noble name of Maxwell? Can scorn for the continual cant and sordid hearts of some acres of psalm-singing covenanters, who haunt the hill-tops of Terreagles and Dalswinton, cause the good lord to put the fairest domains on the border in jeopardy? Or does he hope to regain all the sway held by his ancestors of yore over the beautiful vale of Nith—humbling into dust, as he arises, the gifted weaver who preaches, the inspired cordwainer who expounds, and the upstart grocer who holds rule—the two former over men's minds, and the latter over men's bodies? There's my Lord Carnwath—" At this moment I heard the sounding of trumpets and the rushing of horses behind us; and ere I could turn round, my cavalier said, in the same equal and pleasant tone in which he was making his curious communication of human character,—“Fair lady, here be strange auditors, some of my friend General Willis's troopers come to try the edges of their new swords. Halbert, lead this fair lady to a place where she may see what passes—and now for the onset, Walter Selby.” The latter, exchanging a glance with me, turned his horse's head; swords were bared in a moment; and I heard the dash of their horses, as they spurred them to the contest, while a Scottish soldier hurried me towards the town. I had not the courage to look back—the clashing of swords, the knelling of carabines, the groans of the wounded, and the battle shout of the living came all blended in one terrible sound—my heart died within me. I soon came up to the Scottish mountaineers, who, with their swords drawn, and their targets shouldered, stood looking back on

the contest, uttering shouts of gladness, or shrieks of sorrow, as their friends fell or prevailed. I looked about, and saw the skirmish, which had first extended to a few blows and shots becoming bloody and dubious; for the enemy, reinforced with fresh men, now fairly charged down the open road, and the place where they contended was soon covered with dead and dying. I shrieked aloud at this fearful sight; and quitting my horse's bridle, held out my hands, and cried out to the mountaineers, "O haste and rescue, else they'll slay him—they'll slay him!" An old highlander, at almost the same instant, exclaimed, in very corrupt English,— "God! she'll no stand and see the border lads a' cut in pieces!" and uttering a kind of military yell, flew off with about two hundred men to the assistance of his friends. I was not allowed to remain and witness the charge of these northern warriors, but was led into Preston, and carried into a house half dead, where several of the ladies who followed the fortune of their lords in this unhappy expedition, endeavoured to soothe and comfort me. But I soon was the gayest of them all; for in came Walter Selby and his companion, the former sprinkled with blood, but the latter soiled with blood and dust, from helmet to spur. I leaped into my cousin's bosom, and sobbed with joy; he kissed his forehead, and said,— "Thank him, my Eleanor—the gallant knight, Sir Thomas Scott, but for him, I should have been where many brave fellows are." I recovered presence of mind in a moment, and turning to him, said, "Accept, Sir, a poor maiden's thanks for the safety of her kinsman, and allow her to kiss the right hand that wrought this deliverance." "Bless thee, fair lady," said the knight, "I would fight a dozen such fields for the honour thou profferest; but my hand is not in trim for such lady courtesy; so let me kiss thine as a warrior ought." I held out my hand, which he pressed to his lips: and washing the blood from

his hands, removing the soles of his shoes from his dress, and resuming his mantle, he became the gayest and most cheerful of the company.

It was evident, from the frequent and earnest consultations of the leaders of this rash enterprise, that information had reached them of no pleasing kind. Couriers continually came and went, and some of the chiefs began to resume their weapons. As the danger pressed, advice and contradiction, which at first were given and urged with courtesy and respect, now became warm and loud; and the Earl of Derwentwater, a virtuous and amiable man, but neither warrior nor leader, instead of overawing and ruling the tumultuary elements of his army, strode to and fro, a perfect picture of indecision and dismay, and uttered not a word. All this while, Sir Thomas Scott sat beside Walter Selby and me, calm and unconcerned; conversing about the ancient house of the Selbys; relating anecdotes of the lords of Selby in the court, and in the camp; quoting, and, in his own impressive way of reciting verse, lending all the melody of music to the old minstrel ballads which recorded our name and deeds. In a moment of less alarm, I could have worshipped him for this; and my poor Walter seemed the child of his companion's will, and forgot all but me in the admiration with which he contemplated him. The conference of the chiefs had waxed warm and tumultuous; when Lord Nithsdale, a little, high spirited, and intrepid man, shook Sir Thomas by the shoulder, and said, "This is no time, Sir Knight, for minstrel lore, and lady's love; betake thee to thy weapon, and bring all thy wisdom with thee, for truly we are about to need both." Sir Thomas rose, and having consulted a moment with Lord Kenmure, returned to us, and said, "Come, my young friend, we have played the warrior, now let us play the scout, and go forth and examine the numbers and array of our enemies; such a list of their generals has been laid before our leaders as turns

them pale; a mere muster roll of a regiment would make some of them lay down their arms, and stretch out their necks to the axe. Lord Kenmure, fair Eleanor, who takes a lady's council now and then, will have the honour of sitting by your side till our return." So saying, Walter Selby and Sir Thomas left us; and I listened to every step in the porch, till their return, which happened within an hour. They came splashed with soil, their dress rent with hedge and brake; and they seemed to have owed their safety to their swords, which were backed and dyed to the hilts. The leaders questioned them: "Have you marked the enemy's array, and learned ought of their numbers?" "We have done more," said Sir Thomas; "we have learned, and that from the tongues of two dying men, that Willis, with nine regiments of horse, and Colonel Preston, with a battalion of foot, will scarcely wait for dawn to attack you." This announcement seemed to strike a damp to the hearts of several of the chiefs; and, instead of giving that consistency to their councils which mutual fear often inspires, it only served to bewilder and perplex them. "I would council you," said Sir Thomas, "to make an instant attack upon their position, before their cannon arrive; we are inferior in number, but superior in courage; let some of our border troopers dismount, and, with the clansmen, open a passage through Colonel Preston's troops, which line the hedge rows and enclosures; the horse will follow, and there can be no doubt of a complete victory." Some opposed this advice, others applauded it; and the precious hours of night were consumed in unavailing debate, and passionate contradiction. This was only interrupted by the sound of the trumpet and the rushing of horse; for Willis, forcing the barriers at two places, at once made good his entry into the principal street of Preston. I had the courage to go into the street; and had not proceeded far, till I saw the enemy's dragoons charging at full gallop; but

their saddles were emptied fast, with shot, and with sword; and the clansmen, bearing their bucklers over their heads, made great havoc among the horsemen with their claymores, and at length succeeded in repulsing them to the fields. As soon as the enemy's trumpets sounded a retreat, our leaders again assembled;—assembled not to conquer or fall like cavaliers, with their swords in their hands, but to yield themselves up to beg the grace of a few days, till they prepared their necks for the rope and the axe. The highland soldiers wept with anger and shame, and offered to cut their way, or perish; but the leaders of the army, unfit to follow or fight, resolved on nothing but submission, and sent Colonel Oxburgh with a message to General Willis, to propose a capitulation.

Sir Thomas Scott came to Walter Selby and me, and said, with a smile of bitter scorn, "Let these valiant persons deliver themselves up to strain the cord, and prove the axe; we will seek, Lady Eleanor, a gentler dispensation; retreat now is not without peril; yet let us try what our good green wood will do for poor outlaws: I have seen ladies and men too escape from greater peril than this." We were in the saddle in a moment; and, accompanied by about twenty of the border cavaliers, made our way through several orchard enclosures, and finally entered upon an extensive common or chase, abounding in clumps of dwarf holly and birch, and presenting green and winding avenues, into one of which we gladly entered, leaving Preston half a mile behind. That pale and trembling light which precedes day began to glimmer; it felt intensely cold; for the air was filled with dew, and the boughs and bushes sprinkled us with moisture. We hastened on at a sharp trot; and the soft sward returning no sound, allowed us to hear the trumpet summons and military din, which extended far and wide around Preston. As we rode along, I observed Sir Thomas motion with his

head to his companions, feel his sword and his pistols, glance to the girths of his horse, and, finally, drop his mantle from his right arm, apparently baring it for a contest. In all these preparations, he was followed by his friends, who, at the same time, closed their ranks, and proceeded with caution and silence. We had reached a kind of road, half the work of nature and half of man's hand, which divided the chase or waste in two; it was bordered by a natural hedge of holly and thorn. All at once, from a thicket of bushes, a captain, with about twenty of Colonel Preston's dragoons, made a rush, calling out, "Yield! down with the traitors!" Swords were bare in a moment, pistols and carbines were flashing, and both parties hurried, alike eager for blood. Of this unexpected and fatal contest, I have but an indistinct remembrance; the glittering of the helmets, the shining of drawn swords, the flashing of pistols and carbines, the knell of shot, the rushing of horses, and the outcry of wounded men, came all in confusion before me; but I cannot give a regular account of this scene of terror and blood. It was of brief duration. I laid my bridle on my horse's neck, and wrung my hands, and followed with my looks every motion of Walter Selby. He was in the pride of strength and youth, and spurred against the boldest; and putting soul and might into every blow, made several saddles empty; I held up my hands, and prayed audibly for success. A dragoon, who had that moment killed a cavalier, rode to my side, and exclaimed, "Down with thy hands, thou cursed nun, down with thy hands; woot pray yet, woot thou; curse tha then;" and he made a stroke at me with his sword. The eyes of Walter Selby seemed to lighten as a cloud does on a day of thunder, and at one blow he severed the dragoon's head, bone and helmet, down to his steel collar. As the trooper fell, a pistol and carbine flashed together, and

Walter Selby reeled in the saddle, dropt his head, and his sword; and saying faintly, "Oh, Eleanor!" fell to the ground, stretching both hands towards me. I sprung to the ground, clasped him to my bosom, which he covered with his blood, and entreated Heaven to save him; and oh, I doubt I upbraided the Eternal with his death; but Heaven will pity the ravings of despair. He pressed my hand faintly, and lay looking on my face alone, though swords were clashing, and pistols were discharged, over us. Ere the contest had ceased, Sir Thomas sprang from his horse, took Walter Selby in his arms, and tears sparkled in his eyes, as he saw the blood flowing from his bosom. "Alas! alas!" said he, "that such a spirit, so lofty and heroic, should be quenched so soon, and in a skirmish such as this. Haste, Frank Elliot, haste, and frame us a litter of green boughs, cover it thick with our mantles, place this noble youth upon it, and we will bear him northward on our horses' necks; ere I leave his body here, I will leave mine own aside it; and you, minstrel Harberson, bring some water from the brook for this fair and fainting lady." All these orders, so promptly given, were as quickly executed; and we recommenced our journey to the north, with sorrowful hearts, and diminished numbers. I rode by the side of the litter; which, alas, became a bier, ere we reached the green hills of Cumberland. We halted in a lonely glen; a grave was prepared; and there, without priest, prayer, or requiems, was all that I loved of man consigned to a sylvan grave. The dust of our young hero," said Sir Thomas, "must lie here till the sun shines again on our cause, and it shall be placed in consecrated earth." The minstrel of the ancient name of Selby stood gazing on the grave, and burst out into the following wail or burial song, which is still to be heard from the lips of the maids and matrons of Cumberland.

Lament for Walter Selby.

Mourn all ye noble warriors—lo ! here is lying low
 As brave a youth as ever spurr'd a courser on the foe :
 Hope is a sweet thing to the heart, and light unto the ee,
 But no sweeter and no dearer than my warrior was to me ;
 He rode a good steed gallantly, and on his foes came down
 With a war-cry like the eagle's, from Helvellyn's haughty crown ;
 His hand was white, and his dark eye seem'd born for wide command ;
 Young Selby has nae left the like in all the northern land.

Weep for him, all ye maidens—and weep for him, all ye dames ;
 He was the sweetest gentleman from silver Tweed to Thames.
 Wail all for Walter Selby, let your tears come dropping down ;
 Wail all for my young warrior, in cottage, tower, and town.
 Cursed be the hand that fired the shot ; and may it never know
 What beauty it has blighted, and what glory it laid low ;
 Shall some rude peasant sit and sing, how his right hand could tame
 Thy pride, my Walter Selby, and the last of thy name ?

And mourn too, all ye minstrels good, and make your harpstrings wail,
 And pour his worth through every song, his deeds through every tale.
 His life was brief, but wond'rous bright : awake your minstrel story !
 Lo ! there the noble warrior lies, so give him all his glory.
 When Skiddaw lays its head as low, as now 'tis green and high—
 And the Solway sea grows to a brook, now sweeping proudly by—
 When the soldier scorns the trumpet-sound, nor loves the tempered brand—
 Then thy name, my Walter Selby, shall be mute in Cumberland.

THE CASTLE-GOBLIN ;

OR,

THE TOWER OF NEUFTCHABERG.

Two lovers, a youth and a maiden, once lived on the banks of the Rhine, where it winds between lofty rocks, and is overhung with gloomy forests. The passage-barks go furiously with the stream of the river in this part ; and the helmsman used to return thanks when he saw behind him the old Single Tower of Neufchaberg. From this ruin, standing upright and alone, like a pine-tree, the owl still sent a long and loud cry, when the shadow of night fell heavily from the lofty bank over the boiling current of the profound water.

“ Once, only once, dear life of my soul, do I desire to have thee to myself, without fear of spies ; that fancy may

be free to the delight which thy presence would ever bring, did not the evil eye of jealous suspicion watch me, as for the secret robber of the fold.”

She listened to his pleading breath, and tears filled her blue eyes. But the maiden spake not in reply, for her heart beat, and caused the words to die on her powerless tongue.

“ Look up, my love, look up ! Behold the Single Tower of Neufchaberg : to it the helmsman looks as he guides the passage-bark. Harken ! the owl sends forth his long and loud cry, for the shadow of night falls heavily on the deep water. Am I dear to thee, thou beloved one ? If so, meet me there, above,

even where the owl cries, at the safe midnight hour: then the world shall be only to us."

The maiden shuddered: but, as she trembled, she came more close to the bosom of the youth. "Thou art dear to me; and well thou knowest, dear! but, alas, how shall I meet thee at midnight at the old Single Tower of Neufchaberg! Doth not the cry of the foul bird already chill my blood? And shall I dare to meet the dull eyes of the Castle-Goblin, as they gleam with a grey light from the narrow window-holes of the silent ruin!"

As she spake, the owl again shrieked loud and long: it seemed the hollo of the Castle-Goblin; the lovers started; and the helmsman, as the sound leaped through the water-caves, made the sign of the cross, and prayed earnestly to the Virgin. In a moment all was again still: nothing was heard but the motion of the boiling current.

Slowly rose the moon, with creeping edge, above the dim boundary of the night-sky. And, as she rose, a trembling light fell on the old Single Tower. Then its narrow window-holes appeared, and the clearing air shone beyond them. No Goblin-eyes gleamed as in horrid sockets: the bramble and the ivy hung over the rifted fragments, and the parted leaves of each were distinctly seen.

The maiden stood close to the youth, who soothingly inclined her cheek to him. The night-wind mingled with their breathings, and the rushing of the impetuous Rhine seemed less fierce in its noise. The cry of the owl had ceased.

"And doth the beloved one fear the Castle-Goblin?" said the enamoured youth. "Love hath no idle fears; it only dreads the jealous suspicion that causeth separation, and sad disappointment, and wan anxiety."

The maiden wept, but still her cheek rested on the youth's. "Ah, more than the Castle-Goblin, I dread the demons that dwell in the heart. Let me not name them: thou wilt spare me the

shame. Guard then thy fidelity, while thou preservest thy patience; and save thyself from remorse, and me, thy love, from guilt and dark disgrace!"

And now the moon shone clear and full in the height of the heavenly arch. All the air was of a silvery blue: even the old Single Tower of Neufchaberg was arrayed in a mild brightness. Its narrow window-holes seemed stripes of light, enlivening the gloom of its ruined walls. As the passage-bark glided swiftly below the rock, the sound of the anthem, sung by the helmsman to the divine Mother and Virgin, with hair of gold, rose above the rushing of the water. The lovers stood silent and close together, in the beauty of the fair night. Scarcely were seen to move the heads of the wild field flowers, as the gentle wind fleetly onward to the smiling distance.

But soon the lover prayed more fervently than before. "Meet me at the safe hour of midnight, in the moss-grown court of the ruined tower! There the world shall be only to us; and the evil eye of suspicion shall be away!"

Faltering accents moved on the tongue of the maiden, and she found her lips joined, with soft and lingering pressure, to the youth's. Passion was in their hearts.

The moon descended redly to the opposite verge of the fading heaven. Moaning, deep, and broken, commenced again the bird of night. The breeze came chill, and with a swelling noise, from the forest of the hills behind; the voice of the river rose; and a melancholy shade fell over the old Single Tower of Neufchaberg.

Where the lovers stood was now an empty space. They had disappeared. The wild field-flowers bent their heads to the ground, as the cutting wind glided swiftly by.

See! the moon now scarcely preserves her swarthy discoloured rim, above the far-distant limit of the night-sky. A vapour is gone forth, and the shadows are dense.

Whose is that form that ascends the rocky path-way towards the grey ruin? It is the maiden that climbs amongst the waving bushes, in the steep and narrow track. Her white dress flutters in the air; her steps slide; she pauses as if she would return. Midnight is near. She advances again: and now she is lost in the shade of the old tower.

Hark! in one loud, continuous, shrill cry, the owl is heard; the sound lengthens as it speeds; the boatmen listen aghast. The figure of the maiden passes by a chasm in the grey wall. The moon droops into the abyss, and all is dark.

But the youth had met his beloved one, and tears of joy and gratitude run down his flushed cheeks. His arms entwine her waist: they are in the court-yard of the tower. Their eyes are full of love: their souls are as their eyes. Broken battlements rise over them; riven arches, fragments of fallen strength are about. Dreary gleam the narrow window-holes in the darkness; and the waving thistle rustles, as if to alarm.

They are seated on the soft moss that springs from the ancient stones. High beats the heart of the youth, for here suspicion does not watch: but the maiden trembles: her hands are cold: she is weak and timid, and mutters as a sick child.

A clammy horror creeps over her senses as she regards the blackness of a low door-way full before her face. It once led to the pit of tears—the deep dungeon of the ancient tower. But the youth's quick kisses have not fallen in vain on her lips: his heart beats against hers: time and place vanish from her perception: in her inward soul move the yearnings of delirious love.

In vain rushes through the ruin the power of the storm: in vain howl the gusts of the up-risen tempest through the desolate place. The owl shrieks against the wind in vain. The angel of female shame is about to fly—when lo, a burst of rain and thunder! The heavy bird gives a last cry, and strikes, with flapping wing, affrighted from his dark roost! A dead silence then prevails, and, from the church-steeple in the valley, is heard the iron-blow of the midnight hammer.

What rises from the black mouth of the tearful dungeon? The eyes of the lovers are fixed, as by a spiritual power. Is it fog? Is it cloud? Is it a human shape? Is it light contending with the darkness? A Spectral-woman comes forth: she advances towards the maiden and the youth; an infant lies at her breast, half covered by a stained shroud.

They were saved by the doleful vision! "Eternal Father, now is the doom accomplished: now is the long-past crime atoned for," uttered the pale lips of the Spectral-woman. "The decree is fulfilled; for two souls are this night rescued from the guilt into which my earthly life had fallen!"

The maiden sunk her head; the lover regarded her with a look of holy but troubled affection. Slowly the Spectral-woman raised in her arms the shroud-wrapped child. Mercy, mercy! was chanted in the air above: sweet sounds of harps were heard: the ghostly figures vanished in a flood of morning splendour. Soon all had disappeared: and in a calm, but dark night, the guiltless lovers descended to the Rhine from the old Single Tower of Neufchâberg.

BISHOP BRUNO.

Bishop Bruno awoke in the dead midnight,
And he heard his heart beat loud with affright,
He dreamt he had rung the palace bell,
And the sound it gave was his passing knell.

Bishop Bruno smiled at his fears so vain,
He turn'd to sleep, and he dreamt again ;
He rung at the palace gate once more,
And Death was the porter that open'd the door.

He started up at the fearful dream,
And he heard at the window the screech-owl scream.
Bishop Bruno slept no more that night,
O glad was he when he saw the day-light.

Now forth he goes in proud array,
For he with the Emperor dines to-day ;
There is not a baron in Germany,
That went with a nobler train than he.

Before and behind the soldiers ride,
The people throng'd to see the pride ;
They bow'd the head, and the knee they bent,
But nobody bless'd him as he went.

He went so stately and so proud,
When he heard a voice that cried aloud—
“ Ho ! ho ! Bishop Bruno ! you travel with glee,
“ But know, Bishop Bruno, you travel to me.”

Behind, and before, and on either side,
He look'd, but nobody he espied ;
And the Bishop he grew cold with fear,
For he heard the words distinct and clear.

And when he rung at the palace bell,
He almost expected to hear his knell ;
And when the porter turn'd the key,
He almost expected Death to see.

But soon the Bishop recover'd his glee,
For the Emperor welcom'd him royally ;
And now the tables were spread, and there
Were choicest wines, and dainty fair.

And now the Bishop had bless'd the meat,
When a voice was heard, as he sat in his seat ;
“ With the Emperor now you are dining in glee,
“ But know, Bishop Bruno, you sup with me.”

The Bishop then grew pale with affright,
And instantly lost his appetite;
And all the wine and dainty cheer
Could not comfort his heart so sick with fear.

But by little and little recover'd he,
For the wine went flowing merrily,
And he forgot his former dread,
And his cheeks again grew rosy red.

When he sat down to the royal fare,
Bishop Bruno was the saddest man there;
But when the maskers enter'd the hall,
He was the merriest man of all.

Then from amid the maskers' crowd,
There went a voice hollow and loud,
" You have pass'd the day, Bishop Bruno, with glee,
" But you must pass the night with me !"

His cheek grows pale, and eye-balls glare,
And stiff round his tonsure rises his hair;
With that there came one from the maskers' band,
And he took the Bishop by the hand.

The bony hand suspended his breath.
His marrow grew cold at the touch of Death;
On saints in vain he attempted to call,
Bishop Bruno fell dead in the palace hall.

JAN SCHALKEN'S THREE WISHES.

A Dutch Legend.

a small fishing village in Dutch
ers, there is still shown the site of
which was an object of much at-
n whilst it stood, on account of a
ar legend that relates to its first
itant, a kind-hearted fellow, who
ded on his boat for his sub-
ce, and his own happy disposition
eerfulness during every hardship
privation. Thus the story goes:
ark and stormy night in winter, as
chalken was sitting with his good-
d buxom wife by the fire, he was
ned from a transient doze by a
ing at the door of his hut. He

started up, drew back the bolt, and a
stranger entered. He was a tall man,
but little could be distinguished either
of his face or figure, as he wore a
large dark cloak, which he had con-
trived to pull over his head after the
fashion of a cowl. " I am a poor tra-
veller, (said the stranger), and want a
night's lodging. Will you grant it to
me?" " Aye, to be sure, (replied
Schalken), but I am afraid your cheer
will be but sorry. Had you come
sooner you might have fared better.
Sit down, however, and eat of what is
left." The traveller took him at his

word, and in a short time afterwards retired to his humble sleeping-place. In the morning as he was about to depart, he advanced towards Schalken, and giving him his hand, thus addressed him: "It is needless for you, my good friend, to know who I am; but of this be assured, that I can and will be grateful; for when the rich and the powerful turned me last night from their inhospitable gates, you welcomed me as man *should* welcome man, and looked with an eye of pity on the desolate traveller in the storm. I grant you three wishes. Be what they may, those wishes shall be gratified." Now Schalken certainly did not put much faith in these promises, yet he thought it the safest plan to make trial of them; and, accordingly, began to think how he should fix his wishes. Jan was a man who had few or no ambitious views; and was contented with the way of life in which he had been brought up. In fact he was so well satisfied with his situation, that he had not the least inclination to lose a single day of his laborious existence; but, on the contrary, had a very sincere wish of adding a few years to those which he was destined to live. This gave rise to wish the first. "Let my wife and myself live (he said) fifty years longer than nature has designed." "It shall be done," cried the stranger. Whilst Schalken was puzzling his brain for a second wish, he bethought him that a pear-tree, which was in his little garden, had been frequently despoiled of its fruit, to the no small detriment of the said tree, and grievous disappointment of its owner. "For my second wish, grant that whoever climbs my pear-tree shall not have power to leave it until my permission be given."

This was also assented to. Schalken was a sober man, and liked to sit down and chat with his wife of an evening; but she was a bustling body, and often jumped up in the midst of a conversation that she had only heard ten or twelve times, to scrub the table or set

their clay platters in order. Nothing disturbed him so much as this, and determined if possible, to prevent a recurrence of the nuisance. With object in view, he approached close the stranger, and in a low whisper his third and last wish: that whoever sat in a particular chair in his house should not be able to move out of it until it should please him so to do. This wish was agreed to by the traveller, who, after many greetings, departed his way. Years passed on, and last two wishes had been fully gratified by often detaining thieves in tree, and his wife on her chair. Time was approaching when the promise of longevity would be falsified, made manifest. It happened that birth-days of the fisherman and his wife were the same. They were sitting together on the evening of the day made him 79 years, and Mietje years of age, when the moon that shining through the window of the room seemed suddenly to be extinguished and the stars rushed down the clouds and lay glaring on the surface of the ocean, over which was spread an unnatural calmness, although the wind appeared to be mastered by the waves and were heaving onward, with the mighty waves of cloud. Birds dropped dead from the boughs, and the foliage of the trees turned to a pale red. This seemed to prognosticate the approach of Death: and in a few minutes afterwards sure enough he came. He was, however, very different from all that the worthy couple had heard or fancied him. He was certainly rather thin and had very little colour, but he was well dressed, and his deportment that of a gentleman. Bowing very politely to the ancient pair, he told them he merely came to give notice that their right they should have belonged to on that day, but a fifty years' respite was granted, and when that period expired, he should visit them again. He then walked away, and the moon and the stars, and the waters regained

his natural appearance. For the next fifty years every thing passed on as quietly as before; but as the time drew nigh for the appointed advent of Death, he became thoughtful, and he felt no assurance at the idea of the anticipated it. The day arrived, and Death came preceded by the same horrors as on the former occasion. "Well, good folks, (said he), you now can have no objection accompany me; for assuredly you have hitherto been highly privileged, and have lived long enough." The old man wept and clung feebly to her husband, as if she feared they were to be divided after passing away from the earth on which they had dwelt so long and so happily together. Poor Schalken looked very downcast, and moved her Death but slowly. As they passed by Jan's garden, he turned to take a last look at it, when a sudden thought struck him. He called to Death and said, "Sir, allow me to propose something to you. Our journey is a long one, and we have no provisions; I am so infirm, or I would climb yonder pear-tree, and take a stock of its best fruit with us; you are active and obliging, and will, I am sure, Sir, get it for us." Death, with great condescension, complied, and ascending the tree, gathered a great number of pears, which he threw down to old Schalken and his wife. At length he determined upon descending, but to his surprise and apparent consternation, discovered that he was immovable; nor would Jan allow him to leave the tree until he had given them a promise of living another half century.

They jogged on in the old way for fifty years more, and Death came to

the day. He was by no means so polite as he had formerly been, for the trick that Schalken had put upon him offended his dignity and wounded his pride not a little. "Come, Jan," said he, "you used me scurvily the other day, (Death thinks very little of fifty years!) and I am now determined to lose no time—come."

Jan was seated at his little table, busily employed in writing, when Death entered. He raised his head sorrowfully, and the pen trembled in his hand, as he thus addressed him, "I confess that my former conduct towards you merits blame, but I have done with such knaveries now, and have learnt to know that life is of little worth, and that I have seen enough of it. Still, before I quit this world I should like to do all the good I can, and was engaged when you arrived in making a will, that a poor lad, who has been always kind to us, may receive this hut and my boat. Suffer me but to finish what I have begun, and I shall cheerfully follow wherever you may lead. Pray sit down, in a few minutes my task will be ended." Death, thus appealed to, could refuse no longer, and seated himself in a chair, from which he found it as difficult to rise as he had formerly to descend from the pear-tree. His liberation was bought at the expense of an additional fifty years, at the end of which period, and exactly on their birth-day, Jan Schalken and his wife died quietly in their bed, and the salt water flowed freely in the little village, in which they had lived long enough to be considered the father and mother of all its inhabitants.

THE WHITE WOMAN OF BERLIN.

A fragment.

“As I live,” said Conrad “the woman in white has been sweeping the apartments of our royal master, and the symptoms of approaching death are palpably discovered in this mysterious work. Woe, to the kingdom of Prussia, for its monarch will speedily be laid in the dust of the grave!”

“You make my blood curdle,” said Agatha, “at this announcement of your fears; and yet I am told, by reason, to deride their superstitious tendency. What do you mean, by this woman all in white; and how is her hidden agency connected with the king’s disorder?”

“Young woman,” replied the hoary Conrad, “what these eyes have witnessed, surely these lips may declare; and if ever the shadows of supernatural creation were suffered to visit the beings of humanity, I have seen the WHITE WOMAN OF BERLIN. It is an old tradition that she appears regularly at such period as any member of the Royal Family is struggling under mortal disease; and her coming, in the course of twelve months has been followed by the dissolution that it threatened.”

“Go on,” articulated Agatha, in breathless amazement.

“I had just equipped my late master in his military uniform, and seen him seated, for the last time, in that chair, which received his final sigh, when the gracious Monarch, squeezing my hand with a gentle pressure, motioned me to quit the room. I obeyed, and passed into an inner apartment—the shades of twilight had filled it with thick gloom, and I proceeded a few paces beyond the threshold, when, on raising my eyes, they encountered the form of a female, clad in white garments, and of gigantic stature! The blood shot to my brain as I beheld this visionary figure; but, I am a Christian—”

“Forbear!” screamed Agatha, sick and fainting with alarm.

“I saw her gliding slowly through the room, and, though my eyes were rivetted with horror, I caught a glance of the ghastly hue that overspread her countenance, and—Gracious God!—Look there!”

“Agatha shrieked, and fell senseless to the floor, as she beheld * * *



THE TREASURE SEEKER.

A Popular Tale from the German.

On the Tuesday after Bartholomew's day, in the very year that the emperor Wenceslaus fled from the prison at Prague with the fair damsel of the Bath, according to an ancient custom, the guild of shepherds held at Rottenburg their annual procession, at which were present all the country for about three miles round. After hearing mass at the church of St. Wolfgang, they proceeded to mine host's of the Golden Lamb, where they spent the rest of the day in quaffing their cups, playing on their rustic instruments, and dancing too in the open square until sunset. The younger part of the company then dispersed homeward; not so, however, the elders, and the more substantial shepherds, for they continued to carouse over their wine till the night was far advanced; and, when the liquor had somewhat thawed their tongues, began to indulge in loud and lengthy discourse. Some made sage predictions as to the

weather, on which subject they were in no wise inferior to some of our modern seers ycleped almanack-makers. Indeed, they prognosticated very shrewdly what the approaching season would be, from the aspect of Our Lady in the procession over the mountain, and the appearance of the heath flowers.—Others related stories of their adventures, recounting how valiantly they had defended their flocks against the attack of the wolf, by aid of that faithful ally their dog; or put to flight the still more terrible were-wolf by devoutly crossing themselves, and repeating a prayer to St. Andrew. Or, they told how they had been led out of their way across wild and through wood: and had been mocked and perplexed by witches and spectres. So terrific were most of these narratives, that they caused to shudder that part of the auditory which consisted of the town's folk, and made their hair to stand erect with horror.

Of these latter, in fact, no inconsiderable number attended to share in the festivities of this rustic holiday; for many a boon companion, and mechanic, generally betook him on this evening to mine host's of the Lamb.

Among all the company no one was more jovial, or contributed more to the conversation than the silver-headed Martin, a lively old man of eighty years; who, like the patriarch Jacob had seen a whole race of shepherds descended from himself. When the room began to clear somewhat of the guests, he ordered mine host to bring him a cup, by way of a farewell glass before retiring, not displeased to find that the tumult had somewhat subsided, and that it would now be in his power to make himself better heard.

"Good neighbours," quoth the old man, "you have been recounting some wondrous marvels; nor have they methinks, lost any thing of their worth by savouring a little of the wine cup. I myself, however, can tell you an affair, which, although I give you nothing but the pure truth, will appear more wonderful than any of your tales:—but the evening is now rather too far advanced, and I should never come to an end."

All were silent while the old man was speaking; and such was the hushed attention in the tavern-room, that you might have supposed the bishop of Bamberg was reading mass. When he ceased, however, there were voices enough to be heard, for his neighbours cried out unanimously, "Father Martin, let us hear this strange adventure of thine, never spare us the pleasure on a holiday night like this." Even some of the town's folk, who had been preparing to depart, now hung up again their cloaks, and beseeched him to relate his marvels as their parting cup. Their earnest solicitations were more than old Martin could withstand, he commenced therefore as follows:

"Affairs went sorrowfully enough with me in the world, at first. Being a destitute orphan boy, I was forced to

beg my bread from door to door; I had no place that I could call my home, but strolled about with my wallet from one village to another. When, however, I grew up to be a sturdy lad, I hired myself to a shepherd on the Harz Mountains, whose flocks I tended for three years. At that time, one evening, about the beginning of the autumn, ten of the sheep were missing, on which I was sent into the wood to search for them. My dog got upon a wrong scent, and hunted about the under-wood; night began to fall, and I being unacquainted with the place, and not knowing how to find my way, determined to pass the night beneath a tree. Towards midnight the dog became uneasy, began to howl, slunk his tail, and crouched close to me: I then perceived that all was not aright, and, looking up, discerned by the clear moonlight, a figure standing opposite to me, resembling that of a man whose body was entirely covered with hair. He had a long beard reaching to his middle, a garland upon his head, and around his loins an apron of oak-leaves, while, in his right hand, he held a fir-tree that had been torn up by the roots. At this apparition I trembled like an aspen leaf, and my very soul was shaken with horror. The terrific spectre motioned me to follow him; yet I stirred not from the spot; I then heard him exclaim in a hoarse growling voice: 'Coward heart, take courage, I am the Treasure-keeper of the Harz. Come with me, so shalt thou find a treasure.' Although my apprehension threw me into a cold sweat, I at length roused myself, and, making a sign of the cross, replied,—'Avaunt thee Satan, I desire none of thy treasures!'—On this the fiend grinned horribly in my face, and pinching me, said,—'Loon, thou rejectest good fortune! continue then a sorry varlet all thy days.' He then turned away as if to depart; but again he approached me, saying,—'Bethink thee, bethink thee well, thou heedless wight, I will fill thy wallet, I will fill thy bag with a joyous burden.'

'It is written,' I returned, 'Thou shalt not covet; away then from me, thou evil spirit; nought do I require of thee.'

"As the spectre saw that I listened not to him, he desisted from further importunity, only adding, 'Thou wilt repent this;' then looked grimly at me, and, after a short pause of reflection, continued,—'Give good heed to what I now say, so that it may yet avail thee, shouldst thou think yet more advisedly. In the Brocken Mountain, deep under the earth, is buried an immense treasure of gold and precious stones, which, having been deposited there by twilight, may be removed in the open day, as well as at deep midnight. I have watched it for seven hundred years; and, from this day forward, it becomes again free to be taken by whoever discovers it:—my time is up. Therefore, bid I intend to deliver this hoard to thee; for, as thou pasturest thy flock on the Brocken, I have felt kindly disposed towards thee.'—He then proceeded to acquaint me with the place where the treasure was to be found, and of the manner in which I ought to seek it.

"It seems to me even now as though I heard him, so plainly do I remember every word. 'Proceed,' said he, 'towards St. Andrew's mountain, and here enquire for the Black King's valley; or, as it is now called, the Morgenrodabul. When arrived at a brook, named the Duder, follow its track, against the current, until thou reachest a stone bridge, hard by a saw-mill. Go not, however, over the bridge, but till continue to advance with the stream on thy right hand, until thou seest before thee a steep rocky crag. A bow-shot distance from this, thou wilt perceive a hollow, resembling a grave prepared for a dead body. Do not fear, but clear it out without apprehension, although thou wilt find it no very easy labour; thou wilt perceive that it has been filled up with earth intentionally. Having now discovered a stone wall on either side, proceed manfully in thy work, and thou wilt soon meet with a

square flat stone, built into the wall, and about a yard in height and breadth. This being wrested out, thou wilt be at the entrance of the vault where the treasure is deposited. Into this opening must thou creep on thy belly, with a miner's lamp in thy mouth, thy hands being quite disengaged, lest thou shouldst strike thy face against a stone, for the descent is very great, and the stones are exceedingly sharp. Should thy knees chance to bleed, regard it not, since thou art in a prosperous path. Nor rest until arrived at a staircase of stone, of which thou wilt, without difficulty, descend the steps, in all seventy-two in number; and thou wilt reach a spacious hall with three doors, two of which are open, but the third is fast closed with bolt and bar. Heed well that thou goest not through that on the right hand, lest thou disturb the bones of the former possessor of the treasure. Neither enter that on the left; it is an unclean vault, wherein house the viper and the snake; but open the closed door by means of a spring-root, which thou must not fail to take along with thee, else is all thy labour bestowed in vain: for, with tool of iron, however strong, thou wilt accomplish nothing. How thou art to obtain this precious root, thou must enquire of some well experienced carl: since it is known to those who track the forest, and it is not very difficult to be met with. Fear not, even though the door should burst open with a crash as loud as if of thunder; thou wilt receive no injury, it being merely the force of the root. Only remember to cover well thy lamp, so that it may not be extinguished, so wilt thou needs be dazzled by the noble sparkling and bravery of all the gold and jewels, wherewith are covered the walls and pillars of that vault; yet stretch not out thy hand towards them—beware of that as thou wouldst of sacrilege. In the middle of this subterraneous hall stands a brazen chest like as it were the high altar of some church. There thou wilt find enough of both

gold and silver, and mayest take all that thou cravest. Takest thou as much as thou canst carry, so hast thou enough to suffice for thy whole life ; it is besides in thy power to return thither three different times, but no more—the fourth would prove in vain : nor wouldst thou escape without the chastisement due to thy avarice. Forget not to close well each time the mouth of the cavern, by which thou enterest the vault of king Bructorix.' When the phantom had ceased speaking, my dog pricked up his ears, and began to bark ; I heard the sound of wheels at a distance, and, looking around me, perceived that the figure had vanished."

With these words did the grey-bearded ghost-seer end a narration that affected his auditors in very different ways. Some were fain to treat the adventure very lightly :—" 'Tis certainly a wondrous fine dream, my old sire !" exclaimed they ; others gave implicit credence to the tale ; while a third party, more cautious than either, assumed a sagacious look, but cared not to utter their opinion of the matter. As for mine host, he very shrewdly asserted that the proof of the pudding lay in the eating ; that, let them dispute, and pro-and-con as much as they pleased, the question, after all, was,—“ Had Martin really been on this subterraneous pilgrimage, and had he returned with his pack laden with treasure ?” In order, therefore, to ascertain this important point, and keep his guest in a talkative humour, he filled him a goblet from a fresh flask, and, as he offered it, said :

“ Come goodman ! let us hear whether you visited this said cavern, and found there all that this spirit promised—or did the mischievous elf play thee false ?”

“ By no means,” returned honest Martin ; “ I cannot accuse him of telling untruths, since I never took even so much as a single step to find out the cavern, or to open it.”—“ And wherefore not ?”—“ For two reasons : in the first place, I had too much regard for

my neck to expose myself to the smile of a goblin ; and, in the next, I have never been able to meet with any one to inform me how I am to come at the spring-root,—where it groweth, or at what season of the year, or what hour of the day it must be plucked, although I have questioned respecting it many a one well conversant with every kind of plant.”—The innkeeper was now quite aground with his inquiries, without having obtained the slightest glimpse into the business, when a shepherd, well stricken in years, addressed himself to the narrator of the history, and said :

“ 'Tis a thousand pities, neighbour Martin, that your secret is now somewhat out of date. And you had had your wits about you some forty years ago, you had certainly not missed of having the spring-root. And although you will never, I warrant me, climb the Brocken at this day, yet, if it be only for once passing the time, I will inform you by what means the plant may be obtained. The readiest method of all is to call in the service of a black woodpecker.—Watch one in spring tide, at which season it makes its nest in a hollow tree, then after the time of brooding, and when it flies out to seek food for its young ones, drive a hard knot of wood into the hole, whence it has taken its flight. Then watch behind the tree until its return. As soon as it perceives that all access to its home is intercepted, it will fly round the tree with a scream of loud lament, then suddenly wing its course towards the west. After this you must take care to be provided with a scarlet mantle ; or, in lieu of this, hie to a dealer in such wares, and buy thee some four yards of red cloth ; which conceal beneath thy garment, and wait until the bird returns with the spring-root in its mouth, even though it be one, nay even two days. No sooner will the bird touch the wooden plug with this wondrous plant, than it will immediately fly out with a sudden bounce, just as a cork does from a foaming flask. Then lose no time, but in-

stantly spread the mantle or cloth beneath the tree. Terrified at the sight, supposing it to be fire, the woodpecker will let fall the root. Having once obtained possession of the charmed plant, fail not to bind it to a piece of christ-thorn, otherwise it will assuredly be lost whenever you lay it out of your hand."

Many a comment was now passed upon this procedure, while the glass freely circulated; nor did the boon companions disperse until the midnight hour had already chimed.

Apart from this social circle, with no other companion than the cat, a solitary toper had occupied mine host's well-stuffed leathern chair; in which post he had, during the whole evening, observed so strict a silence, that he had rather seemed to be preparing himself for a Carthusian Monastery, than to be the inmate of an inn on a festival night. Little as he was generally given to contemplation, he now sat profoundly wrapped in his own cogitations, in which he was now induced to indulge on more than one account. This individual, be it known, was Master Peter Block, whilom a cook to a worshipful magistrate, then vintner, and tapster successively; and these honourable employments being abandoned, he occupied now a more private station; for, during the last ten years, Peter had descended the ladder of promotion with a most quick retrogradation, so that he, who had formerly contributed to other men's feasting, was now obliged to practise feasting on his own account. In his quondam calling, he had been a man of a jovial complexion, nothing loth to a merry jest, but rather one who tickled the fancies and the palates of his guests in pretty equal ratio. In the noble art of cooking his science was indisputable. There was no dainty or device, in which he did not exhibit the skill of a professor, and the zeal of a dilettante. But unfortunately our artist would needs dress for himself a sauce that requires more of the ingre-

dient called good luck, than any other article in the "Almanac des Gourmands:"—in other words, Master Block sought out for himself by times a help-mate; and, in evil hour, made choice of a fair one, whose venomous tongue had already gained her the ill-will of all the town. Whoever came in her way, for it little signified to her whether friend or foe, she was certain to cover them with abuse; nor did even the saints in the calendar escape her with impunity. No wonder, therefore, if all the gallants were shy of addressing Dame Ilse, until Master Block, who had heard her commended as a thrifty, notable housewife, ventured to espouse this foul-mouthed specimen of the sex denominated fair. Hardly indeed had she left the altar, ere she gave the poor wight a foretaste of connubial affection. Such an union was not blessed with a numerous progeny; for, of all their offspring none escaped from a premature death except a single girl, who was of so firm a constitution as to suffer neither from the harsh treatment of her mother, or the overweening fondness of her father.

In the meanwhile the circumstances of the family had altered very materially. Even in his youth, Master Peter had never been a proficient in arithmetic; for, of all the rules, the only one in which he succeeded was subtraction; as to addition and multiplication, he could comprehend neither, nor was he much more successful in division. It was too great an exertion to keep an exact credit and debit account in his affairs: had he but money, neither kitchen nor cellar went unprovided; his boon companions too, were always sure of meeting with the best cheer, long credit, and open house so long as they entertained their host in return, by joyous tales and witty stories. On the other hand, his kindly compassionate nature displayed itself equally towards those whose only claim consisted in their utter inability to pay for their lodging. Were his finances exhausted, then, in-

deed, he borrowed from usurers at high interest; and, as he feared being called to account by his tyrannical rib, he always gave the authoritative dame to understand that it was to pay off some old debts. The accommodating principle by which, like many other well-disposed christians, he found it so convenient to regulate his conduct, was,—that at last all would turn out for the best. But at last, however, Master Peter found that he had turned all the money out of his pockets, and himself out of doors; for, to the unspeakable regret of all his good friends, and all the bonvivants of the town, he was obliged to take down his sign.

In those good old times, when it was one of the chief duties of a notable housewife to attend herself to the affairs of the kitchen, it was in vain to seek a place where he might display his talents as a culinary artist. Under these unfortunate circumstances, therefore, he was compelled to become a dependant upon his wife, who set up a small flour trade; and, as an ass was now become indispensable to her establishment, Master Peter acted as substitute for that respectable animal. Without the least compunction, the dame loaded the shoulders of her yoke partner with many a heavy sack of flour, which he was obliged to carry to the mill, although not without groaning under the unaccustomed weight: but even these services did not always obtain the best of recompense, for most sparingly did she mete out to him his provender, and not unfrequently did this female Satan let him feel too the additional weight of her fist, whenever he ventured to complain of the weight of the sacks.

Such conduct grievously afflicted the compassionate nature of his daughter, and drew from her in secret many a bitter tear: she was dear as the apple of his eye to her father, who had trained her, from her very childhood, in his own ways; she therefore repaid all his affection with the most submissive filial love, and consoled him under all his domes-

tic afflictions. The amiable Gertrude supported herself by needle-work, especially embroidery, in which she had attained such a proficiency as to be able to copy any object. She worked the robes used by priests at mass, altar daperies, and those variegated and fancifully figured cloths with which it was then the fashion to cover tables. Although obliged to give her mother a strict account of all her earnings, she nevertheless sometimes contrived to lay by a trifling coin, which she privately made a present of to her father, in order that he might occasionally visit mine host of the Golden Lamb, and forget, for a season, his afflictions. Previous to the shepherd's festival she had secreted double her usual savings, and she joyfully slipped them into her father's hand as he returned one evening from his labours at the mill. This kindness, on the part of his child, touched his very soul, and so affected him that the tears came into his eyes, the more so as he was busied with a project which would hardly deserve such a return from the affectionate girl.

Absorbed in deep reflection, he betook himself to the Golden Lamb, where, forcing his way through the boisterous assembly, he called for a measure of wine; then heedless of, and unheeded by, the rest of the company, planted himself in mine host's easy chair, which, in spite of its luxurious appearance, could not obtain a tenant, on account of its retired situation. Here, having first of all somewhat refreshed his spirits, and screwed himself up to the pitch by a glass of generous wine, he gave full play to his thoughts, and canvassed, within his own mind, a certain critical proposition, that had been made to him, respecting the fair Gertrude.

A young artist, who conceived that his talent lay more particularly in the representation of female beauty, and who, accordingly, was constantly on the search after the best models, no matter whether a Venus or a Magdalen,

that or sinner, provided that the form was not deficient in—had been struck by the extraordinary beauty of Gertrude. Having before been commissioned by a man to paint for him a Venus from the sea, it instantly occurred to him that he could nowhere with a more suitable model for a pose, than the daughter of our amateur cook. Fearing, however, that his bashfulness would feel some offence at making such a free display of her charms, as was consonant to the more liberal admirers of virtue, he decided that his better way would be to apply directly to the father of the maid; he therefore occasionally employed him to grind his colours, for the service he never failed to remunerate him very handsomely. One day when he thought that matters were sufficiently ripe for his purpose, he ventured to make his proposal, hinting that a compliance would be followed by an ample present. Yet Master Peter, thinking that the artist was, on every occasion, instigated quite as much by admiration of nature as by attention to art, and suspecting that he was anxious for something more than the "beau ideal," replied in no gentle manner:—"What do you mean, my fine master, by this sort of thing? Though I have been a cook, I certainly do not suppose, that I therefore serve up my daughter to you with as little ceremony as I would you up a well-dressed pullet?" The knight of the pencil found it necessary to exert all his eloquence to soothe the irritated feelings of the house-look; and to explain to him that the proposed procedure was perfectly compatible with the strictest modesty, quoting numerous precedents for both the propriety and harmlessness of this method of lying.

Satisfactory as were the examples adduced, the simplicity of Master Peter could not comprehend that there was neither danger nor scandal in such a

procedure; until at the sight of some broad pieces of gold, which the painter took care to display, he began somewhat to give way; for, in his present circumstances, such a bait was a very powerful one. He promised, therefore, to take the matter into consideration, hinting, however, that even should he himself not refuse, he anticipated a greater obstacle in his daughter's reluctance, assured that she would not comply.—"As for that matter, leave me to surmount all difficulties of that nature. You remember the dispute between the sun and the wind for the traveller's cloak? and I warrant me the coyest maiden may be persuaded much more easily by a young fellow than an old father."

The contract being thus far agreed upon, Peter was striving to settle the matter as well as he could between his hankering after the gold and his scruples of conscience, at the same time as Goodman Martin began his tale of wonder, which so interested the solitary occupier of the landlord's chair, that he instantly dismissed his own contentious thoughts, in order to catch it with greedy ear. Not a syllable escaped his attention, but the farther the narrator proceeded, the more eagerly did he listen. At first, it was merely curiosity that induced him to give his ear to the tale, but, when neighbour Blas explained in what manner the spring-root, the talisman that was to open access to the treasure, was to be obtained, his imagination was completely inflamed. He instantly seemed to himself to stand before the brazen chest, and heap up the bright pieces of gold into his sack. The proposition of the painter was now rejected with a noble indignation, twenty broad pieces seeming a sum too paltry even to stoop for, had they been lying at his feet. Inspired nearly equally by the fumes of the wine and the thoughts of the Potosi he had discovered, he quickly determined to rest all his hopes of fortune on his journey to the Brocken. Buoyed up by the inflammable gas of

hope and that of imagination, his excursive fancy was among the clouds, and busily employed in building airy castles.

Covetousness and avarice were by no means among his failings: as long as his prosperity lasted, his money passed lightly through his fingers: the more difficult therefore, was it for him afterwards to bear his indigence with tolerable patience. Whenever, therefore, he indulged in dreams of wealth, it was principally in order that he might resign his post of proxy to a beast of burthen, and should no longer be obliged to carry sacks to the mill, but have it in his power to bestow a handsome dowry upon his dear Gertrude. Even before he had quitted the host's dignified easy chair, he had arranged every detail of his projected journey, except what regarded the funds necessary to accomplish it; and had fixed upon the following Sunday to carry his plan into execution.

Master Peter quitted the Golden Lamb as joyously as if he had obtained there the golden fleece. The only circumstance that now disturbed his ideal felicity was, that he was not yet in possession of the magic root, and when he considered that the black woodpecker did not build his nest in those parts, he became as melancholy as if suddenly roused from a delightful fairy vision. Quite disconsolate, he retired to his chamber, and threw himself upon his hard mattress, but not to enjoy repose. It seemed nevertheless as if something whispered to him the old proverb, "that which is delayed is not therefore quite stayed." Instantly rising, he struck a light, and, taking pen and ink, faithfully set down from beginning to end, the whole process of obtaining the treasure, so that not a tittle might escape his memory. This being done, he felt his chilled hope somewhat revived, trusting that, although he might be obliged to perform the part of an ass for another winter, the time would yet come when he should be able to dis-

continue his sorrowful pilgrimage to the mill.

While busied in this occupation, daylight appeared, and with it his amiable spouse, who, suddenly bounding in upon him, bestowed upon him as very pleasing salutations, saying in what manner he was employed. "Dumbard, that thou art," exclaimed she, "hast thou again been spending the whole precious night in carousing, wasting the money that thou hast pilfered from me? Begone out of my sight, thou sot!" Master Peter, having long been accustomed to greetings of this description, was not disconcerted, but replied, as soon as the tempest was blown over a little:—"Sweetheart, don't disturb yourself so monstrously; what I have in hand is an undertaking that must be performed; I am even writing my last will and testament." At hearing this, the affectionate Gertrude burst into wailing, since she imagined that her father had had some evil presentiments during the night, announcing to him his last hour. She had too herself dreamt that she had seen an open grave; besides it was a most unusual thing with her good father to think much either about visiting the next world, or quitting the present one. Dame Ilse, on the contrary, gave little heed to any idle prognostics of this nature; her flinty nature received with little emotion the intimation that she might soon lose her spouse, who, in all probability, intended thereby to awaken some tenderness in his favour. On the contrary, she varied her theme in every possible strain of discord.—"Thou knave," exclaimed the virago, "thou hast squandered away all thy worldly goods and chattels, and now pretendest thou art making thy will. What hast thou now to bequeath?"—"True Dame, of worldly goods I have now but few indeed: but still I have a heavenly treasure, to wit, a most affectionate wife, whom I bequeath—" "To the devil with thee, thou insolent varlet," returned the Dame, at the same

me flying upon him like an enraged gress; and some blood might have been spilt, had not the rash testator made good an immediate retreat.

Full fifty times had our good Peter assessed the return both of the stork and the swallow, without paying any attention to it, and as often too had he on Maundy Thursday served up to his friends a mess of cresses and other herbs, and the first produce of the spring without even tasting them himself. But now he would not have exchanged for the best Martinmas goose, or first sorry cabbage which his frugal housewife dished for him the following spring; and no sooner did he observe the first return of the swallow, than he celebrated the wished-for event in a glass of wine, at the Golden Lamb, he now laid by every penny of the secret service money with which he was supplied by his daughter, in order that he might have wherewithal to reward the first lucky wight who should inform him where to find a black woodpecker's nest. He even retained a scout or two in his service, whom he sent to reconnoitre for his purpose, both wood and field. The saucy varlets would, sometimes, however, make it April-tide with him, sending him many a mile, through thicket and briar, over hill and down dale, where his labour was at length rewarded by meeting a raven's or a squirrel's nest in the hollow tree to which he had been directed; and, if he pretended to be angry at this vexatious eggery, they would laugh at him to his face, and then run away. At length, one of these scouts, less knavish and more fortunate than the others, having finally discovered a black woodpecker that had pitched its nest on an old decayed tree, arrived express with the important intelligence. Our anxious wight in ornithology instantly flew off, as swiftly as if transformed to a bird himself, to ascertain the correctness of the report. His guide conducted him to a tree, where he saw a bird, which seemed to have its nest there, fly to and

fro, yet the black woodpecker, not belonging to any of those genera of birds which culinary ornithologists study, and being also less sociable in its nature than either the sparrow or swallow, and less familiar to him than either the capon or goose, he was doubtful how far the information was correct; for to do him justice, he was as well acquainted with the phoenix itself as with the black woodpecker. Fortunately a fowler, who was then passing, extricated him from his perplexity, giving a decision consonant to the querist's wishes, very kindly too, describing with the exactness of a naturalist, every thing relating to the history of the bird, save one trifling particular—to wit, the wonderful virtue, on whose account it was now an object of such anxious search.

Our mysterious projector rejoiced, to the very bottom of his soul at the discovery which he had made; daily did he make a pilgrimage to the auspicious tree, and read over his pretended testament with more zeal than ever he had done his breviary. When it appeared to him to be full season to set about his great work, he began by hunting out a red cloak; unfortunately but a single copy of this article was extant in the whole town, and this unique was in the possession of a person to whom people, in general, are somewhat reluctant in making applications—namely, to that worthy branch of the executive power, and that dignified public functionary, who celped the hangman. It cost him no little exertion to overcome his scruples, and have recourse to a step which might compromise his reputation, and probably cause him to be expelled from the honourable society which assembled in mine host's parlour at the Golden Lamb. Nevertheless, he found himself obliged to chew the bitter fruit. His worthy neighbour Redcloak readily complied with his request, considering that his robe would not be greatly disgraced by being seen on the shoulders of so respectable a personage as our Master Peter. Provided with this indispensable part

of his apparatus, our botanizing friend set out to execute strictly, according to the prescribed formula, the ceremony which was to put him in possession of the mystic plant. All proceeded exactly as neighbour Blas had predicted; and, when the Black woodpecker came flying back to the tree with the root in his mouth, Master Peter suddenly advanced from behind the tree, and performed his manœuvre with such rapidity and dexterity, that, in its terror at sight of the flame-coloured mantle, the bird let fall the root, and, at the same time that which would have restored the good man to his eyesight, like the aged Tobias. The project was now happily accomplished, and thereby was obtained the magic root, that, by acting as a master-key to every door, threw its possessor into an extacy of ineffable joy. He failed not to wrap it up in a whole bunch of christ-thorn, and proceeded homewards as overjoyed as if he had been already in possession of the treasure.

Of course, he could no longer continue at home; but all his thoughts and wishes being directed towards the Brocken, he made as hasty preparations as possible to decamp privately. His travelling equipage was soon put in readiness, being only a sturdy staff, and a stout wallet. It happened fortunately that, on the day fixed for his emigration, both Dame Ilse and her daughter were gone to a convent of Urselines, where a nun was to take the veil; goodman Peter availed himself of this opportunity to desert his post, he having been placed sentinel during the absence of the female part of the garrison.

Just as he was about to bestow his parting benediction on his household deities, it occurred to him that it would not be at all imprudent, were he first of all to take a preparatory lesson on his talisman, in order to satisfy himself, beyond all doubt, of its efficacy. His worthy Dame had in her chamber a cabinet built into the wall, in which shrine she kept certain golden relics,

most religiously guarded under seven locks, the keys of which she constantly wore about her person by way of an amulet. Not having been allowed to hold a committee of enquiry into the state of his wife's financial arrangements, Peter was altogether ignorant of these private funds, although he had some suspicion that a secret hoard existed: as soon, therefore, as this cabinet met his eye, his heart acted the part of a divining rod. With a bosom throbbing with anxious expectation for the success of the experiment he was about to make, he took out the root, and touched the door of the shrine. To his rapturous astonishment the seven locks immediately unhooked of themselves, and the door flying open with a crash, displayed to his greedy gaze the store of bright seducing mammon, from whose snare his pious partner took such pains to secure him. At first, he hardly knew whether to be more delighted at the proved efficacy of the magic root, or at the treasure which he had discovered, but stood himself rooted to the spot, as if the secret spell had transformed him to a statue. At length, he bethought himself in earnest of his intended pilgrimage, and providently furnished himself with this treasure as a viaticum on his journey, considering it as a lucky augury of his farther success in his new trade of treasure-finding. Having completely emptied the shrine of its valuable relics, he carefully fastened again all the locks, like Master Nicholas the thief who stole the golden tables at Lünenburg, and forthwith departed on his expedition of discovery, in the highest spirits.

On their return from their more devotional excursion, the females greatly wondered to find the house shut up, and the trusty sentinel nowhere to be found. To all their knocking and calling no reply was returned, except by the mewling of a cat. Not being provided with so expeditious a "passe par-tout" as the spring-root, the Dame was obliged to have recourse to less supernatural

she summoned the industrious maiden from her task. On perceiving the visitor, the modest Gertrude blushed, and bent her eye to the ground. Familiarly taking the hand which she would fain have withheld, the youth cast on her a gaze of tenderness that by no means dissipated her confusion: nevertheless, anticipating his salutation, she exclaimed, "Ah Frederick!" how came you here? I deemed that you were now a hundred miles from hence. You know my sentiments, and are returned to disturb me again." "No, my dear girl, say rather that I am come to ensure the felicity of us both. My destiny is now altered, I am no longer the poor wight that I formerly was. A wealthy relation is lately dead; I am the inheritor of all his possessions, and have now store of riches; I need not therefore any longer apprehend your mother's refusal. That I love thee I feel full well: that thou lovest me, I venture to hope. The first is certain, and, therefore, am I come to woo thee; should I find the other equally so, I shall be transported with rapture."

During this speech the maiden's blue eyes assumed a livelier expression, and, at the last sentence, her beautiful mouth displayed a faint smile; at the same time she stole a glance at her mother to learn what were her thoughts on the subject. She seemed wrapt in thought, so great was her astonishment to discover that the bashful girl had been carrying on a love affair, without her having the least suspicion of it. The maiden never went abroad, save accompanied by herself, and, at home, under her Argus eye, there was no opportunity for an intrigue; accordingly, the good Dame was perfectly well satisfied that not even the wiles of the most scheming gallant would be able to gain access to Gertrude. The event however proved to the contrary; and Dame Ilse now learnt that the heart of a handsome daughter, though so well guarded by her caution and experience, was no safer than a hoard of gold secured by its locks.

Before she could finish her mental comments on this strange discovery the suitor produced the most sufficient authority for his boldness, by spreading out on a table a heap of sparkling pieces, whose brilliancy so dazzled the vision of the discreet matron, both corporeal and intellectual, that she could no longer see either the lovers themselves, or the harm they had committed. Gertrude was now quite relieved from the apprehension of witnessing her lover exorcised as an unclean spirit, and doomed to repass the threshold. With most lamb-like patience the good wife considered that beauty is an article greatly improved by keeping; she therefore, for such fading ware, thought better to take the first good customer that offers. She opined also that marriageable daughter was to the father as safe under a husband's guardianship as her own. She had therefore already prepared her maternal consent, and was to be produced as soon as the suitor should solicit it: and very readily responded, her yea and amen to the proposals of the wealthy wooer.

In short, the treaty of the marriage was far more expeditiously arranged than that had been which related to the ass. Upon being accepted as such, the joyous bridegroom, sweeping half the gold into his hat, thrust it into the lap of the bride, as his marriage portion; the other half he as liberally scattered in a golden shower into the bosom of the good crone, whose dry countenance instantly acknowledged its influence. This being done, he requested a more private audience with his betrothed, of which he now claimed the privilege as a legal tête-à-tête. The mother, in the interim softened, if not by the present she had received, by the dreams of future wealth, spared no cost in making due provision for the entertainment of so welcome a guest.

The preparations, now every where to be seen going on, announced a speedy approach of the nuptials. The

act of Gertrude's espousals spread wild-fire among all the gossips, as standing subject of the discussion the day. Whenever the wealthy legroom went abroad, there never failed to appear a fine show of heads every window; and many a curious couple too discussed with eloquence the important affair of this courtship. Some decided that so worthy a wench as Gertrude was so fortunate; and although he was not in all Rottenburg a gallant more comely appearance or display of more bravery of dress than Frederick, still the jealous criticism of the maidens detected many defects in him; he censured him as being too tall, another as too short, a third as too stout, while a fourth declared that he displayed a bad taste in dress. Some censured him as a braggart, others as a coxcomb; while the greater part charitably prognosticated that this fine fortune would last long, but that he was a mere bird of passage who built his nest there a season, and would then fly away. Very soon perceived, however, that, considering the prophesied shortness of his stay, he intended to furnish his home more abundantly than should seem necessary, since the arrival of several bulky packages of furniture from Nuremberg indicated somewhat more than a temporary sojourning.

At length the marriage day was fixed, and half the town received invitations to the wedding feast, which it was deemed to celebrate in the best apartment which the Golden Lamb afforded.

Gertrude was trying on her bridal wreath, she could not help observing: "This wreath would delight me, indeed, were but my good father here to conduct me to church. Would to heaven he were here with us again. While we now enjoy all the blessings of Providence, he is suffering of hunger!" Then Dame Ilse could not now help pressing some regret, although some it might probably arise from the thought she experienced of having some one on whom to vent her spleen.

The eve of the wedding day was now arrived, when lo! some one stopped before the house with a barrow, and knocked at the door. The bride opened the window to enquire what the stranger wanted, and, to her surprise, discovered that it was even Father Peter himself. All now was tumultuous joy: Gertrude rushed down and threw herself upon his neck; even Dame Ilse reached out her hand in token of forgiveness of the theft he had committed, adding, at the same time, a significant hint as she said. "Sirrah, mend your manners!" At length the bridegroom saluted him in his turn, while both mother and daughter expatiated at the same time on his merits, as a suitor: for Master Peter seemed to scrutinize his person, with an eye of eager inquiry. No sooner, however, was he informed of the pretensions of the gallant, and the manner in which he had acquired his right to such intimate hospitality, than he appeared to be well satisfied with his future son-in-law, and was soon as familiar with him as though he had long been acquainted with him. After having first brought him some refreshment, the Dame expressed her curiosity to hear his adventures, and all that had happened to him in his peregrinations.

"Heaven keep me, after all, in my native land," replied he, "I have travelled far and wide, tried my hands at all kinds of trades, and at length am become a dealer in hardware; but have laid out more than I have gained. All my wealth now consists in this cask of nails of which I intend to make a present to the young folks here to begin housekeeping with." Mother Ilse, now vented herself in so many reproaches, that the bridegroom, little pleased at this specimen of female eloquence, was obliged to interfere, assuring her that he was well satisfied with the offer.

Peace being restored, Gertrude requested that her father might conduct her the following morning to the church: accordingly Master Peter appeared dress-

ed out like a burgomaster, in honour of the ceremony, which was celebrated with no ordinary splendour. Soon after this happy event, the young couple set up a separate establishment, the bridegroom having purchased a noble mansion, where he resided in the style of an opulent citizen. Peter, in the meanwhile, set himself down at his ease, which it was believed the liberality of his new-made son enabled him to do, no one suspecting that the cask of nails was a real cornucopise, whence flowed his abundance of milk and honey.

He had, totally unknown to any one, accomplished his journey to the Brockenberg, with the greatest success, although certainly not altogether with the celerity with which the wizards ride thither on the Walpurgis night, in order to hold their sabbath there; his manner of travelling, however, was quite as safe, and certainly quite as pleasant. He visited each house with a sign attached to it, with as much devotion as a pilgrim of another description would have stopped at every oratory, cross, or chapel on his journey; or with as much punctuality as if he had been employed in taking a census of all the houses of entertainment, and in ascertaining that their cellars were well stocked, and their larders well furnished. In sooth, during this expedition he passed as much time in the former places as he did elsewhere, so that one might suppose, by his frequent visits to these subterraneous repositories, that he was anxiously rehearsing his descent into the cave of treasures. But at length the blue distance of the landscape shewed the mountains of the Harz: and as the near approach to the scene of action, required all the powers both of body and mind to be well fortified for the enterprize, he heroically put in practice the duty of self-denial, and imposed upon himself a rigorous fast.

Until he began to ascend the Brocken his nose had served him as a faithful compass, but he now found himself in a latitude in which this magnet no long-

er acted with effect. He wandered in various directions, yet no man could inform him whereabouts the Morgenbrod's Valley was situated. At length he got, quite by chance, into the right track; discovered St. Andrew's Mass and the little stream named the Dack from which he quaffed a draught so inspiring to his imagination that, as from Hippocrene ever yet proved to son of Apollo; he discovered a magic cave, and was so fortunate as to solve the problem proposed by maine boat the Golden Lamb. In short, he entered the cavern; the spring-root performed its office; he found the treasure and filled his wallet with as much gold as he could carry, which sum was quite sufficient for him to live the remainder of his days in wealth, and to bestow a large dowry on his dear Gertrude. Although the burthen which he now bore was heavier than any sack of flour, yet the seventy-two steps which he ascended bearing it on his shoulders, did not weary him so much as those leading to the mill.

When he again beheld the light of day on his return from the cave, he felt like a mariner who had just escaped from shipwreck, has been combating in the midst of the watery element with all the horrors of death, and now again presses once again the firm earth as he exultingly scales the cliff. Notwithstanding the assurances that he had received of perfect security, it was not without certain apprehensions of mischief from the spirit of the mine, that he performed his subterraneous journey; he feared lest the stern guardian of the treasure should again appear in his terrific form, and either throw him into a mortal dread, or even plunder him of the rich fruit of his daring enterprize. His flesh shuddered, and his air stood on end as he descended the stair hewn in the rock, and so little did he venture to examine the vault wherein the treasure was deposited, that he could not afterwards say whether the walls and pillars glittered with precious stones or not.

le soul being intent upon the chest alone, out of which he himself as quickly as possible.

meanwhile, however, every succeeded to his wish; he neither heard any evil spirit; only door closed to again with an und, as soon as he set his foot the vaulted chamber. In his the alarmed treasure-seeker for-invaluable talisman, the spring-which he had laid out of his then occupied in scraping up the which account it was impossi-him to return for another freight; s circumstance did not cause affliction to the worthy Master his desires being by no means rate, and he having too, on this a, not spared his back in the tance; and when he was dispos-do, he could shew himself a labourer.

he had performed every thing y according to the instructions Martin, and closed up the aper-the cave, he departed, consider- he could best secure the prize obtained, and live comfortably at home, without exciting idle y or malignant suspicion. It o very desirable that his shrew fe should know nothing of the of the Harz king, else he hat she would never desist from ig him until he had surrendered er the fruits of his toils. She therefore, partake of the stream, ain quite ignorant of its source. st point was easily accomplish- other caused him to belabour ins greatly without determining ing. Having securely packed p, he transported his riches to rest village; here he purchased lbarrow, and ordered a cooper : a tub with a double bottom; centre of this he deposited his , filling up the false bottom, at nd, with nails. With this load med home very leisurely; and, was in no great hurry to arrive

there, tarried at every hospitable tavern, desiring the obsequious master to set before him of the best.

As he approached towards Ellrich, he was joined by a young man of smart appearance, but whose countenance was marked with grief. Our merry pilgrim struck by the stranger's appearance, enquired of him, "Young Sir, whither art thou bound?" To which the other replied with a sigh, "I am journeying through the wide world, my good father, or perhaps out of the world—any where, in short, where my feet carry me."

"And wherefore should it be out of the world?" kindly asked the compassionate Peter. "What has the world done to offend thee so grievously?"

"To me the world has done nothing, neither have I done aught amiss to the world, and yet, methinks, we do not agree well together."

Our good-natured traveller of the wheelbarrow, who, when things went well with himself, always delighted in seeing others in equally good spirits, exerted himself to cheer the desponding youth; but finding, at length, that his powers of eloquence were of no avail, he suspected that his gloomy mood might be occasioned chiefly by a vacancy in the region of his stomach, and that neither the head or the heart of the patient, was affected. He accordingly invited him to enter an inn, promising not to call upon him for his share of the reckoning, a proposal which his melancholy companion did not refuse. They here found a mirthful set of revelers, in whose society Peter soon found himself quite in his element; and, by degrees, waxed so full of joyous glee, and so liberal withal, that he insisted that no one but himself should have the honour of discharging the landlord's bill. This proposition tended by no means to throw a damp on these choice spirits; on the contrary, they in return became most liberal of jests and repartees, so that it was doubtful whether the number of good things that went into their mouths was not exceeded by

that of those which proceeded out of them. Peter's young companion was the only one present who seemed insensible to the wit and gaiety round him; he sat in a corner of the room with his eyes fixed on the floor, so coy too did he appear with his glass, that he but rarely saluted it with his lips, and even then he did it in most maidenly guise.

Perceiving him so inaccessible to all social mirth, it now occurred to the good Peter that some heavy affliction, which was gnawing at his heart, was the real cause of the poor youth's despondency. His curiosity therefore became equally excited with his compassion.

"My good lad," enquired he the following morning, "what is it that disturbs thee so greatly? Acquaint me with the cause of thy uneasiness?"

"Alas, my worthy father," returned the youth, "what can it avail me, should I disclose the cause of my sorrow? You can serve me neither by your pity nor your advice."

"Who knows how that may be? the old proverb says: 'Comfort travellet with no outrider.'" Peter was now so urgent with him to disclose the cause of his disquietude, that the cheerless youth was at length fain to comply.

"It is no trifle, no boyish misfortune," said he, "that causes my distress, but the calamitous, unpropitious destiny of virtuous affection. I am the forrester and born vassal of Count Oettingen, who took me into his house when a child, and bestowed such pains on my education, that the good-natured world whispered that I was his son. A painter lately offered him for sale a number of pictures to decorate his new castle; among the rest was one representing a damsel of most extraordinary beauty, the original of which, the artist said, was a young girl, whose portrait he had sketched surreptitiously, she being too reserved to sit to him for that purpose. Never could I satisfy myself with gazing on this charming

figure; I always found myself in the apartment where it hung, so that, at length, with continually devouring its beauties, my heart was inflamed to such a degree, that I could no longer find either rest or tranquillity. One day, therefore, I called the painter aside, and conjured him to inform me where was to be found the maiden who had served as the model for this exquisite work; promising him no inconsiderable boon if he would but declare to me the truth. The artist laughed at my simplicity and at the warmth of my imagination; but revealed to me all that I had sought. 'The fair maiden,' said he, dwells at Rotenburgh, in which place her father was once a noted cook. You may, if you please, try your luck with her; but, I can assure you, the dame is both prudish and proud.' I now requested permission of the Count to quit his service, but this he denied me; one night, therefore, I departed without either permit or permission, and, having arrived at Rotenburgh, soon traced out my enamourata. Still I found that my efforts to gain access to her were in vain. She lives under a mother who is a very dragon in watchfulness; and suffers her to appear neither at door nor window, but keeps her so closely confined from the profane gaze of men, as if she were the inhabitant of a nunnery.

"This caused me no small uneasiness, and I determined, therefore, to accomplish my aim by stratagem: I put on female apparel, concealed my face in a hood, and thus attired, knocked at the door. On her opening it, I was so struck with her loveliness as to be near discovering myself, yet quickly recovering from my emotion, I gave her an order for a carpet, for you must know, she is one of the most skilful embroiderers in the whole country. I had now free access to her every day, under the pretence of coming to see how the work proceeded; and enjoyed the pleasure of gazing upon my beloved, and chatting with her for hours each



See page 414.

ime. I soon perceived that my company was far from being disagreeable to the damsel, so well did I perform the character of an honest matron. At length, one day, when the mother was absent, I ventured to discover myself to the charming creature, when, starting up from her work, she attempted to flee; I prevailed upon her, however, not to make any alarm, pledging to her my honour, that I came with fair designs, and for the purpose of wooing her as a fair suitor. I then explained to her the whole plan, and the singular manner in which I had become fascinated by her charms. She chided my rashness for having so slightly quitted my patron, and inquired in what manner I intended to support a wife? This perplexing question quite stopped my mouth, for, although I had a pair of strong arms, I dared not to reply that these were able to support us, fearing that a poor labourer would seem unworthy so lovely a creature.

"Casting upon me a look full of the sincerest sympathy, she said: "We must part; never must we meet again in this

suspicious manner. My virtue is irreproachable, yet is my heart weak. Thou hast taught me how easy it is for the seducer to pass through bolted doors. My father destines me for a convent, and I hasten to comply with his desires; and for this purpose am anxious to earn, by my needle, a sum sufficient to place me there. Adieu, and remove to such a distance, that no suspicious tongues may raise evil reports concerning us."

"I was obliged to comply, and tear myself from her; this was indeed a bitter cup. I departed almost in despair; abandoned myself to my forlorn destiny, continually weeping and lamenting, both day and night. A hundred times a day did I walk up and down the street where she resided; and whenever a bell rung for mass, I instantly hurried away in the hope of meeting her, and enjoying the consolation of beholding her once again. But in vain! she was no more revealed to my anxious gaze. Three times did I prepare to quit the town; yet could not tear myself away, for it seemed to me like departing into banishment. Once more did I seek to

gain admission into the house in my former disguise, for the purpose of bidding her eternally adieu. I knocked at the door with the most anxious solicitude: the mother put her head out of the casement, and, on seeing me, began to load me with reproaches, taxing me with having attempted to defraud her daughter of the sum we had agreed upon. I instantly perceived what reason the prudent Gertrude had assigned to her mother for the abrupt manner in which my visits were discontinued. I now resigned all hope of again beholding the lovely maiden; and quitted the town, and am now wandering about the country in the hope that my grief may speedily devour my heart."

Master Peter listened with extreme attention to the plain and candid narrative of his companion. highly overjoyed at the lucky coincidence which had brought him acquainted with one who was able to give him some well authenticated tidings of his home during his absence.

"Your history," said he, "is a strange one enough; there is one point however which I do not comprehend: you spoke of the father of your mistress—why did you not address yourself to him? He would hardly have rejected such an honest suitor to his daughter, as you appear to be."

"Ah," replied Frederick, little weening whom he was speaking to, "the father is naught;—he is a sottish, idle fellow, who has left his wife and child, nor does any one know what has become of him. Yet, I do not much blame the poor wight for having run off from such a cross-grained vixen as his wife is—but, then, to desert his sweet child!—she is so mild, and meekly tempered, and who, even now, always takes his part, and still speaks of him with the kindest affection!—were he here I could pluck his beard for him." At hearing this unexpected eulogium upon himself, Master Peter redoubled his attention, and was surprised to learn how minutely his companion was ac-

quainted with all his family secrets, without, however, being offended at the indignation expressed against him. He thought, on the contrary, that Frederick would serve his designs most admirably; that he could make him the depository of his wealth, so as thereby to avoid all inquisitive curiosity as to the sudden change in his affairs, and, at the same time, conceal his treasure from the greediness of his wife. "My good friend," said he, "shew me thy hand, and let me see what luck thy stars destine for thee."

"What should they forbode, save evil?" returned the hopeless lover. Nevertheless the pretended dealer in chiromancy would not be so put off, and his companion did not care for such a trifle, to offend one who had treated him so generously, he reached out his hand to him. Mustering up a look of profound sagacity, Master Peter considered all the lines very attentively, shook his head occasionally in the mean while, and, after he had carried on the game for a sufficient time, said:—"Friend! he who has luck has also the bride! To-morrow, as soon as the sun rises, hie thee with all speed to Rottenburg. The maiden is faithful, and well inclined towards thee, nor will she fail to receive thee with affection. A rich inheritance will shortly fall to thee from an old relation, of whom thou little drest; and thou wilt then have wherewith to support a wife handsomely!"

"Comrade," returned the youth, supposing that the prophet was making himself merry at his expense, "methinks it becomes you but ill to jeer the unfortunate. Seek some one on whom you can play your tricks, for I am not your man."

"Nay, my fine spark! I am not he that would deceive you, or amuse myself at your cost; on the contrary, I engage to accomplish my predictions to a hair. To convince you of it, I will now pay you as much of the said bequest as you choose to demand. Follow me into my chamber, and I will convince

you of the truth of my words by the most satisfactory evidence."

At hearing his friend, the dealer in iron, speak of his gold, in a tone of such confidence, the youth's cheek burned with the glow of joy and sudden astonishment; nor did he know whether he was dreaming or awake, when, following his mysterious companion, he beheld him, after having secured the door, display the contents of his cask,—a golden yolk within an iron shell.

Master Peter now discovered himself to the lover of Gertrude, and confided to him the mystery of the treasure, and also his intention of letting him support the character of a wealthy suitor, while he, on the contrary, would enjoy himself more snugly. The deep melancholy of the youth now altogether disappeared: he could find no words to express his gratitude for being thus suddenly rendered the most happy of all mortals. The following morning both the travellers set out for Ellrich, where the young one equipped himself in all the bravery of a noble gallant. Master Peter paid him in advance a considerable portion of the promised inheritance, and agreed with him that he should

privately let him know of the success of his undertaking, in order that he might dispatch a load of costly furniture, befitting the station and character he had to support. At their parting with each other the presumptive father-in-law made the youth a present of a piece of advice: "Take good heed to thy tongue, and disclose our secret to no one, save the discreet Gertrude, when she becomes thy bride."

Master Peter now enjoyed the golden fruit of his trip to the Harz Mountain, yet wisely forebore to entertain the public with any description of it; and possessed so much wealth, that he hardly knew its amount. Frederick, however, was supposed to be the source of this sudden prosperity, and, as honour follows on the heels of riches, he soon attained the highest dignities which the town of Rottenburg could bestow on so worthy a citizen. From this time it has become a proverb there, which still remains in vogue, when the people of Rottenburg wish to describe a person in prosperous circumstances, to say, that he is as rich as the son-in-law of Peter Block, the cook.

Tales of Northern Nations.

THE DEAD MEN OF PEST;

A Hungarian Legend.

The following tale is built upon one of the most extraordinary events recorded in the annals of the human mind. Not a century ago, all the circumstances which form this romance, with the addition of many others, were not only firmly believed by the Slavonian villagers, among whom they were supposed to have happened, but were received as truths, and seriously reasoned upon by learned divines and physicians of the surrounding provinces. A superstition somewhat similar appears to have prevailed in Bohemia and Silesia previous to the days of Dr. Henry More, who details several of the stories to which it gave rise in his *Philosophical Works*. The Gentleman's Magazine for some of the years between 1740 and 50, contains several curious particulars of the same nature.

I left the chalky cliffs of old England,
And paced through many a country fair to see,
Through the realm of Greece and Holy-land,
Until I journeyed into sad Hung'ry.

LEGENDS OF TERROR.

I saw old Cecrops' town and famous Rome ;

But David's holy place I liked best :

I saw dire sights before I found my home,

But much the direst at the town of Pest.

It was a goodly city, fair to see ;

By its proud walls and tottering mosques it gave

A delicate aspect to the country,

With its bridge of boats across the Danube's wave.

Yet many things with woe I did survey ;

The streets were overgrown with spiry grass ;

And, though it was upon a sabbath-day,

No bells did ring to call the folks to mass.

The churchyards all with bars were closed fast,

Like to a sinful and accursed place ;

It shew'd as though the judgment-day was past,

And the dead exiled from the seat of grace.

At last I met an sad old man, and asked

Where a tired traveller might find repose.

The old man shook his head, and would have passed ;

But I caught him by his arm and held his clothes.

" Stranger," said he, " in Mary's name depart !"

So saying, would again have passed me by :

His hollow voice sank deep into my heart,

Yet I would not let him go, but asked why ?

" It now is morn," quoth he, " the sun shines bright,

And the spring is blithe, save in the walls of Pest ;

But, were it winter wild, and a stormy night,

Not here, oh stranger, shouldst thou seek to rest.

Though rain in torrents poured, and cold wind blew,

And thou with travelling tired, and with hunger pale."

" Though the sun," said I, " shine bright and the day be new,

I will not go till I have heard thy tale."

This woeful wight then took me by the hand :

(His, like a skeleton's, was bony and cold.)

He seemed as though he could scarce go or stand,

Like one o'er whom full fourscore years had roll'd.

We came together to the market-cross,

And the wight all woe-begone spake not a word,

No living things along our way did pass,

Though do'rous groans in every house I heard.

Save one poor dog that walked athwart a court,

Fearfully howling with most piteous wail.

The sad man whistled in a dismal sort,

And the poor thing slunk away, and hid his tail.

I felt my very blood creep in my veins ;
My bones were icy-cold ; my hair on end .
I wished myself again upon the plains ,
Yet could but that sad old man attend .

The sad old man sat down upon a stone ,
And I sat on another by his side :
He heaved mournfully a piteous groan ,
And then to ease my doubts himself applied .

" Stranger ! " quoth he , " behold my visage well ,
And grasp this bony hand so thin again !
How many winters , thinkest thou , I tell ? "
I answered doubtingly , " Three-score and ten . "

" Stranger ! not forty years ago I lay
A puling infant in my nurse's arms :
Not forty days ago two daughters gay
Did bless my vision with their dawning charms .

" Yet now I am an old and worn-out man ,
And every drop of blood hath left my veins ;
Also my daughters twain lie cold and wan
And bloodless , bound in death's eternal chains .

" Stranger ! this town , so pleasant to our sight ,
With goodly towers and running streams so fair ,
Formerly tender maids and doughty knights
From all Hungaria's land the prize did bear .

" But now the very few that here remain
Are sobbing out their breath in sorry guise ;
All that might fly have fled this mournful plain ,
But only I , who wish to close my eyes .

" Seven weeks are gone since our townfolks began
To wax both pale and sad , yet none knew why :
The ruddiest visage yellow seemed and wan ,
Our stoutest youths for very cold did cry .

" Some doctors said the lakes did agues breed ;
But spring returning would the same dispel ,
While others , contrary to nature's creed ,
Aver'd the heat itself would make us well .

" And though we laugh'd at these , like doctors fond ,
Or men that love in paradox to deal ;
Yet , as the sun grew warm , throughout the land ,
All men the more did wintry shiverings feel .

" One miserable wight did pine and wane ,
And , on the seventh day gave up the ghost :
His corse was open'd by a surgeon of fame ,
Who found that every drop of blood was lost .

"Nathless, ~~our~~ people, though they pined and pined,
Yet ~~never~~ did our appetites decay;
Whole oxen scarce sufficed when we dined,
And we could drink whole hogheads of Tokay.

"Some hundreds every day gave up the ghost,
Else we a famine in the land had bred;
And to repay the blood that we had lost,
Our beasts we kill'd and ate, but never bled.

"Thus, by the laws, our colour fresh arose,
And we did look again more brisk and gay,
All night deep slumbers did our eyelids close,
But worse and worse we wake at break of day.

"There was a tailor, Vulvius by name,
Who long had dwelt at Pest in honest pride;
A godly man he was esteemed by fame,
And since some twelvemonths of a fever died.

"Now when at last this strange disease had grown
To such a height as ne'er was heard before,
Among the rest in our unhappy town
My youngest daughter was afflicted sore.

"One night it happen'd, as she sleeping laid,
Her waiting girl at midnight left the room,
To fetch some posset, broth, or jelly, made
To quell the plague that did her life consume.

"When, as she softly shut the door, she heard
A heavy thing come lumbering up the stairs;
Whereon the buried tailor soon appeared,
And she, poor maid, full loud 'gan say her prayers.

"Shrouded he was, as when his corpse was laid
Under the earth, and burial service read;
Nor yet was he a ghost, for his footsteps made
A noise more heavy than a ton of lead.

"She saw him ope my daughter's chamber door,
And had no spirit to pursue or fly,
And Vulvius again, in half an hour,
Lumbered down stairs yet much more heavily.

"This story heard, I could not chuse but smile
To think the silly maid such fears could shake,
Yet the next night, to prove such phan'sies wild,
I kept myself until midnight awake.

"When as the midnight-hour was past, I heard
A heavy thing come lumbering up the stair;
The tailor Vulvius to my sight appeared—
I could not follow to my daughter fair.

" Next day unto a convent nigh I hied,
And found a reverend father at his prayer ;
I told him of the wonders I had spied,
And begged his ghostly counsel I may share.

" Together to Saint Stephen's church we went
And he a prayer on every gravestone made,
Till at the tailor Vulvius' monument
We stopped—we brought a mattock and a spade.

" We dug the earth wherein the tailor lay ;
Till at the tailor's coffin we arrived,
Nor there, I ween, much labour found that day,
For every nail was drawn and the hinges rived.

" This sight was strange—but stranger yet remained
When from the corse the cered clothes we tore ;
The veins seemed full of blood, the lips distained,
All dripping with my daughter's new-suck'd gore.

" When through our town this sight we had proclaimed,
A dismal horror chilled our townsmen's hearts ;
The VAMPIRE (so our priest the tailor nam'd)
Their midnight sleep disturbed with feverish starts.

" The churchyards straight were ransacked all throughout
With pickaxe, shovel, mattock, and with spade ;
But every corse that we did dig thereout
Did shew like living men in coffins laid.

" It was the corses that our churchyards fill'd
That did at midnight lumber up our stairs ;
They suck'd our blood, the gory banquet swilled,
And harrowed every soul with hideous fears.

" And now the priest burn'd incense in the choir,
And scatter'd Ave-Maries o'er the graves,
And purified the church with lustral fire,
And cast all things profane in Danube's waves.

" And they barr'd with iron bolts the churchyard-pale
To keep them out ; but all this would not do ;
For when a dead man has learn'd to draw a nail,
He can also burst an iron bolt in two."

The sad old man was silent—I arose,
And felt great grief and horror in my breast.
I rode nine leagues before I sought repose,
And never again drew nigh the walls of Pest.

THE PIRATE'S TREASURE.

AFTER many months of anxious and painful expectancy, I at length succeeded in obtaining my appointment to the situation I had so ardently wished for. Despairing at my apparent want of success, I had given up all hopes, and had engaged to go as surgeon in the *Clydesdale* to the East Indies, when the favourable result of my friend's exertions changed the aspect of my affairs. My instructions set forth the necessity of my being at Surinam by a certain day, otherwise I should be too late to join the corps to which I was appointed, which, on the ceding up of the place to the Dutch, was to proceed to Canada. As it wanted only two months of that period, it became necessary to inquire for some vessel without loss of time. Giving up my engagement with the *Clydesdale*, I proceeded to the harbour, and after a toilsome search, succeeded in discovering a ship chartered by a Glasgow company lying ready at the west quay, and to sail with that evening's tide. While I stood examining the vessel from the pier, two sailors, who seemed to be roaming idly about, stopped, and began to converse by my side.

"Has the old Dart got all her hands, Tom!" said the one, "that she has her ensign up for sailing? They say she is sold to the lubberly Dutchmen now—what cheer to lend her a hand out, and get our sailing-penny for a glass of grog?" "No, no; bad cheer!" replied the other; "mayhap I didn't tell you that I made a trip in her four years ago; and a cleaner or livelier thing is not on the water! But there is a limb of the big devil in her that is enough to cause her to sink to the bottom. It was in our voyage that he did for Bill Burnet with the pump-sounding-rod, because the little fellow snivelled a bit, and was not handy to jump when he was ordered aloft to set the fore-royal. It was his first voyage, and the

boy was mortal afraid to venture; but the captain swore he would make him, and in his passion took him a rap with the iron-rod, and killed him. When he saw what he had done, he lifted, and hove him over the side; and many a long day the men wondered what had become of little Bill, for they were all below at dinner, and none but myself saw the transaction. It was needless for me to complain, and get him overhauled, as there were no witnesses; but I left the ship, and birtha would be scarce before I would sail with him again."

Knowing what tyrants shipmasters are in general, and how much their passengers' comfort depends on them, I was somewhat startled by this piece of information respecting the temper of the man I purposed to sail with. But necessity has no law! The circumstance was probably much misrepresented, and, from a simple act of discipline, exaggerated to an act of wanton cruelty. But be that as it might—my affairs were urgent. There was no other vessel for the same port—I must either take my passage, or run the risk of being superseeded. The thing was not to be thought of; so I went and secured my birth. As my preparations were few and trifling, I had every thing arranged, and on board, just as the vessel was unmooring from the quay. During the night we got down to the Clock light-house, and stood off and on, waiting for the captain, who had remained behind to get the ship cleared out at the Custom-house. Soon afterwards he joined us, and the pilot leaving us in the return-boat, we stood down the Forth under all our canvass.

For four weeks we had a quick and pleasant passage. The Dart did not belie her name; for, being American-built, and originally a privateer, she sailed uncommonly fast, generally ran-

ning at the rate of twelve knots an hour.

As I expected, Captain Mahone proved to be, in point of acquirements, not at all above the common run of shipmasters. He was haughty and overbearing, and domineered over the crew with a high hand; in return for which, he was evidently feared and detested by them all. He had been many years in the West Indies; part of which he had ranged as commander of a privateer, and had, between the fervid suns of such high latitudes and the copious use of grog, become of a rich mahogany colour, or something between vermillion and the tint of a sheet of new copper. He was a middle-sized man; square built, with a powerful and muscular frame. His aspect, naturally harsh and forbidding, was rendered more so by the sinister expression of his left eye, which had been nearly forced out by some accident—and the lineaments of his countenance expressed plainly that he was passionate and furious in the extreme. In consequence of this, I kept rather distant and aloof; and, except at meals, we seldom exchanged more than ordinary civilities.

By our reckoning, our ship had now got into the latitude of the Bermudas, when one evening, at sunset, the wind, which had hitherto been favourable, fell at once into a dead calm. The day had been clear and bright; but now, huge masses of dark and conical-shaped clouds began to tower over each other in the western horizon, which, being tinged with the rays of the sun, displayed that lurid and deep brassy tint so well known to mariners as the token of an approaching storm. All the sailors were of opinion, that we should have a coarse night; and every precaution that good seamanship could suggest was taken to make the vessel snug before the gale came on. The oldest boys were sent up to hand and send down the royal and top-gallant sails, and strike the masts, while the top-sails and stays were close-reefed. These preparations

were hardly accomplished, when the wind shifted, and took us a-back with such violence as nearly to capsize the vessel. The ship was put round as soon as possible, and brought-to till the gale should fall: while all hands remained on deck in case of any emergency. About ten, in the interval of a squall, we heard a gun fired as a signal of distress. The night was as black as pitch; but the flash showed us that the stranger was not far to leeward; so, to avoid drifting on the wreck during the darkness, the main-top-sail was braced round, and filled, and the ship hauled to windward. In this manner we kept alternately beating or heaving-to as the gale rose or fell till the morning broke, when, through the haze, we perceived a small vessel with her masts carried away. As the wind had taken off, the captain had gone to bed; so it was the mate's watch on deck. The steersman, an old grey-headed seaman, named James Gemmel, proposed to bear down and save the people, saying he had been twice wrecked himself, and knew what it was to be in such a situation. As the captain was below, the mate was irresolute what to do; being aware that the success of the speculation depended on their getting to Surinam before it was given up: however, he was at length persuaded—the helm was put up, and the ship bore away.

As we neared the wreck, and were standing by the mizen shrouds with our glasses, the captain came up from the cabin. He looked up with astonishment to the sails, and the direction of the vessel's head, and, in a voice of suppressed passion, said, as he turned to the mate, "What is the meaning of this, Mr. Wyllie? Who has dared to alter the ship's course without my leave—when you knew very well that we shall hardly be in time for the market, use what expedition we may?" The young man was confused by this unexpected challenge, and stammered out something about Gemmel having persuaded him. "It was me, Sir!" res-

perfectly interfered the old sailor, wishing to avert the storm from the mate; "I thought you wouldn't have the heart to leave the wreck and these people to perish, without lending a hand to save them! We should be neither Christians nor true seamen to desert her, and—" "Damn you and the wreck, you old canting rascal! do you pretend to stand there and preach to me?" thundered the captain, his fury breaking out, "I'll teach you to disobey my orders!—I'll give you something to think of!" and seizing a capstan-bar which lay near him, he hurled it at the steersman with all his might. The blow was effectual—one end of it struck him across the head with such force as to sweep him in an instant from his station at the wheel, and to dash him with violence against the lee-bulwarks, where he lay bleeding and motionless. "Take that, and be damned!" exclaimed the wretch, as he took the helm, and sang out to the men,—"Stand by sheets, and braces—hard a-lee—let go!" In a twinkling the yards were braced round, and the Dart, laid within six points of the wind, was flying through the water.

Meanwhile Gemmel was lying without any one daring to assist him; for the crew were so confounded that they seemed quite undecided how to act. I stepped to him, therefore, and the mate following my example, we lifted him up. As there was no appearance of respiration, I placed my hand to his heart—but pulsation had entirely ceased—the old man was dead. The bar had struck him directly on the temporal bone, and had completely fractured that part of his skull.

"He is a murdered man, Captain Mabone!" said I, laying down the body, "murdered without cause or provocation."—"None of your remarks, Sir!" he retorted; "what the devil have you to do with it? Do you mean to stir up my men to mutiny? Or do you call disobeying my orders no provocation? I'll answer it to those who have a right to ask; but till then, let me see the man

who dare open his mouth to me in this ship." "I promise you," returned I, "that though you rule and tyrannise here at present, your power shall have a termination, and you shall be called to account for your conduct in this day's work—rest assured that this blood shall be required at your hands, though you have hitherto escaped punishment for what has stained them already." This allusion to the murder of little Bill Burnet seemed to stagger him considerably—he stopped short before me, and, while his face grew black with suppressed wrath and fury, whispered, "I warn you again, young man! to busy yourself with your own matters—mind not with what does not concern you; and belay your slack jaw, or, by—Rink Mabone will find a way to make it fast for you!" He then turned round, and walked forward to the foremast.

During this affray no attention had been paid to the wreck, though the crew had set up a yell of despair on seeing us leave them. Signals and shouts were still repeated, and a voice, louder in agony than the rest, implored our help for the love of the blessed Virgin; and offered riches and absolution to the whole ship's company if they would but come back. The captain was pacing fore and aft without appearing to mind them, when, as if struck with some sudden thought, he lifted his glass to his eye—seemed to hesitate—walked on—and then, all at once changing his mind, he ordered the vessel again before the wind.

On speaking the wreck, she proved to be a Spanish felucca from the island of Cuba, bound for Curacoa, on the coast of the Curaccas. As they had lost their boats in the storm, and could not leave their vessel, our captain lowered and manned our jolly-boat, and went off to them.

After an absence of some hours he returned with the passengers, consisting of an elderly person in the garb of a catholic priest, a sick gentleman, a young lady, apparently daughter of the

letter, and a female black slave. With the utmost difficulty, and writhing under some excruciating pain, the invalid was got on board, and carried down to the cabin, where he was laid on a bed on the floor. To the tender of my professional services the invalid returned his thanks, and would have declined them, expressing his conviction of being past human aid, but the young lady, eagerly catching at even a remote hope of success, implored him with tears to accept my offer. On examination I found his fears were but too well grounded. In his endeavours to assist the crew during the gale he had been standing near the mast, part of which, or the rigging, having fallen on him, had dislocated several of his ribs, and injured his spine beyond remedy. All that could now be done was to afford a little temporary relief from pain, which I did; and, leaving him to the care of the young lady and the priest, I left the cabin.

On deck I found all bustle and confusion. The ship was still lying-to, and the boats employed in bringing the goods out of the felucca, both of which were the property of the wounded gentleman. The body of the old man, Gammel, had been removed somewhere out of sight; no trace of blood was visible, and Captain Mahone seemed desirous to banish all recollections both of our quarrel and its origin.

As the invalid was lying in the cabin, and my state-room occupied by the lady and her female attendant, I got a temporary berth in the steerage made up for myself for the night. I had not long thrown myself down on the cot, which was only divided from the main-cabin by a bulk-head, when I was awakened by the deep groans of the Spaniard. The violence of his pain had again returned, and between the spasms I heard the weeping and gentle voice of the lady soothing his agony, and trying to impart hopes—prospects to him, which her own hysterical sobs told plainly she did not herself feel. The priest also

frequently joined, and urged him to confess. To this advice he remained silent for awhile; but at length he addressed the lady: "The Padre says true, Isabella! Time wears apace, and I feel that I shall soon be beyond its limits, and above its concerns! But ere I go, I would say that which it would impart peace to my mind to disclose—I would seek to leave you at least one human being to befriend and protect you in your utter helplessness. Alas! that Diego di Montaldo's daughters should ever be thus destitute! Go, my love! I would be alone a little while with the father." An agony of tears and sobs was the only return made by the poor girl, while the priest with gentle violence led her into the state-room.

"Now," continued the dying man, "listen to me while I have strength. You have only known me as a merchant in Cuba; but such I have not always been. Mine is an ancient and noble family in Catalonia; though I unhappily disgraced it, and have been estranged from it long. I had the misfortune to have weak and indulgent parents, who idolized me as the heir of their house, and did not possess resolution enough to thwart me in any of my wishes or desires, however unreasonable. My boyhood being thus spoiled, it is no matter of wonder that my youth should have proved wild and dissolute. My companions were as dissolute as myself, and much of my time was spent in gambling and other extravagances. One evening at play I quarrelled with a young nobleman of high rank and influence; we were both of us hot and passionate, so we drew on the spot and fought, and I had the misfortune to run him through the heart, and leave him dead. Not daring to remain longer at home, I fled in disguise to Barcelona, where I procured a passage in a vessel for the Spanish Main. On our voyage we were taken by buccaners; and the roving and adventurous mode of life of these bold and daring men suiting both my inclinations and finances, I agreed

to make one of their number. For many months we were successful in our enterprises: we ranged the whole of these seas, and made a number of prizes, some of which were rich ships of our own colonies. In course of time we amassed such a quantity of specie as to make us unwilling to venture it in one bottom; so we agreed to hide it ashore, and divide it on our return from our next expedition. But our good fortune forsook us this time. During a calm the boats of the *Guarda-costa* came on us, overpowered the ship, and made all the crew, except myself and two others, prisoners. We escaped with our boat, and succeeded in gaining the island of Cuba; where both of my comrades died of their wounds. Subsequent events induced me to settle at St. Juan de Buenavista, where I married, and as a merchant prospered and became a rich man. But my happiness lasted not! My wife caught the yellow fever and died, leaving me only this one child. I now loathed the scene of my departed happiness, and felt all the longings of an exile to revisit my native country. For this purpose I converted all my effects into money; and am thus far on my way to the hidden treasure with which I intended to return to Spain. But the green hills of Catalonia will never more gladden mine eyes! My hopes and wishes were only for my poor girl. Holy father! you know not a parent's feelings—its anxiety and its fears! The thoughts of leaving my child to the mercy of strangers; or, it may be, to their barbarities, in this lawless country, is far more dreadful than the anguish of my personal sufferings. With you rests my only hope.—Promise me your protection towards her, and the half of all my wealth is yours."

"Earthly treasures," replied the priest, "avail not with one whose desires are fixed beyond the little handful of dust which perisheth—my life is devoted to the service of my Creator, and the conversion of ignorant men—men who have never heard of his salvation.

On an errand of mercy came I to this land; and if the heathen receive it, how much more a daughter of our most holy church? I, therefore, in behalf of our community, accept of your offer, and swear on this blessed emblem to fulfil all your wishes to the best of my poor abilities."

"Enough, enough!" said Montalvo, "I am satisfied! Among that archipelago of desert islands, known by the name of the *Roccas*, situated on the coast of the province of Venezuela, in New Grenada, there is one called the Wolf-rock: it is the longest and most northern of the group, and lies the most to seaward. At the eastern point, which runs a little way into the sea, there stands an old vanilla, blasted and withered, and retaining but a single solitary branch. On the eve of the festival of St. Jago the moon will be at her full in the west. At twenty minutes past midnight she will attain to her highest altitude in the heavens, and then the shadow of the tree will be thrown due east. Watch till the branch and stem of the tree unite and form only one line of shade—mark its extremity—forty or ten feet below the surface, the cask containing the gold is buried. The gold, father, was sinfully got; but fasts and penances have been done, masses without number have been said, and I trust that the blessed Virgin has interceded for the forgiveness of that great wickedness! I have now confessed all, and confide in your promise; and as you perform your oath, so will the blessing or curse of a dying man abide with you. I feel faint, dying—Oh! let me clasp my child once more to my heart before I—"

Here the rest of the sentences became indistinct from the death-rattle in his throat. I leaped off my cot, and sprang up the hatchway, and had my foot on the top of the companion-ladder, when a piercing shriek from below striking me quicken my steps, I missed my hold, and fell on some person stationed on the outside of the cabin door. The per-

out uttering a single word, rose ended the steps; but as he into the faint light which still in the horizon, I fancied that distinguish him to be the Captain my entering, I found the dead, and his daughter lying of insensibility by his side; female slave was howling and her hair like one in a phrenzy. It was entirely absorbed in his; so, without disturbing him, he lady and bore her into the cabin. The greater part of the night passed in trying to restore sensation. Fit after fit followed her in such quick succession began to apprehend the result: length the hysterical paroxysm, and tears coming to her relief, became somewhat composed, left her in charge of her attend-

Next day was spent in taking out under of the felucca's cargo. seemed now no anxiety on the part to proceed on his voyage appeared to have forgot the necessity expressed on a former occasion, in port within a limited time. often in a state of inebriety; for the and spirits of the Spaniards ishly served out to the whole company, with whom he also wore; and banished that haught-bearing which had marked his hitherto.

Evening the body of Don Diego brought upon deck, where his under the superintendence of the prepared it for its commitment deep. The corpse was, as is such cases, wrapped up in the and sheets in which it had lain, white napkin was tied over the head. In its right hand, which sed over the breast, was placed a dubloon. Its left held a small aiming a book, a hammer, and while on the bosom was laid crucifix worn by the deceased. Next enveloped in a hammock,

with a couple of eight-pound shots, and a bag of ballast at the feet to sink it—the hammock was then carefully and closely sewed up; and the whole operation finished by leaving the sail-needle thrust transversely through the nose. At midnight the vessel was hove-to, and all the ship's company assembled at the lee-gangway. The Spaniards and negroes bore each a burning torch in his hand; the blaze of which, as they held them elevated above their heads, cast a strange and fearful light through the deep darkness, and illumined the ocean far and wide with a supernatural effulgence. When all was ready, the priest, accompanied by Isabella, came up from the cabin, and the Spaniards lifting up the body, carried it forward to the waist, where one of the ship's gratings had been put projecting over the side, and on this the corpse was laid, with its feet to the water. Around this the torch-bearers formed a circle, and the priest, standing at the head, began the funeral service for the dead at sea. The wind had now subsided into a gentle breeze; and nothing disturbed the profound silence of the crew during mass, save the slight splashing of the waves against the windward side of the ship, and the deep-drawn, convulsive sobs of the young lady as she stood, enveloped in her mantillo, in the obscurity of the main rigging. Mass being concluded, the priest solemnly chaunted the funeral anthem:—
“May the angels conduct thee into Paradise; may the martyrs receive thee at thy coming; and mayst thou have eternal rest with Lazarus, who was formerly poor!” He then sprinkled the body with holy water, and continued:—“As it hath pleased God to take the soul of our dear brother here departed unto himself, we, therefore, commit his body to the deep, in the sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection on that day when the sea shall give up its dead. Let him rest in peace!” The Spaniards responded “Amen!” and the priest repeating, “May his soul, and the soul of all the faithful departed,

through the mercy of God, rest in peace—Amen!" made the sign of the cross; and the bow-chaser, which had been loaded and made ready for the occasion, firing, the end of the grating was gently elevated, and the corpse heavily plunged into the water. The waves parted, heaving and foaming round the body as it disappeared,—when to our horror and astonishment we beheld it, the next minute, slowly returned to the surface, deprived of the canvass covering in which it had been sewed. The dead man came up as he had gone down, in an upright position, and floated a little time with his back to the vessel; but the motion of the water turned him round by degrees till we distinctly saw his face. The head was thrown back, and the eyes wide open; and under the strong stream of light poured on them from the torches, they seemed to glare ghastly and fearfully upwards. His gray hairs, long and dishevelled, floated about his face, at times partially obscuring it; and one arm, stretched forth, and agitated by the action of the waves, appeared as if in the act of threatening us. When the first burst of horror had subsided, I caught hold of Isabella to prevent her seeing the body, and was leading her off, when some of the men, lowering their torches from the main-chains, whispered that it was the murdered man, old James Gemmel. The Captain had been hitherto looking on with the rest without having apparently recognized him; but when the name struck his ear, he shrunk back and involuntarily exclaimed, "It's a lie—it's an infamous lie! Who dares to say he was murdered? But don't let him on board: for God's sake keep him down, or he'll take us with him to the bottom. Will nobody keep him down? Will nobody shove him off? Helm a-lee!" he bawled out, waving to the steersman; but the man had deserted his post, eager to see what was going on; he, therefore, ran to the wheel himself, and again issued his commands, "Let go the main top-sail weather-braces, and

bring round the yard! Let that go, I say!" His orders were speedily executed. The vessel gathered way, and we quickly shot past the body of the old man.

For several days after this, we pursued our course with a favourable wind, which drove us swiftly forward on our voyage. The Captain now kept himself constantly intoxicated, seldom made his appearance in the cabin, but left everything together to the care of the steward. All subordination was now at an end—his whole time was spent among the sailors, with whom he mixed familiarly, and was addressed by them without the slightest portion of that respect or deference commonly paid to the Captain of the vessel. The appearance of the men, also, was much altered. From the careless mirth and gaiety, and the characteristic good humour of sailors, there was now a sullenness and gloom only visible. A constant whispering—a constant caballing was going on—a perpetual discussion, as if some design of moment was in agitation, or some step of deep importance was about to be taken. All sociality and confidence towards each other were banished. In place of conversing together in a body, as formerly, they now walked about in detached parties, and among them the boatswain and carpenter seemed to take an active lead. Yet, in the midst of all this disorder, a few of our own crew kept themselves separate, taking no share in the general consultation; but from the anxiety expressed in their countenances, as well as in that of the mate, I foresaw some storm was brooding, and about to burst on our heads.

Since Montaldo's death, Isabella had been in the habit of leaving her cabin after sun-set, to enjoy the coolness of the evening-breeze; and in this she was sometimes joined by the priest, but more frequently was only attended by her slave. One evening she came up as usual, and after walking backward and forward on deck till the dews began to fall, she turned to go below: but just as

we approached the companion-way, one of the negroes, who now, in the absence of all discipline, lounged about the quarter-deck without rebuke, shut down the head, and throwing himself on it, declared that none should make him rise without the reward of a kiss. This piece of insolence was received with an encouraging laugh by his fellows, and several slang expressions of wit were uttered, which were loudly applauded by those around. Without a word of remonstrance, Isabella timidly stooped, and would have attempted getting down the ladder without disturbing the slaves, when, burning with indignation, I seized the rascal by the collar, and pitched him head foremost along the deck. In an instant he got on his legs, and pulling a long clasp-knife out of his pocket, with a loud imprecation he made towards me. All the other negroes likewise made a motion to assist him, and I expected to be assailed on all hands, when the mate interfered, and laying hold of the marlin-spike, which I had caught up to defend myself, pushed me back as he whispered, "Are you mad, that you interfere? For heaven's sake, keep quiet, for I have no authority over the crew now!" And he spoke the truth; for the negro, brandishing his knife, and supported by his comrades, was again advancing, when the hoarse voice of the boatswain, as he ran to the scene of action, arrested his progress.

"Hallo! you there, what's the squall for? Avast, avast, Mingo! off hands in fair play—ship that blade of yours, or I'll send my fist through your ribs, and make day-light shine through them in a minute." I related the behaviour of the negro, and was requesting him to order the slaves forward, when I was cut short with—"There are no slaves here young man! we are all alike free in a British ship. But damn his eyes for an insolent son of a —; HE pretends to kiss the pretty girl! I'll let him know she belongs to his betters! The black wench is good enough for him any day. Come, my dear!" he

continued, turning to Isabella, "give me the same hire, and I'll undertake to clear the way for you myself." He made as if he meant to approach her, when, careless of what the consequences might be to myself, I hastily stepped forward, and lifting up the head of the companion, Isabella in an instant darted below. "This lady is no fit subject for either wit or insolence," said I, shutting the doors, "and he is less than man who would insult an unprotected female." For a little while he stood eyeing me as if hesitating whether he should resent my interference, or remain passive; at length he turned slowly and doggedly away as he uttered—"You ruffle big, and crow with a brisk note, my lad! But I've seen me do as wonderful a thing as twist your windpipe and send you over the side to cool yourself a bit; and so I would serve you in the turning of a wave, if it wasn't that we may have use for you yet! I see in what quarter the wind sets; but mind your eye! for sink me if I don't keep a sharp look out a-head over you."

I now saw that things had come to a crisis—that the crew meant to turn pirates; and I was going to be detained among them for the sake of my professional services. I could not, without a shudder, reflect on what must be the fate of Isabella among such a gang of reckless villains; but I firmly resolved that, come what might, my protection and care over her should cease but with my life.

To be prepared for the worst, I immediately went below, loaded my pistols, and concealed them in my breast, securing at the same time all my money and papers about my person. While thus employed, one of the cabin-boys came down for a spyglass, saying that a sail had hove in sight to windward. Upon this I followed him up, and found the crew collected together in a clamorous consultation as to the course they should follow. Some were for laying-to till she came down, and taking her, if a merchantman; and if not, they

could easily sheer off—but this motion was overruled by the majority, who judged it best to keep clear for fear of accidents: accordingly all the spare canvass was set, and we were soon gaining large before the wind. But the Dart, though reckoned the first sailer out of Clyde when close hauled on a wind, was by no means so fleet when squared and going free: she had now met with her match, for the stranger was evidently gaining rapidly on us, and in two hours we saw it was impossible for us to escape. The priest and I were ordered down with a threat of instant death if we offered to come on deck, or make any attempt to attract observation.

I now communicated to Isabella my apprehensions with respect to the crew, along with my resolution to leave the vessel if the other proved a man of war, and earnestly advised both her and the priest to take advantage of it also. She thanked me with a look and a smile that told me how sensible she was of the interest I took in her welfare, and expressed her willingness to be guided by me in whatever way I thought best.

Shortly after this we heard a gun fired to bring us to, and the Dart hailed and questioned as to her port and destination. The answers, it appeared, were thought evasive and unsatisfactory, for we were ordered to come close under the lee-quarter of his Majesty's sloop of war Tartar, while they sent to examine our papers. This was now our only chance, and I resolved, that if the officer should not come below, I would force the companion-door, and claim his protection. But I was not put to this alternative. As soon as she arrived, I heard him desire the hatchets to be taken off, and examine the hold. The inspection did not satisfy him; for he hailed the sloop, and reported that there were Spanish goods on board which did not appear in the manifest:—"Then remain on board, and keep your stern lights burning all night, and take charge of the ship!" was the reply. In a state of

irksome suspense we remained near two hours, expecting every minute hear the officer descending. At length to our relief, the companion-doors were unlocked, and a young man, attended by our Captain, entered the cabin. I looked surprised on seeing us, and bowing to Isabella, apologized for intruding at such an unseasonable hour. "But I was not given to understand," he added, "that there were passengers in the ship—prisoners I should rather pronounce it, Capt. Mahone, for you seem to have had them under lock and key which is rather an unusual mode of treating ladies at least. No wine, Sir!" he continued, motioning away the bottles which the Captain was hastily placing on the table, "no wine, but be pleased to shew me your register and bill of lading."

He had not been long seated to inspect them when a shuffling and hurried sound of feet was heard overhead, and a voice calling on Mr. Duff for assistance showed that some scuffle had taken place above. Instantaneously we all started to our feet, and the lieutenant was in the act of drawing his sword when, accidentally looking round, I observed Mahone presenting a pistol behind. With a cry of warning, I threw myself forward, and had just time to strike the weapon slightly aside, when it went off. The ball narrowly missed the head of Duff, for whom it had been aimed, but struck the priest over the right eye, who, making one desperate and convulsive leap as high as the ceiling, sunk down dead, and before the Captain could pull out another, I discharged the contents of mine into his breast. We then rushed upon deck but it was only to find the boat's crew had been mastered, and to behold the last of the men tumbled overboard. The pirates then dispersed, and exerted themselves to get the ship speedily under-way; while the boatswain sang out to extinguish the lantern that the Tartar might not be guided by the lights.

"It's all over with us!" exclaimed

my companion ; " but follow me—we have one chance for our lives yet. Our boat is still towing astern ; do you throw yourself over, and swim till I slide down the painter, and cut her adrift. Come, bear a hand, and jump ! don't you see them hastening aft ?" and in an instant he pitched himself off the taffrel, slid down the rope which held the boat, and cut her loose. But this advice, however judicious, it was impossible for me to follow—for, at that moment, repeated shrieks from Isabella put to flight all thoughts for my own individual safety ; I, therefore, hurried back to the cabin, determined, that if I could not rescue her along with myself, to remain, and protect her with my life. And in a happy time I arrived ! The candles were still burning on the table ; and through the smoke of the pistols, which still filled the cabin, I beheld her struggling in the arms of a negro—the identical slave who had displayed such violence in the early part of the evening. With one stroke of the butt end of my pistol I fractured the cursed villain's skull—caught up Isabella in my arms—ran up the ladder, and had nearly gained the side, when the boatswain, attracted by her white garments, left the helm to intercept me—and I saw the gleam of his uplifted cutlass on the point of descending, when he was suddenly struck down by some person from behind. I did not stop to discover who had done me this good office, but hailing Duff, and clasping Isabella firmly to my heart, I plunged into the water, followed by my unknown ally. With the aid of my companion, whom I now found to be John Wyllie, the mate, we easily managed to support our charge till the boat reached us ; when we found that the greater part of the men had been rescued in a similar manner.

When the morning dawned, we perceived the Dart, like a speck in the horizon, and the sloop of war in close chase. Our attention was next turned to our own situation, which was by no

means enviable : we had escaped, it is true, with our lives, for the present ; but without a morsel of food, or a single drop of fresh water, with us in the boat ; we could, at best, only expect to protract existence for a few days longer, and then yield them up ultimately in horror and misery. By an observation taken the day before, on board of the Tartar, Mr. Duff informed us we were to the north-east of the Bahamas ; and distant about one hundred and seventy miles from Walling's Island, which was the nearest land. This was a long distance ; but, as despair never enters the breast of a British sailor, even in situations of the utmost extremity, we cheered up each other ; and, as no other resource was left us, we manned our oars, and pulled away with life, trusting to the chance of meeting with some vessel, of which there was a strong probability, as this was the common course of our leeward traders. And our hopes were not disappointed ! for next day we fortunately fell in with a brig from the Azores, bound for Porto Rico, on board of which we were received with much kindness ; and, in five days, we found ourselves safely moored in Porto-real harbour.

My first step on landing was to inquire for a boarding-house for Isabella, and I had the good luck to be directed to one kept by a respectable Scotch family, in Orange Terrace, and to this I conducted her. My next transaction was to charter a small cutter ; and to communicate to Duff the secret of the hidden treasure ; at the same time, asking him to adventure himself and his men on its recovery. I also gave him to understand the probability of a rencontre with the pirates, in the event of their having escaped the sloop, for I was aware that Mahone had overheard the whole confession, from my finding him listening at the cabin door. Without hesitation, the lieutenant at once agreed to accompany me, and engaging some hands out of a vessel newly arrived, we soon mustered a party of fourteen men. As it

wanted only six days to the festival of St. Jago, and the distance across the Caribbean sea was great enough to require all our exertions to be there in time, we embarked and sailed that very night.

Our cutter proved a prime sailor—and though the winds were light and variable, by the help of our sweeps we made the Rocas on the evening of the sixth day. As the Spaniard had foretold, the moon was climbing the western sky, and pouring the fulness of her splendour with a mild and beautiful effulgence on the untroubled deep, as we slowly drifted with the current between the Wolf-rock and the adjacent isle. All was silent and calm over the whole desert archipelago and the vast surrounding waters, save now and then the flight of a sea-fowl awakening from its slumbers as we passed; or the occasional roar of the jaguar faintly wafted from the main land. We ran the cutter into a deep and narrow creek; moored her safe, and proceeded, well armed, to the eastern extremity. There we found the projecting point of land, and the old vanilla tree exactly in the situation described—its huge, twisted trunk was still entire; and from the end of its solitary branch, which was graced by a few scattered leaves, the body of a man in the garb of a sailor hung suspended in irons. The clothes had preserved the body from the birds of prey, but the head was picked clean and bare, leaving the eyeless and bleached skull to glitter white in the moonlight. In perfect silence, and with something of awe on our spirits impressed by the solitude and dreariness of the scene, we seated ourselves on the rocks, and, with my timepiece in my hand, I began to mark the progress of the shadow. For nearly three hours we watched in this manner, listening attentively for the slightest sound from seaward; but every thing continued hushed and still, except the creaking of the chain as the dead man swang to and fro in the breeze. Midnight was now drawing near—the

moon, radiant and full, was careering high through the deep blue of heaven, and the shadows of the branch and stem were approaching each other, and towards the desired point. At length the hand of my time-piece pointed to within one minute of the time. It passed over. The branch and stem now merged into one, and threw their shadow due east; and the first spadeful of earth had been thrown out, when the man who had been stationed to keep a look out came running to inform us that a boat was rapidly approaching from the east. We immediately concluded that they must be some of the Dart's crew; and their long and vigorous strokes, as they stretched out to the full extent of their oars, shewed that they knew the importance of every minute that elapsed. Our implements for digging were hastily laid aside, and we concealed ourselves among the rocks till they should come within reach. In a short time the boat was seen ashore, and eight armed men came forward, partly Spaniards, and partly the ship's crew; among whom I recognized the boatswain, and, to my surprise, Mahone, whom I had shot and left for dead in the cabin. Without giving them time to prepare for the assault, we quitted our shelter, and sprung among them at once, laying about with our cutlasses. For a little space the skirmish was toughly and hotly contested; for the pirates were resolute and reckless, and fought with the desperation of men who knew that the only chance for their lives lay in their own exertions. In the confusion of the fray I had lost sight of Duff, and was closely engaged with one of the Spaniards, when the voice of the boatswain, shouting forth a horrible imprecation, sounded immediately behind me. I turned round, and sprung aside from the sweep of his cutlass, and, as my pistols were both empty, retreated, acting upon the defensive, when he pulled out his, fired, and hurled the weapon at my head. The shot passed without injuring me—but the pistol

with better effect, struck me full on the forehead. A thousand sparks flashed from my eyes—I felt reeling, and on the point of falling when a cut across the shoulder laid me at once on the ground. I recovered from my stupor, and in my eyes, the morning was far advanced—the sun was shining brightly; and I found myself at sea, on the deck of the cutter, and Duff engaged in examining my wounds. From him I learned that the ship had been mastered after a severe fight—in which four had been slain, three on the island; two had escaped, and were killed during the fight, and made their boat; and two had been killed, and were prisoners on board, of whom was Mahone. On our return to Porto Rico, we delivered them into the civil power; and, soon afterwards, Mahone was tried for the murder of the priest, when he was convicted on all counts, and executed.

Under good nursing and care, I gradually recovered; and, by the fall of the season, without any farther adventures, I once more landed safe in Scotland.

Isabella is not now that destitute and unprotected orphan whom I first saw on the middle of the western ocean—but the happy mistress of a happy home, diffusing life and gladness on all around her. My friend Duff has lately been placed on the list of post captains, and is anxiously waiting for more bustling times, when there will be more knocking about, and more hard blows got, than what our peace establishment admits of. John Wyllie, too, has had advancement in his line, being now master of one of the finest ships from Clyde; and I have the additional satisfaction of knowing that none of the crew have had reason to regret their having jeopardized their lives in fighting for the “Pirate’s Treasure.”

MARE DATA AND GIULIO;

OR, THE OCEAN SPIRIT.

An Italian Legend.

As the sun, ere he sank on the bosom of the ocean, brightened the coast of Italy with his farewell rays. A twilight shed its softening influence over the earth; the ocean flamed and purple, and seemed adorned with the bed of a royal bridegroom, to receive its glorious guest. The breeze of the west floated warm and soft through the air; and the heat of a day had given way to a refreshing calm. With her mysterious veil of roaching night covered the surrounding objects. A new world appeared to have risen on the well-known scene, and new charms were added to its grandeur. Yet still this beautiful scene was lifeless, no human

form broke its solitude. One might fancy the ocean and sky, enamoured of their own beauty, wished to disclose their charms only to each other, free from the profaning gaze of man.

At length a youth arrives to enjoy the silent wonders of nature; a youth worthy of seeing the goddess without her girdle;—Giulio, the only son of the rich and powerful of Count Montefuoco. He delighted in swimming through the gentle waves flowing along the flowery shore. The heat of the season heightened the pleasure he took in those exercises, and soon the stormy element owned his power; for the water seemed gratefully to yield to his efforts, and proud of bearing his god-like form:

never, he thought, the floods had played so warmly, so lovingly, round his limbs. It was as if out of every little wave, there arose a flattering voice; the waters, sparkling in changing colours in the last rays of the sun, appeared to him like a thousand mirrors, presenting smiling eyes and divine forms to his enchanted soul. But, lo! how he started, when suddenly he beheld close to him a woman of such heavenly beauty, that if he at first in his dreams had taken the phantoms of his imagination for beings of substance, he now mistook reality for a vision. But the idea of the dangerous situation wherein the fair one was placed recalled his senses; he clasped his arms round her slender limbs, a grateful fascinating glance gave him strength, he swam towards the shore, where he soon beheld his delightful burthen in safety; here he left her in order that he might procure his garments. Having thrown his mantle over his shoulder, he rejoined the fair being, who had, in the mean time, repaired the disorder of her dress, which, in the splendour and brightness of its appearance, seemed to consist of the silver foam of the sea. On his approach, she fell on her knees and embraced his feet, with looks full of gratitude and love. He raised her hastily, and full of respect, asked to know whom he had the happiness to save, and whence she came? A tear clouded her eye; she shook her head, laid her finger on her mouth, as if to say she was deprived of the power of speech, and pointed in answer to his question with her white hand to the sea. He addressed her in different languages, but although she seemed to understand him perfectly well, she remained silent.

Giulio led the unknown lady to the Castle. The family received her with politeness; but the Countess and her daughters, envious of the more than human beauty of the stranger, treated her with a degree of reserve bordering on coolness. They contrived, nevertheless, to give her the assistance her misfortune seemed to require. Giulio's

heart was now the seat of the most ardent passion; the image of the silent lady never left his fancy for a moment. He endeavoured, in a thousand different ways, to induce her to utter a single sound, but all in vain; neither was she able to answer to his questions, written in different idioms. "Do you write no language?" asked he.—"No!" was the sense of her replying gesture. The mother of Giulio made some contemptuous reflections respecting the education of the mysterious lady; but she, by her gentle and humble behaviour, attempted to soften the haughty spirit of the Countess, and succeeded. She even gave proof of a more refined education, in once taking a lute, and drawing from it the most celestial tones. All the deep feelings, which her eyes expressed, seemed now to have found a corresponding language. The sounds fell on the listeners' ears like an unknown mysterious harmony of a better world, and filled their hearts with delight and rapture. Inclining over her lute, she often fixed her eyes, full of the tenderest love, on Giulio, and a tear stole slowly over her cheek. As still she remained silent, it became necessary to give her a name, and Giulio called her MAREDATA, which, in Italian, signifies "given by the sea."

From the first moment, the old Count, partial to beauty, had been the declared champion of the silent lady. Nevertheless, he was strangely surprized when once the youth declared, with a fire and vehemence that would admit of no contradiction, that he could no longer exist without the possession of Maredata. The wise Count knew that passion would become more violent by opposition, and, therefore, did not withhold his consent to their union. The church sanctified their love, and Giulio, in the possession of Maredata, thought himself the happiest mortal. A sweet boy soon increased their mutual felicity. Giulio accustomed himself in time to her silence, and understood so perfectly well her eloquent gestures, that he al-

most imagined her inaudible language to be the true idiom of love.

Once, as he returned from the chase, his sister Manuela met him, and with an appearance of great anxiety, drew him into her lonely closet. "My dear brother," said she, "I tremble to impart to you a discovery I have made, for it may prove destructive to your happiness, but the fear of seeing you in the snares of some supernatural and malicious being overcomes all other considerations. Know, then, that about an hour ago I passed Maredata's apartment, when I heard a tuneful voice singing to the accents of the lute. I entered suddenly, and found Maredata, who seemed extremely embarrassed, and relapsed immediately into her accustomed silence. "Now," added Manuela, "what a false heart must her's be, if she, able to speak, can be silent to you—to you, the founder of all her happiness! What can be her aim, but to destroy your body and your soul?"

Giulio, deeply affected, hastened to Maredata, requesting an explanation of this extraordinary event, and conjured her to break her long silence. But Maredata, with tears in her eyes, presented him their child, and seemed by the sweetest caresses to make her amends for disobedience. Her loving husband was soon appeased. He entreated her to accompany him on a walk, and, perhaps without intention, he led her to the sea-coast. The ocean lay before them, brightened by all the lustre of an Italian moon-light. The effect which the sight of the element made upon Maredata was as unexpected as it was wonderful. Her eyes sparkled with delight, she spread out her arms, uttered a cry of joy, and threw herself into the waves. Giulio stood amazed, but soon he beheld her rise smiling and nodding at him, and swimming with an astonishing agility and grace. Her slender form appearing through the floods and the silver light of the moon, seemed not to be that of a mortal. Love and anxiety filled her husband's bosom,

and he followed her into the sea to protect her in the dangerous element. If ever the waters had appeared sweet to him, it was now. He thought a soft music sounded from the depths; alluring voices invited the couple to sink in the mysterious bosom of the floods, and indeed, in the arms of Maredata, he sunk deeper, till he almost lost his senses, when Maredata suddenly threw out a cry of despair, and seizing him with both her arms, moved towards the shore, where she deposited him on the very spot where he had once placed her. Soon her endeavours and her caresses called him again to life. "Who art thou?" cried he, "wonderful being, who art thou?" But Maredata, taking his hand, fled with quick steps, and encircled her veil fast round her ears, as if to avoid the seducing sound of the roaring waves, which rose higher and higher, pursuing the beautiful fugitive. Arrived at the castle, he repeated his entreaties to her to solve this mystery. But Maredata clasped her lily arms round him, and her soft expressive eye asked him, "Am I not thine? Art thou not happy? Why askest thou more?" And indeed Giulio seemed to be satisfied; he even promised, he never would ask her again, and consented to lead her shortly to another castle in the heart of the country, where she would not be troubled by the sight of the sea. The joy which sparkled at this assurance in her eyes was his sweet reward, and once more a happy husband, he pressed his happy wife to his heart.

But the next day his parents requested his company, and his father addressed him thus: "My son, we were walking yesterday on the border of the sea, when we beheld the extraordinary scene which happened with Maredata. You easily see that you never saved her out of the waves, since she possesses such a wonderful power over the element. Manuela has told us, that she has heard her sing, and notwithstanding your entreaties, she maintains an obstinate silence. This must be broke

for the sake of your immortal soul; conjure her—command her to speak, and if she still remains silent, you must separate.” Giulio, on the contrary, after having discoursed a long time with his parents, asserted, that he was himself perfectly happy,—that such a soft affectionate being as Maredata could never endanger his soul, and finished by asking his parents’ leave to go with his family to their castle in the interior of the country. After some reflection, the Count granted his request: “but,” added he, “before you depart for the country, you will accompany me to Naples, where I want to present you to the King. Giulio promised to obey, and in the space of a few days the Count and his family, Giulio, Maredata, and their child proceeded to Naples.

Soon after their arrival, Giulio was presented to the King. The old Count, seeing that he could not prevail on his son to force Maredata to disclose her secret, discovered the whole to the King.

He therefore received Giulio with hard words, reproaching him with a sinful alliance with a fairy, and commanded him, under pain of disgrace, to learn immediately the truth from Maredata, and threatened even to burn his wife, as a being devoted to the demon. At these words of the King, Giulio lost his patience; a spirit of rage seemed to have taken possession of his soul. He hastened home, rushed into the apartment of his wife, whom he found playing with her child in her arms. He brandished his sword over her head, and exclaimed, “Thou cursed witch, who art thou? Speak, or instant death.”—but he could not finish his sentence, for she fell into his arms, and cried out, “Now indeed it is time to speak! Now indeed we must part, and part for ever!” A flood of tears checked her words, but she overcame her emotion, and with a sweet voice she entreated her amazed husband, who, at the first

sound of her voice, had lost his rage, to sit down near her, and she then proceeded: “Know then, my only love, that I was born in the depth of the ocean. Once, as thou wert swimming near the shore,—I beheld—I loved thee. But our laws will not permit me to speak to any mortal, or, if we do, his life is forfeited to the powerful spirits of the deep. Oh! how difficult it is to be mute when love fills the heart! The word would part from my lips, but I was silent, and now, that I have once spoken to thee, I must depart, and my child too. For the revenge of the spirits is dreadful, and all of us would soon be sacrificed to their wrath should I delay any longer. Farewell, Giulio, from this moment, I take leave of thee of love, and happiness! Farewell!” She embraced him, and would depart, but Giulio, trembling like a murderer at the sight of the gory wound of his victim, rose suddenly, and seizing the child, cried out, “Never! never, shalt thou carry off my child!” But she gazed on him with a long, deep look, that chilled his blood to his very heart; then she began to sing in such mournful pensive sounds, that he lost his senses.

When he recovered, she was gone. The inmates of the castle had seen her proceed towards, and leap into the sea. From that moment a still melancholy preyed upon Giulio. He said not a single word to his amazed parents. Long time elapsed before he was able to leave the room, till he one evening walked down to the coast to his accustomed bathing-place. His anxious parents beheld him swimming, when suddenly the sea glowed in a thousand colours, and Giulio disappeared. The beautiful phenomenon lasted for hours, but Giulio was seen no more. A tradition prevailed among the people, that the lustre of the sea had been a signal of the re-union of the faithful lovers.



SIR HUGH THE HERON.

A Border Romance.

And he went forth, him aloue,
And all vanquish'd came he home,
In his chamber upon a night,
Wounded sore and evil dight;
His knife was tint,—his sheath was ta'en,
The scabbard from his thigh was gane,
He had more wounds with sword and knife,
Than ever man that had his life.

SIR GRALME AND SIR GRAY STEIL.

WHEN I had gathered from many lips the scattered and varying portions of the following wild and simple story, I sat down, as has ever been my way on the spot where it befel, and proceeded to compare tale and place together, for the purpose of making the present interpret the past, and aid me in telling a clear and consistent story. An old man, a kind of district historian, accompanied me, and it required no small persuasion to induce him to visit a place where he acknowledged he seldom willingly went. His looks saddened down by the way, and there was something of awe in the manner in which he stood on the sum-

mit of a steep hill, and holding out his hand towards a valley and lake at our feet, said, "There—there is the home of the ancient name of Heron, and there the deed was done, which made so many cheeks pale." We seated ourselves on the ground, and it seemed his wish to allow me to look my fill on vale and lake, before he proceeded to violate the repose of a scene so full of loveliness, by touching on a tale of treachery and blood.

With treachery and with blood, no one who looked with me upon the place would have believed it associated. It was, indeed, a sweet and romantic

nook, such a one in which tradition says (and tradition is sometimes malicious) the priesthood of the Romish church loved to erect their altars, and set up their carved images, and collect the riches of the earth. The valley was a good arrow-flight across, the sides sloped up into hills covered with verdure as soft, and, by the nibbling of sheep, as short as the down of velvet; here and there a stray garden flower,—and here and there, a plum or a wild apple tree contrived to struggle for existence,—and told with the return of spring the story of the ancient glory of the place. In the bosom lay a lake, deep and cool, and so clear, that, without seeing the bottom, which the peasants placed at the distance of many a fathom, you might see the whole shaggy outline of the pastoral hills reflected quietly on its bosom. Many green shrubs, bearing fruit or flower, flourished along the water-edge,—and the chafing of the lake freaked its borders into innumerable little nooks and tongues, where the wild ducks' young—an orange tawny brood,—moved, half seen, half hid, among the water grass and the broad leaves of the lake lily. The flocks moved to and fro on the valley-side,—a stray deer looked timorously down from a woody shelf above,—while high overhead on the summit of a cliff, where the ancient gods of the land were once worshipped, sat a pair of black eagles pruning their wings, and meditating a flight to remote pastures for food for their young. Their shadows and mine lay scattered along the quiet and scarce moving waters.

Eastward, the vale expanded, and then, suddenly closing, allowed scarce room for a small clear stream to pour from the lake down a deep and woody ravine, from which it escaped into a beautiful bay, shaped out like a crescent from the mainland. Between two green and conical hills, covered half way to the summits with natural wood, which seemed never to have felt the axe, I saw the eastern sea, bright with the morning sun, and agitated by a gentle

wind and the coming tide. I stood so close together that I could only see a long and narrow vista with the waves leaping and ruffling, but I heard the chafing of the water against cliff and promontory, a kind of hollow and mournful sound which waves raise when they strike a rocky and a caverned shore. I saw no habitation, or handy work, I saw no trace; and I said to my companion, "Where is the hall of the Herons? where is the chapel of our lady? where is the tower of the lake?—I find them in tale and in song, but the foundations seem indeed to be no securer resting place than a grant verse and varying story." "Alas!" said the old man, "the vale presents more vivid images of ancient glory,—and there are the name and hand of Heron; nothing may efface, though time and storms of many years have passed over them." And he arose, arising on my arm, descended with hesitating steps to a pedestal of rock which shot forth from the valley, and, pointing to a gap below, said, "That is the vault of the Herons." I looked more closely, and saw the remains of a tower,—its roof of massy stone resisted rain and storm, and marked of destruction for centuries, and sand slender trees, and crawling and blossoming flowers streamed from every joint, opening even to the top of the tower down to the edge. "There," said my companion, "is the tower of Sir Hugh H. to you it may seem nothing but a foot length of ground, and every flint of jointed stone, and every fig-tree fruit-tree utter tale and history; the eyes are old:—but you may find the flight of broad steps descending to the tower gate to the lake,—covered with that bush of trailing ivy. From the foot of the stairs is the monument of solid stone, not broad

boy to walk abreast, shot n of the lake, and led to hich tradition says was a e in times of feudal com- pen war. The tower of been gradually swallowed era. Over its cope stone s of water roll now, but I y father say, that when it was still visible above the flood has risen against d that castle, though once ere the eagle would have d, has now its very thresh- y the waves when the wind motion."

an again leaned upon me, onducted along a kind of to the summit of another s the eastern end of the re," stands Hugh Heron's a man cannot sit in it now ng his feet in the lake,— oked it as high as the top e,—below it lay the Cave e,—but ancient sanctity, prayers, and the presence , could not save it from the ture, and the lake fills it l for ever. But here is an the rudest hind respects;" ed out on the face of the : rock beside us, the shape ut deep and sharp in the e before it knelt the figure man,—his sword and hel- h seemed a heron plume, es ; his face was turned to d his hands were clasped ny wild flowers, and more e honeysuckle, then form- m, showered themselves he face of the crag, and g the ground at our feet. aid my companion, is the gh Heron, and here it is forth before the sun, and i his knees till the hunter ill. Now look down the ay see the ruins amongst m-trees and briars yet,— e chapel of our lady,—it

was small, but it was wondrous fair, and shaped by man's piety and perseverance out of the solid rock. Many pilgrims came and blessed it;—death-bed sor- rows and the remorse of old age endow- ed it largely, and made it the richest shrine in all the north country. It was on the floor of that chapel that Hugh the Heron burnt a fire of cinnamon for seven years beside the body of the lady he loved, and our forefathers believed, that at the end of the seventh year the body was born away,—and the breath of living life breathed into it, and it be- came a ministering spirit." My old companion looked me stedfastly in the face, shook his head, and after a short silence, said, "Ye may smile, for it is the fashion of the youth of this age to give credence to nothing,—and ye may call me superstitious,—which may be I am,—yet there's more matter for mar- velling and sorrow about this place than for smiling and mirth." I assured my gray-headed friend that I had too deep a sympathy with all things which tra- dition embalmed (and she never em- balmed ought but the purest and the best,) to make them matters for mirth. It was my chief wish to tell the story of Hugh Heron in strict accordance with popular belief, and to reflect back to the people a distinct image of provin- cial history. For this purpose I had composed in a rude manner the tale in my own mind ; I would proceed to relate it to him, with the hope that where other men's memories had failed, his would be found perfect, and that his knowledge of all the varieties of the legend might enable me to infuse more of character and incident into the sim- ple narrative. The old man smiled and shook his head,—and I proceeded at his request to whisper my version in his ear ;—he seemed to have a dread of open speech in a place where to him every rock and stone breathed the his- tory of the house of Heron.

"During the wars of the two roses, (for traditional story has ever imperfect dates,) there lived a young knight,

named Sir Hugh Heron, and his castle stood in a small valley which bore his family name. Before he was eighteen, personal beauty and deeds of arms made him talked of from Tweed to Trent. His father had perished in battle with the Scots when Lord Maxwell wasted Cumberland, and left him to the love of his mother, a daughter of the noble house of Dacre, who caused him to be trained to arms, and to all chivalrous exercises. He accompanied Lord Howard, and assisted in ravaging the frontier of Scotland: and when, on his return, he was drawn into an ambush by the Johnstones and Carlyles on the river Eden, he fought with such desperation, that the Laird of Lochwood returned to Scotland with but ten followers, and Hugh Heron made his way home with only seven."

"I have stood on the spot where that fierce skirmish happened," said my old friend, "and a sweet little corner of border earth it is,—a place for the pastime of children and the sport of fairies. It is called the fighting fold to this very day, and one who has held the plough on the spot,—for graves, and fairy rings, and holy knolls, and all, are ploughed now,—told me that spear points, and spurs, and arrowheads are turned up by the share."

"One of the seven companions of Hugh Heron in this adventure," I resumed, "was a youth of his own blood, and bearing his own name, several years older,—and neither so fair in person, nor gifted in mind,—but bold and enterprising, a seeker of perils, and exceedingly skilful with the sword and bow. The peasantry who sought to distinguish the kinsmen by some descriptive to-name, called the latter Aymer the Black, and the former Hugh the Fair,—and some scrupled not to say that their hearts and minds corresponded with the colours which described their persons. If they were companions in the battle-field, they were also comrades in the chase,—and their hawks had the fairest and boldest flight—their

dogs the fleetest feet and the surest mouths,—and their arrows flew more sharp and sure than any in Cumberland,—though it was the dwelling of the Howards, and Dacres, and Lowthers, and Graemes."

"Have you ever heard," said my old friend, "that they drew a bow or flew a hawk against one of the wild herons of their native lake? No, no; none that bore the name would ever do that:—they left the noble and beautiful birds to breed and bring forth by the borders of the lake;—there was a curse denounced against the house of Heron, if they rifled a nest, or harmed but a feather of their namesake bird;—even the plumes of the heron, which waved above their helmets in battle, were those shed from the bird's wing,—and the merit of the plume was the more, if it happened to be shed when the fowl flew, and was caught before it reached the ground. I have seen myself the wild herons of the lake, seated like a flock of doves, on the ruins of that old castle, and they drooped their wings, and laid their bills on their breasts, and sat so grey and motionless, that ye would have thought they were stricken into stone,—I have heard that such things have been."

"There is a wild tale told," I said, "of the ancestor of the house of Heron, who was left a child by rovers on a lonely island on the Scottish coast, where he was fed and nursed by a pair of wild herons. The scarlet mantle in which he was wrapt, and the gems and chains of gold and pearl which lay beside him were commonly shown when a bridal happened in the house of Heron, and the story of his nursing formed one of our early and popular romances. All that I can gather is that the herons covered him with their wings by night, and sought him food by day, till he grew up a fair and graceful child, and rose to great renown, and took the name of his strange protectors. He is mentioned in old charters by the name of Eustace de Heron. The romance went

to say that his feathered benefactors never forsook him;—in the battle they hovered over his head,—in the tournament they came down with a scream, and sought to annoy the enemy,—and they sat like watchers on the top of his castle by night, and built their nest, and brought forth their young on the summit of one of the towers. A minstrel's curse,—and the more weighty wrath of heaven are denounced against all those who shall touch but a heron's wing, or rob a heron's nest."

"Romance do you call it?" said my companion, "it is as true to the truth as the light is to the morning, and Skiddaw to the Solway side. I have heard the ballad of Eustace the Heron a thousand times in bower and in hall; and if it is a romance, what call ye Chevy Chase, and William of Cloudeslic? That herd never lacks that herries a heron's nest, and that hunter never prospers who shoots one of these noble birds. There was Dick Dobson of Solway-side, and young Wat Forster of Derwent, and Adam Ridderford of Ridentown, and Percie Redmain of Hermslow, what got they by scorning old sayes and minstrel curses, I would fain know? crippled limbs and a broken neck-bone."

"It happened one night," I continued, "that some lawless sea rovers sailed into the bay: they had heard, perchance, of the rich shrine of our lady, and resolved to spoil it. They had coasted along Scotland, and, though repulsed in various attempts, they succeeded in others, and pillaged several villages, and took some small places of strength, which they plundered and burnt. Now it befel that Midsummer eve was ever a time of festivity with the house of Heron, and, as they were a levout as well as a valiant race, they concluded their evenings of mirth in rummily and prayer. The two Herons, the fair and the black, with several of their comrades, had been tilting with the spear, and proving each other's skill with the sword, and armed thus,

were humbling themselves on the floor of our lady's chapel when the rovers arrived. The pirates lingered for a moment, for a hymn was then singing in honour of our lady,—the pious minstrel had recorded the riches of the shrine,—the munificence of the pilgrims,—and the generosity of the gallant house of Heron,—nor were the Howards, and Dacres, and other valiant names of old Cumberland forgotten. "This is a long pious inventory, my lads," said the leader of the pirates, "of riches and relics which we shall enjoy. The gold we can spend ashore; and as for the relics, why, we are exposed to storms by sea and onslaughts by land, and we may as well have such trinkets near us when the wind is high. And now I think on't, couldn't we as well capsize a handy companion of a monk,—who might patter a bit of prayer for us, handle a partizan or boarding pike on a pinch, and drink a stoup of wine or mead, and sing us a merry ballad when we come back from a cruize. I think we might make room for such like gear. But by the deep sea, and the trade wind, I think this inventory is right long. Why, the old chanter makes too many tacks as he sails down the current of the story. I must cut this poetic yarn short,—so follow me, my merry men all, and whip out your boarding tools;—now, by your leave, my pious masters." And with a blow of his foot he made the chapel door ring against the wall, and in he burst, followed by a score or more of his comrades. But instead of shrieking nuns and trembling priests, they saw a sight which daunted the boldest. There knelt young Hugh Heron at the head of his friends and vassals, and the gleaming of their armour filled all the chapel with light. In a moment they were on their feet,—their swords out,—and well they proved their love to the shrine of our lady that night,—for blow, and shout, and hurried feet, and the groans of wounded men, filled all the vale downward to the sea side."

"I have heard old dame Eden," said my companion, "tell the story of the attack on our lady's chapel, but neither shield, nor sword, nor burnished mail, nor battle-shout were in all her tale,—and it was a curious tale enough. The blessed relics, she said, found defenders in a flood of marvellous light which rushed out of the chapel door, and smote the rovers sore, and pursued and destroyed them,—and the groans of the mariners were heard afar off. And the wondrous light flashed on the waters, and smote the vessel, and away she sailed along the ocean, and was doomed to float for a season in flames, to be a witter and a warning to all workers of evil. I cannot say that I wholly credit the tale, though I sometimes see strange wild lights shining along the waters, and we know evil men have been smitten and afflicted, and set up as a world's wonder."

"Foremost and fiercest of all," I said, "went Sir Hugh Heron,—through the gorge of the valley,—over the wild sea shore,—mid-thigh deep into the waters, he followed and sought,—whoever he hit went down, and none could stand before him. The leader of the rovers attempted to escape with a few of the bravest of his followers, and had reached the deck of his shallop, and had given the word to move, when Sir Hugh stood on the deck beside him. The combat between them was fierce and brief, and as he struck the rover down, a slender girl richly dressed, who was sleeping among a heap of furs and embroidered mantles, sprung up, uttered a wild cry, and clasping him round the knees, looked up with streaming and imploring eyes for protection and mercy. There stood the youth, his bloody sword in his hand, his eyes burning with the agitation and fury of the fight, and around him lay the bodies of his enemies, their limbs yet quivering with departing life, and their blood floating all the deck. With his left hand he shed back a fleece of dark and disordered locks from the lady's brow, and

gazed upon her till the storm subsided in his soul, and mercy and kindness returned again to his looks. He now gazed upon a fairer face. His kinsman came to his side. "What ails you," he said, "even now I saw you with flushed brow and flashing eyes, and frame which seemed expanded beyond that of a mortal, smiting down and sparing not,—and now the red blood has left your face, and your eyes can look on nothing but this young lady, as if they were under the influence of sorcery." Sir Hugh heeded not the words of his kinsman, but replying rather to the looks of the captive, said, "Arise lady, against all will I protect thee;" and he kissed her white forehead with the awe of one who offers salutation to some precious relic.

"The young lady arose trembling, and with her eyes cast down, and clinging to his arm as if she clung for her life.—"I will carry you, lady," he said, "to my mother's tower,—for I see you are not of the kin of those wild and lawless rovers, and with her you may remain till your kindred learn what hath befallen you." And bearing her ashore he left his kinsman and retainers to spoil the rovers' shallop—and gold, and jewels, and rich dresses, and suits of armour, and the best tempered weapons were found in great store. Some were offered up at the shrine of our lady, and the remainder were carried to Heron tower. When lady Heron saw her son bearing so young and beautiful a creature in his arms, she came and supported her into her chamber, and comforted her, and told her that she had fallen into honourable hands, and questioned her of her country and her kindred. And the young maiden answered in a voice low and sweet, and in the gentle Doric of the North Country, that she was the daughter of the knight of Corehead, and her maiden name was Beatrice. Her brother had marched with the Lord of Lochwood against the forayers of the border,—her father had loosed his dogs at the foot of

water, and hunted to the river for so far went the ancient of the house of Halliday, while a left bird-alone in her father's tower, and into that tower had entered at midnight, and massed guards, and carried her to sea, the riches, and arms, and splendours, which pertained to her race. As for the young lady of Core-said the old man, "for the deeds of her house are a kind and race. I believe the tale, though heard a far different story told; been said that she was no daughter of this earth, but an evil spirit let the world to bring to the dust the house of Heron,—but it cannot—and yet I have heard it said as that on Midsummer eve she has been with flashing eyes and flowing tiling along the bosom of the tide raising a wail so piercing and mournful, that all the wild herons on the wing with a shriek and a cry, I have heard such things, and a Christian I may not credit them, a few people in this land would not believe me for the belief."

When the mother of Sir Hugh heard the story of the young lady, she called her attendants, and clothed her in milk, and clothed her in satin, and put a chain of gold round her neck, and a string of pearls round her hair, and they all stood and gazed at her beauty. But the one who was most moved by her sweetness of beauty was Sir Hugh Heron,—he felt, but his eyes followed her wherever she went; and having his fill, he went and disarmed her, and mused long on her story of her beauty. And his kinsman and rallied him about his love,—repeated old saws, and quoted old tales, and said, who shall interpret to thee and the lady who speaks in such a strange tongue? And Sir Hugh smiled, and said not a word, but, in thought, and his mind bearing a queen's image, he went into the

tower in the lake, and, sitting on its summit he saw a fearful vision, or he dreamed a dreary dream. He lay and dreamed,—for I shall imagine he was in slumber,—that he sat upon the summit of the Eagle cliff, and looked on sea and land. He heard on a sudden the sound of flute and pipe, and minstrel's song, and saw a crowd of dames in bridal dresses moving from his mother's tower towards the chapel of our lady. And girls ran before and strewed the way with flowers, and men shouted and cried, 'Joy to the noble house of Heron.' And amid them all he saw the lady whom he had saved from the rovers, dressed like a bride, but with a pale face, and eyes shining with tears, led to the shrine by one of her kinsmen. And he looked again, and he saw the bridegroom,—tall he seemed and handsome, but he saw not his face, for it was turned away from him, and he thought his step was like that of his own kinsman, Sir Aymer. But before the procession reached the altar, the air began to darken,—a cloud covered the bay, and out of the cloud there came a human form, and in his hand there was a sword. And the form followed the bridal throng into the shrine of our lady, and there arose a scream, and the sound of men in strife, and the groan as of one smote down in battle was heard, and the marble floor ran with blood. And he awoke with a start.

"On the morrow his mother saw that his face had lost its usual joy, and she took him into her chamber, and laying her hand on his fair hair, said, 'My sweet son, you have ever been a dutiful child to me, and the name of Heron has lost nought of its high fame since the death of thy father. The wild Scots have heard thy name with fear; and with such a name, and such a form and face, you may look up to the noblest of the land. Now hearken to my words, I love to see a free young heart lavish out its affections; but there is an hour, my son,—even when you step out of the stripling into the man,—when

the heart is warm, the hopes high, and the judgment unripe, which is full of good and evil to future life. In that time of trial you now stand, and it behoves you to look on beauty with caution, and keep your heart free, though fancy wanders at will. I have looked on this young lady,—her eyes and her words are full of sweetness and modesty, and though extremely young, she has a sense and a spirit far beyond her years. I see your blood mount to your brow, my son, while I say this, and I love you the more, because you feel the influence of youth and of beauty. But keep your heart yet for a while,—you will then see with other eyes,—the daughters of thy native land are as lovely as those of the Scot, and to wed a daughter of your enemies is to war against your own fame. Thy Scottish wife's love will blunt the edge of thy sword, and take away the sharpness of thine arrows. The house of Corehead is a gallant house, and has given warriors to Scotland since the crusade of Richard the Lion,—but never let it give a wife to the heir of thy father's fame and name.'

"And she sat silent for a little space, —then removing her hand from his head, she arose and said, 'When thy father was thy age, I had not then seen him; but his fame came home before him, and many of the noblest and fairest of the land went to welcome him ashore. I will not say how proud I was to win him, and how strong our love was,—stronger than that which unites common minds. But in many a battle he fought, and in many a tournament he was victor, before he led me to the altar:—go, therefore, my son, and do as thy father did. A fair army is about to sail for Normandy,—and when some strong castle is stormed, and some glorious battle is won, let me hear that the foremost and the bravest was my own son, Hugh Heron.' And he bowed his head, and his mother blessed him.

"He now became a changed and an altered man. He roamed, it is true,

among the hills and along the sea shore, and with hawk and with hound pursued the deer and the heathcock. But when he returned at night he came no longer with a smile and a hasty step to his mother's feet, and laid before her the fruits of the chase. He approached her with reverence, and asked her blessing with modest lips,—but he was wan and thoughtful, and the buoyancy of youth, and alacrity of early spirit, seemed to have forsaken him. His dogs, as he sat on the hill top and looked towards the ocean, came and looked in his face, and gambolled before him, and whined to obtain his notice and his caresses,—he laid his hands upon their heads,—it was only to still them, for his thoughts were elsewhere."

"I could show you," said my companion, "a seat of stone, commanding the whole bay, in which Sir Hugh Heron used to sit, with his chase dogs at his feet, and gaze till night came upon the water. To this place maidens in my young days went on the first morning of May, and strewed flowers, and sung songs in honour of constant love. I will take you to the place,—I love to sit there and look on the wide ocean."

"The Scottish lady, when she saw him, ever turned her eyes away;—she prepared the choicest dishes, and placed them before him,—she fed his hawks and caressed his hounds,—she set the plume aright in his helmet, and hung his sword and banner fair on the wall,—and she wrought on a pennon of silk many a fair device; and while she traced them out in silver and in gold, she sung songs which she had learned in her own country, and her gentle tongue gave them a sweetness which sent them to the hearts of all who heard them. And Sir Hugh Heron listened, and gazed upon the beautiful stranger, and as he saw the tears drop glistening beneath her long dark eye-lashes, and saw her bosom heaving with a sigh as she thought on her native land, he thought he never saw aught so fair.

"One morning a knight came spur-

ing to the gate, and while he winded a horn which hung by the castle wall, fleet filled all the bay, and the decks were shining with shields and spears, and the broad banner of England was unfurled in their van. The knight bore a message from the King to the Lady of Heron tower, commanding that her son and a hundred of her retainers should follow to the French wars. His mother fell on his neck, and wept aloud, and all his father's companions in the van gathered around him and shouted,—while his kinsman took down his helmet and pennon, and said, 'Now woe to the dames of France,' and the young Scottish lady came near him, and stood with a downcast eye, and a bosom ill at rest.

"And Sir Hugh Heron led his kinsman to the top of the tower, and said, 'I go to a far land, and where danger is, there shall I be found. Now hearken to my words, I love the lady whom I saved from the rovers, and we have each of us vowed a vow of constancy and truth. This vow with me shall never be broken,—and whosoever seeks to win my love from me by evil report, or by dishonourable wiles, seeks his own destruction, and shall surely find it. I am never the first who offers insult and wrong,—and I never forgive it to those who offer it. To you, my kinsman, the keeping of my tower is given, and as you use your power, so shall you be rewarded. That sea shall flow where yon mountain top is, if I live and perfidy goes unpunished. Remember, the Scottish lady is thy kinsman's love.' He waited no reply, but raised his banner, spread his sails, and moved swiftly away: while the eyes of his mother and Beatrice gazed till they grew weary at the receding ships and the diminishing sails.

"A whole year passed, and news of cities stormed, and battles won, from time to time reached England: and crowds of fiery and impetuous spirits followed,—some to fall nameless in some petty skirmish, and others more

fortunate, and perhaps less brave, to share in the glory which has ever pertained to successful warriors. But from Sir Hugh Heron nothing was heard,—nor letter, nor message, nor token, reached his native place,—rumour gave him indeed honour enough, and the foreign minstrels ranked him with the Richards and Edwards, and the Howards and Percys. His mother marvelled at the silence of her son, and Beatrice would sit for hours on the turret top, looking upon the sea, and watching every sail, and singing all the while some of the wild and sorrowful ballads of her native land. One faithful hound of her lover's was her constant companion; it followed her wherever she went,—it walked by her side, lay at her feet, and when she went to rest, kept watch at her chamber door. She caressed the noble creature, fed him with her own hand, tied a garland round his neck, and when no one was near, she would speak to him of his master, and weep. He seemed to know what she said, and whined and fawned, and, when any one offered to come close, his eyes glared, and he uttered a fierce growl.

"In the meantime wars were waged on the borders with the people of Scotland, and every week Sir Aymmer brought tidings of skirmishes, and battles, and invasions. Though the tower stood remote from scenes of strife, it was the practice of those warlike times to keep watch and ward, and maintain all the vigilance necessary to prevent surprise by night or attack by day. It is true that the new captain kept a strict discipline, that he questioned all comers, that he received all letters and messages, and acted with a care and vigilance which to many seemed over-scrupulous. The minstrels,—then a privileged order,—wandering from tower to hall, singing the actions of the living as well as of the dead, turned with a poetic curse from the jealous wicket and the closed gate, and sung of the generosity and bravery of other names. Other ladies

had tokens from their sons, their loves, or their husbands, but no such tokens came to those of Heron tower,—Beatrice sighed, Lady Heron wept, and Sir Aymer made lamentation with them both, and so one whole year passed by.

"It happened about the beginning of summer that Beatrice had walked out by the sea-side, and was seated on a little rock; past the base of which a footpath winded along the shore. The faithful dog of her lover lay by her side, a small banner of silk was in her hand, on which she was working a heron in flight;—her eyes were often turned towards the water,—and she watched the motion of every ship with the anxiety of one whose heart is at sea. While she sat in that place, a maimed soldier stood before her, and holding out the reliques of a leathern head-piece bordered with steel, asked alms, in the name of our Lady, for one who had gone far and seen much,—had fought in seventeen battles and twenty-four sieges, besides skirmishes and encounters which he had neglected to number. She took a piece of silver in her hand; and 'Where have ye fought?' she said, 'on the border or abroad?'—'On the border, lady?' said the soldier, 'nay, nay,—I never bent my bow against the crest of a Scot;—nay, nay,—I was abroad, lady, I was abroad, among the French, and sore strokes were given, some of which, and sad ones too, fell to my share. Seven sword wounds, and thirteen lance wounds, all in the front, lady; never to speak of arrow shot;—the shafts flew as thick as goose-down at Christmas;—sharp and unsonic, as ye say in the north country. God defend ye from war, lady, and may no one that ye love ever go where the lances are levelled, and the cross-bows are strained,—a perilous trade lady, a perilous trade,—perilous work, and poor pay.'

"When the old soldier named the French wars, Beatrice coloured deeply and trembled a little, and changing the silver into gold, said, 'Soldier,—among

the English, who is the gallantest knight—and who do the ladies of France love and the minstrels laud?'—'Ah,' said the soldier, 'is it easy to say which of the stars of the sky are the fairest,—and which of the flowers of the field are the loveliest? when there are Howards, and Dacres, and Percys, there will be gallant knights, and noble deeds of arms. But in my poor mind, the gallantest soldier, and the one whom minstrels laud and ladies love, is one who sleeps on the grass with his mantle over him,—eats coarse food, drinks only water, and has a black hound ever by his side. He is meek of speech and lisps a little. I fought under his banner, and need hath he to bear him bravely who follows him, for he is ever with the foremost, and wherever the shout of "a Heron, a Heron," arises, there are gory spurs and bloody lances, and many a brave one in the dust.' He looked on the gold as she laid it in his hand, and with many a bow, and 'God save you, lady,' he went halting along;—it was the first news she had heard of Sir Hugh Heron, and blithely went she home, and many a face was glad.

"Several weeks passed, and the lady was again seated on the same stone, and with her dog at her foot looked out upon the sea. Sir Aymer came and sat down by her; and looked with her upon the waters. 'The wind which moves the sea, lady,' he said, 'comes from the French shore, and has not many minutes ago been fanning the hot brows and nodding plumes of Sir Hugh Heron and his chivalry.' And while he spoke, a boat came swiftly along the coast,—pushed into a little creek; a man, in the garb of a soldier, leaped lightly out, and advancing towards their seat, said, 'Who can show me the way to Heron tower, and take me to Beatrice Halliday?' 'There stands the tower,' said Sir Aymer, 'and here sits Beatrice Halliday;—fellow, saw ye ever a fairer?' The soldier stood and looked on the lady for a moment or two,—'Aye, Sir,

'Knight, fair enough for a Scottish woman,—but be she of the north or of the south, or fair or foul, I am the bearer of a message to her if she knows aught of Sir Hugh Heron.' Her bosom fluttered and her colour changed. Sir Aymer started up,—'Fellow, fellow,' he said, 'if ye have aught evil to relate, let it be in my ear alone.'—'Shame fall me, then,' said the messenger, 'and may frequent hunger, and hard battles, and bad billets, be my luck in life, if I deliver my message to another ear than the lady's own. But it's soon said—it's soon said;—at the siege of Caen Sir Hugh Heron was sore wounded with an arrow in a sortie, and was taken by the French. Nay, nay, lady, never weep for that,—for he's well now,—ye shall hear it all. A fair dame—a duke's daughter, no less,—took the arrow barb from the wound, and cured him with a lily white hand, and a kindly tongue. A wily dame and a dainty one, she needs must be if all tales be true. I take St. George to witness that no soft hand salved my wounds,—luck's all,—war rains hard knocks to some and good fortune to others:—when Mary Grubson's son was winning knocks on the poll, Sir Hugh Heron was winning a duke's daughter,—luck's all, say I.'

"While the soldier ran on with this rude discourse, the young lady looked on the messenger, and then on Sir Aymer, and moving a little apart from them, she said, 'That Sir Hugh Heron is wounded, and prisoner, is the chance of battle,—but that he is faithless is a falsehood;—and untrue to his country too?—I wonder, Sir Aymer, you break not the false messenger's head. If all men were to swear it,—if all the birds of heaven were to sing it,—and the winds to find a tongue, and do nothing but cry Sir Hugh Heron is disloyal,—I would not credit it. No, his heart is pure, and his mind is noble, and what he says is stronger than other men's oaths, and were this dame queen of the west instead of a duke's daughter,—

were she as beautiful as Eve was when she came fresh from heaven's hand with the marks of the divine artist upon her,—and every look a charm, and every word a spell, she would not win the heart of Sir Hugh Heron.'—'I am pleased to hear thy faith is so strong in my cousin's loyalty,' said Sir Aymer, 'and he puts the like faith in the lady, for sorely has he tried thy love by his long silence.' 'Sir Aymer,' said the lady, 'your words are ungentle and unkind, and with her to whom you utter them they weigh not,'—and she waved her hand, and said, 'Soldier, begone; and if you wish not for stripes that are not numbered, and a dwelling where daylight never comes, name not falsehood and Hugh Heron together again.' And the soldier went muttering away, and was heard of no more.

"The tale which he told spread far and wide;—it was told with many a strange embellishment, and all the people mourned for the wound and captivity of Sir Hugh Heron. To no one it seemed to bring sincerer sorrow than to his kinsman, Sir Aymer; he demeaned himself with all the humility of grief; and though at times he affected to reckon the soldier's tale an idle fiction, and declared that the faith of a Heron was unchangeable, he nevertheless frequently alluded to the dangers of battle, and the mutable faith of man. He ever sought opportunities of being near Beatrice; sometimes he would ask her with a smile, 'if she dreamed of the French lady, and how she thought the Lily and the Thistle would quarter on her lover's shield?' And then he said it was a pity such a stain should come upon an old and gallant name. Beatrice listened to all that was said, but her faith in her lover's vows remained unshaken. The mother of Sir Hugh was deeply moved by the story; wounds she cared little for,—young wounds soon healed; captivity she regarded not, for gold would mend that,—but what could cure the hurts of faith and loyalty? In love with a French lady! was ever the like

heard of?—it was true, our kings wedded the daughters of France; but they did it not out of love, but of policy, for the general good and aggrandizement of the nation. She would disinherit her son, and give the lands and towers to his kinsman Aymer. And yet she said love was an overmastering passion, and it would be a pity to disinherit a brave youth because he fell in love with a fair face. Beatrice was alone unmoved among them all, and never for a moment coupled dishonour with her lover's name.

"It happened one evening that a minstrel came to the gate; and sought to overcome the churlishness of the porter by singing one of the old predatory ballads of the border, but the porter listened to his favourite minstrelsy, and shook his head, and bade him begone. The old man, for he was very old, and with locks like snow, said, 'The gate of Heron tower had never been shut against music and poetry,—he had been with the great lords in the wars in Normandy, and could sing many a song of gallant deeds;—fair fall the kind heart that cheered the minstrel,—and foul fall the churlish hand that bolted the jealous gate.' Beatrice, who was seated at her window, heard him pleading earnestly for admission, and she desired Sir Aymer to be kind, and remember that all good and gallant knights were lovers of historic song. 'To please thee, lady,' said Sir Aymer, 'I will admit this idle ballad-maker for a single night; he is one of a lying race, who exalt the low, and depress the noble, and for a paltry piece of gold stain high and heroic names. I am no lover of the race, but your wish is enough.' And he arose, and conducted the minstrel to the presence-chamber.

"He was an old man, and of low stature, had been a harper from his youth, and a warrior from his cradle, and he belonged to that district of long-contested ground called the debatable land of the border. Sometimes he followed the Scottish, and sometimes the

English army, and, like many loftier personages of that period, was alternately a robber and defender of his country. He came and made a low obeisance, and was questioned by Beatrice of the wars in Normandy, and of the deeds of arms. He said, of the achievements of the army he knew little; it was the valour and heroism of single warriors of which he sung; he left the deeds of the multitude to the historian. Many songs he had framed of joy for the victor, and lament for the vanquished, and of sorrow for those who fell in battle. But the days of his singing were well nigh done,—and it mattered not,—for wicked and politic men had made use of the gentle craft for base and unworthy purposes, and the long reign of historic poesie was drawing to a close. And he sat silent, and seemed unwilling to give any proof of his skill, and Beatrice came near him, and spoke of the poetry of her country,—of the rude but graphic strains of chivalry and romance; and repeated some of the tenderer passages with a grace and felicity which charmed all present, save the minstrel himself.—'I too,' said the old harper, 'can sing a Scotch song to the harp, and in my youth my songs of joy and mirth were famed far and wide,—but of late all my love of mirth is fled, and my strains are now of a sadder and solemn kind; therefore press me not, lady, for I wish not to make so fair a face sad.' And he drew his aged hands over the harpstrings, which emitted a low and melancholy sound, like the prelude to a funeral dirge. 'I would have thee to sing us some sad story,' said Beatrice; 'let it be no idle fiction. (for idle fictions are abroad); let truth honour thy harpstrings,—the songs of my native land are all songs of truth.' And the minstrel turned his face away, and said, 'I shall sing thee a song of truth,—my last and my saddest—and when I have sung it, I care not if I die, for the scene which inspired it will ever be before me, asleep or awake. I saw him lying with his sword

hand, lady, and I heard his	an eye it has wet with tears, and it may
and there is nothing of the song	wet thine. Listen to the song, lady,
ut the rude melody and rhyme	and let the owner of this tower listen,
he said I have sung, and many	—I come to sing a song of truth.'

Hugh Heron.

All by the lake Hugh Heron lay
 'Mong rushes long and green,
 The sward around was soak'd with blood,
 For there fierce strife had been ;
 From his fair face he moved the helm,
 And wiped his bloody brow,
 " Oh shining helm and shady plume,
 What brow shall bear ye now ?
 I've worn ye where shafts fell like snow,
 And swords were sharp and sheer,
 And waved ye when men raised the shout,
 Of victory in mine ear."

All by the lake Hugh Heron lay,
 With dying hand he drew
 His bright blade like a sun-beam, out,—
 " O sword, oft tried and true,
 Through snowy Scotland, sunny Spain,
 In glory hast thou swept,
 And pass'd o'er France's palmy plains,
 And all her ladies wept.
 Men knew by cloven shields and helms,
 And life's blood on the grass,
 And shuddering of the strongest hearts,
 Where my good weapon was.

" O, never more amid the ranks
 Of warriors shalt thou gleam,
 Or shine with me on Tweed's green banks,
 Or Eske's romantic stream.
 What now shall shield the hoary head,
 When war comes with a sweep,
 Or save the mothers when they clasp
 Their tender ones and weep ?
 Oft have I prayed, nigh to the close
 Of some victorious day,
 Thus to lie with thee in my hand,
 And see light fade away."

All by the lake Hugh Heron lay,
 When moved the waters blue ;
 " Ah little thought my mother dear,
 When her sweet breast I drew,—
 Ah little thought my own true love,
 When, with a trembling hand,
 She bound my plumed basnet on,
 And girded fast my brand ;

And blest me with her sweet Scotch tongue,
 And followed with her eye,
 That I should fall in a far land,
 With none who loved me nigh.

"And yet it is more meet," he said,
 "My good sword in my hand,
 My plumed basnet on my brow,
 To fall in a far land,
 When earth yet shakes with rushing steeds,
 And rocks ring with the cry
 Of warriors in the shock, and all
 Man's spirits mounted high,
 Than where my true love wrings her hands,
 And sobbing side by side,
 Sheds out her soft soul at her eyes;"—
 And so Hugh Heron died.

"When this song was done, Beatrice arose, laid a string of pearls on the minstrel's harp, and moved out of the chamber, her bosom heaving till the lace which covered it seemed like to burst. She reached her chamber door, when a sob and groan were heard, and she dropt on the threshold. Lady Heron came and watched over her like a mother. The peasants missed her at morn, and noon, and twilight, sitting looking seaward on the castle-top for eight whole days; with the ninth she re-appeared again, and the sound of her voice and lute was heard once more coming from the latticed window of her little chamber.

"This was in summer, and the middle of harvest came, yet brought no certain tidings of Sir Hugh Heron. Of rumours there were many, but all so contradictory, and strange, and romantic, as to exceed all ordinary belief,—yet they filled the mind of Beatrice with doubt and apprehension. The song of the minstrel she esteemed only as one of those fictions in which poets take the advantage of a wound or lost battle, to raise the wail and the lament, and call the attention of the world to the object of their esteem. But if she retained her outward show of spirit and resolution, a secret trouble was visible in her eye, and a change had come to

the bloom of her cheek. Sir Hugh was duteous and respectful,—for the safety of the castle, and so strict and jealous, that he permitted no one to speak to the ladies till conversed with them privately; rumoured that many a messenger present, and letter came from Lady Heron, which never found their way, as the sender wished; and menials and servants whispered that he loved a young lady, and coveted the bride of Sir Hugh Heron.

"Of all this no suspicion was to be entertained in the tower, for Sir Aymer had sole charge and Lady Heron seldom left her chamber save for devotion in the chapel; she continued often till a late hour. Beatrice was her constant companion, and to a meek and gentle nature much tenderness of heart, and much ardent and enthusiastic love for her as her own child, and wish to save her son from the wars, that she lay her hand on his head, and bid him, and go to the altar with her Beatrice. But the love of Beatrice for the affection of Sir Hugh, and the love of Lady Heron were not to be without peril and blood.

"It is said, that during the wars, the strange vision which appeared to Sir Hugh Heron in the

continued to haunt him, and his knowledge of his kinsman's nature filled his mind with mistrust and forebodings. The utter silence of his mother and his mistress to all the presents and messages sent them would have brought him from the uttermost ends of the earth, and not the heroic duties to which his country had called him demanded heart and hand. That his home, and his mother, and his mistress were ever present to his mind, was proved at the memorable storming of Caen, when, amid the carnage and the outcry, he burst into the secret residence of a Norman necromancer, with his battle-axe un wiped and bloody, told his name, and demanded to see in the magician's mirror his native tower, his mother, and his love. The magician looked on this young and armed apparition, and said, 'Look there, my child.' And he looked in the mirror, and there his native valley lay in summer beauty,—herons sat by the quiet lake,—the gates of his tower were closed,—his mother sat numbering the days and hours he had been absent, and Beatrice was in her chamber pressing to her bosom a token which he had given her of his love. And he smiled, and said, 'I will place two warriors from that little valley at thy chamber door, and woe to those who seek to molest thy gray hairs.'—And the old man looked mournfully upon him, and said, 'You have seen the present, my child; look, and behold the future, and know that to a determined heart wings are given,—your fate is in your own hand.' And he looked into the magic mirror again, and the blood rushed burning to his temples;—he stood for a little space, and then exclaimed, 'Eternal villain!' and smote the mirror with his battle-axe till he cleft the steel frame in two;—and out of the chamber and over the rent and battered walls he went, like one who bends his heart to do a desperate deed.

"It had long been a custom with the house of Heron to go once every third

year round the marches of their grounds—the first in blood walked at the head of the procession, with banners displayed, and with music playing. On the renewal of this pageant, much pains had been taken to render it striking and gorgeous. Horses richly caparisoned, pennons of all hues, and banners won in battle were mixed with the retainers, who were all completely armed; and mirth, and minstrelsy, and wine abounded. The way was rough and mountainous, the vales were deep and bushy, and the streamlets many, and rocky, and turbulent, so they marched but a little way by noon, and the sun was high the setting when they reached the sea side.

"The scene before them was beautiful, and the natural splendour of rock and wave was increased by a number of barges covered with flags and streamers, to convey the procession along the maritime boundary of the land. Lady Heron, and one or two of the attendant matrons of her household, and several of her armed retainers were placed in the first barge, and at the sound of a trumpet it darted from the shore, and the music which came from its crowded decks rung mellow along the bosom of the sea. Other barges followed, and last of all, and a bowshot behind, came the barge of Sir Aymer, manned by his own friends—men lured by the love of rich dresses and good pay from the wild and licentious border,—with dauntless hearts and strong hands, and marvellously slender systems of morality. A minstrel was there, but he seemed more of a warrior than a bard, and the music was all of a rough and martial kind.

It was with a heart free of all suspicion that Beatrice gave her hand to Sir Aymer, and was placed on the prow of his barge on a cushion of velvet and under a canopy of silk. Her lover's stag hound, the faithful companion of all her journeys, was at her side; and she sat and looked on the darkening waters and the receding shore with a

heart ill at rest. More visible cause for alarm soon came. Since mid-day the distant clouds had begun to gather themselves together over the bosom of the sea; a dark cloud had descended among the neighbouring mountains, and as the procession moved, the cloud moved, and hung dark and vast over a line of steep and lofty rocks at a little distance. The sun, which seemed with its fervent light to keep the clouds of sea and land asunder, now sunk fairly down, the clouds increased and came rolling together, and when they met, the wind rose with a rush, the lightning flashed, and the sea swelled and heaved; and there was a thick darkness, in which no man could see a lance's length. The mirth of the minstrel and the merry songs of the mariners were drowned in the gusts of wind and in the chafing of the waves on beach and cliff. The coast along which they sailed was dangerous and rocky, with sharp headlands and wild caverns, in which the storm moaned and roved by fits, still the sea was not violently agitated, and they moved away with oar and with sail. All at once, however, the tempest stooped down to the water, and heaved it midmast high, and the big and thick-descending drops of rain made the decks reek as if the barge had been on fire. The death-shrieks of creatures drowning were heard for a moment above the noise of the storm; and Sir Aymer directed his barge to the shelter of a little bay, scooped out of the rocks, overhung with trees, and terminating in a wild and beautiful cavern.

"It was with an involuntary shudder that Beatrice submitted to be borne into this lonely and beautiful cavern;—cushions were placed in one of the recesses for her accommodation, and the rude followers of Sir Aymer busied themselves to render the place pleasant and agreeable. Torches were kindled and placed within the entrance, and beside them the mariners and soldiers stood, expecting the storm to subside, and uttering profane jests, and singing

licentious songs. Beatrice sat at a considerable distance from this rude group, a small torch burned beside her, and before her stood Sir Aymer, silent and thoughtful, a dark flash was on his face, and he seemed forming some evil resolution. She watched his looks; he was ever a man of few words, and now his power of speech seemed overmastered by some internal commotion. 'Sir Aymer,' said she, 'this fearful storm and the perils to which Lady Heron is exposed trouble you sore: look out on the night, and tell me if the tempest is likely soon to abate.' 'Ho there, Stephen,' said Sir Aymer, 'look to sea and sky, and say what further they bode.' A step was heard, and a hoarse voice answered, 'The sky is black as hell, and the sea seethes like a cauldron of pitch, can't say when the storm may slacken.' Sir Aymer strode a pace or two, and said, 'By the might of heaven, lady, love for you troubles me more than a thousand storms; I have loved you fondly, and I have loved you long.' 'Sir Knight,' said Beatrice, 'have you forgot your vows of honour and arms, and have you forgot Sir Hugh Heron? But you wish to be pleasant of speech in this dreary hour; I am glad to hear you speak, and if you will describe one of your well-fought battles, you will find me a patient listener; but talk not of love.' 'Lady,' said he, 'I have ever lost the love of my bosom for lack of honeyed words, and I must plead my cause in the way that fortune will; those arms (and he held out his hands towards her), can fold ye and guard ye against all who either love and hate you.' And he seized her suddenly by the mantle. In a moment the stag hound which lay at her feet sprung at his throat, and had not a thick hunting-dress of buff, ornamented with chains of steel and gold, which reached high up his neck, protected him, the bite had been deadly. He seized the stag hound with one hand, uttered a deep imprecation, and with the other hand drawing his sword, cleft it in two, and flung it

the floor of the cavern. 'And now, my mistress,' he said, 'will I show you how Sir Aymer wooes; I remember your words of jest and scorn, your mockery at the bluntness of my speech, and my insensibility of the melody of me, and the harmony of music, when I danced so gaily with the Dacres and Selbys, and the hall rung with laughter at me.' And sheathing his sword he stepped close to where she stood, and offered to take her in his arms.

"With dilated eyes, and hair which seemed moving with horror, and with a shuddering frame, Beatrice gazed on him for a moment. 'Villain,' she said, 'I know not the might of woman's love-hate; ye have never learned to look on her with reverence or with awe; I learn it now; in the weakest virgin my father's house there is a courage that scorns ye and defies ye. Dare but touch me, and if heaven's fire, which now makes this cavern as bright as noon, strike ye not to the earth, a hand dread not shall work God's work.' And she put her hand in her bosom, and drawing out a dagger, said, 'Sir Aymer, see, this lay in my bosom when I was among pirates; with this the hawk is mighty, and woman is equal to the man. Another step, and time is done with one of us.' Sir Aymer quailed, and looked on her for a moment; his frame shook, and his brow darkened, but grim as his looks grew, he still smiled, and he sprung towards her like a beast of prey springing on a hare. 'Minion,' he said, 'ye have your own blood: my revenge shall be but an armless kiss.' And the dagger, as he threw it away, rung against the side of the cavern. She called on God and called on her love, and her cries of pain and terrible despair were not uttered in vain.

"The storm had now subsided; the sun streamed out from among the parting clouds, and the plash of the under-rain and the howling of the wind had ceased. A boat pushed sud-

denly ashore; hasty words and heavy blows, and death groans were heard; and with the rapidity of light an armed figure came; a heron plume was in his helmet, a sword was gleaming in his hand, and that light which heroism and a sense of deep wrong kindle, was burning in his eyes. It was Sir Hugh Heron. He struck Sir Aymer with the side of his sword, and said, 'Turn, thou only faithless knight of my name; turn, and draw, else I strike ye dead where ye stand.' And Sir Aymer drew his sword, and said, 'I have longed to wet my sword with thee in this quarrel; and I will wet it in thy heart,' and he made a blow, and there was a sore strife between them. When Beatrice beheld her lover, she fell on her knees, and held up her hands in prayer: she knelt so near, that the blood which the sword drew was sprinkled on her white hands and on her pale cheeks. She closed her eyes, and heard for a time the sound of swords, and the moving to and fro of hurried feet; they were a moment mute, and then the combat grew more fierce than ever. At length Sir Aymer fell pierced through and through, and while he lay in the agonies of death, Beatrice threw herself on her lover's bosom, and sobbed out his name. He sheathed his sword and kissed her forehead and her lips, and said, 'My love, my love, I learned thy danger in a far land, and the first voice I heard when the storm drove our boat into this little lovely bay, was thine calling on God and Hugh Heron.'"

Here I made a pause in my narrative, and my companion, who had maintained silence much longer than I expected, looked on me and exclaimed, "Call ye that the Tale of Hugh Heron? The best of the story is to come, and will ye stop when the danger is over, and the mirth, and the minstrels, and the bridal lights are coming? Ye have not said how his mother came and fell on the neck of her son,—how the body of Sir Aymer was borne into the shrine of our lady, that the vision which Sir Hugh

saw might be fulfilled; and the stains of his blood are in the marble floor to this day. And if ye scorn bridal mirth, will ye not tell how many masses were daily said for the repose of the slain

man's soul,—and how many stately sons and fair daughters blessed the marriage of Hugh Heron and the fair maid of Moffatdale?—never tell a story more.

THE BLACK GOAT OF BRANDENBURG.

A FRAGMENT.

* * * “Nothing,” exclaimed the sorcerer, “but the immolation of a perfect goat, without a single hair about him that is not black, will propitiate my master, and secure the great object for which we have so deeply laboured.”

The provinces of Russia, and the countries of Poland and Lithuania were traversed in search of this precious animal, which De Kleist and his companions at length obtained for the value of its weight in gold. The Black Goat was laid at the feet of their exorcist; who now proceeded to accomplish his purpose of compelling Lucifer to reveal the secret places where all the treasures were buried that in former times had disappeared from Germany.

At midnight, on a heath near Berlin, and under the gibbet of a newly hung

murderer, these fanatics assembled, with their conductor, to witness the consummation of this unholy work. The struggling goat was slaughtered in the most barbarous manner, and single drops of its blood, wrung out in the agonies of death, were sprinkled upon De Kleist and each of his followers. The carcass then crackled in the flames of a red fire that burnt before him, and hymns of impious adoration were chanted to the deity of Hell. These rites continued till dawn, when they were broken in upon by a party of police; and though the infatuated assistants at the scene were permitted to escape, its principal, the sorcerer, was dragged away to confinement, and perished in the dungeons of Spandau.



THE SPECTRE OF PRESBURG.

A Hungarian Tale.

troubles which agitated the continent of Europe on the death of Charles the Sixth, emperor of Germany, the heir of the ancient and illustrious house of Hapsburg, in consequence of disputed succession to his hereditary dominions, and the contest for his elective honours, are well known to all the world.

The states of Hungary, it is equally known, were on this occasion assembled at Presburg, on the summons of the new queen, the celebrated Maria Theresa, when she made her memorable appeal to the spirit and loyalty of her countrymen in behalf of her infant son, presenting to him, whom she carried in her arms, the crown of Hungary. These public events are well known; they furnished abundant matter for conversation and discussion at the time, not only in the town of Presburg, but over all Europe; they have afforded ample matter for the pen of the

historian to expatiate upon, and will ever form a remarkable epoch in the annals of our continent. The town of Presburg was almost equally occupied at this period by some events of a private nature, but perhaps in their way scarcely less remarkable.

A large number of troops were of course assembled in the town, nor was there an inn which was not almost entirely occupied by them. The most distinguished inn was a large edifice in the Gothic style of building round a spacious court. Along the principal side of the quadrangle ran a corridor, at the end of which was a large room with a vaulted roof appearing to have been once destined for a chapel. On one side of this room was an immense fireplace capable of making a noble blazing fire in the ungenial days of winter. This inn being full of troops, the officers made use of the large room in question as a mess-room, and commonly passed

their evenings there together round the chimney, enjoying the crackling of the blazing wood, canvassing over the interesting events then going forwards, and drinking in the true spirit of chivalrous gallantry, to the health and prosperity of their young and lovely queen.

They were sitting thus together one evening, when the conversation having taken a very interesting turn—as most people will agree when they know that awful histories of spectres and other supernatural appearances was the theme,—thus occupied they thought not of the time, and the midnight clock struck while they were in the midst of some tale of terror, nor thinking of separating to their respective couches for the night.

While the sound of the twelfth stroke yet vibrated on the great bell of the city clock, the door of the room opened, and an officer in the Austrian uniform entered, having his hat drawn very much over his face, his arms folded, and his eyes bent to the ground. The door closed again without its being touched by him, and he proceeded to walk slowly and solemnly along the room, making directly towards another door at the opposite end of it. The whole company, astonished at so unaccountable an intrusion, had their eyes instantly turned to him; but he continued his way with his head bent to the ground, nor were his looks once directed towards the assembled company.

"Heavens!" said one of the officers, starting from his seat, "Count Molziewitz!—I thought you had been at this moment with Khevenhuller's army?"—and he was making towards him with his hand stretched out to offer him in token of friendship: but the officer continued on his way without noticing him, and going out at the other door of the room, was seen no more.

The company looked at each other, while the utmost astonishment was impressed on their countenances, and an awful silence of some moments ensued. At length the officer, (Baron Kiezerhausen by name,) who thought he had

recognized in the mysterious stranger a friend well known to him, said, "What can this mean?—'tis Molziewitz assuredly! I must follow and question him whence this unaccountable intrusion upon us,—whence the air of mystery with which the whole transaction is attended?" and he was advancing towards the door at which the Count had made his exit.

"Nay," said Frederick von Zinzendorf, another of the officers, "you shall not go, it were fool-hardiness."

"Fool-hardiness! What do you mean?" said Kiezerhausen; "I hope you don't think that I am so easily daunted!"—Yet his countenance expressed considerable doubts as to the safety of such a movement; and though he remained upon his legs, neither of them stirred for the execution of his purpose.

"Mean?" said Zinzendorf:—"There might be nothing in the Count under his living corporeal form to daunt you,—but this figure—"

"Well, this figure," said Kiezerhausen; "I am sure 'tis Molziewitz."

"Aye, but are you sure that Molziewitz is still alive?"

"Pshaw!—We have been talking of ghosts and spectres till your heated imagination is possessing itself with the whimsical notion that we have had a visit from a ghost.—But let me observe, that a ghost, according to all the established forms of the incorporeal world, must have appeared in his winding-sheet, not in a full-dressed uniform."

"Nay, pardon me," said Augustus von Birkenenthal, "if the body be not yet buried, how should the spirit appear in a winding-sheet?—Of course, while uninterred—"

"Upon my word," said Kiezerhausen, "you are very learned in these matters; it should seem as if this were not the first time—"

"Whether first or not," said Birkenenthal, "I should think it quite as well not to treat the subject with so much levity."

he appearance is indeed unaccountable," said Henry von Wingerode; "shall soldiers be afraid?—No, follow and investigate the matter. It is some cheat, some vile impostor, and perhaps for some very vile reason. Our enemies know that Hungarians are not to be daunted in the face of who can say what weapons they will endeavour to employ against us?—We have been talking of supernatural appearances, such at least as are so reputed, till we have almost persuaded ourselves to believe in them, and consider this as one. But away with all folly; let us all go together, and reach to the bottom of the matter. The room into which that door leads is, I all know, my apartment; there is no other exit from it but that one through which the impostor, for such I am persuaded he is, cannot have made his escape; let us drag him from his lurking-place, and force him to confess the truth, which has led to this unaccountable and empty at terrifying us."

The rest of the company looked at him. "Wingerode is in the right," said one; "'tis unmanly to be alarmed. Away with our terrors, the room be instantly searched." The door was stirred not.

Who told you that we were alarmed?" said another. "I am sure that I am not:—away then to the search. Wingerode, since 'tis your apartment, lead the way." At the same time he reached his hand to his sword; enabled so that he could not draw, he leant his knees knocked together as if of his bravery.

Barthausen sat musing:—"Is this the end then," he said, "indeed no more?"

"But come come, let us search the room!"—and he advanced towards the door, followed by the rest.

The apartment was now strictly searched; but no trace whatever was to be found of any person, nor did any appearance which could indicate that the object they were in search of had been there. There was no closet to the

room, no place in which any one could be concealed, excepting under the bed; but this was strictly examined, and still nothing was to be seen. To escape by the window was next to impossible; it was high from the ground within, and there was a vast leap to take from it down into the court below: besides, the Gothic mullions were so close that there was scarcely room to admit of a human body passing between them. Still the search was continued for some time; they seemed unable sufficiently to convince themselves that no person was there. It was, however, at length abandoned, and as if by one accord the company quitted the room and resumed their stations round the chimney.

Here they sat for a considerable time in profound silence, their eyes commonly fixed on the blazing fire, only now and then wandering towards the doors at which the spectre—for such they were now all ready to believe it—had made its entrance and its exit.

At length Birkenthal broke the silence, and addressing himself to Wingerode said, "You will not, I hope, think of sleeping in that room to-night?"

"Most undoubtedly I shall sleep there,—you would not have me quit it upon this account?"

"Let me entreat you—"

"Come, come, Birkenthal, you are a coward."

"Take care what you say; that word must not be lightly used. I hope the field of battle can sufficiently attest that I do not deserve such an epithet, but there is no valour in braving appearances evidently not human."

"Where is your evidence," said Wingerode, "that this is any thing more than human?—I am not disposed to detract in any way from Omnipotence; but I must be well convinced that Omnipotence has ever been exercised in presenting supernatural appearances to mortals, before I can believe in them; and I never yet heard of any that was not afterwards accounted for in some natural way, either by the

wanderings of a disturbed imagination, or by the practice of some imposture. Therefore, in that room only do I sleep, so good night :” and away he went to his room.

“ Heaven guard and preserve him !” said Birkenthal, throwing himself involuntarily upon his knees.

“ Indeed,” said Kiezerhausen, “ I am not wholly at my ease upon this subject. I know Molziewitz well, we have been acquainted from our infancy ; and though ’tis true no very close intimacy ever subsisted between us, yet I think I have sufficient knowledge of him to pronounce that he is incapable of lending himself to any imposture ; he ever appeared to me frank, open-hearted, having the highest sense of honour. Then since I am convinced that the figure we saw was the Count, and that the idea of any imposition would be spurned by him, what am I to think ?—Heaven knows that I have never been credulous, never given to superstition, but we must believe what it is impossible to disbelieve.”

“ You do believe then that it is the spirit of your friend that we have seen ?” said Birkenthal.

“ I by no means yet believe it,” said Kiezerhausen ; “ but I confess that my mind is visited by strange doubts and imaginings, such as till this moment I could not have conceived would ever find a harbour there.”

“ And you will, perhaps, not be so wholly sceptical when I talk to you again of the gigantic form I once saw when wandering among the mountains near this town.”

“ That was a very extraordinary kind of spectre indeed,” said Kiezerhausen, “ since it walked by day, not by night.”

“ By day or by night no matter, the question is, whether supernatural appearances are not occasionally to be seen ? and nothing shall ever persuade me but that I did, one day in walking among the mountains, see a figure of the human form, but gigantic in its size,

and evidently not palpable to the touch as the sight. This I assert that I did see ; nor can any jokes or jibes—no, nor any the most solid reasoning, convince me to the contrary.”

“ Yet twice afterwards, when I went with you to the spot in hopes of seeing the vision, it was seized with a fit of perverseness and would not show itself.”

“ Very true : but supposing we should all agree to meet here again to-morrow evening in expectation of another visit from the spectre, yet it should not appear, would you, because it did not happen then to come forwards, attempt to persuade me that we have not seen it to-night ?”

“ Certainly not. I know we have seen a figure, which I sincerely believe to be Count Molziewitz, pass through the room ; I shall never attempt to deny it ; and shall as readily acknowledge that I know not what we ought to think of an appearance so extraordinary.”

In this kind of conversation the company continued to pass the time away, not one appearing to have any inclination to move till the day began to dawn, when they separated, though not to their beds, the return of day summoning them to their respective avocations. On separating, they all agreed not to mention a word of what had passed, and to assemble again in the evening to wait the arrival of midnight, and see whether that might furnish them with any further insight into the matter. Thus of the whole party Wingerode alone had shown sufficient firmness and composure of mind not to suffer an appearance, which might be allowed to appal even a very courageous mind, to have any influence over him.

On the contrary, his repose, as several of his brethren judged by the effect, must have been more than commonly sound, since at the hour of parade in the morning he had not yet left his apartment. Birkenthal thought otherwise : “ Heaven grant,” he exclaimed, “ that he may not have paid the forfeit

of his rashness!—What is to be done?"

"Pshaw!" said Kiezerhausen, "that is very obvious." And he immediately dispatched a soldier to his room to awaken him and summon him to his duty.

The soldier presently returned, running in great haste, with his face pale as death, and the utmost horror impressed upon it, saying that Captain Wingerode was dead.—The astonishment with which every one who had been present the preceding evening was struck is not to be described, and they all flew in the utmost haste to the captain's bedside. Even Birkenthal was so shocked at the idea of his companion being thus suddenly taken off, that he thought only of the affecting circumstance, and flew with the same ardour as the rest, without once adverting to the supernatural cause by which, according to all appearance, the event had been accomplished. They found, however, on their arrival that the soldier had been somewhat too hasty in announcing the captain's death: he was indeed senseless, but not lifeless, and medical aid was instantly sent for.

A considerable time elapsed before the efforts to recover him were crowned with success: at length his eyes opened, and he looked wildly around, but did not speak. "How is it, captain?" said Kiezerhausen. The captain's eyes were turned to him, but he made no answer. "Will you not speak, Wingerode?" said Kiezerhausen. Wingerode's eyes were again directed to him with a half-vacant stare: but presently some signs of returning recollection began to appear, when rubbing his eyes as if to clear his sight, he suddenly exclaimed, "Who are these?" Then starting up in the bed he looked wildly to the door of them: "No, no," he said, "I am mistaken, I thought I saw him coming!"

"Saw who coming?" said the physician.

Wingerode fixed his eyes upon him:

he seemed now first aware of the course of people assembled round the bed, and said in a tone of impatience "Away with ye all—you shall not get a syllable from me!"

"His head evidently wanders," said the physician; it were better that he should be more quiet; pray ye all leave the room except this one gentleman," pointing to Kiezerhausen, who seems more particularly the sick man's friend."

The company retired. Wingerode looked eagerly after them as they quitted the room; then addressing Kiezerhausen, "I am myself again," he said with the utmost vehemence, pressing his hand with more than common warmth: "I recollect every thing that has happened; but for the love of heaven, my friend, ask me no questions, for none can I answer. Let this suffice; and do not, by questioning me, force me to fly society for ever."

Kiezerhausen was now more perplexed than ever; yet the request was made with an earnestness which seemed to forbid his saying more, at least for that moment, and he remained silent: his eyes were, however, directed to Wingerode with an expression which convinced the latter that he thought his head wandering. "Distrust me not," he said; my senses are now perfectly returned; nor need you fear a relapse: leave me, therefore, I entreat, let me rise and dress myself, and I will be with you instantly at the parade." He did, indeed, appear both to his friend and the physician so far recovered that he might be left without danger, and they complied with his request.

The physician could not now forbear inquiring whether any thing very particular had occurred which could occasion the fit, observing that it was evidently produced by disease of the mind much rather than of the body; and he thought that great attention ought to be paid to the gentleman, since there was reason to apprehend a total derangement of his intellects. Kiezerhausen on this thought it right, notwithstanding the

agreement made among the party not to reveal their secret, to recount all that had passed to the physician, that he might be furnished with the proper clue in case his advice and assistance should again be found necessary. The physician was like one thunderstruck, his countenance expressing an awe and astonishment much beyond even that with which the narrator and his party had been impressed when the vision appeared; and he went away evidently under the influence of the most unbounded terror.

For Kiezerhausen himself, if the vision had appeared to him wholly unaccountable, how much was the agitation of his mind increased by the state in which Wingerode had been found, and by the pertinacity with which he refused affording any insight into the cause of it! Till the preceding evening, every story of supernatural appearances had been not merely disbelieved by him, but treated with the utmost contempt: enough, he thought, had now been seen and heard to justify doubts even in a mind least disposed to credulity. The rest of the officers having waited in the great room, he requested them to return to the parade, assuring them that Wingerode was perfectly well, and would accompany him to join them as soon as he was dressed.

Wingerode delayed not long before he appeared; when Kiezerhausen said, "I must transgress the injunction laid upon me, and ask what can have occasioned the state in which you were found this morning?"

"Ask me nothing," said Wingerode, "I cannot—will not answer any questions; be satisfied that I yield in this to an imperious necessity, nor torment yourself with seeking knowledge which must be denied you, and me with forcing me to repeat these denials." Kiezerhausen was mortified, but he remained mute; and mounting their horses they were at the parade in a few minutes.

It was impossible that an event so

extraordinary as the state in which Captain Wingerode had been found, should not be all over the inn in a moment, and gave occasion to many very ingenious speculations. As yet, however, nothing more was known than the circumstance that he had been found dead, as was at first supposed, but which afterwards proved only a temporary suspension of life. A thousand hows, whys, and wherefores were still necessary to be solved for a complete elucidation of the story; and to obtain these the host was in waiting for the physician's descent from the sick man's room. The physician descended, and in a few moments had a very large audience collected around him, all brimful from top to toe of eager impatience and curiosity. He not being enjoined to secrecy, for this, in the ardour of his narration, Kiezerhausen had wholly forgotten; and not being selfish in his nature, so that he had no disposition to keep so choice a morceau to banquet upon entirely by himself, but having, on the contrary, rather an eager titillation to communicate the important events with which his bosom was swelling; thus urged on, he stroked his chin, and collecting all his wisdom and importance into his countenance, immediately began to relate, with genuine emphasis and true pathos, the astonishing particulars of which he was in possession. Above all things, he did not forget to expatiate very elaborately on the wondrous skill he had manifested in recovering his patient from an attack which was so much the more alarming since not produced by any human cause, but evidently the effect of supernatural agency. Indeed before his harangue was finished he had wrought himself up to so prodigious an opinion of his own abilities in the kind of exorcism he had practised, that he could by no means rest contented with this one detail of it; there was not a patient whom he visited in the course of the day to whom every particular was not carefully revealed—who was no tgiven

stand the extraordinary skill of
nt they had judiciously selected
guardian of their health, as their
on against the encroachments of
ly king of terrors.

ssiduity in circulating the story
sides ably seconded by the nu-
bands to whom he had been
orter. His audience at the inn
ed but to go and harangue in
rns wherever they could collect
ience together, and that was in
rter of the town to which their
ere directed. Visitors too, mak-
ir obliging calls of inquiry after
alth of the doctor's patients
warded for their kind solicitude
g made partakers of the doctor's
and they, in their turn, became
regulators of it. Thus, in the
of a few hours, the Spectre of
was the sole topic of conversa-
oughout Presburg, nor could any
ceed the heart-delighting hor-
h which it inspired every bosom.
poor host of the inn alone, Hans
by name, could not partake in
meral delight. Assuredly he
ave been no less gratified than
man by hearing the history of
perambulating the house of any
neighbours, but his fears were
sely alarmed at hearing of one
own. Not so much, however,
atural fear of every thing super-
though he held the incorporeal
n all possible veneration, nor
upon any consideration, have
the precincts after sunset, yet
ning all this respect for the
of the yawning grave, his great
now was lest his house should
the reputation of being haunted,
ng guests should thence be de-
rom frequenting it. He there-
ver began the subject himself,
en questioned upon it, affected
it with indifference, observing
hrug of his shoulder, and a sig-
wink of his eye, that officers
little apt to push the bottle about
ly, and then they saw all sorts

of strange things. It may, notwithstand-
ing, be questioned whether any power
on earth could have forced him into the
great room at midnight.

Leaving the good gossips of the town
to the full enjoyment of their banquet,
let us return to see what passed at the
parade.—Not many minutes after Kie-
zerhausen and Captain Wingerode ar-
rived there, a dispatch was put into the
hands of count Lowenstein, the com-
manding officer, sent to him by the
queen. The count opened it; and
having first run it over to himself, sum-
moned the other officers round him, and
read it aloud to them. It was from the
gallant Khevenhuller, giving an account
of an action which had taken place be-
tween his army and that of the united
French and Bavarians, in which the
victory remained on his side. The let-
ter concluded with saying that no officer
of note had fallen on the occasion, ex-
cept the brave count Molziewitz, a loss
which would be severely felt by the
whole army, which was indeed a severe
blow to the cause itself. The officers
listened with the utmost attention to
this important intelligence; but when
the death of Molziewitz was mentioned,
nothing could exceed the astonishment
and consternation which spread them-
selves over the countenances of all who
had been present at his appearance the
evening before. For Wingerode, such
was the impression made upon him,
that clapping spurs to his horse he rode
off at full speed, and was out of sight
in a moment.

Count Lowenstein was now on his
side scarcely less astonished and con-
founded than the rest of the company.
He had communicated intelligence which
he had expected to have diffused gen-
eral satisfaction, and he saw it produce
nothing but consternation and terror.
“How is this?” he said; “what
am I to think of the manner in which
these joyful tidings of the success of our
arms have been received? True, the
victory may not have been so entire and
splendid as the general zeal in our

cause could wish; but the advantage is important, and sufficient to inspire some exultation, not these terrified and downcast looks. Scarcely could ye have appeared more confounded and horror-stricken had ye been informed that the whole army, with Khevenhuller at their head, were cut to pieces. Nay, how is it possible to account for captain Wingerode's abrupt departure from the post where his duty as a soldier demanded his presence?"

"Indeed," said Kiezerhausen, "your excellency's remonstrance has every appearance of being perfectly just and reasonable; yet I must flatter myself that when you have learned the cause of what you have witnessed, your displeasure will cease, and, instead of condemning, you will compassionate poor Wingerode. Alas! I fear his intellects are deranged by a scene which was sufficient to endanger the intellects of us all."

"What do you mean?" said count Lowenstein; "speak instantly! What can have happened since we separated yesterday evening, when nothing of this kind appeared among you, that could nearly derange the intellects of the officers of a whole regiment?"

"I must," said Kiezerhausen, "invoke your excellency's utmost candour in listening to my story. I know it is of a nature which might lead any one to suspect that the glass had been going round among us till we were incapable of making use of our senses: yet I can solemnly assure your excellency that we were all as sober as you are yourself at this moment."

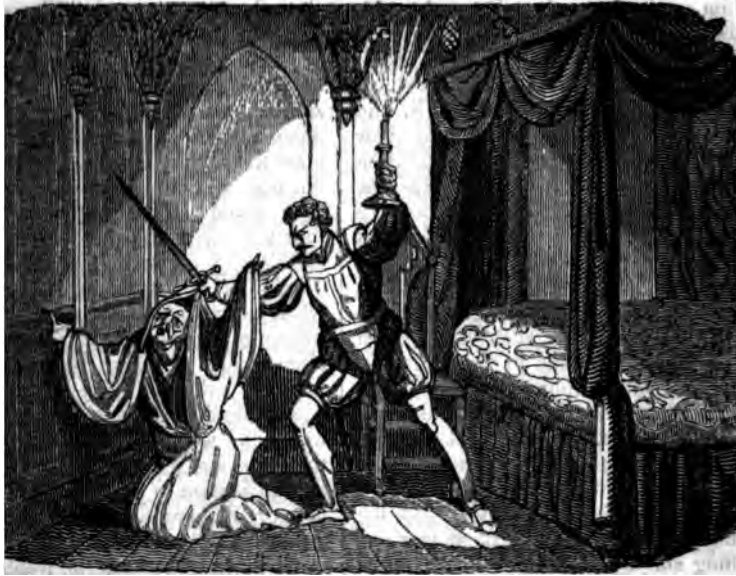
"Come, come, no more preamble, but to the point."

Kiezerhausen then related every circumstance of his marvellous story from beginning to end, concluding the detail with saying, "Surely your excellency will now acknowledge that it was not without some reason we were all impressed with such astonishment and consternation when the death of count Molziewitz was mentioned?"

"The story is indeed strange the count. "After the assurances have given me, I should be guilty of the greatest injustice could I add many gallant men by harbouring least suspicion that they were in of inebriety. I must therefore say that the figure you describe was really seen, but what to think of it is wholly at a loss. If there be indeed in the case, 'tis of so singular a nature that it is impossible to form a conjecture respecting the object proposed in practising it. Yet I never could frame my mind to it in the departed spirit still was about the earth, I must have much evidence before I can believe it. I must myself, and for that purpose will be your party this evening. Perhaps we shall now be for the intrusion of an extraordinary a guest, if he does we shall be able to make our objections upon him with more coolness and composure."

Kiezerhausen now thought of Wingerode, and suggested the propriety of taking some measures to learn what had become of him, adding the strong apprehensions concerning the state of his mind. Count Lowenstein perceived that this idea coincided with his own; and Kiezerhausen, with several of the others, undertook to go in different directions, trusting that by this means some other might obtain tidings of him. He had been pursued at the moment he started, 'tis possible that he might have been brought back; but the greatest part of an hour having elapsed before the pursuit was begun, it proved wholly useless. No trace of him was to be discovered, nor any intelligence to be procured, though the searches were carried to a considerable distance round the town, which could afford no probable conjecture as to his fate: the officers returned to their regular appointment under the deepest anxiety upon his account.

The sensation excited at court by



See Page 467.

rdinary affair was, if possible, than in the town. The queen was the only person whose mag- nity and resolution were not shaken.

Sevesal of the ladies would even led the town immediately, had ot been overawed by the dignity she displayed ; but fear of her sure had still greater influence. em than fear of the ghost.

re was however one lady belong- the court, on whom, from the urity of her situation, the story very different effect from all the This was a half-sister of count witz, who was one of the maids our constantly attending upon the s person, and was exceedingly l by her. For her brother, the she had all the respect of a er, and all the affection of a sis- he count was the only child of er's first marriage, and was above years older than either his sis- lady Frederica, or a brother who o the offspring of his father's se- marriage. These two young peo-

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ple, being left orphans at a very tender age, the count had been a father to them, and deserved all the love and respect his sister bore him. She was now in her twenty-first year, in the full bloom of youth and beauty, and among all the ladies about the court was the only one who, for loveliness of countenance and elegance of form, could be placed in any competition with the all-enchanting and fascinating queen.

To this young creature the news of her brother's death was, as every one must immediately conceive, a most heart-rending stroke. But when the rumour reached her that his spirit had been seen in Presburg, even before his death was known there, such an effect was produced on her mind that she became little less than a maniac. She vowed that she would watch in the evening with the officers ; and if her brother's form should appear, would hang upon him, and never leave him till he had revealed the cause which made him wander thus, and imparted to her what could be done to procure

him rest in the tomb. Then, she said, though she were prescribed to walk barefoot to the remotest corner of the globe, through burning sands or over ever-during ice, she would do it, and exult in such an opportunity to show that her gratitude and sisterly affection knew no bounds. So intent was she upon endeavouring to see her brother's spirit, that nothing but being detained by positive force could have prevented her rushing out to the inn as soon as the shades of evening began to come on. Baffled in this, she engaged count Lowenstein to come to her apartment the moment he quitted his watch, and let her know whether or not the phantom had appeared. In case it had, she charged him to give her the most minute detail of the scene; and above all she inculcated upon him to assure the incorporeal visitant that there was nothing she would not undertake to procure its repose.

But though this young lady was not permitted to join the watch in the great room, the general curiosity excited was such, that numbers of persons, both officers and inhabitants of the town made the utmost interest to be admitted to it; so that the assembly consisted of treble or perhaps four times the number of the evening before, while the striking of the midnight clock was expected with the most eager emotions of mingled awe, impatience, and curiosity.

At length it struck; every eye was turned towards the door, but the door opened not. A mute silence reigned among the company; one dead—one breathless expectation, which effectually precluded words, had seized upon them all. Five minutes passed, still the door remained closed: "He comes not," said count Lowenstein. But the general expectation was still too mighty for conversation to begin, and no answer was made for another five minutes. "He surely then will not come," said Kiezerhausen; which was followed by another five minutes of awful silence.

A quarter of an hour having now

elapsed, the company now began gradually to resume their self-possession, and the conversation by degrees became brisk and animated. The ghost of Molziewitz was still, however, the sole theme; every one forming conjectures upon the subject according to the peculiar bent of his own mind. Probably they would all have been persuaded that the whole was a trick, but for the astonishing circumstance that count Molziewitz was really dead, and that when he was seen, his death was not known at Presburg. This appeared a circumstance sufficient to stagger the most incredulous. The conversation was continued for three hours beyond midnight, when all remaining quiet, they separated; no one, however, felt any inclination to occupy the chamber of poor Wingerode.

For three successive evenings did count Lowenstein keep the watch with the officers of the mess; and each night were they joined by different persons, all curious to see the termination of so singular an affair. For three days was the search after the absent Wingerode continued; but the searchings of the mornings and the watchings of the evenings were alike fruitless;—no Molziewitz appeared,—no Wingerode was to be found; till at length the ghost was little more thought of, while the anxiety upon Wingerode's account constantly increased.

Among the company present at the phantom's visit was a young man by name Storkenheim. Though only two-and-twenty years of age, he was considered by his brother-officers as a person of an uncommonly acute and penetrating mind, and he had a fund of acquired knowledge which would have done honour to one of double his years.—This young man had, from the first of the affair, always observed a strict silence upon it. While every one else was busied in forming conjectures and putting them into circulation, he alone formed none; or if he did, they remained close prisoners in his own bo-

are permitted the least egress. He had constantly attended watchings, but it was with attention; his thoughts upon were still his own, and were uncommunicated. When some companions would address Storkenheim, you do not give upon this most extraordinary?—'tis impossible but you formed one—perhaps more than any other delivered,—"Keep it to yourself?" If thus a shrug of the shoulders was answer. Even when countenance evinced some anxiety to sentiments, the same significance, accompanied by an air like contempt, seeming would have said, had not decided it, "I think you all are;" this gesture was still all that could be obtained. Others knew not what to under-stand in silence, and Lowenstein was piqued to find that it was not him no less than to the rest. He was more attentive in watching than in the hour of expectation; that it was evident that his result not from indifference; on the contrary, his penetrating eye then spoke in unequivocal terms the strong feeling which his bosom was agitated; therefore unanimously there must be some secret in his silence which none of them couldathom. On the third evening, at Lowenstein's watch, his attention was much rather directed to the ghost; and to the company about three minutes, after announcing that he would not join them any more, he withdrew aside, and said, "It is to suspect Storkenheim of aid to any imposture, yet I assure me that he knows more concerning this matter than he is to confess;—how else accounts his obstinate silence? Let

him be strictly watched: who can say what is even now passing in his mind? whether he may not be plotting in what way he can practise further upon your credulity:—therefore again I say, let him be strictly watched."

Seven nights had now passed since the first appearance of the ghost, and nothing more had been seen of him: so that the strong impression made was much diminished, and the speculations upon it were nearly exhausted. On the eighth, at the last stroke of the midnight clock, the door once more opened, and a figure stalked in, not as before arrayed in all the splendour of a full-dressed uniform, but mournfully wrapped in its complete funeral cerements. Its eyes, as before, were bent to the ground, and it marched with slow and measured steps towards the opposite door. "Who art thou?" exclaimed Kiezerhausen, "Speak—answer us directly! or—"

The phantom now raised his eyes, and turned his face full to the company: still they were the features of Molziewitz;—but of Molziewitz come from the tomb, a pale and ghastly corpse. He stopped, he raised his right hand, pointing it upwards, when a voice was instantly heard, as if it came from the vaulted roof of the chamber, "Touch him not, nor attempt to follow him, lest you damn yourselves and him to all eternity." Fresh consternation instantly seized the whole company; they remained motionless and petrified, while the spectre passed on, and made its exit, as before, into the chamber.

Storkenheim alone, from the first entrance of the figure, exhibited no symptoms of fear or consternation, but starting from his seat observed him attentively. He remained wholly unappalled by the voice, and in defiance of the strict injunction and warning given, prepared to follow him as he advanced towards the door of his retreat. Birkenthal seized his arm: "What are you about, Storkenheim?" he said: "can you be guilty of such presumption as to think of following the phantom?"

"I shall say with the phantom, 'Touch me not,'" said Storkenheim; and bursting away, he snatched up a candle, and followed the ghost, entering the chamber within a few seconds after him.

The only sensation now experienced by the whole party was that of petrified astonishment, not less at the awful vision they had seen and denunciation they had heard, than at the daring act of Storkenheim, which appeared to them equally mad and profane. They looked earnestly at each other, and seemed to wait with silent awe the stroke of thunder by which his presumption was to be punished. But the thunder came not: and after the lapse of about an hour he returned from the chamber in perfect calmness and composure, resuming his seat among the company.

The eyes of all were now turned upon him, as if in the certainty that his silence could be maintained no longer—that he must speak; that even reserve like his could not restrain his tongue, but that it must give utterance to all the wonders he had witnessed. They were mistaken: he still preserved the same silence, till at length Kiezerhausen, unable to command his impatience, said, "This is absolute cruelty, Storkenheim,—is your breast wholly insensible to any feelings for others, that you can keep so many persons on the rack?—must my feelings, above all, be thus sported with? You know my regard for Molziewitz, and if not marble yourself, must be aware of the anxiety by which I am racked to learn the reason why his spirit wanders thus.—Speak—Am I to be satisfied?"

"Be satisfied as to your friend," answered Storkenheim; "be satisfied as to yourself; no one has any cause for fear, provided the injunction you have received be strictly obeyed in case the phantom should appear again. Let this suffice; ask me no more questions, I cannot answer them."

"May we not ask whether this figure

we have seen is really the spirit of Molziewitz?"

"I have told you that I cannot answer any questions.—Good night, I advise you all to go quietly to your chambers, as I shall go to mine." So saying, he left the room.

Curiosity being now a more active principle in the minds of the company than any fear of an encounter with the ghost, Kiezerhausen and Zinzendorf followed him at a distance. His chamber was near the other end of a long corridor; they saw him go quietly into it, and heard him lock the door; they stole gently up to it and listened: they heard him awhile walking about the room as if undressing, carelessly whistling and singing all the time, and at length heard him throw himself upon the bed, where he soon began to snore vociferously.

Satisfied that he really was gone to bed, and astonished at seeing him so perfectly easy and undisturbed, they returned to his companions and reported what they had witnessed. Whether they were now most occupied with the spectre or with the extraordinary conduct of Storkenheim, it is difficult to determine. Between them both so much matter for conversation was furnished, that again the day broke in upon them before they thought of separating for the night.

Kiezerhausen felt it an imperative duty to repair the next morning in the first place to the apartments of count Lowenstein in the palace, and make him acquainted with the awe-inspiring tale. If the particulars were related by him with no little degree of emotion, it was with still greater that the count listened to him. He walked up and down the room with a hurried and agitated step: "What can be thought of all this?" he exclaimed eagerly, "what can be done under circumstances so embarrassing?—I scarcely dare carry my surmises to the effect which may be produced if this strange phenomenon continues;—for phenomenon it must

l, whether the appearance be
 nan or not. The impression
 court, and throughout the whole
 y the phantom's first intrusion,
 1, that I tremble for the conse-
 of the second. Our magnani-
 een was then the single person
 e court whose soul seemed to
 mahaken; a general terror seiz-
 he ladies in her train; it was
 iculty they were restrained from
 e town; and now I firmly be-
 t nothing but chains will retain
 it. Nay, the terror throughout
 is so great, that there is but
 h reason to apprehend its being
 leserted, and this in a moment
 erhaps the safety of the great
 cause depends on the firmness
 olution shown not only by our
 roops but by the town at large.
 exceedingly that I did not con-
 y watchings with you; I think
 have obtained some clue to
 r investigation in the matter."
 he said, continuing to pace up
 rn the room with hurried and
 steps.
 r excellency will pardon me,"
 eizerhausen, "count Lowen-
 courage has often been display-
 manner so distinguished that it
 e doubted by any one. I chal-
 y person to feel this truth more
 than I do; yet I know not how to
 e myself, if you had been with
 hat even your fortitude would
 en shaken in beholding the
 and death-like appearance of
 atom, in witnessing the solemn-
 the action when its hand was
 owards heaven, and in hearing
 l sound of the voice that suc-
 "

fortitude must have been shak-
 t it seems there was one among
 ose nerves supported him to
 he danger,* and who found no
 o repent that he had disdained
 and idle fears—Storkenheim."
 at true; and that young man's
 is to me a greater mystery,

if possible, than the appearance of the
 phantom."

"Let him be sent for; I will ques-
 tion him myself, and try whether any
 means can be devised for compelling
 him to break this obstinate silence."

"Grant Heaven that you may find it
 possible to make him speak!—With
 your excellency's approbation I will go
 myself and seek him."

"You will oblige me much."

Kiezerhausen hastened back to the
 inn: it was yet early in the morning,
 and he found Storkenheim but just
 completing his toilet. He imparted
 count Lowenstein's wish to see him up-
 on the adventures of the preceding
 evening. "I will wait upon the com-
 mander with pleasure," said Storken-
 heim.

"Shall I stop and accompany you?"
 said Kiezerhausen.

"As you please," answered the
 other.

Kiezerhausen stopped: Storkenheim
 was soon ready, and they went together
 to count Lowenstein. He was still
 pacing up and down the room with a
 hurried and agitated step; Kiezerhaus-
 en's countenance was expressive of the
 utmost anxiety—Storkenheim alone was
 perfectly calm and composed.

Count Lowenstein immediately be-
 gan: "Captain Storkenheim, I do not
 now make it my request that you will
 disclose all you know concerning this
 mysterious affair; as your commanding
 officer I lay my injunction upon you
 immediately to unravel the mystery—
 for this it is obvious you can do—or
 dread the effects of your contumacy.
 It is of importance to the public wel-
 fare that the truth should be known,
 and means shall be found to arrive at it."

"I am perfectly ready," replied
 Storkenheim, "to acknowledge the sub-
 mission due from me as an inferior
 officer to your excellency as my com-
 mander, in all matters connected with
 military discipline; but since I must
 conceive the affair in question to be of
 a nature wholly irrelevant to any mili-

tary concern, and that it cannot even by the most subtle sophisms be thrust within the military pale, your excellency must excuse me if I say to you, as I have said to my companions—I cannot, will not answer any questions upon the subject.”

The count stamped with his foot on the ground, and bit his lips in a paroxysm of rage and vexation. For some moments his irritation was so great that he could not speak. At length he broke—“Young man, young man! take care that this pertinacity be not be not carried too far. You will find that military discipline includes a much wider field than your inexperience may perhaps apprehend; and that in matters which are of importance to the public service it cannot be left at the option of every boy just entered into the army to speak or not as may suit his caprices.”

“Your excellency may do with me as you please: but you will find that no menaces which a commander can utter, no punishment which he can inflict, can draw from the lips of the boy Storkenheim one word which his heart commands him to conceal.”

“Captain Storkenheim, I stand corrected; I own that I was too hasty: that in the vexation of my soul I suffered expressions to escape me unbecoming my situation and yours; I ought to have had more self-command; but you must yourself be sensible that there are moments when 'tis difficult to preserve any, and such an one as this may surely be allowed. Here is my hand, say you excuse me.”

“I were worse than a brute did I not deeply feel this condescension, or if I could for one moment harbour a shadow of resentment at what has been so nobly, so generously atoned. Oh sir! believe me, these words of kindness have endangered my secret more, much more, than all the menaces that could have been uttered.—Yet once again I must repeat, I cannot, dare not answer any questions.”

“May we not be satisfied whether the figure which has been twice seen by you is a real corporeal form or not?”

“Still must I reply, ‘I cannot answer any questions.’”

For a moment the count was ready to burst out again into paroxysm of rage, but he commanded himself, and said, “One thing we may surely know,—must the secret go with you to the grave, or may we not hope that it will one day be unfolded?”

“I scarcely know whether I ought to answer even that;—but I hope a time may come when my lips will be sealed no longer. I pray you now, I earnestly entreat for your own repose and mine, that nothing more may be inquired of me, and that I may have leave of absence from the army for two months. If this cannot be granted consistently with the strict rules of the military service, I must resign my commission, and place myself at full liberty.”

“Must this indeed be so?—I regret to say that no leave of absence can, upon any consideration be granted to any officer at a time like this. Surely, however, some means might be found—”

“Pardon me, sir, 'tis impossible—I must be absent for two months; a necessity which cannot be resisted commands it, nor will the matter admit of a moment's delay.”

“Then your commission must be resigned. But reflect upon the appearance that a soldier's quitting his station at such a moment will have to our queen—to the world at large.”

“There are services even more important than those due from an officer to his sovereign. I am aware of all the consequences; but my commission must be resigned; before evening I shall have the honour of delivering it into your excellency's hands.”

“Since it must be so—but believe me I shall receive it with the deepest regret.”

“Which is highly gratifying to me.” And so saying, he quitted the room,

saving count Lowenstein and Kiezerhausen matter on which to speculate very abundantly.

As he passed along a gallery which led from the apartments of the count, he was met by the unhappy Lady Frederica, who with hair dishevelled, her eyes wild and distracted, and in every respect appearing as one disordered in her mind, ran eagerly to him, and clinging round him, cried, "Oh give me! give me my brother!—They say you have him under your guard—keep him not from his sister,—give him, oh give him to my arms! You saw him last night, why may not his sister see him? Never, never will she leave you till you consent to what she asks—thus will she ever cling around you till her brother is restored to her!" and she threw her arms round his neck, hiding her face in his bosom.

Storkenheim's soul was wholly subdued by a scene so affecting, nor knew he what to do or which way to turn. He involuntarily clasped the afflicted mourner, whose person was known to him, and the cause of whose agony he well understood, sympathising in it very sincerely; but of the power of speech he was wholly deprived. Count Lowenstein and Kiezerhausen hearing sounds in the gallery which they thought like those of one in deep anguish of soul, came out hastily from the count's apartment. When they saw the situation of the lovely young creature, their minds were impressed with the strongest sympathy. "Take her from me!" said Storkenheim with a look of agony, "or she will make me betray myself, my honour."

"Dear lady," said Lowenstein, loosening her hands which were still clasped round Storkenheim, "be calm, do not thus give way to a fruitless affliction which cannot recall the dead, and is torture to yourself and all around you."

"He is not dead, or if dead he still walks the earth!" she cried; "and I will see him, they shall not keep him from me. Am I not his sister, his daugh-

ter—who else has such a claim to soothe and comfort him, to carry peace to his wandering spirit?—Away, away!" and she attempted to break from Lowenstein who now held her.

"Nay, nay, madam," said the count, "do not torment yourself with these fancies, or believe that your brother's spirit—"

"It does—it does walk the earth!" she said. "Ha! there it is—I see it now—it comes towards us!—he's mine—I will have him—all the powers of darkness shall not keep him from me. Ha! ha! ha! ha! now, now I clasp him!" and she fell back upon the count's bosom in a swoon.

It was not the ghost of Molziewitz that she saw, but a lady to whose care she had been entrusted, and who, finding she had escaped, was come in search of her. With the assistance of Lowenstein she was carried back to her apartment; while Storkenheim stood fixed like a statue, his eyes only seeming to have power of motion, and with them he eagerly followed the hapless Frederica till she could be seen no more.

"How is this?" said Kiezerhausen, who remained with him, "are you and the lady Frederica known to each other?"

Storkenheim made no answer, but continued motionless as if deprived of every other organ of sense except his eyes.

"Speak!" said Kiezerhausen, shaking him, "rouse yourself, answer me: Are you and the lady Frederica known to each other?"

"Ha!—yes—no." And still for some moments he looked onwards the way that Frederica had gone. Starting at length. "'Tis past," he said, "I am myself again; but that lovely creature's distraction had well nigh deprived me of my senses."

"Yet answer me—is the lady Frederica known to you?"

"True we have met before; but never could I have supposed that she would recollect me, nor can I even now imagine how it was possible. More

than two years ago I had the honour of dancing with her a part of the evening at a private ball where we met accidentally; but was it to be imagined that from the slight circumstance I should so long after be remembered by her?—Nay, nor can I conceive what she had heard that could make her call upon me for her brother.”

“You really never knew any more of her than you say?”

“Never, so heaven be my witness!”

“I am satisfied. As to calling upon you for her brother, doubtless some of the persons about had been so unguarded as to relate in her presence the adventures of last night; and perhaps the hearing your name mentioned connected with a circumstance so extraordinary, recalled you suddenly to her recollection. The effects of mental derangement are unaccountable; things often recur to the mind at such a moment that in the hours of sanity would never be thought of.”

“True, very true; there is no more in it.”

At this moment they were rejoined by count Lowenstein, who confirmed Kiezerhausen's conjectures that the second appearance of the phantom, with all the circumstance attending it, had been unguardedly mentioned by some one in Frederica's presence, not omitting that captain Storkenheim, who, as the relator said, had talked with the ghost, was now with count Lowenstein telling him the story. Such a history entirely upset the poor young creature's reason, tottering as it was before, and occasioned the scene which had just passed.

The whole matter thus explained, Storkenheim once more took his leave of count Lowenstein and Kiezerhausen. He was seen no more that day by any of the officers; in the evening he resigned his commission into the hands of count Lowenstein, and early the next morning set off from Presburg.

On Storkenheim's quitting the count and Kiezerhausen in the morning, the former began to make many inquiries

of the latter respecting him; as, how long he had been in the regiment—what had been his conduct in general towards his brother-officers—what his general disposition appeared to be; with many others of a like description.

Kiezerhausen replied that he had been about two years in the regiment—that he understood him to be of a good family, but one of the younger among a great number of children, consequently having his fortune to seek;—that he always considered him as having a very powerful mind; and that he had a fund of knowledge on almost any subject that could be mentioned, which was absolutely extraordinary at his years, insomuch that he had often decided a point in dispute between others, and was never known to be mistaken in his decisions. At the same time he was by no means eager in putting himself forwards, he must be drawn out; if not referred to, he would perhaps suffer the conversation to go on a whole evening without joining in it, though even then his eyes sufficiently showed that his mind was not idle. On one subject he was always particularly eloquent—against a belief in supernatural appearances; and had many times combatted with the most forcible arguments the great propensity he found in his countrymen to credulity on this subject.—With Birkenthal, who had a firm belief in them, he had held many an argument against the return of the departed spirit to earth, in which Birkenthal could by no means contend with him, but defended his cause, weak in itself, very weakly. Storkenheim's eloquence and power of argument could alone have given any thing like a plausible colouring to so poor a cause. if he would have defended it, but it fell to nothing when opposed by him.

Lowenstein then inquired whether Kiezerhausen could in any way account for the conduct he had observed ever since the supposed phantom's first appearance. He said he could not; that he had sometimes thought his mind was

wavering, that he was almost persuaded that it was really the departed spirit of Molziewitz; but that having so often and so strenuously combated the belief in spirits, consistency would not suffer him to recant; while feeling, if not absolute conviction that he had been in the wrong, at least something very like it, he dared not any longer maintain his former opinions. Nay, he said an idea had struck him very forcibly, that it was in fact this conviction which he could not bear to own, yet could not resist, that occasioned him to resign his commission and quit Presburg. What he saw and heard in the chamber when he followed the phantom might impress him with this conviction, and this might be the true cause of his resolute silence; his mind being naturally powerful might carry him through in the appearance of calm which he chose to assume, while perhaps very different feelings occupied his mind. Even his leaving the company immediately might be probably be the effect of involuntary apprehension as of real tranquillity. On the whole, he said he was lost amidst a maze of conjectures.

How far his conjectures were right or erroneous shall be left for time to develop. At present we must return to Wingerode, of whom nothing was known from the moment of his sudden flight till some days after Storkenheim's quitting Presburg, although the search for him had never been discontinued.

At length a goatherd from the neighbouring mountains, who knew that search was making after an officer supposed to be out of his mind, came to the inn; and desiring to speak to any officer who was there, was introduced to Kiezerhausen. He told him the night before a person answering exactly to the description given him of the crazy gentleman had come to his cabin. "He complained," said the man, "of being cold and hungry, and asked me to let him sit down by the fire and warm himself, and to give him a draught of goat's milk, which, he thought, would

refresh and revive him. I gave him bread to eat with it, which he accepted, and devoured both the bread and meat voraciously, looking wildly about him all the time. I afterwards offered him a piece of goat's flesh, which he also accepted and ate with equal voracity. He then drew several pieces of money from his pocket, and asked whether we could let him have a bed for the night, saying that he was able to pay for every thing. We had, to be sure, but one poor bed for ourselves; but the gentleman seemed in such a pitiable condition that my wife and I resolved to let him have it, and to sit by the fire ourselves. The bed was made up for him accordingly, and lay down; but first he told us that he had not been in a house for a fortnight before, he had lived among the mountains, where he had picked up such roots and plants as he could find, and had passed his nights in a little cave, but he had suffered exceedingly from cold and hunger.

"I asked him what could have made such a gentleman think of using himself in such a way. He said he did not know; but the spirit had driven him from the town, and he would never go back again: so he would live entirely with us if I would let him, and help to keep my goats, or do any thing he could to gain a livelihood. He slept quite sound all night, and this morning he said he found himself very comfortable, and hoped I would let him continue there: so I said he might stay as long as ever he choose; but as I thought he seemed quite crazy, I guessed he must be the gentleman that several people had been enquiring about at my cabin, and thought I had better come and tell your worships where he was. I dare say you will find him at the cabin now, if you will please to go with me, for he seemed to be quite in the mind to stay there."

Kiezerhausen was overjoyed to obtain some tidings of their lost companion, though the account given of the state of his mind was by no means satisfactory.

He accompanied the goatherd to his cabin, where indeed he found Wingerode with his countenance pale and haggard and his eyes wild, all bearing witness to the miserable life he had led for the last fortnight. He started on seeing Kiezerhausen, and made an effort to escape, but the latter stopped him: "No, Wingerode," he said, "you are my prisoner; you stir no more but with my permission. Come let us sit down together, this good man and his wife will leave us awhile that we may talk over with composure all that has passed."

"I cannot talk, I have seen such strange sights—here in the mountains have seen them: heaven has been pleased to punish me for my obstinate disbelief in the supernatural agency. He is pleased sometimes for wise purposes to employ."

"What sights have you seen among the mountains?"

"What?—Nay, nay, ask me not—I would not terrify you—but 'tis strange indeed! You think me mad—I know you do—undeceive yourself—would I were mad—'twere bliss to what I now suffer, having seen all that I have seen, nor knowing to what it can all tend."

"For heaven's sake tell me what you have seen!—I do not think you mad: I believe that you have seen strange sights; quit then this place, where your imagination is disturbed by them, and go with me."

"What! to Presburg?—No, no, he is there too."

"Who is there?—what is it you mean?"

"Who is there?—the spirit of the departed Molzewitz."

"And he is here too, you say?"

"Aye, here in the mountains—Molzewitz himself, though gigantic in his form,—but to what size cannot a spirit dilate itself?"

"Lord," says the goatherd, who had been listening attentively all this time, "as sure as can be the gentleman has the Man of the Mountain."

"Man of the Mountain!—what do you mean?" said Kiezerhausen.

"The great man there; we often see him, he's sometimes bigger sometimes less, but always as big as two or three of us put together."

"I cannot understand you," said Kiezerhausen; "You often see a man three times as tall as any of us wandering about the mountains?"

"Yes, sure enough we do; but he never does harm to any body; so why should we be afraid of him? However, this gentleman, I suppose, did not know how good-natured he is, so was frightened, and that's what has made him so crazy-like."

Kiezerhausen now thought of what Birkenthal had asserted to him, that he had seen a colossal figure such as was now described when he was walking early one morning among the mountains, and his mind was wholly bewildered. Yet unwilling to believe, but not knowing how wholly to disbelieve, "What is it you mean?" said he to the goatherd; "are you all in a league to impose upon my credulity?"

"Pray don't be angry, your honour, I only tell you what's quite true.—There's scarcely one among us poor folks that live here among the mountains but what sees the Man one time or other. For my part, I've seen him three or four times."

"And does he talk to you?—do you ever touch him?"

"Oh no, he never comes near enough for that; besides, he is but a sort of a shadow-like."

"Shadow indeed!" said Wingerode. "Such a shadow, I tell you, I saw not many days ago, 'twas Molzewitz himself, exactly as he appeared to us at the inn, only gigantic in stature."

Kiezerhausen looked earnestly at Wingerode; he thought this was indeed madness, yet he saw that "there was method in't. Something Wingerode must have seen—something must be seen occasionally by the simple goatherds—all could not be an invention;

and he was every moment but more and more perplexed.

He was not, however, yet so bewildered but that he could see that the main object now to be pursued was to get Wingerode away from his present situation, and endeavour to restore his reason, unless more wonders were to arise, and the reason of every person in Presburg was to be equally overturned—a thing of which there appeared no little danger. With some difficulty he did prevail upon him to accompany him, under a promise, however, that he should not be required to go to the inn where he had seen the ghost of Molziewitz. His mind was at this moment in that peculiar state that he was sensible to every thing; that he seemed in most respects to have his recollection; still he was engrossed by certain prepossessions upon this one subject of the ghost, that rendered him wild whenever any thing referring to it was concerned.

The question was how to dispose of him when they got to Presburg. Kierhausen resolved to carry him to count Lowenstein, and consult with him what was to be done. This he did accordingly; and Lowenstein immediately imparted to the queen, whose interest was more than commonly excited by this very extraordinary affair, that captain Wingerode was found, with every circumstance above-related. She ordered an apartment to be prepared for him in the palace, that all possible care should be taken of him, and that he should be attended by her own physician.

These orders were punctually executed, and in a few days his mind appeared so far composed, that count Lowenstein thought he might venture with safety to question him. When questioned, he answered, "I know my conduct must appear enigmatical, nor am I wholly assured even now that my recollection is perfect as to all that has happened to me; some things appear so incomprehensible, though at the

same time I do believe them real, that all your excellency's candour and forbearance will be requisite to listen to me with patience. I pray you do not interrupt me with questions, let them be reserved till my narration is concluded. Count Lowenstein promised all he desired, and he began:

"With all that passed previously to my quitting the company and retiring to my own chamber on the night that the phantom appeared you are well acquainted. Heaven knows that I went to my room fully impressed with a conviction,—at least I persuaded myself I felt this conviction,—that we had in some way been imposed upon; though I must own my thoughts seemed wandering in a complete maze when I endeavoured to solve to myself how and for what purpose the imposition had been practised. I continued for a while to search the room, persuading myself that some satisfaction might be obtained—but all in vain: no traces could I discover that would justify the supposition of any living being having been there: and a strong sensation of terror began insensibly to steal over me. I cursed Birkenthal in my heart for his timid caution in advising me not to go to my room; had he not done so, I had probably remained with the company till the morning; but my pride had been roused to show myself above idle fears, and possessed with full confidence in the firmness of my own nerves, I resolved to show that I was not to be daunted. At every moment I now more and more deprecated my own rashness, three times was my hand upon the door to open it and rejoin my companions; three times I drew back, feeling that I could never stand the laugh which would be raised against me.

"At length rousing all my firmness, I did venture to undress myself and get into bed, but I verily believe it was not till after I had been in my room two hours. To sleep, however, was out of the question, so strongly was my mind impressed with a feeling of terror, though

of what I knew not, for I still persuaded myself that I did not believe the figure we had seen to be really a phantom. Let not these feelings be imputed to cowardice, for never could I have met any ordinary danger with more cool courage and resolution than at that moment; I know not to what they were to be ascribed, but I know that they were most horrible to me; my only consolation was, that I still heard my companions in the great room, and knew that I could be with them at any moment.

"After I had been some time in bed I was startled by a noise which seemed to come from behind the wainscot of the room; I rose up in my bed; I had left a light burning; I looked round, but could see nothing. Again I heard the noise, like a gentle tap, tap with a hand behind the wainscot: it was no fancy.—I was confident that I heard the noise, I am confident now that I heard it. I know nothing more that passed till I found myself in the morning surrounded by a concourse of people, all gaping and staring at me as if some monster, some strange kind of animal had been presented before them. The moment that I was in possession of my recollection and capable of reflecting upon what had passed, my mind was harassed with the idea that I had been guilty of a most unmanly weakness; and a very important question arose, how some specious colouring might be put upon it. No other way of concealing my shame appeared so effectual as that which I pursued, of resolutely refusing to answer any questions put to me on the subject, throwing at the same time an air of mystery over the refusal, which would wholly silence importunity. Besides, I could not then, nor can I now, account for the noise I heard after I was in bed; only that I was sure then, and am sure now, that I did hear it. But how insist upon that? I should either be thought mad or childishly credulous. My only resource was in endeavouring to impose silence on every one, and in this I succeeded. I

went to the parade, however, exceedingly dissatisfied with myself for the weakness I had shown, and by no means satisfied about the phenomenon I had seen and heard.

"You may easily judge, my mind being in this state, what effect the news of the death of count Molziewitz—the assurance that he was actually dead when the phantom of the evening before appeared to us—must have upon me. I was no longer master of myself or my actions, but darted away without knowing what was my purpose or whether I was directing my course. To determine the latter was left pretty much to my horse, and he carried me among the mountains, galloping over hill and through dale along untracked ways, till at length he seemed to grow weary, and stopping, I alighted in a remote and desolate spot, far from any human habitation or any haunts of men. What became of my horse I know not, he was still feeding on the scanty herbage when, as the shades of evening began to close in, I crept into a little cavern or hole in the side of a hill, and there lying down, fell asleep. After that I saw him no more.

"For myself, I continued for several days to wander about in the day-time, collecting such roots and plants as I could find for food, and at night creeping into my hole; till my reason beginning to regain the ascendancy, I thought of returning to the town. I was however extremely perplexed how to appear again in a place I had quitted so strangely, and in what way any plausible story could be framed to account for my conduct. I had for a moment resolved to seek out some habitation among the mountains, and thence write to Kiezerhausen, requesting him to come to me, when I thought I would unburden my whole soul to him, and consult with him in what way my character might best be retrieved; for I persuaded myself that my reputation as a man of sense and courage must have suffered materially in the opinion of the world;

I felt indeed that it deserved to suffer.—All this I had resolved over-night, and crept out from my cavern early in the morning, intending to enter immediately on my search for a habitation ; when a new marvel intervened again to overthrow the reason which was yet scarcely more than half restored. The sun had just risen as I quitted my cave, and displayed to me, though at a considerable distance, the same form that I had seen at the inn, but increased to a gigantic size. I started back with terror and amazement ; the phantom disappeared for a moment, then appeared again, and continued to do so for the space of five minutes, when I saw it no more. All the little courage and calmness I had resumed, in a moment forsook me ; I became more wild than ever, and continued to wander about all day and hide myself at night in my rocky nest, haunted incessantly with the figure I had seen ; fancying sometimes that I saw it again, though I am now convinced that I never saw it excepting on that one occasion ; equally well am I convinced that I did then actually see it,—the same form that I had beheld at the inn, only expanded to an enormous size and stature. Nature being at length nearly exhausted, a sort of instinct led me to seek for shelter under the roof of some human being ; and as the first that happened to present itself was the goatherd's cottage, there I entered.—The rest you know."

" 'Tis strange," said the count, " that having been always among the mountains, you were never seen by any of those who went at different times in search of you ; for their researches were often directed that way, and you do not appear ever to have been very far from the town."

" It is strange, for the valley where I was, is but an inconsiderable distance from the cabin at which you found me ; and that, as you know, is by no means remote from the town. But the valley does not appear to be much frequented,

since I never saw any of the peasants' flocks driven thither during the whole time of my stay. Perhaps 'tis in that spot alone that the gigantic form appears, and this is the occasion of its being so much deserted.

Count Lowenstein was grieved to hear Wingerode continue to dwell upon the gigantic form, since he considered this as wholly the effect of some new wandering of the imagination, and he forbore to question him further. What he had learned was little satisfactory to his mind ; the whole matter of the phantom was still as unaccountable as ever. He had constantly passed his evenings in the great room since its second appearance ; but nothing more had been seen, nor had any thing transpired which could afford the slightest elucidation of the affair. Fain would he have persuaded himself to think no more about it—to rest in the assurance that all was the effect of some imposture which would one day be detected, and to wait that moment with calmness and composure ; but this he found impossible ; day and night he was haunted by it, suffering the severest mortification in the idea that all his endeavours to obtain satisfaction upon the matter were wholly fruitless.

On the contrary, the very day after the above conversation with Wingerode, a new subject arose to excite his further astonishment and to add to the perplexity of his mind. The intellect of the poor lady Frederica had continued in the same state of derangement ever since her interview with Storkenheim. It was not the idea of her brother's death which seemed to affect her so deeply, but that of his spirit wandering ; it was on this idea that she continually dwelt, and was wholly intent upon engaging in some extraordinary undertaking—some penance, perhaps, which might at length give it rest. Her state occasioned the severest affliction to the queen, who had a real attachment to her, and nothing was omitted that medical aid could offer for her restoration,—but all

without effect. Frequently did she talk of Storkenheim: sometimes she complained of his being cruel and hard-hearted, that he would keep her brother from her; at other times she talked in a wild and incoherent manner of his having promised her to engage in some achievement which might procure rest to her brother's soul.

On the day above-mentioned (the next after captain Wingerode had made his confession to Lowenstein) she received a letter from Storkenheim, in which he begged her not to indulge any further uneasiness upon her brother's account; that he had discovered the cause of his spirit wandering about the earth; and having fortunately been able to remove it, she might be satisfied that he would now rest in peace and quietness, nor ever be seen more. To the lady Frederica's mind this letter proved a cordial—a healing balsam; from the moment she received it her delirium subsided, and her reason was restored, excepting that she remained possessed with the firm belief that her brother's spirit had wandered, and that she was indebted to Storkenheim for having placed it at rest; an obligation which, she said, could never be sufficiently acknowledged.

On the rest of the party concerned in this affair, a very different effect was produced by this letter; it only involved them deeper and deeper in a maze of perplexities;—it only made the whole of Storkenheim's conduct appear more and more mysterious. What! he who had always been the determined opponent of every kind of superstition—of every idea that the disembodied soul could appear again on the earth—was now practising upon the delirium and credulity of a young woman, to cherish fancies in her which he would himself treat with contempt!—Could this be?—the idea was monstrous;—there must be something cruelly wicked and abandoned in a mind that could sport with the weakness of a fellow-creature, and Storkenheim had never appeared such

a man. Or had he indeed received such conviction that Molziewitz's ghost had really walked the earth, that he could resist it no longer, and was he sincere in what he wrote? Must the belief in departed spirits still hovering about the places where, in their imbodied state, they had delighted to roam, be established beyond all controversy?—Nay, but this was inconceivable. Could it be supposed that the Omnipotent power, which, for so many ages, had chosen to leave this matter in doubt, on a sudden had determined upon rendering it thus decided?—this too was incredible. Perhaps the letter was not Storkenheim's; perhaps it was but a link in a great chain of impostures by which the foes of the young queen's cause were endeavouring to engage the attention of its principal supporters, and detach their minds from more important objects. At least it was desirable to ascertain if possible whether the letter was actually written by Storkenheim.

These, and many more of a similar nature, were the reasonings and speculations that passed between count Lowenstein and other officers on this new subject of astonishment and perplexity; and an inquiry was set on foot with a view to ascertain the authenticity of the letter. It was delivered into the hands of Frederica by a female servant belonging to the palace, who was sent for and examined upon the subject. All she could say was, that it was put into her hands by the porter of one of the private gates, with orders to carry it to the lady Frederica. The porter was next examined: but he knew no more than that it was given to him by a man on horseback, who rode away as soon as he had delivered it. Thus no satisfactory information as to the quarter from whence the letter did actually come was to be obtained.

But as if fate had determined upon persecuting the lady Frederica, no sooner was her mind tolerably recovered from one severe shock than another succeeded. News was brought her that

her younger brother count Adolphus, the successor to the deceased count's titles and fortunes, was lying dangerously ill at a small town on the frontiers of Hungary, in consequence of a fall from his horse, which there was reason to apprehend had produced some very material internal injury. His state was such that he could not be moved, or attend where his presence was much wanted in consequence of the large inheritance which had devolved to him. Frederica would fain have flown to him; but from the enfeebled state of her health, in consequence of her sufferings, this was strictly prohibited to her, and she was persuaded to rest satisfied in the assurance made her that he had friends with him from whom he received every kindness and attention which could contribute to his comfort or recovery.

The young man was now about twenty-three years of age. To him, as well as to the lady Frederica, the deceased count had shown every disposition to supply the place of a father too early lost to him; but he had not found in the brother the same tractable dispositions to profit by his kindness that had been shown by his sister. Count Adolphus was wild, dissipated, and what the world would call hair-brained; it was impossible ever to make him think seriously upon any subject, or attend to any ill consequences which might result to himself or others from his irregularities. Whatever idea seized his fancy, he was instantly hurried away by it, nor paused till overwhelmed with the ills which it had brought in its train: but then no one felt it more severely; for though thus thoughtless, he was in no way deficient either in sensibility or good-nature. Sometimes, if seized with one of his wild fits, even weeks would elapse without any of his friends, without even his brother or sister, knowing what was become of him. This was the case at the time of his brother's death;—no one knew where he was; and the agent who had the management

of the count's estates was forced to take upon himself to order the funeral, and to attend to some other things immediately necessary till count Adolphus could be found. The first tidings heard of him were, that he was perhaps also on his death-bed.—There we must leave him awhile, to advert to some other of the parties concerned in our history.

It will easily be imagined that Birkenthal experienced no little degree of exultation when he found that the sceptical Kiezerhausen was almost compelled to believe in the existence of the gigantic figure which he asserted he had one day seen among the mountains. That such a figure might occasionally be seen was now attested by one of their own companions, no less than by almost every peasant accustomed to ranging this district; and he conceived that any one might now, with as much reason doubt their own existence, as the existence of the figure in question.—Kiezerhausen was, notwithstanding, as yet, but half a believer; he was, however, so far advanced in belief, that he was more than ever anxious to have his mind wholly settled upon the subject; and Birkenthal being no less anxious to see him arrived at this point, they made an agreement to take up their abode for some days at the cabin, where Wingerode had been so hospitably entertained, in hopes that living constantly on the spot for some time the phantom might be seen. The goatherd was happy to receive them as his guests, and they were provided with the best lodging his humble dwelling could afford, which was plenty of clean straw piled up in a loft over the state apartment, for they would by no means permit the goatherd and his wife to resign their bed to them.

Here they continued for several days, wandering about from the dawn of morning till the close of evening, watching on all sides;—still day after day passed, and nothing was to be seen. At length, on the sixth morning of their abode in this rural retreat, walking in a different

direction to that they had usually taken, having their backs to the rising sun, towards which they had generally turned their faces, the vapours being thick among the mountains, on a sudden Birkenthal exclaimed with a tone of ecstasy, "There it is!" pointing directly before them. Kiezerhausen looked forwards with a countenance full of expectation and eager curiosity, but nothing could he see. "Where is it?" he said, "I see nothing."

"Nor I now," said Birkenthal, "'tis gone: but if I stand here I saw it."

"It!" said Kiezerhausen; "nay, now I see more than you, for I see two figures of gigantic size such as you have described, and they stare us in the face very earnestly. See!—see!" and he thrust forward his hand, pointing to them, when he was surprised to behold the very same action performed by one of the figures. "Ha!" he exclaimed, "does he point at us?—what does that mean?—do I see clearly?" and he began to rub his eyes as if doubtful whether their testimony were to be believed, when immediately the spectre did the same. "How, does he mock my very action?" said Kiezerhausen with a tone of irritation;—"look, look at him," and he pulled Birkenthal by the sleeve; while the spectre put out his hand as if going to do the like, but at the same instant vanished.

"Nay," said Birkenthal; "never more let my imagination be accused of outrunning my wits; you have seen much more than I have, I protest I saw but one figure, and that was motionless; not as you seemed to see it, mocking your actions."

"I could even swear to you that I saw two; one of them indeed motionless, but the other, as I said, mocking all my actions."

"Alas! to me there is no occasion for an oath or even a protestation; I can readily believe any thing you assert, however strange and unaccountable."

"Neither, however, had the form of *Molziowitz*—of the phantom that visited

us in the inn; and such was the figure Wingerode asserted that he saw."

"Nor is this wonderful; it seems capable of assuming any form or appearance: nay, to different persons standing together it can assume, as we have proof, a different appearance. Yet in the case of Wingerode it might be, that seeing something, his disordered mind immediately clothed it in the form with which his imagination was so powerfully occupied."

For some minutes the two friends stood fixed as statues to the spot, descending after the same fashion upon the spectacle they had seen; both lost in conjecture what wonder was now to be presented—fully possessed with the expectation that still new wonders were in store.—But two hours having passed, and nothing more being to be seen except the mountains enlivened by the cheering aspect of the bright and glorious sun, which had entirely chased away the vapours, and this sight, however delightful and exhilarating, being now wholly insufficient to satisfy minds thirsting like theirs after the marvellous—they agreed that, the point they wished to ascertain being fully established, they might as well return to the town and report what they had seen.*

* It is now well known that an appearance such as is here described is to be seen occasionally among mountains when circumstances are properly combined to produce it. A certain degree of density in the vapours is required, which gives them the effect of a concave mirror; so that, when the rays of the sun at a particular degree of altitude fall in a proper direction upon them, they reflect any object placed between, to a colossal size. The most common time for the appearance to be produced seems immediately after the sun's rising; and to a mind not informed upon the subject, it must almost inevitably be believed something supernatural. A curious circumstance attending it is, that two persons standing together will not always see precisely the same object or objects, because their own point of vision cannot be precisely the same: thus the reflection of both objects might, on this occasion, easily be seen by one person and not by the other:



Taking leave of their host and host-
—first paying them liberally for their
entertainment—they hastened back ;
and as count Lowenstein had been ac-
quainted by Kiezerhausen with his and
his friend's intention, he thought it pro-
per to seek him out in the first instance
on his return.

"Away! I'll hear no more," said
the count impatiently, as Kiezerhausen
began to expatiate on the new theme of
admiration he had just been acquiring.
"Away! away! I'll hear no more;" and
he walked several times backwards and
forwards in the room with an air and
manner that showed a mind wrought
up to the highest pitch of impatience
and irritability. Kiezerhausen was not
prepared for such a reception; and

by, further, a person without being in the
position for his own figure to be reflected,
they see that of another who is favourably
treated, though at the same time the per-
son reflected is not in sight. An appear-
ance of this kind in the Broken mountain
Germany was particularly observed
many years ago by Sir Joseph Banks and
Mr. Solander, an account of which is de-
tailed in the "Philosophical Transactions."

feeling that if he stayed he might be
betrayed into saying something which
he might perhaps afterwards repent,
he bowed and was about to retire in si-
lence.

"Stay, stay!" said the count, "I do
believe I have been too impatient; pray
sit down again, I will endeavour to be
more calm." Kiezerhausen resumed
his seat; and the count also sitting
down, a silence of some minutes ensued,
after which he began:

"Baron Kiezerhausen, excuse me.
Of your truth, your loyalty, your cou-
rage, your attachment to the cause of
our enchanting young sovereign, the
heir of a noble line of ancestors, I
have repeatedly seen such convincing
proofs that I know the firmest reliance
may be placed upon you. Will you
then have patience while I unbosom
myself to you freely?"

"Say on, I entreat; such a confidence
is most flattering to me."

"You must be no less sensible than
myself to the vast change which has
been effected in the minds of almost
every person in this town,—the troops

composing the garrison as well as the inhabitants—insensibly, I do believe, to themselves—by the events of the last three weeks. Before that time one soul, one sentiment alone seemed to inspire every breast, and that sentiment was zeal in the service of their sovereign, ardour to support her cause. Placed in the elevated situation that I am—in the post of honour but the post of care, I contemplated this enthusiasm with the utmost delight—I considered it as our sheet-anchor; it was my great anxiety to cherish and keep it alive. I know that our cause requires all the support that the utmost enthusiasm of chivalrous prowess and gallantry can inspire: though justice is on our side, our enemies are powerful, and we want every adventitious aid that can be called forth to enable us to stand against them. Judge then what my feelings must be, to behold how a circumstance, trivial in itself, has been rendered of the last importance by the consequences it has drawn after it. Not a spark of the late enthusiasm in the cause of our queen is now to be observed; her wrongs and her magnanimity under them are no longer the theme of universal admiration—the sole topic of conversation;—the recollection that such a person exists seems almost lost; while nothing is thought of—nothing is talked of but this hateful spectre. If I speak to any of our officers on matters highly important to the military service, I am answered with some new tale about the spectre;—if I suggest to the consideration of any member of the assembled States ideas for raising the supplies necessary for the support of the army, (which seem to me not unworthy of their attention,) I am answered by an inquiry whether or not I believe in the spectre. Oh, I have been many times driven almost beside myself!—Even you, baron Kiezerhausen, —even you, whose zeal I have been so much applauding, and from my soul I believe it cannot be applauded too highly—what has been the case even with you?—for the last week, neglecting

your military duties, you have been out spectre-hunting. Something must be done to check this growing evil, or our cause is ruined past redemption. Is not this negligence of every important concern for a puerile chase after a phantom, beneath us as soldiers—beneath us as men?—Speak,—is it not beneath us?—is it not degrading to us?”

Kiezerhausen sat lost in confusion and amazement as he listened to this harangue. Too forcibly did he feel the truth of what the count had said; too forcibly did he feel the justice of the reproof which concerned him personally. “I own it, sir,” said he, “I have been to blame—much to blame; I have deserved this censure; we have suffered ourselves to be too entirely led away by things which certainly should never have been allowed more than a second place in our minds. Yet surely even you yourself must acknowledge that in what has passed there has been matter to excite the wonder and stagger the belief of even the firmest heart, of even the soundest judgment; nor was it unnatural that, led away by these feelings, our minds should have been too much engrossed by the subject. But you have awakened me to a sense of my duty; and henceforward, whatever may be the feelings of my soul—the sentiments of my judgment—I think I can subdue both so far as not to transgress in the like manner again.”

“’Tis worthily resolved. Do not, however, suppose that I mean wholly to condemn the impression made upon you all, I only wish it could have been kept somewhat more under control. I confess that my own mind has been not a little staggered, nor can I even now settle my belief either one way or other; I only know that something must be done to draw the public attention away from their spectre mania, and carry it back to its former channel, or our cause is totally ruined. Can you henceforward resolve not to talk upon the subject, to throw a damp on the conversation whenever you hear it begun?”

"Such shall be my earnest endeavour, and I will exhort my companions to do the same."

"Well, heaven speed you! My mind will be relieved of a heavy burthen, if I can see this matter sink into a state of silence and forgetfulness."

The count's mind was relieved. On Kiezerhausen's representation of the folly of suffering their minds to be engrossed by so silly an affair, the officers began to rouse themselves; they mutually agreed not to talk any more either of the spectre or the Man of the Mountain, and by the expiration of another month the whole affair seemed to be gone by and hardly to be any more thought of. In one respect only did it continue to have a certain degree of influence, that no one could be prevailed on to inhabit Wingerode's chamber, nor could Wingerode himself ever be induced to take up his quarters at the same inn. It was count Lowenstein's firm intention at some future period to have the mysterious chamber very strictly examined; but as he now wished the matter to be laid quietly asleep, he deferred the examination till a more favourable opportunity.

Poor Frederica, however, could not wholly drop the subject. Admitted to the presence of the queen on a very familiar footing, seldom did any private conversation pass between them in which it was not introduced. On these occasions she always dwelt earnestly on her obligations to Storkenheim for the service he had rendered her in removing the cause which had disturbed her brother's spirit, and giving it rest. The queen heard her with concern whenever she dwelt upon this theme, and with some feeling of indignation against Storkenheim, that he could have been capable of thus deluding her. Once or twice she attempted to controvert her firm belief in a story which appeared to her not only incredible but contemptible; but she always found that to shake her friend's belief in it would be to unsettle her mind entirely, and that it was far

better to leave her in her delusion for a while at least, trusting that more favourable circumstances might arise at some future period for undeceiving her.

Nor was the period far distant. The two months that Storkenheim had declared his absence from Presburg to be necessary were but just elapsed when he returned. He did not at first make his arrival publicly known, but sent for Kiezerhausen requesting a private conference with him. In it he told him that it was now in his power to elucidate the whole mystery of the spectre; but he wished his communication to be made to count Lowenstein himself; and if the count would receive him and honour him so far as to listen with patience to his story, he would wait on him at any time he should appoint; or, if he wished not to be troubled with the detail himself, he would, if Kiezerhausen would undertake the mission, make him the bearer of it. Kiezerhausen expressed his readiness to be the bearer of the story, but he said he had no doubt that the count would rather hear it from his own mouth, since the unravelling of this mystery was a thing he had very much at heart. The baron was not mistaken; no sooner did the count learn that Storkenheim was returned and ready to explain every thing, than he earnestly desired to see him without delay. He therefore engaged Kiezerhausen to bring him to the palace in the evening, when he might come unobserved, and they might listen to him with less danger of interruption.

Accordingly in the evening Kiezerhausen and Storkenheim presented themselves at the apartments of count Lowenstein, who expressing the utmost impatience to hear what the latter had to impart, begged him without further ceremony to enter on his narration; on which Storkenheim, bowing, began:

"About three years are now elapsed since chance led to my becoming acquainted with the young count Adolphus von Molziewitz. We were then both at Prague, and from circumstances irre-

levant to the present subject the casual acquaintance we had formed seemed likely to ripen into the closest intimacy. A little more experience however of each other's dispositions showed that a very close intimacy was not entirely suited to each other: the young count was extremely good-natured, but wild and thoughtless, always ready to be led away by any one who proposed a scheme suited to his frolicsome fancy, and therefore always the ready prey of those who had all his bad qualities without any of his good ones—for amid his numerous wanderings it was uniformly his head not his heart that was in fault; his heart was truly susceptible of the finest feelings, if they had not been perpetually counteracted by the wildness of his head. For his good qualities I loved him, and they made me anxious to correct his bad ones; so that, notwithstanding our dispositions being so little suited to each other, I continued my intimacy with him awhile, in hopes of contributing towards leading him aright. All was, however, in vain; nothing was to be done; and if I continued in Prague, I saw that I must have been compelled to give up his company, though it would have been with great reluctance. This mortification I was spared; in about a twelvemonth from the commencement of our acquaintance, my father, having determined on placing me in the army, procured me a commission; and going to join my regiment, my intercourse with count Adolphus was unavoidably broked off, nor had I heard of him any more till very lately.

“During the time of my being at Prague, in the warmth of his attachment to me,—and I do believe, notwithstanding the reproofs he so frequently received from me on his wildness and thoughtlessness, he had a sincere regard for me,—during this time he would insist upon my accompanying him to a private ball at the house of one of the first nobles in the city, where, he said, he would introduce

me to his sister. I did accompany him, and, being introduced by him to the lady Frederica, had the honour of dancing a part of the evening with her. Ah! how much have I ever since regretted that evening! You, gentlemen, both know this lovely creature—pardon these details, they may seem foreign to the purpose of my story, but you will find that they are intimately connected with it. You both know the lady Frederica; you know her loveliness of countenance and form, the sweetness and elegance of her manners: I had a heart to feel—I felt them but too deeply, and in a moment my whole soul was devoted to her. To disclose my passion never entered my thoughts, I too well knew the distance between us; I felt that she was the only woman I ever could love; but I had fortitude to resolve that I would pursue the path of honour, and for ever sigh in secret; nor had I ever deviated from this resolution, but that the situation in which I am now placed renders the confession almost necessary in order to excuse some parts of my conduct. The evening I mentioned was but a short time before my leaving Prague: I saw the lady Frederica no more, but her image has never since been absent from my mind.

“I have nothing to say respecting the two next years of my life, they were passed with my regiment in the ordinary routine of military duties without the intervention of any extraordinary occurrence; I proceed therefore to the matter of the ghost. My companions all know how strenuously I have always combated the superstitions with regard to apparitions of every kind, whether of the dead or the living, the belief of which has of late been, I may almost call it a sort of mania among my countrymen. Though I was therefore, in common with the rest of the company, struck with astonishment at the intrusion of so extraordinary a guest at that late hour of the night, yet never, for a moment did I entertain the idea that the figure was superhuman; I was per-

fectly confident that it was flesh and blood like myself; but the whole thing passed so rapidly that no time was allowed for reflection on what was to be done. Besides, when baron Kiezerhausen addressed the figure as count Molziewitz, that title brought associations to my mind enough to deprive me for a moment of my faculties.

"When we went to search captain Wingerode's chamber, I certainly saw very plainly that there was no apparent means of exit; but I was still so confident of the form we had seen being a mere corporeal one, that I was convinced there must be a secret means of evasion from it not being obvious to superficial observers; and this I was resolved to find out. In short, feeling that some trick or imposture had been practised upon us, my whole soul became intent upon detecting it; I felt that I could never rest till it was detected. The name of Molziewitz connected with it was not, perhaps, without its influence in urging me on. I did not know the elder count Molziewitz, therefore could not tell for what reason baron Kiezerhausen called the figure so; but the name had an interest to me which strengthened exceedingly my abhorrence of the imposture, since I felt it a sort of profanation that one so sacred in my ears should be in any way associated with falsehood or deception.

"At the same time I resolved to pursue my researches without the privity of any one. I knew that there would be more danger of being foiled, even though but a single person were taken into my confidence; and lest I should be drawn insensibly, by conversing upon the subject, to say anything that would lead to my purpose being suspected, I took refuge in observing a total silence whenever the apparition was mentioned. The state in which captain Wingerode was found in the morning did not in the least surprise me; I saw plainly that it was a bravado inspired by what Birkenthat had said—that he really was under the influence

of great terror; the greater, because, having been a total disbeliever in supernatural appearances, his scepticism was now for the first time staggered. There was an expression in his eye that denoted any thing rather than composure of mind; and when he laid his hand upon the lock of the door to open it, a little observation might discover that there was an evident repugnance to what he was about. On this, however I would not remark, because it was obvious to me that it would have given him pain; and as I perceived no inclination in any of the company to stir, I thought we should be within hearing the rest of the night, in case any thing disagreeable happened to him. His imagination was at this time wrought up to a pitch that his reason was totally powerless to resist it, and the fit in which he fell was a very natural consequence of such a state of mind. However, that he did hear a voice behind the wainscot is very true, as you will know hereafter.

"When I heard at the parade of the lamented death of count Molziewitz, I was but the more confirmed in my belief of some vile imposture, and did not doubt that the pretended spectre knew of the event at the time, and took advantage of its not being then known in Presburg to any one but himself, to give the more plausible colour to his imposture. The desertion of captain Wingerode's chamber—an almost inevitable result of what had happened to him—greatly facilitated my researches, since it gave me an opportunity of examining it without fear of interruption. In pursuing my examination I at length perceived a part of the wainscot which I felt assured might be opened by some means or other: the question only was to find how. It was indeed so curiously contrived, that it required some more than common stimulus to examine with sufficient nicety to perceive it; but I was confirmed in my belief that it was so, when knocking against the place I evidently perceived that there was a

hollow behind.—As I had spent a considerable time in acquiring this piece of information, I would not, on the present occasion, stop any longer, but deferred till another day the very important object of finding out the means of opening the pannel. On the second examination I discovered, just beneath the moulding which ran between two of the squares of the wainscot a small piece of steel so artfully inserted that it could only be touched by a knife thrust under the moulding. I thrust in a knife, when I found it touch a secret spring, and instantly sufficient of the wainscot opened, turning round on a pivot, to admit of a man's body passing through: and I now found myself on a small staircase not wider than a ladder, only permitting one person to go up or down at a time. Thus was it rendered very clear to me which way the ghost had escaped from the room; but the staircase was so dark that I could not at this time proceed any farther; and I retired well satisfied with the success I had already obtained,—shutting the wainscot again very carefully, and resolving to return the next day with a light.

“On the third day, being provided with a dark lanthorn, I opened my secret door again very successfully, and, descending the staircase, found it led to a long vaulted passage under the castle, or rather inn, at the end of which I found myself on the river's brink, but so far above the water that it was easy to climb to the top of the rock, which, in that spot, towered to a considerable height. Being thus completely satisfied as to the route by which my apparition had made his retreat, the next thing was to assure myself of that by which he had entered. He might, it is true, at that time of the night, possibly come unobserved in at the great gate of the court, and walk quietly up the grand staircase to the corridor; but I thought he would hardly venture upon this. My attention was therefore directed to a *ruined turret* which I knew was at the

other end of the corridor from that where lay our room; from this there was a door into the corridor, though it was usually fastened up, as the turret was too much in ruins ever to be used. On examining the door I found it unfastened, and saw that it was no difficult matter to climb from the street up to it, by means partly of a broken stone staircase, and partly of holes in the wall. I went down and came up again myself by this means, to assure myself that the thing was practicable.

“Perhaps you will say, ‘having made these discoveries, why were they not imparted, and the thing silenced at once?’ No, my indignation increased as I convinced myself of the imposture; and now I was inspired with no less solicitude to detect the person who had been guilty of it. I felt assured that one time or other his visit would be repeated; but as he had not come again the next night, I was equally assured that he would pause for some days to let the first emotion somewhat subside before a second attempt was made; in the meantime I fastened with two screws the part of the wainscot which opened, that I might prevent my gentleman escaping; for I thought it not safe to rely upon my following him into the room in time before he could get the little door open, and I besides rather preferred letting him pass through the room, and seizing him in the very fact of endeavouring to make his escape by this secret way. In the event I was very glad that I had thus arranged my plans, and that no one but myself was present when I learnt who the person was: of that, during all the time I was laying my snares I had not the least suspicion. I saw that my silence and mysterious conduct rendered me an object of jealousy among my brethren, and indeed to you yourself, count Lowenstein; and but I was satisfied to be so awhile, assured that when all came to be known I should be found to deserve your applause not your censure.

“At length the moment so impatient-

ly expected by me arrived—the apparition once more presented himself among us. When he raised his head and gave us a full view of his cadaverous countenance, I was then first impressed with suspicions of who he was, and my suspicions were confirmed the moment I heard the awful voice. But this conviction only strengthened me the more in my determination to wait his being in the inner room before I attempted to seize him. I followed him; and as I entered beheld him making a fruitless attempt to open the private door, witnessing at the same time his start of horror and amazement when he found his wainscot not yield on his touching the secret spring. I flew like a ravenous eagle upon my prey, and seizing him by the arm,—‘Count Adolphus!’ said I.

“Never to the latest moment of my life shall I forget the emotion of terror and agony which seemed at that moment to thrill through all his frame; it is not to be described—it must have been witnessed to be conceived. He threw himself upon his knees, and grasped my hands: ‘Storkenheim,’ he exclaimed, ‘is it possible!—Yes, it is indeed count Adolphus; you behold. . . . Oh, do not betray me!—do not ruin me!—save me, save me!—for our former friendship’s sake, for my sister’s sake, keep my secret inviolate.’

“He had here touched a string in my heart, the vibrations of which it was impossible to resist; and somewhat softening the look of fierceness I had assumed, ‘Tell me then instantly,’ I said, ‘what has induced you to be guilty of so unworthy an action, and what were your intentions?’

“‘Spare me at this moment,’ he said; ‘let me go now, and I will give you my solemn faith and honour that to-morrow I will meet you at any place you will appoint, and tell you the whole story. But oh, do not—do not in the mean time betray me! I cannot now appear more contemptible in your eyes than I do in my own; yet do not shut

for ever on me the door to retrieving my character—do not blast for ever the name of a young man, who had, if my word may now be believed, no guilty intention.’

Oh, sir!—Oh, count Lowenstein! if you are disposed to condemn me for not exposing the imposture instantly, yet put yourself in my place; think that the culprit who was pleading to me, who pleaded in a voice almost choked with agony, was one for whom, though not insensible to his faults, I could not forbear feeling a great regard; think that he was the brother of a woman whom I secretly adored—that in exposing him I must have plunged a dagger in his bosom, already too deeply wounded;—think of these things—then, if you can, condemn me that, instead of dragging him forth before the assembled company, I loosened the screws which held the secret door, and touching the spring opened it: then raising my victim from his knees, on which he had still continued, clasped him in my arms, and said, ‘Go, but meet me to-morrow at the entrance of the valley of rocks among the mountains just without the town; there tell me your story;—fail not to meet me, and be assured that your secret is made public.’ Ah! how could I do otherwise?—He pressed my hand to his lips, unable to speak, and descended the little staircase, while I, closing the wainscot again, and pausing a few minutes to recover the agitation into which this discovery had thrown me, returned to my companions. Will you, count Lowenstein—will you condemn me for this?—Will you condemn me, baron Kiezerhausen?”

“No,” answered the count and baron with an emotion which they could not command; you acted nobly, you acted as became a soldier, a friend, a lover, and a man. But hasten to proceed, we are impatient to hear the remainder of your story.”

“That I had some difficulty to assume the air of composure on my return to the company which I thought

necessary to the maintenance of my secret, you will readily believe. I now found the great advantage from the silence I had hitherto preserved, and I perceived that it was of the utmost importance to maintain it still; I therefore availed myself of the first moment possible to retire to my chamber for the night. Finding that I was watched by some of the company (for of this I was well aware; though it suited my purpose better not to appear to perceive it), I assumed all possible airs of carelessness, the better to mislead the listeners at the door, whistling, singing, and walking about the room; and while feeling that I should probably not close my eyes all night, I soon began to snore unmercifully.

"My mind had been for some days kept in a continued state of agitation with anxiety to detect the impostor; it was now much more agitated with anxiety to save him from the detection of others; and instead of sleeping, the night was passed in revolving in my mind what measures I had best adopt for this purpose. I was anxious above all things to see whether he would keep his faith with me, and meet me at the appointed place to relate his story. I was preparing for my walk to the valley of rocks, when baron Kiezerhausen came to summon me into your excellency's presence.

"This summons was a heavy stroke upon me: I would fain have heard the young count's confession before I was called upon to decide on the conduct I should pursue. But there was now no remedy; and feeling that I might perhaps wish to devote myself awhile to his service, provided I had reason to expect that he would at length be roused to a sense of his follies, I was resolved to pave the way, in my interview with count Lowenstein, for absenting myself from Presburg during a certain period, fixing it at random to two months. This led to a talk of resigning my commission as a thing on which I was then determined; for I reflected that if my

views with regard to count Adolphus were frustrated by his failing to meet me, as I should in that case disclose the story my intended resignation might without difficulty be recanted.

"On quitting count Lowenstein I hastened to the valley of rocks, and was not a little gratified to find the young count sitting just at the entrance, ready to receive me. He had, as I afterwards learnt from him, felt his funeral garments, which were thrown over his Austrian uniform, in the long vaulted passage, and set off immediately to the spot appointed, where he had been waiting ever since, anxiously expecting my arrival. He came up to me with open arms, calling me his kind friend, his father, his protector, and saying that he could never enough acknowledge the obligations he owed me. I replied that there was only one way in which he could acquit himself towards me: this was by faithfully relating his story, and frankly confessing the motives by which he had been actuated. After giving me reiterated assurances that I might rely upon his doing so, we sat down together, when he made the following confession.

"Some little time ago—perhaps about four or five months—being at Vienna, I got among a set of choice spirits, whose prime pursuits, like my own, were what we called frolic and fun. To qualify ourselves the better for carrying on with spirit the scenes in which we now involved ourselves, we took to a terrible habit of drinking—a vice from which, notwithstanding the levity and folly of my character, I had hitherto kept myself tolerably free. The eagerness for the marvellous, which has of late years become so much one of the prevailing foibles of the country, seemed to open a fine field for the indulgence of our propensity to fun; and it soon became our leading passion to assume the appearance of ghosts, devils, fairies, witches, or any other of the imaginary beings with whom superstition and credulity have been pleased

to people the incorporeal world (if I may be allowed so to express myself,) and under these forms to amuse ourselves with the weaknesses of our credulous neighbours. If to do more mischief, than in the most sanguine moments of our funny imaginations we could possibly picture to ourselves, was to have run a fortunate career in this way, ours might be said to be eminently successful. One of the party under the form of a devil funned a youth of sixteen into epileptic fits, which are probably fixed upon him for life. Another, in the semblance of a ghost, funned a lady of some note into a premature labour, in which both she and the infant lost their lives. A third, in the guise of a witch, frightened a maid-servant till, setting off running in such terror that she could not see any thing in her way, she fell over a large stone and broke both her legs, by which she is very likely to remain a cripple all her days. Happily I have not to answer for any such serious mischiefs; but that I was preserved from them I have to thank fortune, or I will rather say Providence; since, as you will readily believe, I was far from one of the least eager in pursuit of the fun.

“ ‘Some of these things, however, affected me so much, that whenever I was alone, I made the strongest resolutions never to be guilty of the like practices again, fully intending at the time they were made to keep him; but the moment I got among my companions all was over. I saw here a witch, there a spectre, there a devil, and I could not rest without being something of the kind myself. There was one resolution I never thought of making, and which was the only effective one to have made and kept; and that was, never to go among the crew by whom I was perverted.

“ ‘I was, however, actually on the point of forswearing the thing and leaving Vienna, that I might be out of the way of temptation,—for at length I began to feel that in this alone I should find security, when unfortunately we had an accession to our party of two

young men who had been officers in a regiment in garrison at Presburg a year or two before. They were excessively delighted with the fun going forwards, and rushing headlong into it, the embers which before were beginning to die away were revived with even additional ardour. One of them, however, after having for several nights played the different characters he had assumed with great success, at length met with deserved chastisement. As a witch he happened to fix upon an unlucky subject for exercising his wit, a man with more than ordinary strength, who, seizing him and snatching his broomstick from him, laid it most unmercifully over his back, holding him all the time with such power that it was impossible to break away;—from this discipline he was so severely bruised that he was obliged to keep his bed.

“ ‘The other officer, captain Luckner and myself the next morning were walking together talking over this affair and other adventures which had happened to the party, when he said he knew of one of the finest places in the world for having fun of this kind; it was an inn in Presburg; and he immediately began to describe the large room and chamber within, which have been the theatre of my shame. I was dazzled by the description; the joke had been played off so long at Vienna that it almost ceased to have any thing piquant in it,—but to begin it in a new place, among all the troops there, among the assembled States,—this was a thing indeed worthy of an enterprising genius like mine. My brain was on fire in a moment, and I immediately proposed to Luckner to join in a party to Presburg in search of the promised sport. He said it was impossible for him to go: but if I had a mind to make the expedition by myself, he would give me such instructions that I could not fail of understanding them when I arrived on the spot.

“ ‘At first I said no; the fun would all be lost in having no one to share it

with me. But he urged me on, and said, oh yes, there would be plenty of fun in letting him know how I was proceeding.—Still I believe I should have resisted, but that one day in a conversation upon the subject he insinuated suspicions that I was afraid; this settled the matter; I was put upon my mettle, and was resolved on the adventure. I got from him such particulars, that when I came to examine the premises I found no difficulty in making myself thoroughly acquainted with the secret of the door, and with the means of ascending into the long corridor by the ruined turret. The way in which he became acquainted with the secret door was, that while he was in Presburg he was one day scrambling among the rocks in which is the hole that leads into the vaulted passage; it was then so overgrown with bushes and brambles as to be scarcely visible, and his foot slipped in, so that he recovered himself with difficulty. This induced him to examine the place; and having a large clasp knife in his pocket, he cut away the bushes, so that he could get into the hole with ease. He however soon found that there was no possibility of penetrating far without a light, and he thought he would return the next day with a lanthorn, and explore the cave. In the mean time, inquiring of some people who lived in a cottage near, they told him that a troop of banditti once inhabited the place, but that it had been cleared of them some years, and nobody since had thought about it.

“ ‘When he came to examine the cave with his light, he proceeded at length to the little staircase, which ascending, still groping about with the lanthorn, he saw the spring by which the secret door is opened, and which, as you may perhaps have observed, is very obvious on that side, though so artfully concealed on the other. From the chamber he proceeded into the great room, and through that to the corridor, when he did not dare to go any further. He soon after discovered

that the premises he had visited formed a part of the great inn, and thence had sufficient opportunity, by taking up his quarters there awhile, of making himself fully acquainted with the whole mystery of the secret door and the long passage. Of this information, when obtained, he had absolutely purposed making the use I have since made of it—to play upon the superstition of any body who might inhabit the chamber, for he found that the thing did not appear known to the people belonging to the inn. But his regiment being hastily called away from Presburg, there the matter ended, and he thought no more of it.

“ ‘I had no fixed plan when I arrived at Presburg: I took up my lodging at an obscure public-house in the suburbs, and thence visited the cave and the chamber, revolving in my mind what notable feat I should perform. I had gone through, at Vienna, the routine of almost every thing within the ordinary sphere of received superhuman beings, and I wished to do something of an entirely novel cast. At length I determined on the plan I pursued: I ascended the turret, and waited at the door into the corridor till I heard the clock begin to strike twelve; then proceeding towards your mess-room, having previously learned that the officers in the inn always assembled there in the evening, I opened the door as the last stroke of twelve sounded, and marched forwards, not without some palpitation of heart, yet relying strongly on the impression of astonishment my appearance would make to get through the apartments with success. How was I startled when I heard one of the company address me as count Molziewitz! This was a thing for which I was wholly unprepared, and I had some difficulty to command myself so far as not to notice it. I did, however, subdue the something like awe with which it inspired me, and proceeded on my way successfully till I got through the secret door. Then drawing out a dark lan-

which I had concealed under my feet, I sat down upon the staircase to recover myself; for indeed at that moment I was unable to proceed.

'You will perhaps not readily believe how much I was thunderstruck at being addressed by the name of Molzie-

You have probably supposed I knew at that moment of my brother's death, and wished to impress the belief that I was his spirit. I can assure you solemnly that this was not so;

as wholly chance that led me to appear that night. For two or three days I had been prepared for my enterprise, my heart failed me, and I had then wounded myself up to it by drinking a little pretty liberally. I had not even thought of making myself like my brother, nor was I aware that there was much resemblance between us as to this mistake could be made. I

endeavoured, by marking strong features in my face and by some other expedients which I employed, to make myself much older, and perhaps this contributed to creating the likeness. As sure, however, that I was not addressed in my own person; since the person who spoke said, I thought you had been with Khevenhuller's army, which in fact my brother then was.

'As I sat upon the staircase to recover myself, I heard a sudden rush into the chamber, and listening soon perceived that the whole party whom I had visited were examining the room. My fears being then cruelly awakened, I thought the secret door should be discovered. I stole very softly to the bottom of the stairs, and there stopped again to listen; but after some time I found, to my no small satisfaction, that the search was abandoned without any discovery being made. Emboldened by this escape I continued to linger about, that I might see what further was done, and at length heard some one come into the room; but now it was evidently one person only. He, however, as I could hardly distinguish, was looking about and examining every part of the room;

and this he continued for a great length of time, when I was pretty sure that I heard him get into bed. I had two or three times a strong inclination to present myself before him, but determined at last that this would be very hazardous, and I contented myself with exciting his alarms by a gentle tap against the wainscot, repeating it again after a short interval. And now being satisfied with my frolic for this one night, I descended the staircase, and pacing along the subterraneous passage, walked out at its mouth, and returned quietly to my inn.

'Afraid of being seen in the town lest I might be recognised by any of the company I had alarmed, I set off very early in the morning to a village not far off, and taking up my abode at a small public-house, remained there three days without stirring from it, so extremely satisfied with the success of my first experiment, that I was all the time laying plans for a second. I then ventured to go to the inn in the suburbs at which I had taken up my quarters, when I found the whole town ringing with my exploit, and heard also the afflictive tidings of the death of my brother. You will perhaps smile when you hear me say the afflictive tidings, and think that my subsequent conduct did not evince any great affliction at the event. Yet I can assure you that I was deeply affected with it. But my mind was wrought up to such a state of intoxication by the success of my first experiment, that none of the reflections which the death of my brother ought to have awakened, could deter me from involving myself still further in the hateful labyrinth.

'Instead of being deterred, this circumstance only inspired me with a new idea for my disgraceful sport.—Since I found that I must have a strong resemblance to my brother, my passion now was to appear as his spirit. I thought that if I could do this successfully, my name would be immortalized among our incorporeal party,—that it

would obtain the very highest place in the list of dealers in fun. I resolved, nevertheless, that the moment this second frolic was accomplished, I would make my appearance where decency and my own interests required, as the successor to my brother's titles and estates.

" 'On the event of my second attempt I have no occasion to descant ;—yet to one thing I must allude, to the voice which you heard,'

" 'That voice,' I said, 'so terrible to the rest of the company, was the very thing which convinced me that the figure I saw was my former friend count Adolphus. When we were together at Prague, I had known you more than once entertain the company you were with, by giving them specimens of your power of ventriloquism, and I had often warned you against indulging in it, as a thing which had a very dangerous tendency. Before this I had believed the impostor (for such I had always decidedly considered the person we had seen) to be one who assumed the appearance of count Molziewitz for some sinister purpose ; but since ventriloquism is a faculty not possessed by many, I was on a sudden struck with the dreadful conviction that it was indeed a Molziewitz I beheld, though not the Molziewitz generally supposed.'

" Indeed, indeed, count Lowenstein, it was impossible not to be deeply affected with the situation in which I saw this young man. I had many times before known him make vows and promises of reformation, but they were wildly made: I knew him, and I never expected them to be kept. There was however at this moment an earnestness, a fervour in his manner, which spoke his mind so deeply impressed with his situation that I could not resist cherishing hopes of his reformation, such as I had never dared to cherish before. These hopes made me resolve upon devoting myself for a time to a close attendance upon him, that I might do all in my power to strengthen and

support him in his good resolution; but to effect this it was necessary that I should adhere to my plan of resigning my commission: it was resigned accordingly.

" Shall I own it?—yes, why, disguise any thing?—I believe the affecting interview of that morning with the lady Frederica had its share in confirming me in my purpose. I think, however, that without it I should have acted the same; for I could not conceive but that I was performing a meritorious part in sacrificing my own interests to the prospect of saving a fellow-creature from perdition. Yet certainly I was not the less inclined to it in the thought that this fellow-creature was brother to the angel whom I had just seen so bowed down in affliction, and whose life as well as reason must probably fall a sacrifice, had the affair been allowed to transpire. I gave count Adolphus a full account of his sister's situation, in the hope that it might contribute to confirm and increase his deep sense of his folly, perhaps I ought to call it guilt; and indeed such was the effect it produced.

" After giving him my solemn assurance that, provided I saw his conduct really changed, his secret should be safe with me, I suggested that it was better, since his being at Presburg had never been known to any one, that it should still be kept a secret, and recommended our going together to some distant place, whence at the proper time he would be better able to appear publicly before the world as his brother's heir. To this he assented, yet expressing great anxiety to learn some further tidings of his sister, I proposed our retiring to a town I named not far off, and remaining there a short time, where I would endeavour, by going sometime in disguise to Presburg, to obtain the information he wanted. This was agreed upon; when, learning by these inquiries how much the idea of her brother's departed spirit being troubled seemed to dwell upon the lady Frederica's mind, I determined to try whether some salu-

any effect might not be produced by the letter I wrote. She had called upon me for her brother; she seemed to connect the idea of me constantly with that of her brother's spirit. I knew that a state of delirium was not a moment when the voice of reason could be heard; on the contrary, I thought that to soothe the fancy with which she was possessed might contribute to restoring her reason, and when that was re-established, the truth might be told her with safety, and she might be undeceived.

"The experiment, as far as it has been tried hitherto, has happily been crowned with success; and I look upon it as one of the most exalted blessings Heaven could confer upon me, that it has permitted me to be instrumental in alleviating the sufferings of so charming a creature. The remainder will come in time, perhaps it is hardly yet time that she should be wholly undeceived.—But to return to count Adolphus.

"When the amendment of the lady Frederica appeared certain, and it was obvious that hopes might be entertained of her entire restoration, I recommended the prosecution of our plan, and we set off with that intent. We travelled on horseback, when just as we arrived at the frontiers of Hungary the young count had the misfortune to fall from his horse, by which accident he was so much hurt that I was at first seriously alarmed for his life. This detained us at the town, whence the information of his accident, and his being consequently in a state that he could not be moved, was sent to his brother's agent in Austria, and by him communicated to his friends. Here it was that we first saw an accurate list of the officers, both superior and inferior, who had fallen in Khevenhuller's late action. Among them was captain Luckner, the officer who had been the occasion of count Adolphus's mad undertaking, and whose death seemed wholly to secure our secret;—thus every

thing favoured the concealment of the story.

"Adolphus indeed went through great sufferings from his accident, but he is now so far amended that we have every reason to hope his health will soon be entirely restored. During the whole of his illness the late affair has dwelt very severely upon his mind; he has talked of it perpetually with the most bitter self-reproaches; it has indeed been almost our only theme as I sat constantly watching by his bedside. I have never endeavoured to extenuate his fault, for I wished him to feel it in its full magnitude; at the same time I have always assured him that if in future his conduct is altered, his secret shall be preserved; but that if he relapses into like follies all shall be known. I have also uniformly told him that since it was necessary some measures should be taken to allay the ferment which had been raised in the public mind, I must impart the story to you, count Lowenstein, and to baron Kiezerhausen; relying upon your faith and honour for keeping the secret, and trusting to your judgment and discretion for finding some means, without poor Molziewietz being in any way implicated, to remove all idea that there was any thing supernatural in the figure twice seen. For this purpose I have waited upon you, and am also commissioned by the young count to say, that since he is now capable of travelling, he is very desirous of coming hither to pay his respects to his sovereign upon his accession to his new honours, and to tender her the same services as she received from his late brother; provided always this meets with your approbation, for to that he submits himself entirely, and that it can be done consistently with preserving his secret inviolate."

Here captain Storkenheim ceased speaking, when count Lowenstein and Kiezerhausen broke out into expressions of admiration of his conduct throughout this most singular affair,

which would be little interesting in the detail, and might perhaps be thought to border on extravagance. Pass we them by then, and proceed to say that a promise was made by count Lowenstein to guard the young Adolphus's secret faithfully; he only required permission to impart every thing to the queen, and to this Storkenheim readily consented. The count also engaged to manage in the best manner he was able the proposed visit of the new count Molzewitz to pay his homage to his sovereign, as also to make some communication upon the subject to the lady Frederica; and Storkenheim departed to relate to his friend the success of his mission.

The queen was no less struck than Lowenstein and Kiezerhausen with the conduct of Storkenheim. He had shewn a penetration of mind far beyond his years, combined with equal courage and steadiness in the pursuit of his object, and a noble zeal to save and retrieve his friend; all of which, considering his early youth, gave promise of every thing illustrious in future. These feelings her majesty expressed to Lowenstein very warmly, and concluded with saying that some recompense must be bestowed upon him adequate to his high deserts, consulting in what way her favour could be shown so as to avoid any hazard of Molzewitz's secret being betrayed by it.

Lowenstein felt very warmly, from what had passed in their late conversation, that there was a recompense with which Storkenheim would think his services acknowledged far beyond even his most sanguine hopes; yet it was a subject which he saw would require the utmost delicacy in handling, though the hint by which it should be first suggested were ever so remote. Storkenheim was of a good family, but a younger brother and destitute of fortune:—while the lady Frederica von Molzewitz, the favourite of the queen, the daughter of one of the most illustrious houses in Austria, might reasonably look

to a very splendid alliance.—Impressed as he was with the disinterested manner in which Storkenheim had condemned himself to silence, under circumstances of which many men would have availed themselves to urge a sort of claim upon the object sighed for—he felt no little desire, provided the lady's inclinations were favourable, to manage the affair so that such disinterestedness might not remain unrewarded. He would not however be precipitate; and having made his communication to the queen, and received her approbation of the proposed visit to the court, he suffered the other matter to remain dormant till the count and Storkenheim should arrive.

With respect to the ghost, he caused it to be published about the town that the whole matter had been satisfactorily explained by captain Storkenheim, who had absented himself from the city only with a view to investigate it the more fully, following a clue which he had obtained. That on doing this he had possessed himself of the fullest proof that the figure seen was no apparition, but a human form, whose name for state reasons could not be brought forward, any more than the motives by which he was actuated. To confirm this, the count had the secret door in Wingerode's chamber opened after the manner directed by Storkenheim, before a number of respectable witnesses in the first instance, and ordered that any person who desired ocular conviction of the fact of this door and the long passage leading from it, should have the fullest satisfaction given them. For some days the inn was, in consequence, crowded with visitants to see the door, but the rage soon subsided;—that the ghost was pure flesh and blood was now a truth universally received; the reputation of the chamber and the inn was fully re-established, and the affair was soon suffered to go quietly to sleep.

In the mean time the Man of the Mountain had not been entirely neglected: philosophic speculation was ex-

all that was reported of the
ice, and the nature of it was
me ascertained. Thus at length
evident that Wingerode might
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but since the whole truth of
tz's story was not then known,
it probably was him that he
he was in the valley of rocks
fore sunrise on the morning
went to meet Storkenheim and
s confession to him,—as this
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redit of having clothed his own
th the form by which his ima-
was haunted; and of this he
ngth himself persuaded. Thus
supernatural appearances being
accounted for, even Birken-
finally compelled to yield up
e he had so long ably defended,
e contented thenceforward with
the society of corporeal beings
self, without alarming his ima-
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uth might safely be hazarded,

that she would by no means be sorry
to hear how much greater were the ob-
ligations she owed to Storkenheim,
than those upon which her disturbed
fancy had delighted to dwell.

Before, therefore, the public was
made acquainted with so much of the
truth as they were destined to partake
in, the count took an opportunity of
engaging the lady Frederica to come to
his apartments by herself, under the
pretence of wanting some information
from her relative to her deceased bro-
ther. By degrees he now artfully led
on the conversation from point to point:
till being at length convinced that her
mind was in a state capable of bearing
the truth, he ventured fully to disclose
it to her. When he concluded, she
poured out her heart in the warmest ef-
fusions of gratitude for the communica-
tion; adding some pretty forcible ex-
pressions, when she adverted to Stork-
enheim's conduct, which showed the
count plainly that the actions were not
the less grateful to her in considering
by whom they were performed. "Count
Lowenstein," she said, "you have re-
lieved my mind from a heavy burthen.
While my reason was unfortunatel-
y under a shade, I was satisfied with
the letter I received from captain Stork-
enheim. I had formerly had the plea-
sure of knowing him; I thought him
pleasing and amiable, and my brother
Adolphus always spoke of him in such
warm terms of friendship and regard
that I had conceived a very high opinion
of him. I delighted therefore to dwell
on the service my troubled fancy sup-
posed him to have rendered the whole
family in giving rest to my deceased
brother's spirit. Since the return of
my reason, I will confess to you that
my mind has been much troubled about
this letter. In my hours of delirium,
I never entertained a doubt but that
the reputed apparition was not what it
appeared, or hesitated for a moment to
believe in the disembodied soul some-
times wandering again upon the earth;
my hours of sanity reproved this belief,

assuring me that it was delirium alone which could cherish it. What then could I think of the letter? I could scarcely acquit captain Storkenheim of having sported with my unhappy state, and I was disposed instead of my former good opinion, to feel the warmest indignation against him....Never, no never, can these obligations be sufficiently acknowledged."

Count Lowenstein had heard enough, and his mind was now fully settled. He had no child himself, no heir to whom his fortunes and honours would descend; and he thought he could never bestow his favours more meritoriously than in adopting Storkenheim as his son, and making him his heir; so would he be fully authorized in aspiring to the hand of his beloved Frederica. This idea he immediately imparted to the queen, requesting her gracious sanction to it. She made no hesitation to grant it, adding many flattering expressions both to himself for the benevolence and generosity he was showing, and to the son of his adoption, who could not fail to reflect the highest lustre upon the station to which he was raised. The count then mentioned his further views with regard to his new son; to which the queen replied, that though she should deeply feel the loss of such a friend as Frederica, whom she could no longer expect to retain about her person, yet she must truly rejoice to see her disposed of so much to her own satisfaction, and to see merit such as Storkenheim's crowned with that happiness to which his heart had never dared even to raise a thought.

Things were in this train when count Adolphus and Storkenheim arrived at Presburg. The former for his sister's sake, and the latter for his own, were most graciously received by the queen, while the meeting between the brother and sister was interesting and affecting. The young count appeared much abashed, but by degrees began to recover himself, and Lowenstein benignantly did all in his power to cheer and encour-

age him. Storkenheim was soon acquainted with the honours intended him by the count, at which he seemed deeply affected, showing his sense of the obligations he was under, by the warmest expressions of gratitude, yet with a manly dignity devoid of servility. In a few days he was publicly acknowledged by the count as his adopted son, and received the congratulations of the court on the occasion.

But his richest recompense was still to come; nor did the count long delay to mention the subject to him, and to assure him of the queen's favourable disposition towards the marriage, while he thought he might equally answer for those of the lady. Storkenheim delayed not to mention the subject to his friend count Adolphus, whose delight seemed to know no bounds in the idea of calling him brother. The suit being then opened in form to the lady, she did not think it necessary to go through any ceremony of hesitation or consideration, but immediately consented to bestow her hand where she had already bestowed her heart, and the marriage was concluded in a very short time.

Count Adolphus remained at Presburg till he had solemnly given his sister to his friend, and then departed to settle his affairs. From this time his whole conduct was changed; an impression had been made on his mind which no time could wear away; and as often as he and his brother-in-law met, he could never refrain from pouring out his heart in the warmest effusions of gratitude to him while his altered conduct bore the fullest testimony to the sincerity with which he felt all that he expressed. Thus the compact on his side being punctually fulfilled, the depositories of the secret were no less punctual in performing their engagement; nor till long, long after, when a life of many years, which might truly be called exemplary, had atoned for all his youthful follies—was the history known of the **THE SPECTRE** ⁴⁰
PRESBURG.



THE MAGIC DOLLAR.

A Tale of Alsace.

In a certain town in Alsace, during the time of the seven years war, lived two misers of different sexes ; the one was known by the name of Madame Barbara Alicia Kreutzer, the other by that of Mr. Philip Ambrose Notterville.

The former had been the wife of a senator, but at this period had been many years a widow. Her lord survived his marriage but a very short time ;—as to the cause of his death the town was much divided in opinion ; some holding that he was wrangled out of the world by his fair partner, others, that he was starved by her ; all agreed that it was to her he was indebted for being so early in life released from a world of cares. In short she was—

" One of those very few women whose life is less spent in eating than wrangling and strife."

Whether it was for her beauty or for the amiable qualities of her mind that the worthy senator made choice of her

as his help-mate, is not easily to be determined. The only thing certain is, that at the time when the adventures now to be related took place, and she was considerably past the prime of life, her nose had acquired a remarkable resemblance to the beak of a falcon, and her chin turned upwards towards it with so graceful a curve, that they came nearly in contact with each other. Her figure had none of the roundness and plumpness of the Medicean Venus ; it might, indeed, be said, that if she had starved her loved lord, she had certainly not fattened herself ; her form was the very abstract idea of famine, and by that appellation she was generally distinguished among her fellow-citizens. Her dress was in perfect unison with the appearance of her person : the gown she commonly wore had been in the family during three generations at least as the fashion of it and many a breach

in its texture indisputably attested. An anti-graceful figure of this description being well known as one of those in which our arch enemy often carries on his intrigues and cabals against mankind, she did not pass among the townspeople without suspicion, if not of being that very personage himself, at least of being one of those attendants about his person commonly known by the name of his imps.

The house in which she lived favoured this idea not a little. It was an old ruinous castle on the town-walls, and appeared much rather the abode of evil spirits than of any thing human. One evil spirit was undoubtedly her constant inmate—the dæmon of avarice; and as he was her constant, he became at length nearly her sole, companion. She had once let the greater part of her house in lodgings; till in the end, as she would never be at the expense of repairs the wind and the rain had obtained such free ingress into every apartment that it was impossible for any body but herself to inhabit them. She then entered upon a nice calculation, whether the loss incurred by repairs would or would not be counterbalanced by the gain derived from letting the apartments; which question being determined in favour of suffering things to remain as they were, she descended from a garret where she had long dwelt, and which rather more resembled an owl's nest than a human habitation, into the first floor, where only was one room tolerably defended against the inroads of the elements.

Among many wise maxims and saws which she cherished as her great rules of life, a favourite one was that "Whoever will be well served must serve themselves." In pursuance of this maxim she kept no servant. Indeed another reason might be adduced for her not having one,—that it was impossible to find a servant who would live with her; even the rats and mice forsook the house, after she ceased to have lodgers.

—* of the means of sustaining their

existence any longer. The only corporeal being that now inhabited the mansion, besides herself and the spiders—who held their reign unmolested in every part of it—was a large black dog. This member of her establishment served at all times as a faithful guard against thieves, and in cold weather added to his other employments that of performing for her the office of a warming-pan.

Such a guard and protector was indeed a very necessary article in her household: she had the reputation of possessing immense riches, and without some defender might have been extremely liable to the inroads of nocturnal depredators. If a heart like hers could be capable of attachment, she might be said to be strongly attached to this animal: indeed, if similarity of disposition can create attachment, there was every reason for her regarding him with warm friendship, since he was as determined a wrangler as herself; and having twice inflicted severe discipline on persons who came to the house at a later hour than he thought proper to admit visitors, all who might otherwise have been similarly disposed were now kept at an awful distance.

The reputation for riches which she had not unjustly acquired, proved to her in some sort an actual source of wealth. The legacy-hunters, who always constitute a large description of persons in every town, were all assiduous in paying their court to her, sending her little objects of regale for the table, and other presents, so that she had never occasion to diminish her own stores in supplying the wants either of herself or her dog. Not that the tributes she received in this way were always consumed by her under the form in which they originally came to her hands; a fine capon for instance was a dainty which neither Black Tom, for that was the appellation given to her companion in compliment to her deceased husband, who bore the name of Thomas—neither herself nor Black Tom having any relish for dainties, whatever she received in

ay was carried to market and
ged for food of a cheaper descrip-
and she took great care not to be
ached in her bargains, she com-
besides supplying her table,
uted something towards the nou-
nt of her strong box.

he is a managing good kind of a
," would Mr. Philip Ambrose
ille, with others of like thrifty
tions, say of her, pulling off
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! and a very general article of
ras that the old lady was pos-
of a magic dollar, presented by
as a love-token when he first be-
er suitor, through the influence
h she could increase her wealth
um she chose. To these opinions
t four-fifths of the inhabitants of
vn subscribed: the only differ-
among them was, that some be-
both articles firmly, and talked
freely; while others, as firmly
ig, yet did not venture to talk
he subject, always recollecting
saying, "Talk of the devil and
on at your elbow." Some again
l that part of the creed which
that Black Tom was the arch-
disguise, but believed firmly
magic dollar; others again be-
n the dog, but rejected the dol-
few only, scarcely a fifth part,
not above a tenth or twentieth
ons who could actually venture
a church-yard without fear at
mn hour of midnight—did not
either in the dollar or the dog;
lieved in nothing but the covet-
erulous, and in every way un-
e disposition or the avaricious
man.

was Madame Barbara Alicia
er. Her counterpart, Mr. Philip
se Netterville, as he called him-

self in all his bonds, usurious contracts,
dunning letters, &c. had from his ear-
liest youth conceived a high idea of the
delights of living in noble penury. He
had not more of the sleek plumpness of
the Apollo of Belvidere in his figure,
than his prototype had of the Medicean
Venus; it would have been indeed a
difficult matter for the nicest anatomist
to determine which had the greater or
less portion of flesh upon their bones.
The skin of his forehead was drawn
very tight up over the ossified part of it
by a scanty-haired wig which sat very
close to his head, and his small round
eyes were by this means rendered ex-
ceedingly prominent, while they, stand-
ing on each side of a very crooked nose
and having in them much of the acute-
ness of a hawk, looking after his
prey, his countenance altogether bore a
strong resemblance to that animal. Nor
was this resemblance lessened by his
mouth being constantly open, as if ready
to snap at any thing which came in his
way.

While yet quite a child, some hard
dollars had been given him by his god-
father as playthings; and of these he
soon became passionately fond—all
other objects were as nothing to his
childish fancy in comparison with them.
At a somewhat more advanced period of
life, no other play could delight him but
being merchants and bankers, and get-
ting a great deal of money. By the
time he was seven years old, he could
repeat his tables of interest by heart
very readily, without making the most
trifling mistake, though in all other re-
spects he was backward in his reading
and writing; and when only in his tenth
year he had the address to frame a lot-
tery, by which nearly all the pocket-
money of his schoolfellows was trans-
ferred from their purses into his strong
box—for a strong box he kept even at
this early age. Another mode adopted
by him to get possession of the little
stores of his companions was to borrow
money of them under an engagement
to pay it at a fixed time with so much

interest; but when that time arrived neither principal nor interest was forthcoming; and if pressed for payment by his youthful creditors, he very coolly declared himself a bankrupt. On the occasion of his first declaration of bankruptcy, an appeal was made by the sufferers to the justice of his father, who was a fat, portly brewer in the town. Having listened attentively to the story, he turned it off with a laugh at the ingenuity of this only fruit of his marriage, paying to the full both the principal and the interest promised. Thus was laid the foundation of a thousand evil habits in the boy, which did not fail to shoot up with the most luxuriant growth.

It was the father's earnest wish to see his son a scholar; but the only studies to which the young man could ever settle his mind were the arts of gaining and of saving money; so that when he arrived at the age to be removed to the university, the masters were obliged to acknowledge him unfit for it. Yet during this time he had pursued his favourite studies with so much effect that he had scraped together a very pretty capital, and this he kept constantly increasing, by lending it out on pledges at usurious interest. Not long after he attained to manhood, his father was found dead one morning in his cellar, and thus was Mr Philip Ambrose Netterville at an early age left sole master of a very large property.

He immediately began his calculations whether his capital could be turned to the best account by continuing the brewery, or by extending the plan he had already found so profitable, at lending out his money at enormous interest. Having clearly demonstrated to himself that his gains in the latter would, on a moderate computation, exceed by a third the utmost possible profit to be acquired by the former, the brewery was sold very advantageously, and trafficking in money became his only occupation. Having a fortune that would enable him to live like a nobleman, he hired a small

lodging in an obscure part of the town, and there shut himself up with his hoards, never stirring but when some business of saving or of gain called him forth;—since to walk out for any other purpose was a waste of shoe-leather.

Between this period and the completion of his thirtieth year he was twice attacked in a way that threatened to be very fatal to him,—that is to say, he twice fell in love. His prudence, however rose superior even to the attacks of this all-powerful passion, and calculations of interest did what reflections of reason were scarcely ever known to do,—deterred him from rushing headlong into matrimony. He found that the expenses of such an establishment as he must have in the character of a husband, and probably of a father, would be far greater than the fortune of either of the ladies would pay, though each had what is considered by the world as a pretty fortune; and that consequently depredations such as he could not bear to think of would be made upon his own means:—avarice therefore triumphed over love. To console himself, he calculated what his annual expenses must have amounted to, had he yielded to his inclinations, which sum he put by every year in a separate bag, calling it love-board; and the pleasure he derived from seeing the accumulation of this stock, proved to him a source of greater joy than the joys of wedlock themselves.

Yet, since it is hopeless for a man wholly to resist his fate, and since it was written in the book of fate that Mr. Philip Ambrose Netterville was not to pass through life without making one sacrifice at the altar of Hymen; he did at length find a woman whom, on running over his darling calculations, and turning and twisting them in every way, he thought he might venture to make his wife without fear of injuring his fortune. She was a virgin in the forty-second year of her age, with a revenue amounting to nearly double the sum he had been accustomed to lay by in his love-board; so that he here saw a prospect

of adding to his savings, notwithstanding the increase of his expenses. Satisfied therefore as to the prudence of his plan, he began his siege in due form; nor was the town long ere it surrendered at discretion. The lady was always considered by her neighbours as having continued in a state of virginity to this advanced period of life, very much against her inclination; though she seldom failed of entertaining every company wherein she mingled, with an account of some one or the many cruelties she had exercised towards mankind. It is not our business to enter into an investigation how much or how little foundation there might be for these details; we have no concern with any other of her lovers than Mr. Philip Amrose Netterville, and towards him she certainly never evinced any disposition to cruelty. At the very first hint of his passion, she tenderly sighed and blushed a soft consent; and in three weeks from the date of this hint became Madame Netterville.

So far was well; but in another respect the matter was not quite so well. On the blessings of the marriage-bed, on the olive-branches round about his table, the happy husband had made no calculation; he thought that his vine being forty-two years of age would be exempt from the production of olive-branches, and he never was very anxious to see his table surrounded by such productions. Alas! he found to his cost, that though seldom baffled in his calculations, he had here fallen into an error; for exactly a year and a day after their marriage he was presented by his fair helpmate with a very fine little girl. The lady, however, to make some atonement for having misled him thus cruelly, in a few days after her delivery released him from any further expenses on her account, except her funereal ones.

Netterville was not yet fully satisfied;—though released from the burthen of maintaining a wife, that of providing for his new charge would be scarcely less onerous. Since it was impossible

for him, in her infant state, to attend upon her wholly himself; he must, for a few years at least, be at the expense of a nurse. Indeed, the expenses of educating a girl till she should be fourteen or fifteen, an age at which he expected she would be able to maintain herself,—that is, to marry,—absolutely made his hair stand-an-end. His only comfort was that he should look out a rich son-in-law, and make him reimburse if not the whole, certainly a great part of the sums expended in his daughter's education.

Mother Nature, who had most truly and literally been the means of giving existence to the little Philippina, exerted herself all in her power to make amends for the untoward circumstances under which she had ushered her into the world. She endowed her abundantly with personal charms, and bestowed on her a most amiable disposition and a very sufficient portion of talents; aided by these she grew up—notwithstanding all the disadvantages of parental avarice, which refused her every thing but the most ordinary education—a gem of no common value. From the moment that her awakening reason made her sensible of her situation, she occupied herself in various kinds of needle-work, by the sale of which she gained the means of purchasing such articles of dress as her situation demanded, but which her father's sordid habits denied; to these she added the procuring instruction in some of the elegant accomplishments. She always took care, however, to give him some part of her gains, as a security against his ever raising any opposition to the prosecution of her plans. It was only thus, through her own industry, that she was enabled to appear with credit in society, and to frequent balls and concerts, for she was passionately fond both of music and dancing.

That a young woman of this description should early attract the attention of the young men was to be expected; and from the moment she began to

appear in public, many even among the most wealthy were assiduous in their endeavours to obtain her favour. These ventured to appear publicly as her followers, considering themselves from their own circumstances as entitled to look up even to the daughter of the rich Mr. Netterville. Others, less happy in their fortunes, but not less enamoured, sighed at an awful distance, but did not dare to think of disclosing their passion. Philippina on her side, who saw all the difficulties that must attend upon her being disposed of in marriage, was only anxious to keep her heart disengaged;—yet desirous to obtain the esteem of all, she behaved with a general courtesy which she was careful should never be construed into any encouragement to serious addresses. Thus she after awhile obtained the appellation of the little prude; a character which she was not sorry to learn was imputed to her.

But her time was to come,—she was not always to preserve her heart in this happy state of apathy. There was in the town a young advocate, by name Minehold, whom she had met several times in public. The first time he saw her he was attracted by her personal charms; and his admiration was afterwards so irrevocably confirmed by her amiable and unaffected manners and pleasing conversation, that his heart was soon irrevocably lost; nor did he attempt to resist his growing passion. he gave himself up to it without reserve. The gentle Philippina on her side was not less deeply smitten. Minehold had an excellent character, was handsome in his person, agreeable in his conversation, and, above all, an unwearied dancer, which was a great recommendation to the young lady. He had very good abilities, and the progress he had made in his profession was already such as to give assurance of his rising in it to great eminence; but, alas! for the present he had no private fortune; his professional gains were his sole means of subsistence, and could such a man aspire to the hand of Philippina! Where

was to be found the means of reimbursing the expenses of her education which Netterville expected before he would accept any one as a son-in-law!

Love, however, is aspiring; and the lover was unfortunately presented with so fair an occasion for disclosing his passion to the object of it, at a ball where they met, that he could restrain himself no longer; and the whole secret of his heart was laid open. Philippina, poor Philippina! was not in a much better situation. She had found the excellent young advocate so extremely agreeable, that notwithstanding the indifference she was desirous of maintaining, her heart was insensibly wholly surrendered to him; and the expressive silence with which she listened to the ardent declaration of his passion was to him the most pleasing assurance that he had not pleaded in vain. In short both parties were so transported,—the one with having disclosed the important secret, the other with the assurance that she was beloved by the only man against whom she had not been able to secure her heart,—that they gave themselves up to the happiness of the moment, and exchanged the most ardent vows of unalterable fidelity and constancy to each other.

But, the ball concluded, the intoxication of these delicious moments passed, and the lovers restored to their respective solitary apartments, the fairy world of love vanished before them; while, instead of the pretty fluttering Cupids which they had so lately seen sporting gaily around, they found themselves encompassed only by the black dæmons of care, and were importuned during the whole night by a succession of sleeping and waking dreams not of a nature very flattering to the sentiments of their hearts. The God of Love and Goddess of Hope, however, re-appeared to them again in a few days after at another ball, when they found the means of entertaining each other in secret, and renewing the solemn vows they had exchanged. Nay, they went

for they agreed that, since with management it was just possible Minehold to maintain a wife on professional gains, the matter mentioned to the lady's father; could be released from the expense of maintaining her, and no thought entertained of asking for so small a shilling of portion.

Communication, however, it was thought should not be made by the parties themselves, but through the intervention of a confidential friend, who, requested to undertake it, gladly to open the matter in proper solicitation of Mr. Philip Ambrose in the hand of his daughter in favour for Mr. Advocate Minehold. "I succeed," whispered flatteringly in the ears of the lovers; "I will, still more ready at delusion, stronger terms, "He must suc-

poor lovers!—had ye been with the sweet enjoyment of a tender courtship which was always, ye might long have maintained undisturbed. But love, I have been aspiring; and no sooner was I thought entertained that the consent to the union ye wished obtained, and a resolution put the solidity of the foundation of hope to the proof, than alluring visions were dispersed in air. Upon the first hint on the part given to the stern father, he, even entering upon a calculation, emptorily refused listening to the kind, abusing the poor as a shameless beggar, and prohibiting his daughter's ever of going to a ball again. The anguish which this cruel denial of their hopes occasioned the people, heightened by the reflection it was hurried on by their own desire, will be easily imagined. consolation that now remained was in that last refuge of lovers—a secret correspondence was successfully carried on

through the intervention of the confidential friend and an old woman who had formerly been nurse to Philippina.

Leave we awhile these tender turtle-doves to pour out their hearts to each other in soft and melting complaints, and turn we once more to an object of a less soft and tender nature—to Madame Barbara Alicia Kreutzer.

The splendid, dazzling, meteor-like seven years' war had now run through about half its career, when a whole regiment of the troops of the Germanic body were sent to winter in the town where lived the amiable pair whose adventures we are endeavouring to immortalize. The town was small, and the regiment was large; so that every house was obliged to partake in the burthen of having the soldiers quartered upon them. It fell to the lot of Madame Barbara Alicia to have the entertainment of a subaltern officer, two common soldiers, and a drummer forced upon her;—what sort of entertainment they received may easily be imagined.

In fact, what with the anxiety she experienced from the sums she found herself daily compelled to disburse in supplies for her new guests, of food, fuel, candles, and straw for their beds, with something in addition to their ordinary fare for a Sunday dinner, and her still greater anxiety lest these formidable marauders should some day take it in their heads to visit her money chest, when even Black Tom might not be able to defend it;—what with these anxieties, and the increasing inroads made by the elements from the increasing dilapidated state of her habitation, she was actually thrown into a violent fit of sickness. A doctor was sent for; but she soon found that between his fees and the medicines and warm clothing he ordered her, this was an indulgence far beyond her slender means to support, and in a week he was dismissed. The legacy-hunters were now more assiduous than ever in paying their court, fully convinced that the time was not far off when they should reap the

rich reward of their assiduities. They were right in so much as that the period of her woes was arrived; for notwithstanding the dismissal of the doctor, on the tenth day of her seizure she stole silently and quietly out of the world, Black Tom only being present to receive her last sigh. They were wrong in expecting to receive the recompense of their attentions; for as she could not bear the idea of being separated from her beloved stores, the thought of making any bequest of them was too revolting ever to be harboured, and she died leaving to the laws alone the disposal of what she had accumulated.

How long a time might have elapsed before Black Tom thought proper to disclose the secret of his mistress's decease it is impossible to determine; but he was spared the trouble of dispersing the usual circular notice sent round to relations and friends upon such an occasion, by the drummer entering the room swearing and cursing most furiously, the very day on which this afflicting circumstance took place, that coming home at the usual dinner-hour he found not the slightest preparations going forward for this most important concern of our lives. Poor Tom looked him very piteously in the face, pointing to his mistress, with whom he seemed well aware all was not perfectly right. The drummer was for a moment mute with astonishment at beholding his hostess a lifeless corpse; but being a very honest fellow, though a little given to swearing and cursing, he did not avail himself of the information he had thus casually acquired, as he certainly might have done, to secure to himself any part of her property now within his reach. No, he hastened immediately to his officer, to inform him of what had happened; while the latter, after ascending the staircase to assure himself that what he had heard was true, proceeded to give the necessary information upon the subject to those whom he conceived most interested by it.

These were two distant cousins, jo-

vial young men, who, though sensible that they were her nearest relations, had never paid any court to her, or even thought for a moment of inheriting her vast wealth. To them, however, nature and the laws now consigned the first cares necessary upon such an occasion,—searching for a will and providing for the old lady's interment. Taking with them two other persons as witnesses that the search was fairly conducted, every corner of the ruined house was ransacked, even to endangering the lives of the searchers in visiting parts which seemed at every moment ready to fall over their heads. This search being made, no will could be found; and it remained only for the two young cousins to take possession of what the law awarded to them. Willing to pay every possible respect to the deceased, however little deserved on her part, she was handsomely interred without ridiculous ostentation, and Black Tom was sent into the country to the care of a worthy farmer and his wife, with a pension for his support during the remainder of his days, while a provision was made for the officer, the soldiers, and the drummer, at a public-house in the town, that the wretched falling mansion might be totally evacuated.

For some time after the old lady's death bitter murmurings and complainings were heard about the town from the legacy-hunters, who had experienced so bitter a disappointment. Nothing but epithets of the "wretched old hag—the niggardly scurvy old witch,"—were now bestowed upon her, who had formerly been designated as the poor good old lady; and a grudging account was made out of the money that had gone in paying court to her, for which the ungrateful wretch never made any return whatever. Some even affected to believe that she had not come fairly by her death, but that the cousins had dealt with Black Tom, who, being an agent of the evil-one, had wrung her neck slyly with his feet;—and this they said was the more probable, since Tom

only witness of her last mother these complaints had been some, and the justice of them by others, for three or four either mistress nor dog were more.

ion now arose with the heirs, id, or could be done with the old idence. It was offered to sale ; ome time no purchaser could the materials of which it was were in such a state of decay would not even pay the expelling it down. At length, a purchaser arose from a quarrel perhaps he might be the cted.

ly person who had shown the osition to treat Madame Bar-a's memory with respect was p Ambrose Netterville. He ys expressed himself in her with much deference towards She is an excellent saving woman," he would say ; " a tizen of the Holy Roman Em-cserving member of the great body." At her death he calculate, from the reported of the property she had left, what he knew of the revenues e into her possession at the her husband, how much she e saved annually. Dividing erty left by the number of had been accumulating, he at her savings must have been thousand rix dollars a year, for the accumulation by inte-ompound interest. Now this o so far beyond what her os-venues could possibly allow, rain, ever at work, immediate-d to her reputed supernatural in the Black Dog and Magic For the dog he could not be any thing more than a real paniel : he could not persuade since his own merits must be hers in the eyes of the arch-t the latter would have shown a decided preference, and

wholly neglected him ; no, assuredly his favours would have been more equally divided, and he would have enjoyed the patronage of one of his imps under the form of a black cat, a monkey, or something of the kind.

The supernatural agency of the dog was then wholly rejected.—But the Magic Dollar !—What was to be thought of the Magic Dollar ? Some unseen, unknown source of wealth she must have had ; and it was scarcely ever that such ideas as that of the Magic Dollar got into general circulation without some foundation in fact. In any case no harm would accrue from sifting the heirs upon the matter, and this might be done rather with the appearance of joke than of entertaining any serious belief in it. From the moment that this idea got possession of him, his brain was incessantly at work upon it : till at last he persuaded himself firmly of the reality of the Magic Dollar ; and burned with an irresistible desire to obtain possession of it ; he even determined within himself, that since the heirs were a couple of gay thoughtless young men they might easily be wheedled out of it.

He began by asking them one day whether they had found any curious coins among the stores of their deceased relation, since it was always reported that she had many which were very curious ; and as he was collecting a cabinet of coins, he should be happy to purchase what she had left, if they would be willing to sell them. They answered that indeed they had not found any, not even the Magic Dollar, they added with a laugh, knowing the reports concerning it which had been current in the town. Mr. Philip Ambrose affected to join the laugh, and said, as if jokingly, " Nay, supposing you had found it, no one could have expected you to part with it again ; though you might have been nice about using any thing reputed of Satanic origin, gratitude must have made you cherish it with care, considering the

obligations you owe to it."—The young men laughed again :—"No, by Heaven," they said, "if the old lady had such a thing she must have hid it, like a magpie, in some hole or corner of her tumble-down mansion, or buried it in the earth at the bottom of her cellar, for nothing like it could they ever find." A new dawn of light here burst upon the mind of our old usurer. The dollar had not been found, and it might be concealed somewhere about the house : indeed this was most probably the case, since a careful old lady, like the deceased, would hardly trust such a treasure in any but some very secure spot, where no one could have ready access, or where they could not think of looking for any thing of value. There was an easy and obvious mode of ascertaining this :—the house was upon sale, it might be purchased for a trifle, and he should have nothing to do but carefully to examine it at his leisure. This was resolved on : he proposed the purchase of the present owners, offering the smallest sum for it that he thought would be accepted ; and the heirs, rejoiced to get the frail tenement off their hands on almost any terms, eagerly caught at the offer ; so that the bargain was instantly concluded, and the deed of transfer drawn up and signed by both parties.

Behold then, Mr. Philip Ambrose Netterville sole possessor of the mansion of his deceased prototype, and, as he trusted, of the main source to which she owed her vast wealth. The joke soon spread through the town, of the motive which induced him to part with even a small portion of his wealth which to reasonable people seemed so profitable ; for the two young men smoked the truth, and had no doubt that what they had suggested was the occasion of the old usurer's being so desirous to get possession of such miserable dilapidated premises. Such a joke was much too good to keep it selfishly to themselves ; and they amused their acquaintance with it in the first instance, who

circulating it still more extensively, by the time the deeds were signed and possession given, the matter became the general amusement of the town.

The new owner resolving not to be in any way interrupted or impeded in his researches, gave up the management of his own dwelling for a week to his daughter, even at the hazard of her taking advantage of his absence to admit her lover as a visitor, and went himself to his new one, carrying with him a pickaxe, a spade, and whatever other implements or tools appeared necessary for the prosecution of his researches. He began by examining the room which the old lady inhabited for the latter part of her life, and in which she breathed her last, but nothing was to be found ; he next proceeded to the garret in which she had formerly lived but met with no better success : afterwards by degrees every part was searched, not a hole or cranny escaped—still to no purpose. At last he descended to the cellar, where he dug up the earth, looking and grubbing into every space full as it was turned up—but all was equally unproductive ; and he retired for the night to a miserable bed with which he had furnished the old lady's state apartment, exceedingly perplexed and disconcerted. He had still no doubt that the dollar was somewhere about the house ; but the question was, how to discover the place of its concealment. At first he thought of having the house pulled down ; but so small an object as a dollar might easily be lost among the rubbish without its being perceived by any body ; or the people whom he must employ in levelling the edifice with the ground, finding the treasure, might conceal it ;—the house might be pulled down in vain. Some other scheme must be thought of ; and his busy thoughts soon began to direct themselves towards Black Tom. Though he had hitherto wholly rejected the idea of his being any thing more than a true, literal, genuine member of the canine body, yet he now began to question himself

whether there might not really be something of supernatural agency about him, —whether he might not have been the ragoon appointed by the donor to guard the golden fleece,—whether he consequently might not be in possession of the secret where the dollar was to be found? Then another question would arise, in what way he was to be dealt with to draw the secret from him?

The worthy gentleman sat upon the end of his bed—for he had not provided himself with any other seat, revolving these things in his mind, and seriously thinking of endeavouring to open negotiation the next day for the purchase of Black Tom, till he heard the knock of a neighbouring turret sound the solemn hour of midnight. At this awful moment his ears were suddenly assailed with a violent noise like the rattling of chains, and a stamping like that of the feet of horses was heard in the long passage leading to the chamber where he was; all this was moreover accompanied by the most fearful and melancholy howlings and groanings. Sounds so alarming were enough to rattle the stoutest heart; and that of Philip Ambrose Netterville palpitated with terror to such a degree that it seemed ready to burst through the case in which it was inclosed. He had had the precaution to bring with him a large padlock, with which the door was made fast;—but what could the strongest locks and bolts avail against the intruders which he now expected every moment to burst into the room, and which could not be of mortal mould? He crossed and blessed himself a thousand times, falling devoutly on his knees to implore the protection of St. Ambrose, his patron saint. Still the noises continued; he even thought at intervals that he distinguished voices, and heard his own name repeatedly pronounced, combined with the words Magic Dollar; and his fears suggested that a whole legion of the agents of his Satanic majesty were come in wrath to carry him away, because he had conceived the

arrogant project of possessing a treasure never intended to bless any other than his august predecessor in the apartment: the howls he heard sometimes resembling those of a dog, he imputed them to Black Tom, and had no doubt that it would be his doom to be torn in pieces by that hideous animal.

Still the noises continued. Yet, to his astonishment, no attempt was made to burst into the chamber; and his courage being somewhat fortified by perceiving this, he even thought for a moment, since they would not come to him, of opening the door and presenting himself before them. In the first place, however, he had no light; and in the next place, if he had one, a little more reflection suggested that the better part of valour was discretion, so he thought it best to remain where he was. At length the clock struck one;—in a moment the noises ceased, all was silent as the grave. At first the silence seemed more awful than even the late tumult, and he remained unable to stir or lie down on his bed and endeavour to sleep: but an hour having passed, the clock striking two, and every thing being still quiet, he ventured to stretch himself at his length, when he soon sunk into repose, nor woke till the morning light was shining full upon him.

His first impulse on waking was to fly from the diabolical mansion never more to return, and to commence the rasure of the building that very day. A little reflection, however, effected a total change in his purpose. That the noises he had heard proceeded from the Satanic legions employed to guard the treasure, he had not the least doubt: but it was also manifest that the old lady, his prototype, must, by some means or other, have conciliated the good will of these beings, since she had never been molested by them. Might it not therefore be possible for him to gain them over to his interest, and accomplish his purpose through their intervention? After mature deliberation, he resolved to watch at least one more

night in the house and see what was to be done, taking every possible precaution against the worst that might happen.

In the first place he provided himself with two pieces of consecrated wax taper; these he purchased for a few sous from the chorister of a neighbouring church, who had made a small mistake and thrust them into his own pocket when he was cleaning the plate belonging to the altar, instead of replacing them in the sacred candlesticks, and with the sous he obtained from Mr. Philip Ambrose Netterville he purchased himself a very pleasant regale of fruit. In the next place the usurer got a handsome book of the Evening Prayer, on which he set a large glass of brandy;—and lighting the consecrated tapers as the first shades of evening came on, he awaited the event with alternate sensations of hope and fear, continuing incessantly in prayer to all the saints of heaven for protection.

At length the hour of midnight arrived; and immediately commenced the same clank of chains, the same howlings and groanings as on the preceding night, but without the tramping of horses. The usurer listened; he rose to open the door, but stood trembling and hesitating for some minutes, when suddenly the noises ceased—a light foot tripping past the door was distinctly heard, and something was rolled along the passage which sounded exceedingly like the roll of a dollar. Such a sound made him erect his ears earnestly;—was it possible that this was the very dollar, the object of his ardent longing; and might not these be indeed good spirits sent for the sole purpose of blessing him and crowning his wishes? Still the tripping continued, and the dollar rolled on:—but still the usurer hesitated till the clock struck one, and all was quiet.

He was now angry with himself and mortified that he had suffered such a golden opportunity to slip; he consequently resolved the next night to banish

every fear, and on the first sound of the spirits to venture forth from his lurking-place, and endeavour to enter into a negotiation with them. Midnight arrived—the howlings and groanings were no longer heard; only the light step of the spirit in the passage,—not as before rolling the dollar up and down, but it was thrown three or four times against the chamber door, while the delighted Philip thought he heard the spirit at the same time fetch a deep sigh. This was a hint not to be mistaken; there was now no doubt but that the purpose of the visit was to put him in possession of the much-wished-for prize.

Fortified with this assurance he took up one of the consecrated tapers, when advancing to the door he unlocked the weighty padlock, and pronouncing a solemn incantation—such as is proper to intimidate an evil spirit and encourage a good one—threw the door wide open.—A figure now presented itself before him, standing, leaning with its back against the wall of the passage, directly opposite the chamber door, at which the usurer gazed attentively, when soon he recognised the exact figure and features of the deceased Madame Barbara Alicia Kreutzer. He started back at first;—the full moon shone directly upon her ghastly formless form, and displayed with their most horrible effect her falcon-beaked nose, her curved chin, and the antique dirty ragged garment in which she was always attired. Over it was now partially thrown the winding-sheet which wrapped her round in her coffin, left however sufficiently open to show the tattered robe beneath;—a more horrible spectacle could hardly be imagined.

Netterville on the first recognition of the terrific vision started back with horror, but soon recovered his spirits, assured that he had now gone too far to recede, that he must go on and brave the worst;—indeed his terror was soon changed to transport, when he saw evidently in the hand of the ghost some-

thing bright and shining, having the exact form and appearance of a dollar, and which he could not doubt was the object of his wishes. "Speak," he said, addressing the vision, "say what is it disturbs you, spirit of the departed owner of this castle?"

"This!" resounded a hoarse and hollow voice, while a hand held the dollar up to view.

"Your Magic Dollar, perhaps,—and you wish to be released from it?"

"I do."

"Give it then to me—place it upon the ledge of the window by you, and I will take it."

The ghost shook its head.

"I understand;—you certainly cannot be expected to give it for nothing. What is it you would require of me?—Shall I have twenty masses said for the repose of your soul?"

The ghost shook its head more eagerly than before.

"Do you mean that this were an idle and useless expense?—Well then, the money shall be saved, and I will myself pray for you every morning and evening."

The ghost shook its head still more violently, and stamped with its feet.

"Well then, only say what you desire."

"The strong chest with the three curious locks in which your money is kept."

"Ah, dear ghost! blessed ghost! do not ask that!—It is an inheritance in my family, and I have sworn never to part with it. Ask any thing else, be sure of my compliance."

"Then I demand your soul!"

The usurer started. "My soul!—Hence, away, horrible phantom—my soul!—never!—never!"

"As you please," said the ghost, turning away; "but be sure you will repent it."

"Stay, stay!" cried the usurer:—"Cannot we arrange the matter in some way?—I would fain come to a bargain."

"Haste then—I scent the morning

air—it will soon be one o'clock, and I must be gone. I have only one more proposal to make."

"Oh name it!"

"Give me your daughter."

"My daughter!—Oh Heavens, for what purpose?"

"To carry her away with me."

"But whither?"

"That is not your concern."

"Cruel, cruel vision!—For all else I was prepared.—Ask any thing that is possible—money, money—ask even a thousand dollars, they are yours; I will pinch and scrape for the rest of my life to replace them—but my daughter!—a father give up his child!"

"Fool!—miser!—miserable usurer!—If I were not more easy to be dealt with, more reasonable than yourself, we should never come to a bargain. Now hear my last word,—give your daughter in marriage to Minehold the Advocate, and the dollar is yours;—hesitate but one moment, it is lost for ever."

"Must I then one way or other part with my daughter?—better to the Advocate than to thee. Give me the dollar then—she is his; but understand, I cannot give her any fortune."

"Has he ever required any?"

"I own he has not, and if—"

"No ifs, no reserves."

"Well then, Minehold shall have Philippina,—and now give down the dollar."

"Idiot! canst thou think thy word is to be trusted?—Go—let thy daughter be solemnly betrothed to-morrow: at night the dollar is yours, and I depart to my eternal rest."

"But how am I to be sure thy word will be kept?"

"Dost thou suppose ghosts have as little faith as mankind?—Know then we cannot break our words if we would. Perform thy part, be sure I will not fail in mine."

"Be it so: to-morrow Philippina is no longer mine, but Minehold's—but then the Magic Dollar!"

"Is wholly, solely yours.—Adieu—adieu!"—At this instant the clock struck one: a violent puff from the ghost blew out the consecrated taper, and the vision was seen no more.

Netterville half dead rushed hastily back into his chamber, and by the light of the remaining taper locked himself fast in, looking anxiously around, as if fearful that some half dozen ghosts or evil spirits were still in pursuit of him. The agitation of his mind between his reluctance to comply with the engagement he had made, and give his daughter to Minehold, and his fear that if he failed in it the dollar would be lost for ever—prevented his closing his eyes the whole night. At the dawn of day he quitted the ruined house; and hastening to his own habitation, awoke his daughter and the maid by the storm of passion into which he fell. After this effusion, becoming a little more composed, "Be merry, be merry, children," he exclaimed, in a tone which had much more in it of anger and sorrow than mirth: "Be merry,—for this day shall Philippina be betrothed."

At the sound of the dreadful word "betrothed" the poor girl turned pale with terror, not doubting that it was to some miserable rich poor man like himself whom her father had selected for a son-in-law.—"Betrothed!" she said, with a trembling faltering accent, "And to whom, my father?"

"To whom?" he replied—"to the beggar Minehold, to be sure: I see plainly that you will never be easy without him:—'tis a dreadful plague to be a father; but since there's no help for it so let it be, and the sooner the dirty job is got over the better. Send for him then instantly, that I may finish the business, and not have my mind harassed with it any longer."

Philippina was for some moments dumb with astonishment, it might be said also with terror. That her father should thus have relented in a moment, but from some horrible cause, to her unfathomable, seemed to her agitated

mind wholly out of the question she scarcely knew which way or what to answer. "Send for instantly," repeated the stern father, delay should change my purpose.

The affrighted maiden obeyed the mandate, scarcely knowing she ought to meet the approach with solemnity as one of the happiest and dreadfuller moments of her existence.

Minehold flew upon the young love to obey the delightful summons. Netterville required him solely to renounce all claims on Philippina's maternal inheritance, or do no contribution towards their present maintenance and establishment in the world. To this he readily agreed, saying that to save expense he would require any entertainments to be dispensed with at the wedding. The old man, dejectedly clasped him in his arms, called him a prudent, economical son-in-law, and declared his decided opinion, that he could entertain sentiments like his, he would one day become a rich man. A paper was immediately drawn up stating these conditions, which was signed and sealed by both parties. Philippina's hand was placed in Minehold's, accompanied by the father's blessing and prayers for the happiness of the young couple. The father then left them to pour out the effusion of their hearts to each other in private, and returned to his chamber of horrors, waiting the coming of the bride with the utmost impatience.

The midnight clock was heard, the consecrated tapers were lighted, the usurer listened with the utmost attention to catch the much-wished-for sounds. But alas! no sound was heard; all continued still and silent. A quarter past twelve struck, still past,—still not a sound was to be heard so much as the tramping of a foot. Cruel suspicions were now arising in his breast; he thought some trick had been played him; and in the extremity of his rage he cursed the ghost, the newly betrothed couple.

he cursed his own folly in suffering himself to be thus duped; when, as the hour of one approach—distinctly heard a gentle tap at number door. Transported he went to the candles, and hastened to the passages when he saw Madame Alicia's form standing before him; he was nearly in the same costume only that she had now a riding-cap on her head, gloves on her hands, and a flowing train of her winding-sheet tucked up. "Mortal," she said, "I know that thou hast been true to thy word—thou shalt find me true to mine. Behold me equipped for my last journey, henceforward I am at rest, I visit this earth no more. Thou hast sighed to possess the thing by which I was so long and so dearly enriched; thou art the only being worthy to possess it—farewell, and farewell."

The vision pronounced these last words, pressed into the hand of the aged Netterville, who thought his wish consummated, a something which immediately felt scorch it so that he stamped with agony, and the falling fall both candle and dollar, till he might have been heard at the end of the town to the other: the author of his calamity, the demon had vanished, and was seen no more. The usurer, groaning between the effects of the burn and the anguish of mind,—since he was now firmly fixed that some diabolical trick had played him,—threw himself on his bed, though to rest was impossible. He cursed alike the inhabitants of this visible corporeal world and the immaterial spiritual one, and that the very next morning he drew up a statement of his loss to lay before the chief magistrates of the town, demanding that the bargain between his daughter and the demon should be annulled.

He lay till morning's dawn; he was hastily quitting the chamber, winged that the ruins should not

stand another day the monument of his shame and misfortune; but behold, on opening the door, at his feet lay the dollar, the source of his present anguish—the source, as he hoped, of his future joy. Still, however, smarting with the burn, he was afraid at once of taking it up; he spit upon it to try whether it would hiss; and finding all quiet, ventured to handle and examine it. He found it engraven all over with characters he did not understand; he was therefore satisfied they were magical ones, and that he actually held the desired treasure in his hand. He put it carefully in his pocket, and pursued his way home with a heart full of content, and a countenance expressive of such gaiety and cheerfulness as the tender Philippina had never before witnessed.

A fomentation of white lilies and oil soon healed the burn, and the dollar was carefully deposited in a morocco case which he had made on purpose for it; it was then locked up safe in his chest, while his heart being now expanded beyond what had been conceived possible, he ordered a handsome entertainment to be prepared for his daughter's marriage, which was completed in a week after.

The dollar was now regularly visited every day to see how much it had produced; but the store in the iron chest was never found augmented by so much as a ducat, and its wonder-working quality came of course into question. However, since on balancing his accounts at the end of every month, Mr. Philip Ambrose Netterville always found that they were on the gaining side, he satisfied himself that this was owing to the secret influence of the magic coin, though operating imperceptibly to him; and it resumed all its credit in his imagination. Never did the belief in it quit him to his dying day, nor could he ever sufficiently felicitate himself upon the address he had shown in getting it into his possession.

For the advocate and his beloved wife, they had no less reason to bless

the fancy which had, as things turned out, effected the completion of their happiness; nor was the affectionate Philippina ever in want of the necessities of life, or a competent share of the luxuries usually attached to her situation, although her covetous father adhered rigidly to the assurances given on her marriage that no assistance towards the maintenance of herself and her husband was to be expected from him.—Nay, though every year, nearly, brought an addition to her family, it was still the same,—no grandchild could ever say that it had received the most trifling present from grandpapa.

The Magic Dollar could not, however, save its possessor from the hands of death, though it might contribute to the happiness of his life. After six years' possession, he was gathered to his fathers, and the treasure devolved to his daughter. On his death-bed he summoned her into his presence, and now for the first time revealed to any one the whole history and mystery of this sacred relic. Philippina listened with astonishment blended with compassion, for she had no doubt that the whole story was a flight of imagination from a mind delirious at the approach of its last hour. She had no sooner, however, seen her father's eyes closed, than she imparted to her husband what she had heard, adding some sensible, though perhaps not very novel remarks upon the extraordinary wanderings into which the fancy would often run under such circumstances.

How much was she surprised to learn that this was no wandering of the fancy; to receive from her husband the full and free confession of the imposition which he had suffered to be practised on her father, in order to obtain her hand. He told her of the conversation that had passed between her father and the heirs of Madame Kreutzer upon the subject of the dollar, and then proceeded thus:—"When I found that the

ruling passion of his mind had obtained so strong an ascendancy over him, and in any sort to permit the idea of the Magic Dollar to occupy it, I thought there could be no great harm done to any one, in turning it to my own advantage, so far as to obtain possession of your hand, resolved that my attempt should be confined to that alone,—that not even the most trifling demand should be made upon his fortune. I in consequence imparted my views to the officer who had been quartered in the house while Madame Kreutzer was alive, and who was an old friend of mine. He was a gay, lively, volatile young spark, who loved fun to his heart, and he told me to leave the whole matter to his management, and he would ensure me complete success.

"You know, my beloved Philippina, from the story told you by your father, the whole process of the imposition. Suffice it then to say, that the officer from knowing the house could the better carry on his project, and he engaged his companions, the two soldiers and the drummer, who had been quartered there with him as assistants in it. A mask was prepared exactly to resemble the deceased Madame Kreutzer, and any rag-shop could furnish garments such as she constantly wore. The attendants carried with them the chains of the military baggage waggons, which one of them rattled, while the others imitated the tramping of horses; and this could be done very effectually by means of their boots, which had iron rims round the soles."

Such was the history now detailed to Philippina. She was disposed for the first time in her life to feel a little angry with her Minehold, and turned towards him with the intention of giving him an angry look; but he prevented it by clasping her in his arms, impressing an affectionate kiss on her lips, which dispersed the gathering storm, and all was in a moment forgiven and forgotten.



THE MAID OF LOCHLIN;

OR

MYSTERIES OF THE NORTH.

FINGAL, the youthful monarch of Woody Morven, having heard the heroic deeds, and warlike exploits of Starno, king of Lochlin, resolved to test that monarch, and pay personal honour to his valiant prowess. He was received with courteous welcome by Starno, his queen, and their lovely daughter, the amiable Agandecca, to whose attractive charms the heart of Fingal became an immediate captive. The nobles of the court of Lochlin joined their monarch in the rapid chase, among the echoing wilds, with the Morven king, and his chieftains, who had accompanied him in this expedition. Ever at evening the sumptuous banquet was administered: the flower of the brave warriors plighted to the stranger the hand of friendship, and the halls resounded with the heroic song of bards, chanting achievements of the days of

old. The kings of Albion were extolled: but while the vocal praise was given to them, Fingal was honoured. In every soul he reigned the unrivalled idol of their esteem and love. Even the haughty and politic Starno held him worthy of his daughter's hand, and in private urged Agandecca to yield her affections to their noble guest. The royal maiden found no repugnance to obey her father's will. Her affections (though she had concealed the state of her heart with sedulous care from the most minute observers of her conduct) had long been Fingal's. His every action proclaimed he loved her with the most pure and ardent passion; and she cherished the loved idea, that the gods had destined her to be the happy bride of Morven's king.

But, alas! all their happiness was soon turned into the most poignant an-

guish; and Fingal, with the lovely Agandecca, was tortured with despair. The king of Morven had been reformed from Paganism in the years of childhood, and was now a sincere convert to the Christian faith. The people of Lochlin were firm adherents to the heathen mode of worship, and the priests were struck with horror at the thoughts of the princess, the sole heiress and only remaining hope of their ancient kingdom, being united to a monarch who abjured their faith and mode of ritual;—they were however too crafty to avow their dislike openly, conscious that Fingal was the idol of all ranks; and the subject of religion being publicly discussed, might, in all likelihood, make more converts to the king of Morven's faith than enemies to his person. They possessed the mind of Starno with the most frightful ideas, representing him as an enemy to the throne and worship of Lochlin, who was come, under the specious mask of friendship, to subvert its order, and wrest it from its lawful sovereign into his own possession. When they found that these ungrateful images had wrought the effect they wished on Starno's mind, they pretended to consult the oracles that they might know the will of the gods. Their divinations and predictions were prophetic of the most horrid events, should the youthful pair be united. The king of Lochlin, impressed with these ideas, became thoughtful and uneasy; his natural disposition tended to harbour suspicion and jealousy. No wonder, then, that the subtle priests awakened these baneful passions with full force. Fingal's praises were continually sounding in Starno's ears; and he beheld him no longer as an adopted son, but as a powerful rival of his state and the affections of his people. Fingal and his attendant retinue were ordered, in an abrupt manner, to leave the kingdom of Lochlin, and return to the Albion shores. All the endeavours of the Morven monarch could not obtain an interview with Starno, that he might hear from his own

lips the events that had passed this breach of hospitality; for the amiable Fingal had never harboured the least disrespectful thought or sinister design against the Lochlin monarch, consequently he could not have the least suspicion of the cause of his banishment.

The limited time being expired that Starno had fixed for the departure of the royal youth, messengers were sent to intreat him to continue his journey without delay, lest the contempt he shewed to Starno's mandate should oblige the sovereign to hostile acts against his once loved guest. Fingal flew on the wings of despair to the apartment of Agandecca. Painful was the converse—painful their adieu; they looked and spoke unutterable things; but they vowed eternal constancy and truth, and to die ere they would forfeit their faith to each other. At length Fingal tore himself from the lovely northern maid, and hastening to the sea shore, presently embarked. The gales were auspicious that wafted him to the woody but ocean-girt lands of Morven; and the king was received with every demonstration of respect and joy by his faithful subjects, who greeted his return after so long an absence. From the reports that had reached their shores, they had formed the pleasing expectation of greeting Agandecca as the bride of Fingal, and their lovely queen; but when they found these hopes abortive, and heard the contemptuous manner in which their sovereign had been treated by Starno, their noble bosoms swelled with energy to revenge the affront they supposed the whole kingdom to have sustained in the person of the noble youth who represented them; and they besought him to accept their services, and invade the Lochlin coast. Fingal accepted their offer with pleasure. He deemed his honour injured, and was resolved to wipe off the stain with the sharp-edged steel.

As soon as every requisite preparation was made, Fingal and his troops embarked on board their fleet. After en-

ing a violent storm, they arrived of the batteries and stupendous it guarded the realm of Lochlin. well-sustained conflict on both Fingal succeeded in landing his and a severe engagement took the shore, but the troops of were victorious. Many of the troops did not oppose the pro-Fingal with their usual bravery. Id the king of Morven to be in and secretly applauded the mea- had taken to retaliate his wrongs. the king of Lochlin attempted his men, and renew the com- y fled in wild confusion and dis- starno rushed among the victo- ops, and his sword opposed Fingal; but he wielded his steel with ineffectual fury. of Morven wrested the furious om his uplifted arm. "Ye Albion," he cried, "and ye of now bear witness, that to your revengeful hate I bear; nor ured him. There was a time arno loved me, and it grieves that evil tongues should have his credence from the convic- y true esteem.—Tell Agandec- ere his throbbing breast heav- a vain, for utterance. hots, amazed, beheld the la- the stranger's breast, where honour strove, in gallant con- end his mighty mind. Both erved the struggling tear, while half aside behind his lifted : sought to quell the tumult of Scant time for parley was then ; swift from either side the , with waving helms and cou- ars, eagerly rushed, and plied y Starno with urgency so pow- gh arrayed in courteous sem- : to mock denial. They bade bat his untoward wrath, and daughter to the noble Fingal. : awhile, the king of Lochlin Then waved his hand, im- ence, and thus addressed the al.

"Take, then, my only child, my Agandecca; rich with a parent's blessing. May the tie that binds thee to our house in holy wedlock, unite our kingdom in perpetual peace!"

Fingal answered, in a strain of winning cordiality, "Ye spirits of my forefathers, who have your palaces in golden clouds, borne on the pinions of the rapid wings; who oft descend to me in radiant dreams, and comfort my full soul when fraught with woe: by you I swear, my willing arm shall never trespass against the weal and peace of Lochlin." Starno proffered him his hand, and thus expressed his faith. "Great spirit of tremendous Odin! who, clothed with lightning, from thy hall of thunder descendest on the rainbow, and in wrath, and with thy flaming brand, hewest down the ranks that impiously defy thy sovereign power; by thee, I swear, if thou approve to bide by the conditions of this solemn league." The two monarchs embraced each other; and then Fingal hastened to the palace, eager to calm the apprehensions of the tender Agandecca. For he well knew what the peerless fair one must feel while the conflict was doubtful in which a lover and a father fought as foes. He was received by the queen and princess with unfeigned joy; and nought but the presence of Starno was wanting to complete their happiness, every eye beaming with the sweet consciousness of restored felicity.

In the meanwhile, the faithless king of Lochlin, whose professions of regard and reconciliation were only made to dissemble the rancour of his vengeful heart, and to lure the artless, unsuspecting Fingal completely into the snare which his prolific brain had conceived against his reconciled foe, could not forget that he had been vanquished by a very youth in the sight of his own subjects; and he considered it as giving him another, and a deadlier cause of hate. He, therefore, repaired to the temple, and sought the conference of the high priest, whom it has already been stated

was no friend to Fingal. The king of Lochlin was received by the pontiff with loud greetings, for he doubted not but that Starno had gained a complete victory over the enemy of their gods. He heard the monarch's account of his defeat with mingled contempt and irony. "War," said the high priest "is ever of doubtful issue. Gallant heroes have oft deplored the fickleness of fortune. Yet, routed and cast down, still they have cherished within their breasts a spark of great revenge. But you, if public murmur err not, trace a different course; and cherish gentle virtues! patience, and meek forgiveness. Mighty Starno, ere while the terror of audacious foes hath doffed his warlike nature, gives his rival the pledge of friendship, and candidly acknowledges himself inferior to a presuming boy, a roaming fugitive!" "Pontiff, you wrong me," replied the king of Lochlin. "May perdition confound this peopled orb; shake and convulse the rocks that rib the embodied earth, and plunge them in the main, whose billows dash yon western sky, that bends to their rude greeting; or, with giant gripe, tear from his usurping throne the lord of day, nor ever let usurping night be chased from our dominion, rather than my soul mate with disgrace; stoop, by compulsion, stoop to insult; nor my burning thirst of vengeance slake, but in the life-spring of the caitiff's blood." "By heaven it glads my soul," returned the high priest, "that bold Starno glows with undiminished ire; and that this spoiler shall rue his impious rashness. Yet must caution direct thee, and restrain thy passions. For his valour has enticed the admiration of thy warriors and subjects; and the love of Agandecca rivets their esteem." "How like a viper's fang," returned the treacherous king of Lochlin, "it stings my heart to think I must dissemble, and conceal my deadly hate; nor boldly dare, with the avowal of my wrath, to plant my faulchion in his breast!" "My sovereign," rejoined the unfeeling priest of Odin, "the

princess, too, must be estranged from him. She must hold her and hostile to her people: her virtues are throned in their opinion must wean the aspiring Fingal."

"Starno remarked that aware of the prudence of time and had taken his measures. He acquainted the pontiff, he had entered the temple, a messenger to the princess, her to meet him, without crossing the sacred roof. "Her in the cruel father, I know to be stern and mild. She cannot resist my entreaties, nor revolt against her father's will. But should she bend unto my purpose to separate loved Fingal from her husband, I defy my power, 'tis fit you should and, by the terrors of awful and priestly mysteries, resist my baneful passion, and force me to submit. But if I read aright my daughter's thoughts, and not her submissive meekness, need not be painful. I was for so the feverish temper and threatened danger dictating afflict with too much severity to my child, and fairest hope. But see, she comes. Retire, father, and prepare against thee into our presence."

Agandecca entered the temple with that kind of pleasing awe that is sure to impress on the energetic mind; but yet there was mixed with wonder a distrust. Starno could have required a retreat so sacred a closure. After some tedious wait and a mysterious prearrangement suited to his purpose, he led the trembling Agandecca.

"My child, thy filial tenderness and gentle virtues, must minister a balm of comfort. Thy father's very days, are numbered: of fate I totter at this in Agandecca, art my rampart

t destined to redeem thy people
struction, and achieve deeds of
d fame. When female virtue
oism shall become the theme
ured commendation, men will

Who ever equalled Lochlin's
, who, to preserve her father,
ave her people from oppression,
rime of youth and beauty, sa-
her love ?"

Agandecca, starting with con-
horror, re-echoed the words,
ve!" and assured the king she
reely die to serve him; but never
ve up her love. In vain Starno
ured to persuade the wretched
that Fingal was his foe, and
beneath a smiling courtesy, a
nk with ambition and deceit;
retly, and successfully, conspir-
ereave him of his life. In vain
to extort from her a vow, that she
ear a deadly note to Morven's
he was still inflexible; still held
virtuous, and her father's friend.
o, by a pre-concerted signal,
d to convey to the high priest
uccess of this conference with
cca. On a sudden, a deep and
oom pervaded the temple, and
thunders (the vile artifice of the
priests, who dared to imitate
ead-inspiring sounds of the om-
Creator, to terrify the hapless
of their power into compliance
ir will,) shook the pillars to their
ion. The high priest entered trem-
uttering broken sounds, strange
faltering and uncouth; and his
gaze was fixed on Agandecca.
ighty powers, save and defend
aid the affrighted princess. The
iest, in a solemn tone, adjured
ave her native land, her father,
ple, from destruction; to repent
folly, and to purge her bosom
tended guilt, and baseness of an
ed passion. Agandecca replied,
ith conscious will, she never had
d the celestial powers: yet, if
y reckless word, or inconside-
r, or by omission of the sacred

duties, she had incurred their wrath,
she intreated the high priest to inter-
pose, and save her by his pious orisons
and intercessions. "'Tis true," replied
the priest of Odin, "I can chain the
winds, and from her sphere call down
the troubled moon: I can arrest reluc-
tant in his course the star of day; can,
by the potency of magic spells, shake
the vast mountain, heave the solid earth
from her foundation, and with wild up-
roar, drive the affrighted ocean to the
deeps. I can unbind the fetters of the
grave, and from the dust call forth the
shivering ghost, gasping with faltering
accent to reveal the horror of his doom.
I with a breath can blast thee, Lochlin's
princess: in thy livid veins congeal the
flowing current, and thy frame condensed,
change to a mass of marble. Hear
me: Odin claims the life of him whose
lawless arm would seize the sceptre of
our kingdom, and requires thee to re-
sign him to his destined dole: nor to
reveal what thou hast seen or heard;
but act as we command, till vengeance
has her fill." "Ha!" exclaimed the
Maid of Lochlin, "can I move and
breathe! I've suffered change; I'm
fashioned new by thy volition; a mere
passive engine, doomed to perform thy
pleasure. Yet, ye powers who rule the
destiny of human life, if ye require me
to defile my soul with perfidy, and base
inhuman guilt, I will not deem ye pow-
erful, but compelled yourselves by dire
necessity."

"Hold," said the priest; "beware,
rash maid, of impious utterance. Thou
wert born to be Lochlin's ruin, to over-
whelm thy father with despair, whose
dying breath will curse thee. Yet thou
mightest have proved the prop of our
domain, and have risen the guardian of
Odin's worship." He then addressed
the tyrant. "Advance, thou most af-
flicted, ill-requited father; and, to pre-
serve thy nation and thyself from woes
unutterable, here, at the altar's foot,
pronounce a solemn ban on thy rebel-
lious child."—"Forbear, my honour-
ed father, O forbear!" shrieked the hap-

less maid. "Ye holy ministers of heaven, that cleave the sky with vivid lightning, pierce this bosom before my father tears me from his heart. O, I am modelled to move by your direction; I am bereft of reason, will, and inclination. O that I was bereft of sense! but I obey." The high priest, after some incantation at Odin's shrine, advanced, and declared the covenant to be enrolled in Fate's immutable and eternal record. Just at that moment the queen of Lochlin entered, to announce Fingal's impatience to celebrate the nuptials. The king gently bid her retire, and lead Agandecca thence. The tender mother now perceived that her child was overwhelmed in deep affliction, and eagerly inquired the cause. Agandecca, in a seeming stupor, replied, "Mother, thou hast a child no longer. I am no more; my form is adamant, and a pillar that must uphold the globe. Perhaps thou deemest this arm, thus laced with azure veins, a limb fashioned like thine—but 'tis of solid marble, and Odin's throne rests on it." Here the high priest interrupted Agandecca, by observing that she was on the point of transgressing her oath, and condign vengeance would follow.

The princess started, and exclaimed, "Heard ye that awful voice? Away! away! my mother, my indulgent parent, thou wilt not, like my father, sternly chide, and with unkindness rend my bleeding heart!" The queen and Agandecca then retired, and left Starno and the priest in conference, when the former expressed his fears that he had urged the gentle princess to an undue excess. But the priest comforted him by the assurance that he foresaw this resistance and flow of anguish would soon yield to calm content and dutiful submission.

Starno then expressed his satisfaction at what he had done. "I hold," said he, "that Agandecca's seeming will, and even her full concurrence in the deed, are needful; else may disaffection rouse the phrensy of sedition. Thus it is expedient that you bind her

struggling spirit, and keep it in fetters of obedience. I will in the mean time entice our vaunting foe into the adjacent forest, and there entangle him in deadly danger."

"Rather with royal splendour and parade prepare the bridal pomp," interrupted the high priest, "Summon the priests of Odin in magnificent array, and rank of long procession, to attend, and solemnize the rite, while proud Fingal receives in triumph his affianced bride; who, unaware and harmless of the event, not with delightful rapture, but with throes of anguish, shall behold her lover seized—behold him fall a victim to thy revenge and our insulted worship!"

The priests of Odin, at the command of their Pontiff, repaired to a magnificent chapel in the palace of Starno. As soon as they were assembled in due order, the high priest thus addressed them,—"This day an offering shall be made, and rites performed with mystic import, that shall bring Odin and Thor, and their celestial train, down from their shining palace to rejoice with mortal men on earth.

"Here lay the garland, and that mysterious cup, inlaid with gems, upon the altar. That garland wove with beauteous flowers, and twined with rare device, the bridegroom to the bride shall give, as a symbol of the honor she derives from this renowned alliance; and the cup, mingling and sparkling with delicious juices, in soft requital by the bride presented, shall typify the lenient joy, the tender solace, he shall gain from faithful wedlock. These nuptial rites shall henceforth be observed as a memorial by our northern princes. And now retire a little space, and note our further bidding, while with royal Starno I hold some private parley."

The king of Lochlin now entered the chapel, and informed the priest, that he had, with due array, marshalled his warlike troops, to grace the seeming nuptials, and was come to learn the further progress of his sage design.

The priest bid him observe the sparkling chalice, which contained the salutary potion which the princess should proffer to her lord; informing him, that whoever tasted of that envenomed cup, it would shoot through the mazes of his azure veins, arrest with strange compulsion the retiring spirit, and shake and convulse the shattered frame till life become an exhausted ruin. So even there he should behold the blasphemer of immortal power perish before him.

Fingal, with Ullim, who was a sage friend and counsellor, and other attendants now entered the chapel, and the high priest retired towards the others; while the dissembling Starno thus addressed the king of Morven:—

“Welcome, illustrious monarch! In fair array behold that altar, and the hallowed chalice. Observe these holy men in sacred vesture, with various ornaments of mystic meaning, prepared, with orisons and solemn rites of sage mysterious import, to confirm thy plighted vows.”—“Away with your mystic rites,” exclaimed the Christian king, “your shews of outward seeming, that adorn not truth; for truth needs not a specious garb; but with their false presentment would disguise designs that dread detection.” “Unfold thy meaning,” said the incensed Starno; “nor with haughty insult vent thine unprincely and unkind surmises.”

Fingal replied that he meant not to insult. But he felt his wrongs by Agandecca's tears and piteous grief. The alarmed Starno exclaimed, “Hath she then dared—” But on recollection, checked himself from proceeding. But the king of Morven caught the words, and demanded of Starno if his daughter's compliance was feigned, and that she came to his arms an unwilling bride; bidding him inform her that he was not that rude spoiler, who would, regardless of her free consent, force her reluctantly to a hateful union. Starno assured the youthful warrior of Agandecca's love, and ascribed her grief to

maiden modesty and timid coyness.—

“Would maiden modesty,” replied the afflicted Fingal, “convulse her frame with speechless anguish, force her to smite her snowy bosom, and to shed a deluge of afflicting tears? No; she would rather blush, and falter, and hesitate!—with most alluring sweetness would tremble, and would yield. I am not so blind to the ingenuous nature and winning gracefulness of female weakness. This morning, when, with free consent of Starno, again I offered her my plighted faith, with what sweet confusion, what roseate blushes, and unbidden smiles, she fired my soul! How, when, with fond impatience, I sought again my Agandecca, what words can figure my amazement? I beheld her racked with frantic grief, and weeping with bitter anguish. Lost in the transport of her piteous mood, she heeded not my entrance. But when her roving eye fastened on me, she uttered a piercing shriek, and fled my presence. Was this complacency and love from a betrothed bride?”

Starno, and the high priest, endeavoured, by the most persuasive and deceitful rhetoric, to calm Fingal's apprehensions and distressing doubts; and the monarch retired to lead Agandecca to the nuptial ceremony. He soon returned with the beauteous, but still sorrowing bride, the queen, and attendant nobles of the court. The king of Lochlin gave his daughter's hand to Fingal, praying the gods to smile on their alliance, and bidding Fingal lead her to the altar.

As soon as the nuptial ceremony was concluded between the youthful pair, the high priest thus addressed them.

“Illustrious pair! Morven and Lochlin's pride, may Odin, with his heavenly host, regard this covenant with complacency, and shower celestial blessings on your alliance. Fingal, to thy betrothed bride present that garland, as an emblem meet of honour and esteem. Thou, royal virgin, to thy consort present this cup, in token of thy

fealty. "Oh! may that precious liquor yield composure and gentle comfort, from the toils of life."

The king of Merren, with a smile, placed the garland on the head of his beloved spouse; who, raising the cup in her hand, and, full of pious fear, lest something dire should be contrived against the life of her illustrious husband, especially as she deemed the last words of the pontiff to be mysterious, she raised it to her lips, and was going to drink, when Starno and the high priest, as if with one voice, cried, "Hold, impious maid! nor dare to profane our holy rites, and sacred mysteries, with this worthless deed."

Agandecca was now convinced of their heinous meaning, and a dire trembling seized her limbs. She remembered her extorted vow, not to betray any of the actions in which her father, and the priests of Odin were engaged; and her soul recoiled with horror. At length, in faint accents, she exclaimed, "Believe me, holy seer, if this contain soft antidote for heartfelt anguish, I am much in need of the refreshing beverage." "Beware," replied the priest; "the vollied lightning darts with angry flash, and cleaves the heart of whosoever dare profane our solemn act. Then take this cup, and to thy faithful bridegroom shew thy fealty."

Agandecca, with a distracted air, threw away the cup, and exclaimed, "Down, perfidious potion, down. Now let the lightning flash, and Odin thunder, and the deep caverned earth gape to receive me. No dread of punishment, and no reward, should lure me to commit a deed so foul." The high priest, with an assumed consternation, and ignorance of her meaning, inquired what cause compelled her to the impious deed. "Ask you the cause," said the Maid of Lochlin, with much meaning in her countenance. "'Tis I that am doomed to suffer; doomed by your wisdom, not, I trust, by those who govern, and have pity on mankind." With these words Agandecca withdrew,

followed by the queen and her attendants. Starno then addressed the priests, and brought them to retire to their temple, as the palace was no dangerous place for their reception; now his daughter had committed sacrilege; yet committed her to the care of the pontiff; that he might endeavour, by his wise counsel, to direct her footsteps; but Fingal was too wise to be imposed on by their insidious arts; he openly accused them of swaying her powerful bosom by some wicked incantations; and vowed to avenge her injuries; and if he found his surmises true, which at present were locked in his own breast, not all the might of Lochlin should resist the sword that should be benedicted in her righteous cause.

Fingal, his attendants, and the inferior priests, being withdrawn, the monarch and the high priest were alone more left in conference; and, disappointed with being foiled in their intreaty, were busy in planning new schemes for the destruction of Starno's king, who had immediately on his retiring from the chapel, sought out Ullin, the venerable seer who had attended him to Lochlin. By him he sent a tender message to Agandecca, requesting her to meet him at the Marble Hall. A courteous answer was returned, that she would not fail to observe an appointment with him whom yet her soul held most dear. The interval of time was employed by the faithful Ullin in kind endeavours to persuade his monarch to leave the unpropitious shores of his perfidious and irreconcilable enemy; beseeching him to listen to his intreaties, and to be assured, that nothing but perils and death environed him about. Fingal remarked, that he would never fly from Lochlin, and leave his bride, his beautiful Agandecca, exposed to priestly craft and brutal outrage. Ullin replied, that at that period he would no further urge his beloved monarch; but he was well aware that even his much-wronged princess would endeavour to persuade

him to leave the fatal coast, and trust to the Almighty Powers to re-unite them. Ullin then withdrew, and left Fingal absorbed in a sorrowful contemplation, from which he was aroused by the entrance of Agandecca, who, with streaming eyes and dishevelled hair, advanced to meet her bosom's lord. He clasped her in his arms, and with tender eagerness besought her to explain the cause that made her (when the solemn rites were proceeding in fit order, and her father attending with fair compliance,) break through the ceremony with so undue a violence. The ill-fated Agandecca answered with a sigh, that her lips were barred from giving him the satisfaction he required, by an awful oath, which she must never divulge, on pain of forfeiting her eternal happiness; assured him of her unalterable love, and intreated him to depart without delay from the unpropitious shores of Lochlin, nor longer court his own destruction. Fingal, with tremulous accents, inquired if his departure would give peace to her troubled breast. "It would," replied the peerless maid; "for it would kill me; and only in the grave can I have rest from sorrow." "I will never leave thee," replied Fingal; "thou art mine by the most indissoluble ties. No power shall part us—no compulsion tear thee from my bosom. No, the stupendous cliffs that strongly guard the shore of Lochlin, shall be cleft, and scattered along the billows of the northern main ere I will abandon thee to woe, nor strive to succour thee. Let danger frown with the black horror of a storm descending on the troubled ocean, I will brave its utmost fury." "Fingal, thou knowest," replied the weeping bride, "that not a wish or thought was ever harboured within this bosom, that would shrink abashed from the severest scrutiny.—For am I ashamed to tell thee that my heart, which never glowed with any flame but that imparted by thine own, prays and implores thee to speed thy parting hence."

After much time spent in tender debate, and agony of sorrow, Fingal agreed to leave Lochlin; but only on the condition that Agandecca would, in hopes of happier times, and the fatal mystery being absolved, promise to preserve her plighted troth, nor ever admit another love. To this she readily agreed: But, alas! her prophetic soul foreboded that happiness was fled never to return. At length they tore themselves from each other. "Adieu," was faintly articulated; and they retired to their separate apartments.

Ullin, to whom Fingal immediately communicated his intention of returning to his own kingdom, was overjoyed at the delightful tidings. He assembled all the followers of his royal master together, and by his order preparations for their embarking were commenced. This unwelcome resolution soon came to Starno's knowledge, and overwhelmed him with dismay, lest his destined victim should escape from his snares, and return to Morven in safety.—Nay, his treachery would become a public theme; and he had much to dread from the vengeance of a people who desired nothing more earnestly than that their princess should be united to Morven's king. Their nuptials had been solemnized in the chapel of Starno's palace; how then should he account for these broken rites, or the departure of Fingal? But his cruel spirit soon suggested to him an infernal scheme, which, with the aid of the high priest, he resolved to execute: and for this purpose he sought out the youthful monarch, and expressed his surprise at what he deemed a strange resolve, of Fingal and his brave followers leaving Lochlin. Fingal, with an haughty tone, caused by his unmerited wrongs, replied, that their bonds of friendship had been most rudely rent asunder; nor could he hold of slight account, the strange event of that disastrous day.

The king of Lochlin remarked, that though some malignant foe had, by dire and unknown incantations, hindered

the union of their houses, it concerned the welfare of their states, that no contention, or symptom of disunion, should disturb their mutual harmony. Fingal demanded if ever he had seemed adverse. Starno replied, that if his subjects thought their friendship unreal, their fierce, vindictive spirits might again blaze with contagious discord; and besought him to veil with guise of amity, their transient difference, and let his going hence wear every semblance of happy reconciliation. Fingal demanded how such resemblance could be effected. Starno replied, that the means were obvious; that with the morning beam they would go forth, and in the adjacent forest hunt the tusky boar; and having shared their sports and banquet, the prince might then to his native isles retire in peace. Fingal accepted the invitation with real joy, as he thought it a fit pretence for him to remain longer in Lochlin, notwithstanding the promise he had made to Agandecca, of instantly departing for the peaceful shores of Albion; and again a thought of the mysterious behaviour of Starno made him resolve not to leave the northern princess, till he had discovered what arts had been practised to reduce her to the pitiable state of anguish she endured.

Starno then gave audience to Lelan, who was a servile creature of the high priest's, and ready to commit any act of atrocity by which he could gain the gold of his superiors. This hardened wretch was instructed to prepare a chosen band, who should at dawn of morn be stationed in ambush beyond the nearest hill, inyested with trees and thickets. They were to conceal themselves, ready armed, within that bushy dell, till they heard the peal of the king's loud clarion, which was sounded only in times of urgent danger; then, while the warriors of Fingal were parted from him, and ranging the forest in pursuit of the wild boar, was the unsuspecting monarch to be attacked and slain. Starno then gave to Lelan a poisoned

dagger, with strict orders that he should, in case the king of Morven escaped the ambush, by taking a contrary route, follow him, and plunge the dagger in his breast.

Starno had just concluded his instructions to Lelan, when Agandecca rushed into the room, and, with zealous eagerness, inquired of her father why he detained Fingal from embarking, and conjured him, by all the love he bore her, to send an immediate mandate for his departure. Starno replied, that her intrusion merited his deep displeasure; and her perseverance in a wrong cause, his malediction. "But remember, fond girl," added the cruel monarch, "thy oath of secrecy, and compliance with our desires, nor stain thy soul with perjury. Thy lover dies. Soon as the clarion in the adjacent wild shall sound, then mayest thou smite thy widowed bosom all in vain; for then my arm shall rise victorious, and this vaunting spoiler shall fall a victim to my just revenge." With these words Starno left his wretched daughter, who flew to the apartment of her royal mother, and on her knees intreated her to interpose, nor let her sire imbrue his hands in the blood of him to whom her faith was plighted, and who never wronged, but honoured and revered him. She then revealed to the afflicted queen the dread purposes of Starno; and lamented that children should blush for and condemn the deeds of those they were bound to honour. "And shall I," exclaimed the wretched princess, "conceal the horrid purpose! Better divulge the dread intention, and prevent the accomplishment." "Would you," replied the queen, "consign thy sovereign to the rage and fury of Morven's resentment?" "No, it is to save him whom my father and myself urged me to receive as my vowed lord, and thy adopted son; and to preserve my parent from a deed nature revolts at. Shall it be handed down in future ages, that he ensnared the youth into his toils, and then plunged into his bosom the blade

of an assassin ? On either side destruction threatens me ; a gulph gapes to receive, and overwhelm thy Agandecca. Oh ! Fingal, to save thee, must I lose my honoured sire ?—To save my sire, must I lose my Fingal ? But have I not renounced him, disavowed the baneful passion ? I can never be his willing bride, yet I cannot, having the power to hinder it, be accessory to his murder." "Go then, go, deluded girl !" said the queen of Lochlin with much asperity ; "go, arm an outlandish spoiler to deprive the people of their king. Go, deprive me of my existence ; for think not that I can survive the loss of you, and the lord of my due reverence and regard. Alas for me thou carest not ; my sorrows are remote from thy consideration." "Oh ! my parent," said the weeping princess, "in pity wring not my distracted heart, that ever clings to thee ; for thou hast been a tender mother to thine Agandecca. And when I am no more, as soon I think I shall be, let my remembrance then, and my acknowledged love to thee, with my thanks thus tendered at an hour when sad forebodings fill my soul, and daunt me with awful horror, sooth the grief that may embitter thy declining years."

As soon as the woe-worn Agandecca had retired to her chamber, the queen repaired to her royal husband, and strove to divert him from pursuing the assassination of the king of Morven, and to let the youth depart in safety. She represented to him, in the most mild terms that language could devise, that as Agandecca had refused at the altar to seal the nuptial ceremony, by presenting the chalice to her husband according to the directions of the high priest, the refusal of him would be looked on as the voluntary act of the princess, and his departure be attributed as the consequence of this event.

When Starno understood, from the discourse of the queen, that Agandecca had revealed the mystery of his transactions, that she had confessed to her mother the vow she had taken of re-

nouncing Fingal, and his premeditated murder, his rage knew no bounds ; passion transported him beyond the confines of reason ; and had the ill-fated maiden been present, she would doubtless have fallen a victim to his resentment. As soon as he became more calm, he strictly charged the queen not to let Agandecca leave her apartments that evening, as any interview she might obtain with Fingal might be fatal to Lochlin. The queen replied, she saw the threatened danger, and would endeavour to counteract its progress ; but observed, she could not avoid lamenting the fate of those, who, like the gentle Agandecca, might purchase splendour and pre-eminence, by thwarting not unworthy inclinations ; for these in every state must be repelled ; but by subduing those ingenuous feelings which virtue sanctions and fair fame approves. The king of Lochlin, when left to himself, severely deprecated his own folly, that, for the indulgence of venting his indignation against his daughter, he had betrayed a design he ought most carefully to have guarded from her knowledge. But he resolved with speed to urge the accomplishment of his design ; and then, by having recourse to the high priest, to terrify Agandecca into the observance of the vow of secrecy she had taken at Odin's shrine, that he should rest secure from the imputation of a murderer. Poor Agandecca, distracted at the painful confinement she had endured, resolved, at the hazard of her own life, to save that of the king of Morven. The oath she had taken struck her with awe and gloomy horror ; yet she could not help regarding it as of a nature too cruel to be approved on high, and rather the work of a tyrant father, and a crafty priest. Radnor, a young page, who attended her, and whose eyes (though he knew not the extent of her sufferings) filled with tears of sympathy and compassion for her unmerited woes, with kind, but submissive accent, inquired if he could do aught that would mitigate her grief. Agandecca present-

ed him with a gold ring, set with pearls of inestimable value ; and besought him to repair to the king of Morven, and warn him to meet her in the first dell in the adjacent forest, ere the return of Aurora should quite have chased away the darkness of the night ; and to tell him, that Agandecca had something at that early hour to impart, that would not brook delay, nor let her rest in peace, till she had eased her heart of the ponderous load the uncommunicated knowledge had occasioned. The little page executed his important mission to the satisfaction of his royal mistress, and happily was not observed by any of Starno's attendants. Fingal did not retire to his couch that night, for busy thought kept him waking : the lovely, distressed Agandecca employed his attention, as to what methods he should take to extricate her from her present misery, and convey her safe to Morven. Ullin, starting from a frightful dream, rushed into the apartment, and earnestly conjured his beloved master not to expose his person in the forest on the ensuing morn ; but all he could urge was in vain ; Fingal was resolved to abide by the promise he had given the king of Lochlin, of parting with a shew of amity and peace. The sable darkness of night was just beginning to disperse, and streaks of radiant light to adorn the sky, when Agandecca left her chamber, attended by her faithful page, and repaired to the silent dell, where she had appointed to meet her beloved Fingal. For fear of being surprised by any of her father's subjects in this lone place, she retired into the thickest part of the recess, and left her attendant to watch the arrival of the youthful monarch. Fingal was true to the appointment ; and not many minutes elapsed, before he appeared on his milk white courser alone, without any of his retinue ; for he had ordered them to wait at the entrance of the forest till he should rejoin them, in order to wait Starno's arrival, that they might pursue the chase. As soon as she heard the voice of the king

of Morven, who was addressing a few words to the little page, of tender inquiry concerning her whom his soul held most dear, Agandecca appeared ; and Fingal, with a tender embrace, demanded why she would thus expose her delicate frame amid the chilling mists and the cold dews that autumnal night shed on the yellow leaf. Agandecca answered, that all times and seasons were now alike to her ; that, should the welkin roar with desolating storms, they were not so fierce as the storm within her bosom, which drove her reason headlong to despair ; but that all her hope was, that her soul might survive the ruin of her earthly structure, and might rise superior to the care and loud turmoil that vex this cloudy dwelling.

Fingal besought her, that, if ever his voice could win her assent, to disclose the cause of her affliction.

Agandecca replied, with tremulous accents, that before she disclosed those tidings which would overcome him with horror when he knew their fatal import, she had a boon to crave, a request to ask, and which she earnestly intreated him to grant.—“ You intreat me, my Agandecca ! say rather you command me to the fulfilling of your wish. Agandecca besought him to spare her father ; to vow that no sudden ire or furious mood of vengeance should impel him, however just his cause might seem, to slay the royal Starno, and bereave her of a parent.—“ Need I vow,” replied Fingal, “ if my own father, illustrious Combal reigned, that I would not conspire against his life ; as sacred to my soul as was the life of Combal, or is now my own, glowing in the prime of youthful hope, so sacred is the sire of Agandecca. Nay, I could almost complain of thee, and say, my faith and love are wronged by thy intreaty.” The apprehensive maid replied, that she well knew his loyalty and faith, and merciful temper ; that, trusting in that, she would unfold a tale of horrid purport, and warn him

to save himself, and speed his flight from dangers that she dare not name; from snares so hideous, that her recreant speech denied her utterance.

The hapless maid of Lochlin perceiving her betrothed lover regarding her with a look of pity and incredulity, as if he attributed her unconnected words to a defect of reason, and being startled by a distant sound of a huntsman's horn, as if they were preparing for the chase, she exclaimed, in an agonising transport, "Delay! delay not. Sheltered behind that woody hill, an ambush lies ready to assail thee; and the signal for the rapid onset is the tremendous blast blown from a martial clarion. Haste! away! leave me; look not on me; nor let thy gaze fill me with utter shame. Go, save thy life, and my poor father from a wretched deed." Agandecca then rushed into the thicket of the forest, accompanied by her page, and left Fingal overwhelmed with surprise at the perfidy of Starno. He now comprehended the mystery of the fatal cup, and its baneful purpose, and prayed heaven to reward the faithful constancy and heroic virtue of Agandecca, with a happy termination of her woes, than the aspect of present appearances made him expect would be her lot. He had always held Starno fickle and revengeful; but never framed his thoughts to suppose that he was capable of contriving an act of base deliberate murder. Ullin now approached the monarch, to inform him that the king of Lochlin awaited his arrival with extreme impatience. But again he implored Fingal not to allow the deceitful smile of hollow friendship to betray him. The king of Morven replied, that he was now aware of the malignant intentions of his dissembling foe, and instructed him to bid his followers prepare for other sport than hunting the tusky boar, and to assemble in as great a number as the shortness of the notice would allow them to collect, near to the woody hill that he pointed out to Ullin's notice—not to

wander far from its bounds; and, in particular, to mark the sound of a shrill clarion as a signal to defend themselves and their sovereign from a plot as treacherous as ever was formed by mortal brain. The faithful Ullin flew with haste, urged by love for his prince, and terror and astonishment at what he had heard, to collect their trusty friends at the appointed spot, and then waited the signal of onset.

The queen of Lochlin, whom the oppression of present sorrow and apprehension of more direful woes to ensue, had forbid the soothing oblivion of sleep, arose when royal Starno sat off to the forest, with his nobles and other attendants on his sacred person, and repaired to the apartment of Agandecca, whom she longed with maternal tenderness to meet, and endeavour to pour the balm of comfort into her bosom, which was sorely wounded with the barbed arrows of affliction. But alas! the apartment was desolate; and she perceived, by the sumptuous couch, that the forlorn mourner had not been in bed that night. From the attendant ladies she could only learn, that the princess had dismissed them at her usual hour, but had refused their services to disrobe her, which excited in them neither alarm nor surprise, as she had often given that order when she chose to amuse her mind by reading, or in the attainment of some elegant accomplishment. The wretched mother soon foreboded where her hapless child had directed her steps, and quickly repaired to the forest with a few attendants.

Agandecca, whose apprehensions and heartfelt anxiety, had forbid her leaving the forest, was soon discovered by her mother, pacing in wretched anguish between the trees, wringing her hands, and tearing the luxuriant tresses from her head. She beheld her parent, and clinging round her neck, exclaimed, "O, I am here, and lost, abandoned by heaven and earth; but it was to save my lover and my father. Heaven will not condemn me sure for striving to pre-

vent enormous guilt. And yet my vow! Even now the snares are laid. Soon will the summons sound for those horrid deeds, that shall seal in blood and ratify the doom of Agandecca."

At this moment the clarion echoed with shrill notes through the forest. Instantly the din of arms could be distinguished, and a furious shouting, with mingled shrieks of anguish and of terror. Several of the warriors, in deep conflict, or pursuit of the flying foes, passed by the spot where the hapless fair ones stood. Agandecca, unable to bear the sight, fainted in the arms of her attendants. She recovered from her swoon just as the high priest entered, shouting, with awful and terrific voice, that Lochlin was fallen, betrayed by treason to destruction, and imploring heaven to heap curses and avenging wrath on the traitor. "My father!" "My husband!" repeated Agandecca and the queen in tremulous voices—"Is lost," returned the priest, "ruined and betrayed. His soldiers fled; they rose against an unexpected force, that now pursues them with fierce ungoverned rage." "But Fingal," exclaimed the princess, "he will never lift his arm against my father's life." The high priest remarked that the king of Morven could not restrain his men from taking their wished revenge. "I will save my father," said Agandecca; "me they will not slay. I'll perish but I'll save him." Frantic, she rushed towards the place from whence the din of arms proceeded. In vain the queen and high priest implored her, who knew she rushed on destruction; they could not keep pace with her steps, which bounded with the swiftness of the rein-deer. Unhappily, the first person she encountered was her father, who was endeavouring to save himself from the victorious bands of Fingal by flight. He cursed her for a traitress, and plunged his reeking sword into her bosom—and the maid of Lochlin fell. The fatal news reached the ears of the queen and high priest just as Starno joined them, exclaiming, "Now

let the conqueror careen his faithful bride, and thank her for her loyalty and zeal." "Cruel deed! Thou hast slain thy daughter, thy only child," said the now repenting priest. "Nay," returned Starno, "I have slain the bride of proud Fingal—a traitress, stained with foul disloyalty." "Rather say," rejoined the minister of Odin, "the pride and hope of harrassed Lochlin." Starno plunged the steel, stained with the blood of Agandecca, into the priest's heart. "Perish, fiend," said the frantic monarch; "thou didst incite me to this rueful deed; now follow my child." Fingal's entrance now gave another turn to Starno's thoughts. He besought the youth to finish his now hated existence. "Infatuated king," replied Fingal, "judge not of me as of thyself,—live and repent." "Nay, but I will compel thee," said Starno. "Behold that weapon, it blushes with the blood of Agandecca. This arm drove the vindictive blade into her breast." This deprived the king of Morven of all respect to Starno's life; and they were about to engage in combat, when the dying Agandecca entered, led by the sorrowing queen, and the little page, who had been to seek her.

The princess reminded Fingal of his promise; and the youth dropt his sword, urging in his defence, the greatness of the provocation. The wretched father knelt to his child for pardon. Agandecca pronounced her forgiveness from her soul, and besought him to take comfort. But the despairing monarch darting from her presence, hastened to an adjacent precipice, from which he plunged into its vast abyss, and finished his career of guilt. Agandecca, reclining on the bosom of her mother, and supported by Fingal, breathed her last sigh, and her pure spirit flew to realms of bliss. Fingal erected a stately monument to her memory on the fatal spot; and the fair damsels of the north annually assemble, and deck it with wreath of flowers, while they weep the hapless fate of the Maid of Lochlin.

FREDERICK AND ALICE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

is translated (but with such alterations and additions, that it may almost be original) from the fragment of a romance, sung in Goethe's opera of "Claudine la Bella."

FREDERICK leaves the land of France,
 Homeward hastes his steps to measure ;
 Careless casts the parting glance
 On the scene of former pleasure.
 Joying in his prancing steed,
 Keen to prove his untried blade,
 Hope's gay dreams the soldier lead
 Over mountain, moor, and glade.
 Helpless, ruin'd, left forlorn,
 Lovely Alice wept alone ;
 Mourn'd o'er love's fond contract torn,
 Hope, and peace, and honour flown.
 Mark her breast's convulsive throbs !
 See, the tear of anguish flows !
 Mingling soon with bursting sobs,
 Loud the laugh of frenzy rose.
 Wild she cursed, and wild she pray'd ;
 Seven long nights and days are o'er ;
 Death in pity brought his aid,
 As the village bell struck four.
 Far from her, and far from France,
 Faithless Frederick onward rides,
 Marking blythe the morning's glance
 Mantling o'er the mountain's sides.
 Heard ye not the boding sound,
 As the tongue of yonder tower,
 Slowly to the hills around,
 Told the fourth, the fated hour ?
 Starts the steed, and snuffs the air,
 Yet no cause of dread appears ;
 Bristles high the rider's hair,
 Struck with strange mysterious fears.
 Desperate, as his terrors rise,
 In the steed the spur he hides ;
 From himself in vain he flies ;
 Anxious, restless, on he rides.
 Seven long days, and seven long nights,
 Wild he wander'd, woe the while !
 Ceaseless care, and causeless fright,
 Urge his footsteps many a mile.

LEGENDS OF TERROR.

Dark the seventh sad night descends ;
 Rivers swell, and rain-streams pour ;
 While the deafening thunder lends
 All the terrors of his roar.

Weary, wet, and spent with toil,
 Where his head shall Frederick hide ?
 Where, but in yon ruin'd aisle,
 By the lightning's flash descried.

To the portal dank and low,
 Fast his steed the wanderer bound ;
 Down a ruin'd staircase, slow
 Next his darkling way he wound.

Long drear vaults before him lie !
 Glimmering lights are seen to glide !
 " Blessed Mary hear my cry !
 Deign a sinner's step to guide !"—

Often lost their quivering beam,
 Still the lights move slow before,
 Till they rest their ghastly gleam,
 Right against an iron door.

Thundering voices from within,
 Mix'd with peals of laughter, rose :
 As they fell, a solemn strain
 Lent its wild and wondrous close !

Midst the din, he seem'd to hear
 Voice of friends, by death removed ;—
 Well he knew that solemn air,
 'Twas the lay that Alice loved.—

Hark ! for now a solemn knell
 Four times on the still night broke ;
 Four times, at its deaden'd swell,
 Echoes from the ruins spoke.

As the lengthen'd clangours die,
 Slowly opes the iron door !
 Straight a banquet met his eye,
 But a funeral's form it wore !

Coffins for the seats extend ;
 All with black the board was spread,
 Girt by parent, brother, friend,
 Long since numbered with the dead !

Alice in her grave clothes bound,
 Ghastly smiling points a seat ;
 All arose with thundering sound ;
 All the expected stranger greet.

High their meagre arms they wave,
 Wild their notes of welcome swell ;
 " Welcome, traitor, to the grave !
 " Perjured, bid the light farewell !"—



A NIGHT IN THE GRAVE;

OR,

THE DEVIL'S RECEIPT!

A Scottish Tale.

been said by various sagacious critics, on the system so generally adopted by the Romance writers of introducing scenes of diabolical agency into their tales, although they are generally seized upon by the reader with the utmost and usually prove of the most intense interest, yet they are of opinion that they demoralize the mind, and enervate the understanding. It is not our intention to overt this popularly received opinion, (but which might easily be done), as we wish only to remove the stigma that has been so long attached to the Romance writers of their being the *only* ones of that class who *do* introduce *ableries* into their compositions.

at the productions of many authors of our own country, we shall soon find that we not been far behind hand with their German brothers in calling into their interest to be derived from a connection with devilish agency: and even the "Wizard of the North," in one of his late productions, has not disdained to introduce of this description, which fully equals (if not excels) in diabolism most yet produced from the German school, not excepting even the celebrated scene us, or the Masque of the Walpurgis Night on the Harz Mountains. If a writer, with his gigantic powers, has chosen to play with such a subject, surely we ture cease from upbraiding the Germans in the acrimonious manner we have done, for their committal of those faults, which are committed by others in with them.

ing singularly interesting tale is to be found in the admiral novel of untlet," where it is denominated "Wandering Willies Tale," and it is written that grace and power which so strongly characterizes every production of its

highly-gifted author. The scene where Steenie receives the receipt from Sir Robert, is wonderfully told and produces a most powerful effect on the feelings of the reader. It is altogether one of the finest "auld world stories" which his pen has produced; and is introduced by a blind fiddler, named Wandering Willie, (who is drawn in the authors best manner after Wilkie), and who relates it to the hero of the novel, who has expressed his doubts as to the agency of the world of spirits. As the nature of the tale appears highly appropriate to that of our work, we have enriched our pages with it, only making such trifling alterations as were deemed necessary.

"YE maun have heard of Sir Robert Redgauntlet of that ilk, who lived in these parts before the dear years. The country will lang mind him; and our fathers used to draw breath thick if ever they heard him named. He was out wi' the Hielandmen in Montrose's time; and again he was in the hills wi' Glencairn in the years sixteen hundred and fifty-two; and sae when King Charles the Second came in, wha was in sic favour as the Laird of Redgauntlet? He was knighted at Lonon court, wi' the king's ain sword; and being a red-hot prelatist, he came down here, rampaging like a lion, with commissions of lieutenancy, and of lunacy for what I ken, to put down a' the Whigs and Covenanters in the country. Wild wark they made of it; for the Whigs were as dour as the Cavaliers were fierce, and it was which should first tire the other. Redgauntlet was aye for the strong hand; and his name is kenn'd as wide in the country as Claverhouse's or Tam Dalywell's. Glen, nordargle, nor mountain, nor cave, could hide the puir hill-folk when Redgauntlet was out with bugle and bloodhound after them, as if they had been sae mony deer. And troth when they found them, they didna mak muckle mair ceremony than a Hieland man wi' a roe-buck—It was just, 'Will ye tak the test?'—if not, 'Make ready—present—fire!'—and there lay the recusant.

"Far and wide was Sir Robert hated and feared. Men thought he had a direct compact with Satan—that he was proof against steel—and that bullets hopped off his buff-coat like hail-stones from a hearth—that he had a mear that would turn a hare on the side of Carrifragawns—and muckle to the same pur-

pose, of whilk mair anon. The best blessing they wared on him was, 'De'il scowp wi' Redgauntlet!' He wasna a bad master to his ain folk though, and was weel aneugh liked by his tenants; and as for the lackies and troopers that raid out wi' him to the persecutions, as the Whigs ca'd these killing times, they wad hae drunken themselfs blind to his health at ony time.

"Now ye are to ken that my gudesire lived on Redgauntlet's grund—they ca' the place Primrose-Knowe. We had lived on the grund, and under the Redgauntlets, since the riding days, and lang before. It was a pleasant bit; and I think the air is callerer and fresher there than onywhere else in the country. It's a' deserted now; and I sat on the broken door-cheek three days since, and was glad I couldna see the plight the place was in; but that's a wide o' the mark. There dwelt my gudesire, Steenie Steenson, a rambling, rattling chiel' he had been in his young days, and could play weel on the pipes; he was famous at 'Hoopers and Girders'—a' Oumberland couldna touch him at 'Jockie Lattin'. . . and he had the finest finger for the back-lill between Berwick and Carlisle. The like o' Steenie wasna the sort that they made Whigs o'. And so he became a Tory, as they ca' it, which we now ca' Jacobites, just out of a kind of needcessity, that he might belang to some side or other. He had nae ill-will to the Whig bodies, and likedna to see the blude rin, though, being obliged to follow Sir Robert in hunting and hosting, watching and warding, he saw muckle mischief, and maybe did some, that he couldna avoid.

"Now Steenie was a kind of favou-

rite with his master, and kenn'd a' the folks about the castle, and was often sent for to play the pipes when they were at their merriment. Auld Dougal Mac Callum, the butler, that had followed Sir Robert through gude and ill, thick and thin, pool and stream, was specially fond of the pipes, and aye gae my gudesire his gude word wi' the Laird; for Dougal could turn his master round his finger.

"Weel, round came the Revolution, and it like to have broken the hearts baith of Dougal and his master. But the change was not a'thegether sae great as they feared, and other folk thought for. The Whigs made an unca crawling what they wad do with their auld enemies, and in special wi' Sir Robert Redgauntlet. But there were ower mony great folks dipped in the same doings, to make a spick and span new world. So Parliament passed it a' ower easy; and Sir Robert, bating that he was held to hunting foxes instead of Covenanters, remained just the man he was. His revel was as loud, and his hall as weel lighted, as ever it had been, though maybe he lacked the fines of the non-conformists, that used to come to stock larder and cellar; for it is certain he began to bekeener about the rents than his tenants used to find him before, and it behoved them to be prompt to the rent-day, or else the laird wasna pleased. And he was sic an awsome body, that naebody cared to anger him; for the oaths he swore, and the rage that he used to get into, and the looks that he put on, made men sometimes think him a devil incarnate.

"Weel, my gudesire was nae mazer—no that he was a very great misguider—but he hadna the saving gift, and he got two terms rent in arrear. He got the first brash at Whitsunday put ower wi' fair words and piping; but when Martinmas came, there was a summons from the grand-officer to come wi' the rent on a day precese, or else Steenie behoved to flitt. Sair wark he had to get the siller; but he was weel-

freended, and at last he got the whole scraped thegither—a thousand merks—the maist of it was from a neighbour they ca'ad Laurie Lapraik—a sly tod. Laurie had walth o' gear—could hunt wi' the hound and rin wi' the hare—and be Whig or Tory, saunt or sinner, as the wind stood. He was a professor of religious music in this Revolution world, but he liked another sound and a tune on the pipes weelaneugh at a bye-time; and abune a', he thought he had gude security for the siller he lent my gudesire over the stocking at Primrose-Knowe.

"Away trots my gudesire to Redgauntlet Castle wi' a heavy purse and a light heart, glad to be out of the Laird's danger. Weel, the first thing he learned at the castle was, that Sir Robert had fretted himself into a fit of the gout, because he did not appear before twelve o'clock. It wasna a'thegether for the sake of the money, Dougal thought; but because he didna like to part wi' my gudesire aff the grund. Dougal was glad to see Steenie, and brought him into the great oak parlour, and there sat the Laird his leesome lane, excepting that he had beside him a great, ill-favoured jack-an-ape, that was a special pet of his; a cankered beast it was, and many an ill-natured trick it played—ill to please it was, and easily angered—ran about the whole castle, chattering and yowling, and pinching, and biting folk, especially before ill-weather, or disturbances in the state. Sir Robert ca'ad it Major Weir, after the warlock that was burned; and few folk liked either the name or the conditions of the creature—they thought there was something in it by ordinar—and my gudesire was not just easy in mind when the door shut on him, and he saw himself in the room wi' naebody but the Laird, Dougal Mac Allum, and the Major, a thing that hadna chanced to him before.

"Sir Robert sat, or, I should say, lay, in a great arned chair, wi' his grand velvet gown, and his feet on a cradle; for he had baith gout and gravel, and his face looked as gash and ghastly as

Satan's. Major Weir sat opposite to him, in a red laced coat, and the Laird's wig on his head; and aye as Sir Robert grinned wi' pain the jack-an-ape grinned too, like a sheep's-head between a pair of tongs—an ill-faur'd, fearsome couple they were. The Laird's buff-coat was hung on a pin behind him, and his broadsword and his pistols within reach; for he kept it up the old fashion of having the weapons ready, and a horse saddled day and night, just as he used to do when he was able to loup on horse-back, and sway after any of the hill-folk he could get speerings of. Some said it was for fear of the Whigs taking vengeance, but I judge it was just his auld custom—he wasna gien to fear onything. The rental-book wi' its black cover and brass clasps, was lying beside him; and a book of sculduddry songs was put betwixt the leaves, to keep it open at the place where it bore evidence against the Goodman of Primrose-Knowe, as behind the hand with his mails and duties. Sir Robert gave my gudesire a look, as if he would have withered his heart in his bosom. Ye maun ken he had a way of bending his brows, that men saw the visible mark of a horse-shoe in his forehead, deep-dinted, as if it had been stamped there.

“Are ye come light-handed, ye son of a toom whistle?” said Sir Robert. “Zounds! if ye are——”

“My gudesire, with as gude a countenance as he could put on, made a leg, and placed the bag of money on the table wi' a dash, like a man that does something clever. The Laird drew it to him hastily—“Is it all here, Steenie, man?”

“Your honour will find it right,” said my gudesire.

“Here, Dougal,” said the Laird, “gie Steenie a tass of brandy down stairs, till I count the siller and write the receipt.”

“But they werena weel out of the room, when Sir Robert gied a yelloch that shook the castle rock. Back ran Dougal—in flew the livery-men—yell

on yell gied the Laird, ilk ane mair awfu' than the ither. My gudesire knew not whether to stand or flee, but he ventured back into the parlour, where a' was gaun hirdy-girdie—naeboddy to say ‘come in,’ or ‘gae out.’ Terribly the Laird roared for cauld water to his feet, and wine to cool his throat; and Hell, hell, hell, and its flames, was aye the word in his mouth. They brought him water, and when they plunged his swoln feet into the tub, he cried out it was burning; and folks say that it did bubble and sparkle like a seething cauldron. He flung the cup at Dougal's head, and said he had given him blood instead of burgundy; and sure aneugh, the lass washed clotted blood off the carpet the next day. The jack-an-ape they ca'ed Major Weir, it jibbered and cried as if it was mocking its master; my gudesire's head was like to turn—he forgot baith siller and receipt, and down stairs he banged; but as he ran, the shrieks came faint and fainter; there was a deep-drawn shivering groan, and word gaed through the castle, that the Laird was dead.

“Weel, away came my gudesire, wi' his finger in his mouth, and his best hope was, that Dougal had seen the money-bag, and heard the Laird speak of writing the receipt. The young Laird, now Sir John, came from Edinburgh, to see things put to rights. Sir John and his father never gree'd weel—he had been bred an advocate, and afterwards sat in the last Scots Parliament and voted for the Union, having gotten, it was thought, a rug of the compensations—if his father could have come out of his grave, he would have brained him for it on his own hearth-stone. Some thought it was easier counting with the auld rough Knight than the fair-spoken young ane—but mair of that anon.

“Dougal Mac Callum, poor body, neither grat nor graned, but gaed about the house looking like a corpse, and directing, as was his duty, a' the order of the grand funeral. Now, Dougal looked aye waur and waur when night was

oming, and was aye the last to gang to his bed, whilk was in a little round just opposite the chamber of dais, whilk his master occupied while he was living, and where he now lay in a state as they a'd it, well-a-day ! The night before the funeral, Dougal could keep his awn counsel nae langer ; he came down with his proud spirit, and fairly asked auld Hutcheon to sit in his room with him for an hour. When they were in the round, Dougal took ae tass of brandy to imsel, and gave another to Hutcheon, and wished him all health and lang life, and said that, for himsel, he wasna lang in this world ; for that, every night since Sir Robert's death, his silver call had sounded from the state chamber, just as it used to do at nights in his lifetime, to call Dougal to help to turn him in his bed. Dougal said, that being lone with the dead on that floor of the tower, (for naeboddy cared to wake Sir Robert Redgauntlet like another corpse,) he had never daured to answer the call, but that now his conscience checked him for neglecting his duty ; for ' though naeth breaks service,' said Mac Callum, ' it shall never break my service to Sir Robert ; and I will answer his next whistle, so be you will stand by me, Hutcheon.'

" Hutcheon had nae will to the wark, but he had stood by Dougal in battle and broil, and he wad not fail him at his pinch ; so down the carles sat over a stoup of brandy, and Hutcheon, who was something of a clerk, would have read a chapter of the Bible ; but Dougal could hear naething but a song of Davie Lindsay, whilk was the waur reparation.

" When midnight came, and the house was quiet as the grave, sure enough the silver whistle sounded as sharp and shrill as if Sir Robert was lowing it, and up got the two auld serving-men, and tottered into the room where the dead man lay. Hutcheon saw enough at the first glance ; for there were torches in the room, which shewed him the foul fiend, in his ain shape,

sitting on the Laird's coffin ! Over he cowed as if he had been dead. He could not tell how lang he lay in a trance at the door, but when he gathered himself, he cried on his neighbour, and getting no answer, raised the house, when Dougal was found lying dead within two steps of the bed where his master's coffin was placed. As for the whistle, it was gaen anes and aye ; but many a time was it heard on the top of the house in the bartizan, and amang the auld chimnies and turrets, where the howlets have their nests. Sir John hushed the matter up, and the funeral passed over without mair bogle-wark.

" But when a' was over, and the Laird was beginning to settle his affairs, every tenant was called up for his arrears, and my gudesire for the full sum that appeared against him in the rental-book. Weel, away he trots to the Castle, to tell his story, and there he is introduced to Sir John, sitting in his father's chair, in deep mourning, with weepers and hanging cravat, and a small walking stick by his side, instead of the auld broadsword that had a hundred-weight of steel about it, what with blade, chape, and basket-hilt. I have heard their communing so often tauld ower, that I almost think I was there myself, though I couldna be born at the time. However my grandfather in a half flattering, half conciliating tone, addressed the Laird, who, during the commencement of the conversation, often sighed deeply, and hypocritically lifted his napkin to his eyes. My grandfather had, while he spoke, his eye fixed on the rental-book, as if it were a mastiff-dog that he was afraid would spring up and bite him.

" I wuss ye joy, Sir, of the head-seat, and the white loaf and the braid lairdship. Your father was a kind man to friends and followers ; muckle grace to you, Sir John, to fill his shoon—his boots, I suld say, for he seldom wore shoon, unless it were muils when he had the gout.'

" ' Aye, Steenie,' quoth the Laird, sighing deeply, and putting his napkin

to his face, 'his was a sudden call, and he will be missed in the country; no time to set his house in order—weel prepared God-ward, nodoubt, which is the root of the matter—but left us behind a tangled hesp to wind, Steenie.—Hem! hem! We maun go to business, Steenie; much to do, and little time to do it in.'

"Here he opened the fatal volume; I have heard of a thing they call Doomsday-book—I am clear it has been a rental of back-ganging tenants.

"Stephen," said Sir John, still in the same soft, sleekit tone of voice—"Stephen Stevenson, or Steenson, ye are down here for a year's rent behind the hand—due at last term."

"Stephen. 'Please your honour. Sir John, I paid it to your father.'

"Sir John. 'Ye took a receipt then, doubtless, Stephen; and can produce it?'

"Stephen. 'Indeed I hadna time, an it like your honour; for nae sooner had I set down the siller, and just as his honour, Sir Robert, that's gaen, drew it to him to count it, and write out the receipt, he was ta'en wi' the pains that removed him.'

"That was unlucky," said Sir John, after a pause. 'But ye maybe paid it in the presence of somebody. I want but a talis qualis evidence, Stephen. I would go ower strictly to work with no poor man.'

"Stephen. 'Troth, Sir John, there was naeboddy in the room but Dougal Mac Callum the butler. But, as your honour kens, he has e'en followed his auld master.'

"Very unlucky again, Stephen," said Sir John, without altering his voice a single note. The man to whom ye paid the money is dead—and the man who witnessed the payment is dead too—and the siller, which should have been to the fore, is neither seen nor heard tell of in the repositories. How am I to believe a' this?'

"Stephen. 'I didna ken, your honour; but there is a bit memorandum

note of the very coins; for, God help me! I had to borrow out of twenty purses; and I am sure that ilk man there set down will take his grit oath for what purpose I borrowed the money.'

"Sir John. 'I have little doubt ye borrowed the money, Steenie. It is the payment that I want to have some proof of.'

"Stephen. 'The siller maun be about the house, Sir John. And since your honour never got it, and his honour that was cunna have them it wi' him, maybe some of the family may have seen it.'

"Sir John. 'We will examine the servants, Stephen; that is but reasonable.'

"But lackey and lass, and page and groom, all denied stoutly that they had ever seen such a bag of money as my gudesire described. What was waur, he had unluckily not mentioned to any living soul of them his purpose of paying his rent. One queen had noticed something under his arm, but she took it for the pipes.

"Sir John Redgauntlet ordered the servants out of the room, and then said to my gudesire, 'Now, Steenie, ye see you have fair play; and as I have little doubt ye ken better where to find the siller than any other body, I beg, in fair terms, and for your own sake, that you will end this fasherie; for, Stephen, ye maun pay or flitt.'

"The Lord forgie your opinion," said Stephen, driven almost to his wits' end—"I am an honest man."

"So am I, Stephen," said his honour; and so are all the folks in the house, I hope. But if there be a knave amongst us, it must be he that tells the story he cannot prove.' He paused, and then added, mair sternly, 'If I understand your trick, Sir, you want to take advantage of some malicious reports concerning things in this family, and particularly respecting my father's sudden death, thereby to cheat me out of the money, and perhaps take away my character, by insinuating that I have

received the rent I am demanding.—There do you suppose this money to be?—I insist upon knowing.’

“My gudesire saw every thing look muckle against him, that he grew early desperate—however, he shifted on one foot to another, looked to every corner of the room, and made no answer.

“‘Speak out, Sirrah,’ said the Laird, summing a look of his father’s, a very articular one, which he had when he was angry—it seemed as if the wrinkles of his frown made that self-same awful shape of a horse’s shoe in the middle of his brow;—‘Speak out, Sir! I will know your thoughts;—do you suppose that I have this money?’

“‘Far be it frae me to say so,’ said Stephen.

“‘Do you charge any of my people with having taken it?’

“‘I wad be laith to charge them that may be innocent,’ said my gudesire; and if there be any one that is guilty, have nae proof.’

“‘Somewhere the money must be, there is a word of truth in your story,’ said Sir John; ‘I ask where you think it is—and demand a correct answer?’

“‘In hell, if you will have my thoughts of it,’ said my gudesire, driven to extremity,—‘in hell! with your father and his silver whistle.’

“Down the stairs he ran, (for the parlour was nae place for him after such a word,) and he heard the Laird rearing blood and wounds behind him, faster as ever did Sir Robert, and roaring for the baillie and the baron-officer.

“Away rode my gudesire to his chief editor, (him they ca’d Laurie Lapik,) to try if he could make onything of him; but when he tauld his story, he got but the warst word in his outh—thief, beggar, and dyvour, were the softest terms; and to the hoot of these hard terms, Laurie brought up the old story of his dipping his hand in the blood of God’s saints, just as if a tenant wold have helped riding with the Laird, and that a Laird like Sir Robert Red-

gauntlet. My gudesire was, by this time, far beyond the bounds of patience, and, while he and Laurie were at de’il speed the liars, he was wanchancie enough to abuse his doctrine as weel as the man, and said things that gar’d folks flesh grow that heard them; he wasna just himsell, and he had lived wi’ a wild set in his day.

“At last they parted, and my gudesire was to ride hame through the wood of Pitmarkie, that is all full of black firs, as they say. I ken the wood, but the firs may be black or white for what I can tell.—At the entry of the wood there is a wild common, and on the edge of the common, a little lonely change-house that was keepit then by an ostler-wife, they suld hae ca’d her Tibbie Faw, and there puir Steenie cried for a mutchkin of brandy, for he had had no refreshment the whole day. Tibbie was earnest wi’ him to take a bite of meat, but he couldna think o’t, nor would he take his foot out of the stirrup, and took aff the brandy, wholely, at twa draughts, and named a toast at each:—the first was, The memory of Sir Robert Redgauntlet, and might he never lie quiet in his grave till he had righted his poor bond-tenant; and the second was, A health to Man’s Enemy, if he would but get him back the pock of siller, or tell him what came o’t, for he saw the whole world was like to regard him as a thief and a cheat, and he took that waur than even the ruin of his house and hauld.

“On he rode, little caring where. It was a dark night turned, and the trees made it yet darker, and he let the beast take its ain road through the wood; when, all of a sudden, from tired and wearied that it was before, the nag began to spring, and flee, and stend, that my gudesire could hardly keep the saddle—Upon the whilk, a horseman, suddenly riding up beside him, said, ‘That’s a mettle beast of yours, friend; will you sell him?’—So saying, he touched the horse’s neck with his riding-wand, and it fell into its auld heigh-ho of a stum-

bling trot ; ' But his spunk's soon out of him, I think,' continued the stranger, ' and that is like many a man's courage, that thinks he wad do great things till he come to the proof.'

" My gudesire scarce listened to this, but spurred his horse, with ' Gude, e'en to you, friend.'

" But it's like the stranger was ane that does na lightly yield his point ; for, ride as Steenie liked, he was aye beside him at the self-same pace. At last my gudesire, Steenie Steenson, grew half angry ; and, to say the truth, half feared.

" ' What is it that ye want with me, friend ?' he said. ' If ye be a robber, I have nae money ; if ye be a leal man, wanting company, I have nae heart to mirth or speaking ; and if ye want to ken the road, I scarce ken it mysell.'

" ' If you will tell me your grief,' said the stranger, ' I am one that, though I have been sair misc'ad in the world, am the only hand for helping my freends.'

" So my gudesire, to ease his ain heart, mair than from any hope of help, told him the story from beginning to end.

" ' It's a hard pinch,' said the stranger ; ' but I think I can help you.'

" ' If you could lend the money, Sir, and take a lang day—I ken nae other help on earth,' said my gudesire.

" ' But there may be some under the earth,' said the stranger. ' Come, I'll be frank wi' you ; I could lend you the money on bond, but you would, maybe, scruple my terms. Now, I can tell you, that your auld Laird is disturbed in his grave by your curses, and the wailing of your family, and—if ye dare venture to go to see him, he will give you the receipt.'

" My gudesire's hair stood on end at this proposal, but he thought his companion might be some humoursome chield that was trying to frighten him, and might end with lending him the money. Besides, he was bold wi' brandy, and desperate wi' distress ; and he said, he had courage to go to the gate of hell, and a step farther,

for that receipt.—The stranger laughed.

" Weel, they rode on through the thickest of the wood, when, all of a sudden, the horse stopped at the door of a great house ; and, but that he knew the place was ten miles off, my father would have thought he was at Redgauntlet Castle. They rode into the outer court-yard, through the muckle fauldin gates, and aneath the auld portcullis ; and the whole front of the house was lighted, and there were pipes and fiddles, and as much dancing and derry within as used to be in Sir Robert's house at Pace and Yule, and such high seasons. They lap off, and my gudesire, as seemed to him, fastened his horse to the very ring he had tied him to that morning, when he gaed to wait on the young Sir John.

" ' God !' said my father, ' if Sir Robert's death be but a dream !'

" He knocked at the ha' door, just as he was wont, and his auld acquaintance, Dougal Mac Callum, just after his wont, too,—came to open the door, and said, ' Piper Steenie, are ye there, lad ? Sir Robert has been crying for you.'

" My gudesire was like a man in a dream—he looked for the stranger, but he was gaen for the time. At last, he just tried to say, ' Ha ! Dougal Driveower, are ye living ? I thought ye had been dead.'

" ' Never fash yoursell wi' me,' said Dougal, ' but look to yoursell ; and see ye tak naething frae onybody here, neither meat, drink, or silber, except just the receipt that is your ain.'

" So saying, he led the way out through halls and trances that were weel kenn'd to my gudesire, and into the auld oak parlour ; and there was as much singing of profane songs, and binking of red wine, and speaking blasphemy and sculduggery, as had ever been in Redgauntlet Castle when it was at the blythest.

" But, Lord take us in keeping ! what a set of ghastly revellers they were that sat round that table !—My gudesire kenn'd many that had long before

air place. There was the dleton, and the dissolute the crafty Lauderdale; and th his bold head and a beard e; and Earlshall, with Caude on his hand; and wild hat tied blessed Mr. Cargill's ie blude sprung; and Dumglas, the twice-turned traitor ntry and king. There was Advocate Mac Kenzie, who, rldly wit and wisdom, had rest as a god. And there ouse, as beautiful as when ith his long, dark, curled ming down to his laced buff-his left hand always on his blade, to hide the wound ver bullet had made. He sat them all, and looked at them melancholy, haughty counte- nile the rest hallooed, and aughed, that the room rang. miles were fearfully contort- ne to time; and their laugh- into such wild sounds, as gudesire's very nails grow chilled the marrow in his

that waited at the table were cked serving-men and troop- ul done their work and wick- on earth. There was the of the Nethertown, that help- : Argyll; and the Bishop's , that they called the Deil's ; and the wicked guardsmen, ced coats; and the savage Amorites, that shed blood ; and many a proud serving- ility of heart and bloody of ging to the rich, and making eder than they would be ; ie poor to powder, when the broken them to fragments. y, many mair were coming ig, a' as busy in their voca- hey had been alive. Robert Redgauntlet, in the ' this fearful riot, cried, wi' a thunder, on Steenie Piper, o the board-head where he

was sitting; his legs stretched out be- fore him, and swathed up with flannel, with his holster pistols aside him, and great broad-sword rested against his chair, just as my gudesire had seen him the last time upon earth—the very cushion for the jack-an-ape was close to him, but the creature itself was not there—it wasna its hour, it's likely; for he heard them say as he came forward, 'Is not the Major come yet?' And another answered, 'The jack-an-ape will be here be times in the morn. And when my gudesire came forward, Sir Robert or his ghost, or the devil in his like- ness, said, 'Weel, Piper, hae ye settled wi' my son for the year's rent?'

"With much ado my father got breath to say, that Sir John would not settle without his honour's receipt.

" 'Yeshall hae that for a tune of the pipes, Steenie,' said the appearance of Sir Robert—'Play us up 'Weel hoddled, Luckie.'

"Now this was a tune my gudesire learned frae a warlock, that heard it when they were worshipping Satan at their meetings; and my gudesire had sometimes play it at the ranting suppers in Redgauntlet Castle, but never very willingly; and now he grew could at the very name of it, and said for excuse, he hadna his pipes wi' him.

" 'Mac Callum, ye limb of Beelzebub,' said the fearful Sir Robert, 'bring Steenie the pipes that I am keeping for him!'

"Mac Callum brought a pair of pipes might have served the piper of Donald and of Isles. But he gave my gudesire a nudge as he offered them; and looking secretly and closely, Steenie saw that the chanter was of steel, and heated to a white heat; so he had fair warning not to trust his fingers with it. So he excused himself again, and said, he was faint and frightened, and had not wind enough to fill the bag.

" 'Then ye moun eat and drink, Steenie, said the figure; 'for we do little else here; and it's ill speaking between a full man and a fasting.'

"Now these were the very words that the bloody Earl of Douglas said to keep the king's messenger in hand, while he cut the head off Mac Lellan of Bombie, at the Threave Castle; and that put Steenie mair and mair on his guard. So he spoke up like a man, and said he came neither to eat or drink, or make minstrelsy; but simply for his ain—to ken what was come o' the money he had paid, and to get a discharge for it, and he was so stout-hearted by this time, that he charged Sir Robert for conscience-sake—(he had no power to say the holy name)—and as he hoped for peace and rest, to spread no snares for him, but just to give him his ain.

"The appearance gnashed its teeth and laughed, but it took from a large pocket-book the receipt, and handed it to Steenie. 'Here is your receipt, ye pitiful cur; and for the money, my dog-whelp of a son may go look for it in the Cat's Cradle.'

"My gudesire uttered many thanks, and was about to retire, when Sir Robert reared aloud, 'Stop though, thou sack-doubling son of a whore! I am not done with thee. Here we do nothing for nothing; and you must return off this very day twelvemonth, to pay your master the homage that you owe me for my protection.'

"My father's tongue was loosed of a sudden, and he said aloud, 'I refer myself to God's pleasure, and not to yours.'

"He had no sooner uttered the word than all was dark around him; and he sunk on the earth with such a sudden shock, that he lost both breath and sense.

"How lang Steenie lay there he could not tell; but when he came to himself, he was lying in the auld kirkyard of Redgauntlet parishine, just at the door of the family aisle, and the scutcheon of the auld knight, Sir Robert, hanging over his head. There was a deep morning fog on grass and grave-stones around him, and his horse was

feeding quietly beside the minister's twa cows. Steenie would have thought the whole was a dream, but he had the receipt in his hand, fairly written and signed by the auld Laird; only the last letters of his name were a little disorderly, written like one seized with sudden pain.

"Sorely troubled in his mind, he left that dreary place, rode through the mist to Redgauntlet Castle, and with much ado he got speech of the Laird. 'Well, you dyvour bankrupt,' was the first word, 'have you brought me my rent?'

"'No,' answered my gudesire, 'I have not; but I have brought your honour Sir Robert's receipt for it.'

"'How, Sirrah?—Sir Robert's receipt!—You told me he had not given you one.'

"'Will your honour please to see if that bit line is right?'

"Sir John looked at every line, and at every letter, with much attention; and at last, at the date, which my gudesire had not observed,—'*From my appointed place,*' he read '*this twenty-fifth of November.*' 'What!—That is yesterday!—Villain, thou must have gone to hell for this!'

"'I got it from your honour's father—whether he be in heaven or hell, I know not,' said Steenie.

"'I will debate you for a warlock to the Privy Council!' said Sir John. 'I will send you to your master, the devil, with the help of a tar-barrel and a torch!'

"'I intend to delate mysell to the Presbytery,' said Steenie, 'and tell them all I have seen last night, whilk are things fitter for them to judge of than a borrel man like me.'

"Sir John paused, composed himself, and desired to hear the full history; and my gudesire told it him from point to point, as I have told it you—word for word, neither more nor less.

"Sir John was silent again for a long time, and at last he said, very composedly, 'Steenie, this story of yours con-

vers the honour of many a noble family besides mine ; and if it be a leasing-making, to keep yourself out of my danger, the least you can expect is to have a red-hot iron driven through your tongue, and that will be as bad as scalding your fingers wi' a red-hot chanter. But yet it may be true, Steenie ; and if the money cast up, I will not know what to think of it.—But where shall we find the Cat's Cradle ? There are cats enough about the old house, but I think they kitten without the ceremony of bed or cradle.'

" ' We were best ask Hutcheon,' said my gudesire ; ' he kens a' the odd corners about as weel as—another serving-man that is now gane, and that I wad not like to name.'

" ' Aweel, Hutcheon, when he was asked, told them, that a ruinous turret, lang disused, next to the clock-house, only accessible by a ladder, for the opening was on the outside, and far above the battlements, was called of old the Cat's Cradle.

" ' There will I go immediately,' said Sir John ; and he took (with what purpose, heaven kens,) one of his father's pistols from the hall-table, where they had lain since the night he died, and hastened to the battlements.

" ' It was a dangerous place to climb, for the ladder was auld and frail, and wanted ane or twa rounds. However, up got Sir John, and entered at the turret door, where his body stopped the only little light that was in the bit turret. Something flees at him wi' a vengeance, maist dang him back ower—bang gaed the knight's pistol, and Hutcheon, that held the ladder, and my gudesire that stood beside him, hears a loud skelloch. A minute after Sir John flings the body of the jack-an-ape down to them, and cries that the siller is found, and that they should come up and help him. And there was the bag of siller sure aneugh, and many other things besides, that had been missing for many a day. And Sir John, when he had ripped the turret weel, led my gudesire into the

dining-parlour, and took him by the hand, and spoke kindly to him, and said he was sorry he should have doubted his word, and that he would hereafter be a good master to him, to make amends.

" ' And now, Steenie,' said Sir John, ' although this vision of yours tends, on the whole, to my father's credit, as an honest man, that he should, even after his death, desire to see justice done to a poor man like you, yet you are sensible that ill-dispositioned men might make bad constructions upon it, concerning his soul's health. So, I think, we had better lay the whole dirdum on that ill-deedie creature, Major Weir, and say naething about your dream in the wood of Pitmurkie. You had taken ower mickle brandy to be very certain about anything ; and, Steenie, this receipt, (his hand shook while he held it out)—it's but a queer document, and we will do best, I think, to put it quietly in the fire.'

" ' Od, but for as queer as it is, it's a' the voucher I have for my rent,' said my gudesire, who was affraid, it may be, of losing the benefit of Sir Robert's discharge.

" ' I will bear the contents to your credit in the rental-book, and give you a discharge under my own hand,' said Sir John, ' and that on the spot. And, Steenie, if you can hold your tongue about this matter, you shall sit, from this term downward, at an easier rent.'

" ' Many thanks to your honour,' said Steenie, who saw easily in what corner the wind sat ; ' doubtless I will be conformable to all your honour's commands ; only I would willingly speak wi' some powerful minister on the subject, for I do not like the sort of sunmons of appointment whilk your honour's father—'

" ' Do not call the phantom my father !' said Sir John, interrupting him.

" ' Weel then, the thing that was so like him,'—said my gudesire ; ' he spoke of my coming back to him this time twelvemonth, and it's weight on my

conscience.'—'Aweel, then,' said Sir John, 'if you be so much distressed in mind, you may speak to our minister of the parish; he is a douce man, regards the honour of our family, and the mair that he may look for some patronage from me.'

"Wi' that, my father readily agreed that the receipt should be burnt, and the Laird threw it into the fire with his ain hand. Burn it would not for them, though; but away it flew up the chimney, wi' a long train of sparks at his tail, and a hissing noise like a squib.

"My gudesire gaed down to the Manse, and the minister, when he had heard the story, said, it was his real opinion, that though my gudesire had gane very far in tampering with dangerous matters, yet, as he had refused the devil's uries, (for such was the offer of meat and drink,) and had refused to do homage by piping at his bidding, he hoped, that if he held a circumspect walk hereafter, Satan could take little advantage by what was come and gane. And, indeed, my gudesire, of his ain accord, lang forswore baith the pipes and the brandy—it was not even till

the year was out, and the fatal day passed, that he would as much as take the fiddle, or drink usquebaugh or tip-penny.

"Sir John made up his story about the jack-an-ape as he liked himself; and some believe till this day there was no more in the matter than the filching nature of the brute. Indeed ye'll no hinder some to threap, that it was nae o' the Auld Enemy that Dougal and my gudesire saw in the Laird's room, but only that wanchancy creature, the Major, capering on the coffin; and that, as to the blowing on the Laird's whistle that was heard after he was dead, the filthy brute could do that as weel as the Laird himself, if no better. But heaven kens the truth, whilk first came out by the minister's wife, after Sir John and her ain gudeman were baith in the moulds. And then my gudesire, who was failed in his limbs, but not in his judgment or memory—at least nothing to speak of—was obliged to tell the real narrative to his friends, for the credit of his gude name. He might else have been charged for a warlock."

THE DOOMED MAN!

passenger besides myself of the following sin-board the *Susannah*, was B——, of Port Glasgow, recent loss of her only sibling, out to her sister, the althy planter, in Barbados was a good-looking girl, a great flow of animal spirit made her at times very stout, having been much over indulgence, she a pettish and self-willed person, (the master of the a quiet, unobtrusive man, manners and address, with melancholy expression of altogether unusual in a seemed to have been much untries, and was the best most intelligent seaman I d to meet with in the mer-

To the monotony and of a voyage every thing greetable diversity. Miss musical attainments were erior order, sang charming-companied herself on the reat taste and sweetness. lso played the flute with an is the wont of nautical oral, so that with these re-the aid of books and com-made the time pass plea-when the weather would our being on deck.

teenth day after our ship ail of the bank, and had warmer latitudes, it came fresh at nine P.M. with a f a swell from the S.W.—bed, and had fallen into a when I was awakened at with the noise of feet deck, the violent beating like at the steerage hatch-rough voice of the boat-out the middle watch hands ho ! tumble up,

tumble up, ye lubbers !” I immediately tumbled out of bed, hurried on my clothes, and made the best of my way up the companion-ladder, knowing there was something more than usual to do when the whole crew were called up at once. There was a good deal of bustle on deck. It had turned out what sailors call a coarse, dirty night, blowing very hard, and dark and dismal all round, except when a flash of lightning shewed us the billows boiling and tumbling about us. The ship was labouring hard in a heavy sea-way, sending bows in over head and ears, and washing the fore-castle at every pitch. The captain was standing abreast of the binnacle, and through a speaking trumpet was issuing his orders to take canvass off the foremast and ease the vessel by the head. I walked up to his side, and observed by the binnacle-light that his countenance was much agitated. Aware of the dislike seamen have, in cases of peril, to be interrogated and obstructed in their movements by passengers, I passed without accosting him ; and, to be as much as possible out of the men’s way, retreated to the hen-coops at the stern, and, with considerable anxiety, observed his motions. More than half an hour elapsed, but still he kept his station ; occasionally walking a few paces to and fro, then examining the compass, to give directions to the man at the wheel, and now and then throwing a glance over the lee-quarter. A shrill, whistling sound through the rigging—the clattering of blocks and slackened ropes—the creaking at the doubling of the masts, and the yards at the slings, now warned us that another squall was coming.

The captain hastily stepped to the light and examined his time-piece ; I glanced my eyes over it also, and could distinguish that the hands pointed to one o’clock. I saw his lips slightly quiver, and heard him mutter as he put it up—“ The hour is come now !” I

felt a chillness strike to my heart at these words—I thought our last hour was come—that the captain, conscious of the vessel's inability to hold together through the squall, had given us up for lost. I fancied even that the violence of the ship's motion had increased fearfully. My heart beat with a convulsive fluttering, as if I was in the act of flying, each time the vessel, left by an exhausted wave, paused—rose straining and quivering on the ridge of the succeeding one, and again with the rapidity of an arrow made a tremendous plunge into the hollow beneath. I tried to rush forward and learn the worst at once, but my limbs refused to do their office. I endeavoured to make myself heard, but my voice had forsaken me, and my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth. I could not have moved had we been going to the bottom, and my only chance of escape lying in my own exertions. The squall had now reached us in all its wrath, and was hurrying us on with inconceivable velocity, when a flash of lightning, or rather a succession of flashes, like a sheet of fire, illumined the whole waste of waters around us. The captain was now standing within a few feet of me by the gallery-railings, gazing intently to leeward: when all at once he clasped his hands forcibly together, and with a groan of despair, and in a suppressed voice of agony, exclaimed, "My God! there he is again for the last time!" He remained a few seconds, as if regarding something possessed of horrible interest, then struck his open palms over his eyes, and wildly rushed down the companion way. In vain I had followed the direction of his look, nothing met my sight but long lines of white waves, pursuing us with their deafening roar, and threatening every instant to break on board and engulf the vessel. Having got the better of my own fears, I waited for some time in expectation of his reappearance, trying to conjecture the cause of such strange conduct, till, at length, unable to endure longer suspense

I got a lantern lighted at the binnacle, and descended to the cabin. I found him on the after-lockers, with his face hidden in his hands: he raised it at my entrance, and I saw it was exceedingly wan, and that a slight shivering ran through his frame. "In the name of heaven, captain," said I, "what is the matter that you shake so, are you taken suddenly ill?" "Thank you, thank you, Sir," he answered, "I am well, in perfect health, but I have a feeling here," and he pressed his hand to his breast "which you cannot understand, and the cause of which you would only laugh at, were I to tell it you." "I do not think I should," returned I: "this is no time for merriment; if the ship is in hazard, our danger is mutual, and I see nothing laughable in the idea of our going to the bottom." "No," he replied, "you mistake me, there is no fear of that, and if there were a risk, our danger is not mutual. The gale will now take off, and as far as timber and iron goes we have as staunch a sea-boat under us as ever stemmed salt-water; she will make better weather in a gale of wind than any seventy-four in the navy; she is well found above and below, and my crew are every one of them as true bred seamen as ever rove reef points through grimits. We are as safe as hearts of oak, in every sense of the phrase, can make us. No, Sir, that is not what troubles me. I now know but too well that I am a Doomed Man! I feel that my fate is sealed, and it is that fearful certainty, which, with a weight like our best bower-anchor, presses on my soul, paralyzes all my faculties, and renders existence a curse instead of a blessing. I see that you think me raving under the influence of a distempered imagination. At one period of my life I was as incredulous as you, but woeful experience has since taught me otherwise. I will explain myself more at large; but I must now go on deck till these squalls blow over, for nothing encourages seamen so much as seeing their commander vigilant in

besides, were I known to be man, not a single hand would lift in the ship with me. I fore, beware of giving them e to conjecture the reason of retreat."

z, he left me : and, finding r sleep completely banished, aating on the perversity of ure, on the various means on to embitter the brief telfe, bringing imaginary evils s in aid of those which we experience as the concomi-existence.

while the captain came below : gale had abated, and there mediate necessity for his re-deck. "And now, Sir," if you feel no inclination for re willing to lend me your I will recount a few of the idents of my life ; which will hat a mariner's superstition to do with the affair :"

it to sea at an early age, and n-boy to a barque belonging a small seaport village in I had for my fellow appren-nearly of my own age, and intimate companion, called hbertson. Our parents were neighbours, and in habits of lship. We had been at school shared in the same amuse-d fought each others battles, It happy that we were to ac-nautical knowledge unsepa-e served our time faithfully ; t expired, made several voy-ferent ports of America and ndies. I was shortly after-e mate of the vessel, and we r passage to Smyrna, when ptured by a French privateer d's end, and carried into Port rfortunately for us, this hap-the period when Bonaparte o exchange of prisoners be-two nations : we were, there-ed far into the interior along

with several ships' companies, and confined in the fortress of Breal. I will not take up your attention by a recital of the hardships we endured during the five years of our imprisonment. Our treatment was more like that of brutes than of one Christian nation towards another ; but Cuthbertson and I weathered through it, and that was more than hundreds of our fellow-captives did. Twice we made our escape, but were recaptured both times, treated with additional rigour, and threatened with instant death if we made the attempt again. Nevertheless, we tried it once more, with the resolution either to regain our freedom or perish. After months of cautious and unremitting labour, we succeeded in undermining the corner of our stone floor, and bored a passage through the wall at the bottom of the building. This outlet took us clear of the sentinels, but still we had a descent of more than twenty feet over the face of the rock to overcome. There were eleven of us confined in the same dungeon, and most part of these were our own crew. We set all hands to work ; soon cut up our blankets into stripes, and formed a sort of rope by which we were to lower ourselves down. We all landed safe except our captain, who was a heavy man, and on that account agreed to be the last : he was not so fortunate. He had hardly descended half way, when his weight proved too great for the frail tackling ; it broke, and he was precipitated to the bottom. No time was now to be lost—the noise of his fall would probably alarm the soldier on duty, and the guard would be down on us in the turning of a capstan-bar. We all, therefore, separated ; each taking a different course, the better to elude pursuit, and every one shifting for himself the best way he could. George and I were just darting off, when the faint voice of Green the captain arrested our steps. "Jack," said he, "and you Cuthbertson, will ye both sheer off like land-lubbers, and leave your old master and townsman aground

here without ever lending a hand to tow him off a lee-shore?" We were not proof against this appeal. Both of us esteemed him; and though we were in a manner giving up our only chance for escape, we had not the heart to leave him to die, without contributing what we could to his assistance. We tried to raise him on his feet, but in vain—he had broken his right leg below the knee, and could not move a step. What was now to be done?—every moment was precious—there was nothing for it but to get him on my back, which we did, and I fled as fast as the weight of my burden would allow me. Taking spell and spell about, we travelled till day-breaking warned us to seek some place of concealment. We accordingly lay down in the middle of a large turnip field, and covered ourselves with the leaves as much as possible. When twilight came on, we again took up our charge, marched all night, and in the morning, found ourselves in a lonely little dell, over arched with trees and bushes, and with a small stream of water flowing through the midst.

I now found that our poor captain had not much longer to endure his sufferings—his limb had swelled to a fearful size, with the bone protruding several inches; it was prodigiously inflamed, and mortification had already taken place. "God bless you both, my good lads!" he murmured, as we laid him in a sort of recess under the bank, "God in heaven bless you! you have acted the part of sons towards me, and what I would have done by you had you been stranded in a strange land. I feel that my last yarn's spun out, and my glass run down—only I should have liked better to have been laid under hatches in my own country, and alongside of my own kith and kin. But there's no help for it! The old hull must break up somewhere, and it's all one whether she lies stranded ashore, or founders under the deep sea-waves. Tell them all about my mishap at home, if ever you reach it; and bid Will be

kind to his poor mother and the little ones; and now give me a drop of that pure water to quench my burning thirst—fare ye well once more, and the blessing of heaven go with you!" He died in the course of the afternoon; in the evening we dug his grave by the margin of the stream, laid him in, and departed on our way. We travelled eight nights in the same manner, avoiding every habitation, and living on such wild berries and field roots as we could gather, till the ninth, when we reached St. Malo just as day was beginning to dawn. We proceeded directly for the harbour, where seeing a fishing boat lying afloat with her nets on board, we jumped in, sang a French sea-song to deceive the sentinel while we pulled past the batteries, trimmed our sails to the wind, and stood out to sea.

Our good fortune still accompanied us; the wind held fair, and the next day we were picked up by the Huntingdon West Indiaman, bound for Savannah-la-mer; the captain of which purchased our boat, and gladly received us on board.

On our arrival at port, we found the bloody flux raging with such violence, that, during the time we were discharging the vessel, we buried the mate and two thirds of our crew. Upon this the captain offered me the birth, with orders to carry the ship round to Mondago-bay, and take in the produce of two estates there belonging to the owners. Cuthbertson had also got charge of a schooner for Clyde, which had lost her master, and he accompanied me round, as she was lying there too. The evening previous to his sailing, he came on board the Huntingdon, that we might spend one night together before we separated. It was one of the loveliest evenings I ever beheld. The sun had set on the Blue Mountains, but the reflection of his parting rays still tinged with purple and gold the edges of the few light clouds which floated round their summits. A gentle land-breeze had sprung up, insufficient to ripple the

smooth surface of the water, but capable of diffusing a refreshing coolness through our frames, wearied and exhausted by the day's labour. All our hands were ashore at one of the plantations, for the ship was anchored up a narrow creek ; and the balmy fragrance of plants and flowers uniting with the solitude of the scene, shed a soothing influence over us. Insensibly I fell into a train of melancholy musing. My mind wandered to the home I had been so long absent from. The dear friends I had left there—were they still in existence, and did they recal thoughts of their wandering sailor ? We talked over our early days, of our scattered school-fellows, of our boyish adventures, of our more recent perils, and now of our parting.

"I wish I could persuade you, Jack," said my companion, "to give up your birth here, and go home with me. One of your late crew told me that this ship would never see Old England again, for all the rats had forsaken her ; and you know as well as any of us, that it is a sure sign the ending of the vessel is not far distant when they leave her."—"Well, let them go," returned I, "and a fair wind to their tails ! I care not though I never see a whisker of them again, we shall get the more beef and biscuit for ourselves in that case. I know it's a common superstition among seamen, but do you think I am such a swab as to believe that a parcel of vermine can foretel a vessel's fate ? No, no, I have engaged to go the voyage, and, if that's all, I'll—" "Aye, but hearken to me," interrupted he, "that's not all." Many years ago, this ship left Nata, in the bay of Panama, with a quantity of specie for the merchants in London. They had not been long at sea when the mate and crew agreed to kill the captain, share the money, and turn pirates. He was accordingly attacked when he came on deck, but being a stout man he resisted, until weakened by loss of blood, he retreated to the bows, where he was overpowered, mur-

dered, and thrown overboard. The villains kept these seas in terror for some time ; but at last, decoyed by a disguised sloop of war, which they mistook for a merchantman, they were captured, and the mate and five men run up to the fore-yard arm. Ever since that, the captain's ghost haunts the vessel, but is never seen except to foretel some disaster, either to the ship or crew. The sailor who told me saw him that night we arrived at Savannah ; and has not the prediction been fulfilled in the death of our men ?" I could not forbear laughing at the conclusion of this story, to his great annoyance, for he gave implicit credit to such tales. I declared my total unbelief of supernatural appearances, and tried to argue him out of his faith in them, but to no purpose : he remained firm and fast. We had much discussion on the subject, by which neither of us was convinced ; so, getting fairly tired of the topic, I proposed taking supper and turning in. I do not know how long I had slept, when I was roused by Cuthbertson shaking me violently, and exclaiming, "Rise, Jack, for God's sake, rise, I have seen him !" I immediately started up : "Seen what," inquired I, "what have you seen ?" but the poor fellow was in no condition to comply, he had become insensible. I lifted him up, and carried him on deck, where, by the application of a little water, he soon recovered.

"After turning in," said he, "I lay thinking on what we had been conversing about, till I worked myself up to such a state that I could not fall asleep. I tried repeatedly to banish it from my mind, but in spite of all my efforts to get rid of it, it still recurred. After tossing about for some hours, I got so heated that I could lie no longer, so I thought I would rise, and take a turn fore and aft to cool myself, and see how the night looked. The moon was dim and hazy, and her light much obscured by clouds driving with great swiftness across her surface. The wind was all

a-peak—for the fly of the vane at the mast head was motionless and drooping. Not a leaf rustled on the trees ; and I almost fancied I heard the rushing of the clouds as they hurried over my head. I never felt myself so impressed with the awful stillness of nature. I walked a good while to and fro, and then stopped and leaned over the bulwarks at the waist to watch the progress of the carries, wondering why they flew so rapidly above, when it was such a dead calm below. While thus engaged I chanced to turn my head, and thought I saw something white standing behind me. I started, and rubbed my eyes to ascertain if I saw distinctly, for I had walked the length of the deck only a few minutes before, and knew that our men had not yet returned. The story of the captain haunting the vessel now flashed across my mind, and the idea that I stood in the presence of an unearthly being created a feeling I cannot describe—my heart leaped to my mouth at the conviction, and a cold shivering thrilled through my body. I tried to shut out the vision, but my eyes were fascinated by some spell against which I had no power of resistance. As I continued to gaze, it gradually became brighter and more defined, until I distinguished a human face, wan and ghastly—its eyes, lustreless and fixed, as those in the sockets of a dead man ; and gore streaming from a wound over its temple. I shuddered with horror at the sight, my knees bent beneath me, and I was on the point of sinking down, when, rallying all my fortitude, with an effort of desperation I threw myself forward and attempted to seize it, but nothing met my grasp. Panting and breathless, a cold perspiration bursting through every pore, and with a feeling as if the scalp of my head was shrinking to nothing. I stopped and again looked on it. It stood without motion with its dull and lifeless eyes still riveted upon me. I could endure their gaze no longer—I felt my brain maddening with
— ; driven to frenzy, I again darted

forward, and tried to grapple with it ; but without any sensible motion it receded as I advanced, and, the moon suddenly becoming obscure, it vanished from my sight on the fore-castle. A faintness came over me—I thought the ship whirling round—I staggered to the companion, but how I got down to the cabin I know not.” He ceased, and the agitation of his frame shewed how deeply he was impressed with the reality of the apparition. I again ridiculed the notion of its having been a spirit, but rather some phantasy of the brain ; a form conjured up by the force of an over-wrought imagination ; and, perhaps, a particular reflection of moonlight might perfect the delusion ; and I ended by swearing I would not trust the evidence of my senses, although my father should rise from the grave and present himself before me. “ Well, Jack,” he returned, “ I’ll argue the matter no more. I don’t pretend to guess at the purport of its visit ; no trifle would occasion its becoming visible to human eyes ; but this I know, that all the powers on earth cannot shake my conviction of its reality, or prove it a mere delusion of sight. We are now about to part, perhaps for ever ; and if so, and I am permitted, I promise to be thrice visible to you before your death, if you are left in this world behind me.” I laughed, and swore I should be glad to see him ; that I should deem myself secure till the last visit ; and moreover, that I did not value all the rats and ghosts on earth a rotten rope-yarn. Here we ended. The boats came off with our men, we all went to help the schooner into the bay, bade him farewell as he got under-way, and returned to our ship.

A few weeks afterwards we loaded, and left Savannah ; and falling in with a Halifax brig, we were informed that war had been declared against the United States, whose privateers were swarming in all directions. One morning at day-break we discovered a small cutter to windward ; she was on the

ack, but in place of holding
right course, she kept yawing,
ing, and gradually bearing
is under English colours, and
lunset. Our men pronounced

American built, and seem-
marleston pilot-boat ; but the
n the contrary, thought her
mail-carriers which ply be-
islands, and shortened sail to
t on board to get the news.
boat was therefore prepared ;
of precaution we cast loose
and prepared for engaging.
red us we could see but a few
ard, which, with their man-
oeuvring, gave her such a sus-
pearance, that I proposed to
and bring her to : for at arm's
ew our heavy metal was ca-
lowing her out of the water ;
got under our guns she might
us by boarding. The cap-
esitated, and desired me to
ice, but he had scarcely pro-
e words when a gust of wind
the corner of the foresail,
ed the muzzle of a long swivel
it. There was no room for
ow, so I seized a trumpet,
l them to haul their wind, or
uld fire into them. " Fire,
d," was the reply.

was cast off, and the contents
el, with a shower of small
ed on us. We returned the

but it was now too late to
rice, for she was so close,
ch under us, that our shot
over them. We had not
hange another, ere she was
t our bows, and boarding us
sprit. I now left the gun I
working, and called out for
stand fast ; but instead of
ey run below for safety, with
at their head, leaving me
ack, and the colours flying.
e was nothing more to be
rowing away my cutlass, I
ng their example, and had
o the companion in the act

of descending, when I was surrounded,
and ordered to stand. I cried out, that
surely they wouldn't kill an unarmed
man. " Then, why don't you haul
down your colours ?" replied one of
the fellows, and fired his pistol right in
my face. I gave my head a sudden
jerk to one side, by which means the
ball only grazed my teeth, and went
through my cheek, while both eyes
were scorched and driven full of powder
from the closeness of the discharge. I
was knocked over, and fairly thought I
was shot through the head ; but in a
little time I recovered, and finding the
blood flowing from my mouth and cheek,
I groped my way down the ladder,
where, getting hold of a sail, I scraped
off some tow, thrust it into the wound,
and bound it round with a handker-
chief. I next extended my search for
my chest, out of which I took all my
money, hid it about me, and lay down
in my bed.

I remained undisturbed for an hour,
brooding over the disasters such a short
time had brought about, when I heard
some one enter the cabin, and recog-
nized the voice of the captain. " We
have run ourselves into a fine mess,
Gilkison," said he ; " instead of our
captors being Americans, I mistake
much if they don't turn out a set of
sea-sharks. They have been overhaul-
ing my papers above, and swear that
there is money on board, and they
threaten to make us walk the plank if
it's not instantly delivered up. God
only knows what I am to do ! I brought
out some gold privately on account of
my owners, which I left at Savannah,
but, like a cursed idiot, I neglected to
burn my private instructions. They
have lost two men by our fire, and that
makes them like so many devils, which,
upon my soul, I believe they are, for I
never saw such a set of cut-throat look-
ing villains of all colours between the
gunnels of a vessel." " You may
thank yourself for the loss of your
ship," returned I ; " but I can guess,
if she hadn't been fully covered she

wouldn't have been given up so easily. However, you know your own course best ; as for me, I am done for already ; and it's all one whether I'm thrown overboard a few hours sooner or later." We were here cut short by a rough voice ordering us on deck. Knowing there was no use in refusing, I rose, groped my way up, and stood holding by the companion-door.

" Well, my lads," said the same person whom I supposed to be the captain of the pirates, " have you agreed to find the Spanish for us, or must we knock about for it ourselves ?" " I told you before," replied the captain, " that there was no gold on board, we left it—" " None of your infernal lies !" interrupted the other ; " do not your own papers tell us to the contrary, and do you take us for such cursed fools, as to be gulled, like a parcel of land swabs, with a long-spun yarn ? No, no, the devil a skulking I'll allow of in this ship !—It doesn't signify arguing the flash of a flint,—overhaul your secret stowing holes and bowse out the dust, or, by—, I'll make you walk the plank in the turning of an hour-glass." " I know I am completely in your power," returned the captain, " to do with me as you will ; but again I declare my utter inability to comply with your demands, since, to my knowledge, there is no gold on board ; but I am willing to give you a bill to any reasonable amount on the house in Savannah, for the ransom of the ship and cargo." " And how the hell is it to be paid ?" rejoined the pirate ; " do you think we'll let you go ashore to send a cruiser on us ? or land and be kidnapped ourselves ? Never think of that !—The devil a ransom you would offer to pay if there was nothing in her ; so, once for all, either bear a hand and turn out the clink, or take yourself over the side. What ! you won't start then ? we'll soon try that—hallo ! Martinique, but that plank there over the lee—
and balance it fair." The
I was speedily executed, and

the captain was again desired to go forward, but instead of so doing, the poor man supplicated the more earnestly for his life. But he appealed to wretches devoid of feeling. Some of the pirates then laid hold of him to drag him to the plank. A trampling of feet ensued—a struggling and shuffling along the deck as if he was violently forced on, while he strove, with all the strength of desperation to retard the fulfilment of his doom ; all the time praying for his life in a voice of agony I shall never forget. " Stop the cowardly fellow's muzzle with the end of that marlin-spike, and belay his jaw !" roared out the commander,—“ sink me but you are a parcel of useless, good-for-nothing negers, without the pith of a louse, to let him hold on by those main-shrouds so long ! By— I believe he'll master every soul of ye ; take him over the fingers with a cutlass, and make him let go that clutch of his—that's it—there now, run him out on the plank—that's he—away with him !"

A heavy splash in the water told me that the unhappy man was indeed overboard. One long and piercing shriek, uttered as the stern of the vessel passed him when he rose to the surface, thrilled through every nerve of my heart. The ship was going fast through the water—his cries waxed fainter and fainter on the breeze, and at length ceased altogether.

Knowing it to be my turn next, I braced up my heart as well as I could, and prepared for my fate.

" Well, my young spark," said the pirate, addressing me, " what say you to it ? are you going to be reasonable, and give up the gold ; or are you ready to take a trip to Davy Jones's locker in the wake of your captain ? You see there is no shamming here." " You forget," said another voice, " that he didn't see the fun at all. I doused his glims with the flash of my cracker, when I thought I had sent the slugs through his lubberly brain. I cat: do that yet !—But in the mean time, since I've darkened his day

lights, it is but fair I set them to rights again. Hand here that cutlass of yours, Martinique, and I'll give him a touch of it over the lids; I'll be bound I'll soon let in the light, and doctor him to his heart's content." With a shudder, I stood expecting to feel the sharp edge of the weapon drawn across my eyes, when their captain interfered. "Avast a bit, Derrick! let the poor devil's blinkers alone while he tells us where the shiners are to be got." I now related the circumstance of my having been picked up at sea; that I had been made mate in Savannah, and could know nothing about the gold. I tried to convince them that only a madman would risk his life to secret property from which he could reap no benefit. But I might have saved my pains; I was no more believed than the captain had been. "It's all a fair-weather story," said the pirate, "all blarney, but it won't go down; I see we are to get nothing by listening to your palavers. Walking the plank's a d—d deal too good; we'll have to go on another tack with you, my spanker, to bring you by the wind. Here, Cuba, and you, Juan, cast a single hitch round his head with that line, make one end fast to the mast, and heave the other tight with the capstan; we'll soon give him a close fitting cap to make a clear breast in!" The negroes accordingly approached and laid hands on me to lead me forward, when just at that critical juncture, the man at the mast-head sang out, "A sail to leeward!" I was released and ordered below again, the crew were dispersed to rig out the scudding-sails and clear for action, and in a short time I felt from the motion of the ship that she was flying under a press of canvas.

In a state of no small anxiety, hoping that the chase might prove a cruizer, I waited for hours, listening to every thing that could indicate what was going on. The bustle above had subsided, from which I inferred that the men were at their quarters; and I heard nothing but the steps of their commander as he

paced fore and aft, conning to the steersman. At length a bow-chaser was fired: after a brief interval it was again repeated, and quickly answered with three cheers and a broadside. How my heart beat with joy at the sound! All was now bustle and confusion. Broadside after broadside was exchanged with fatal effect among the pirates; the closeness and precision of whose fire by no means equalled that of their adversaries. But to me the groans of their wounded was delightful music: and the crush of the balls, as they tore through the side of the vessel, filled me with ecstasy. The conflict continued with unabated fury; for the pirates, aware of their fate if taken, fought with all the desperate resolution of men reckless of death, till, receiving a tremendous broadside that made the ship almost heel gunnel-in, a terrible crash took place above, and the cheering of her opponent made me suppose that one of our masts was carried away. Our firing now became slack, and soon ceased altogether. Still, however, the uproar continued on deck; the hurried tramp of feet running here and there; the clamour of tongues; the bawling forth of commands which seemed unheeded, intermingled with horrible oaths and imprecations. At length, all this disturbance ceased at once, and I heard the stroke of oars along-side.

I now supposed that the pirates had surrendered, and that the other party were taking possession. I waited for some time, surprised that no person came below, till I thought I felt the cabin filling with smoke. All at once a horrible suspicion rushed across me, that the ship was on fire, and deserted by the crew; and that I was left, alone and helpless, to be devoured by the flames. Overcome by the utter hopelessness of my situation, I staggered against the side; my brain quite bewildered, and my heart swelling almost to suffocation. In a few minutes I again became capable of reflection; a hope that I might yet be perceived, and res-

cued by the other vessel, darted like a ray of light through my mind. I started up and hurried on deck as fast as my blindness would permit; I inquired aloud if any person was on board; but the groans of some dying wretch alone answered to my demand. I tried to run forward to the main-deck, but the wreck of the fallen masts completely blocked up the way. I therefore retraced my steps, climbed to the highest part of the prostrate spar, waved a small fragment of a sail over my head by way of a signal, and shouted with my whole force. Again and again I repeated my cry, listening between whiles with breathless attention for the blessed sound of a human voice returning my cheer; but all was silence, save the audible pulsation of my own heart; the fearful roaring and crackling of the flames; and the sputtering, hissing sound of the blazing tar. The ship had now swung round with her head to the wind, and the excessive heat of the smoke warned me that the fire had gained the quarter-deck and was swiftly approaching: to retain my situation was no longer practicable—nothing remained for me but to trust myself to the waves before it reached the powder-room. Without reflecting that I was only avoiding death for a few moments longer, and had no chance of ultimately escaping, I jumped down on deck, searched for a rope, tied it round a hen-coop, and lowered it into the water. I then slid down on the top of it, undid the line, and with my breast on the raft, and my legs in the water, propelled it from the vessel. In this half swimming fashion, I urged it forward with all my might for a considerable time, till I heard the ship blow up. I now stopped to take breath, for my overwrought strength began to fail me. Several times I lost the coop, which I regained, after much labour and swimming about, only to be washed from it again. These repeated plunges were fast diminishing my little remaining strength—my grasp was becoming more and more feeble. The instinctive

desire for preserving life which had led me to make such powerful exertions was now leaving me. I grew indifferent as to my fate—I cared not whether I lived or died. A languor, a listlessness, took possession of both my mind and body. A sensation of drowsiness gently stole over me—I felt no pain—my only desire was to obtain sleep, and I was on the point of resigning myself to its influence, when the halloo of voices smote on my ear. Like a touch of electricity I felt a renewed vigour shoot through every nerve; again I strove, and clung more firmly to the coop, and returned the shout with all my remaining voice. But the momentary ebullition was gone—nature was totally exhausted—I could bear up no longer—I ceased to struggle. Again the waters flowed round my mouth—gurgled in my throat—closed over my head—I was conscious of gradually going down—when, all of a sudden, something grasped me by the hair, and gave me a violent pull to the surface.

When I recovered my senses, I found myself surrounded by several people, who informed me that I was on board his majesty's gun-brig, *Snarler*, whose boats had captured the pirates after their desertion of the ship, and on their return had observed and picked me up. Under the hands of their surgeon I soon recovered my sight, and, by the time we arrived at Halifax, I was as well as ever.

On my return home, I found *Cuthbertson* had sailed just before I arrived, and though we had both of us *Clyde* ships, we never had the fortune to be in at the same time; so we never met again.

It will now be eight years this season, since I got the command of the *Severn*. I joined convoy at *Cork*, for North America, and sailed in company with a large fleet. We had baffling head-winds the whole passage, but we beat on till within a few days sail of *Cape Breton*, when it came on to blow the hardest gale I ever reefed canvas in.

the fleet was all scattered here and there, like a flock of wild geese, making the best they could of it. It was a fearful night—as black as pitch, and rendered more appalling by tremendous flashes of lightning at short intervals. I have weathered many a storm, but lightning so vivid and lengthened never witnessed. The mate and half of the crew had turned-in for the second watch; I had, therefore, no charge on deck, and was scudding the ship under a close-reefed resail, keeping a look-out on a light bown by some vessel close under our lee-bow, when, all at once, it gave a deep lurch to larboard, and disappeared. Whatever she was, I instantly knew that she must have broached-to, capsized, and was probably foundering; I therefore called to the man at the helm to haul his wind on the starboard tack, and keep clear of the wreck. This we had hardly accomplished, when a sheet of fire showed me a ship on the beam-ends, right under our lee-quarter. Every thing had been washed off her decks, with the exception of one solitary figure who stood holding on by the weather rail. He looked up to our stern lantern, as we rushed past him, almost touching. The light fell, full and strong, on his upraised face, and uncovered his head, and, to my grief and horror, I recognized the countenance of poor George Cuthbertson! Instinctively I threw myself half over the quarter-gallery—stretched forth my hands to snatch him from his perilous situation, and loudly called out his name. I make no doubt that he heard, and knew the voice of his old friend, for he gave a faint reply; too faint, indeed, for me to distinguish the words; but as a token of recognition he opened his arms, as if to embrace me, waved his hand, and pointed homeward. I understood the signal—I essayed to countersign, but the vessel was again sweeping before the wind—and we left him to his fate. The minute afterwards, another flash showed me her main topmast-head dis-

appearing amidst the foam of a tremendous breaker.

It was now that his last promise in Mondego Bay, so long forgot, recurred to my recollection. I pondered it over in my mind, and tried, as I had done then, to slight and laugh it past. I fancied I had reasoned myself out of my apprehension, but a lurking tremor at bottom made me fear that the calm was only on the surface.

The whole fleet, after the gale, made their destination in safety, but the old Lion of Port Glasgow never cast up.

Time passed on, till that very day twelvemonth—when in such another gale, and at the self same hour, I again saw the Lion founder. But the vision was only disclosed to my eyes. That voyage I lost the Severn; she sprang a leak at sea, we left her with seven feet water in her hold, and just cleared her before she went down. I saw the same vision again, after the lapse of three years, and I was then wrecked on the coast of Holland. Now, for the last time, I have seen it this night.

I have long felt the withering touch of the finger of fate, but now the whole weight of its hand is on me. My existence has drawn to its final close, for I dare no longer disbelieve the warning. And better it is to die at once, than live thus in the continual fear of death. That which to others is enjoyment of life, is to me only a source of misery: surrounded by their families and kindred, they look through the vista of future years, and only see happiness waving them forward on their journey—but, sleeping or waking, in light or darkness, the vision of the foundering ship has never been from before my eyes. Oh, Sir! pray that you may never feel the curse of being a doomed man—to have the book of fate, as it were, laid open to you. From the careless, light-hearted, rattling sailor, what a miserable transition to the gloomy, melancholy, wretched being that I now am. And yet at times I have roused myself to

shake off these feelings, and, with the rich man in the parable, have said "Soul, take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry;" but the response rang in mine ear, with a voice like thunder, "Thou fool, this very night shall thy soul be required of thee!"

Here we were interrupted by the boatswain piping up the morning watch. The captain started to his feet, and went on deck to relieve the mate, while I again retreated to bed, and fell asleep, musing over the strangeness of the narrative.

When I ascended the deck next morning, I found a ship lying becalmed at a little distance from us, and Miss B—— examining her, with great delight, through a spyglass, full of conjectures as to her name and destination. The wind had died quite away, the sea was like a vast mirror all round us, and nothing remained to indicate the preceding night's storm. The vivifying influence of the morning sun and clear atmosphere raised all our spirits, and Gilkison even appeared in some degree cheerful. While we loitered about, giving our several opinions of the strangers, we saw them lower their boat, row for our ship, and, in a short time, come along side. They proved acquaintances of the captain, and of Miss B——, homeward bound, and we welcomed them on board with pleasure. In the course of conversation, they expressed their regret at not knowing us sooner, or they would have brought a present of half a turtle to the cabin, and some fruit for Miss B——: but by way of making up for our loss, they proposed our accompanying them back to the John Campbell, to dine with their female passengers, and return in the evening. Miss B—— was all joy at the proposal; she had never eat turtle—and it was long since she had tasted West India fruits; besides, it would be such a delightful novelty to pay a dinner visit in the middle of the ocean. I declined the invitation, and went below to write letters home. On my return with

my packet, I found the captain trying to persuade her to give up the thoughts of going, as it was dangerous to be in a small boat on the western ocean, if the wind or sea suddenly rose. But the lady could see none in the calmness and serenity of the day; she had crossed over to Roseneath many times when the sea was rough, without alarm, and never met with an accident. In short, her heart was set upon it, and so she would, even though it were in the stranger's boat, if he was so much afraid. This was out of the question—she had been particularly recommended to his care, and, seeing her so positive, he gave up farther opposition. The jolly-boat was lowered and manned—Miss B—— was handed down—the captain took his seat at the helm, and the bow-oar pushing off, they pulled from the vessel.

During the day the ships had drifted to a considerable distance from each other, but as the evening set in, a smart breeze sprung up, accompanied with a haze: however, we could distinguish our boat leave the John Campbell, who fired a parting salute, and then setting all her canvas, bore away before the wind. We also got under-way, and with easy sail stood on in the direction of the boat. The time passed in which we expected to fall in with her, but still she did not make her appearance. Becoming rather uneasy I proposed to heave the vessel to, lest we should pass them in the dark, and to show lights; for the fog had become so dense that we could not see the length of the ship before us.—This was instantly done; and guns fired to direct them in case they might not perceive our lights. Hour after hour passed in this manner, in a state of terrible anxiety and alarm. Daylight at length began to break—the fog had cleared away, and the mate ran up to the topmast-head with the glass, to have a better survey all round. The ship was also got under-way again, and we cruized about the whole day in all directions; but our search was fruitless. In due time the Susannah arrived safe at Barbadoes—but the boat and her crew were never more heard of.



THE BLACK RAINBOW;

OR,

THE DEATH OF CHARLES THE BAD!

Second of Navarre died on the 1st of January, 1387, aged 36, after a disturbed and evil reign of wards the latter end of his life, according to Froissart, he was accustomed to have his bed warmed it, when once the sheets suddenly caught fire, and he was burned. Other historians give a different account of Charles's death. The appearance of the Black Rainbow is very rare in England, and the superstition with it in the text is almost equally so.

High above Pampeluna's towers,
Where Charles at life's last hour was lying,
The moon's pale radiance fell in showers,
As if to light from hence the dying:
And court them to a world on high,
That endless pleasures are adorning;
Where hope is lost in ecstasy
And life is one eternal morning.
But joys like these were not design'd
To bless the sinner's evil mind:
Though such delights can never part
From the Christian's faithful heart:
And Charles was one, whom history's pages
Will blush to own in after ages;
For France hath fix'd upon his name
Her blot of everlasting shame,
The BAD!—then fearful might he view
The hour of death which onward drew,
And find no comfort in the sight
Of that most calm and heavenly night.

LEGENDS OF TERROR.

'Twas in such blessed moonlight scene,
 Lured by an hour so fair and smiling,
 Two courtiers trod the garden green,
 Their sad and weary thoughts beguiling :
 Ere morning broke on tower and plain,
 And sleeping nature waked again ;
 Causing the night more swift to roll,
 In sweet exchange of soul with soul.
 And much they spake of France's state,
 And of their dying sovereign's fate ;
 And conn'd the names and actions o'er,
 Of kings, who centuries before
 Had slept in dull oblivion's clay,
 And left the sceptres of their sway
 To those, whose vice or virtue shone
 The curse or blessing of the throne.
 While upon Memory's wing thus fast
 Glided the monarchs of the past.
 Each in a low and gloomier tone
 Spake sadly of their dying one,
 And fix'd his tear-beclouded eyes
 Upon the blessed moonlight skies ;
 For all have some who hold them dear,
 The worst may claim one pitying tear ;
 And e'en the vilest hearts have found
 A soul to which their love was bound !
 'Twas said, that night was fair to view ;
 And such a heaven of streaming blue
 Hath seldom o'er th' eternal space
 Spread out a robe so soft, so pale ;
 It was as if noon's golden face
 Shone brightly through night's loveliest veil !
 There was not in the azure air,
 Aught that appear'd like mist or cloud ;
 But morn with midnight blended there
 The brightest hues and lightest shroud,
 One vast eternal screen o'er all
 Seem'd from the skies to earth to fall,
 Casting a dim transparency
 While shining bright and riding high,
 The glowing stars held on their way ;
 Pale Luna shed her light around,
 As calm as if in sleep profound,
 The lovely planet lay.
 And where the scene in distance blent
 Its features with the firmament,
 A fleecy lustre seemed to dress
 The purple mountain's loneliness :
 O'erhanging with a veil of white,
 That half display'd, half hid from sight,
 The limits of the landscape bright.

On beauty soonest will the eye
 A blemish or a stain descry ;
 In summer skies are soonest seen
 The clouds that shade their light serene ;
 The fairest spots are foulest made,
 When horrors their delights pervade :
 And the young earth in beauty built,
 Seem'd loathsome when accursed by guilt.
 So fared it then. As gazing o'er
 That scene which spread those towers before,
 The courtiers saw, extended wide,
 A broad black arch from side to side
 Of the vast space extended glide ;
 Spanning the heavens, and all below,
 Within its dark and fearful bow.
 The elder courtier then, who trod
 In silence his young comrade near,
 At length broke forth,—“ O mighty God !
 Look, Garcias, what a sight is here !
 By every saint that o'er us treads,
 The azure pavement of the sky,
 What is that sign in heaven that spreads
 Its awful sable arch on high ?
 By such a form we sure might scan
 The rainbow's covenant-seal with man :
 But there no beauteous tints are blending,
 No colours in each other ending,
 And not a ray of this fair night
 Hath gem'd it with a spark of light ;
 But all is fearful, black, and strange,
 Without one tint its hue to change ! ”
 Then spake the younger courtier, who
 Look'd on in fear, with stifled breath,—
 “ If old tradition's tales be true,
 Yon apparition speaks of death !
 Of royal death !—When monarchs die,
 And down to dusky tombs are hurl'd,
 Their fates are spoke by earth and sky,
 And read and mourn'd by half the world ;
 And this thou know'st may we believe,
 And the dark sign as truth receive
 At such an hour as this :
 Yon fearful, sable midnight bow
 Our king's descent may well foreshow ;
 To the grave's dark abyss ;
 For ne'er did time and fate unite
 To form so wild and fair a sight
 Of gloom and brilliance, darkness, light,
 A scene of pleasure and affright ;
 Of all, and aught save bliss.
 “ Unhappy Charles ! ”—the gale swept by,
 And they who to the wild winds wake,
 Well know that oft some fearful cry
 Seems with their hollow sounds to break.

LEGENDS OF TERROR.

Unhappy Charles!—that gale replied,
 Then came a shriek like demons howling;
 When in their hour of fiendish pride,
 O'er some new victim they are scowling!
 Each courtier sprang with beating heart,
 And quick drawn breath and sudden start,
 Nearer the palace, whence there came
 Bright flashes of unearthly flame!
 As if the sprite who rules the air
 Had come with all his terrors there,
 To bear his royal living prey
 To realms of darkness far away.
 But yet those courtiers could not stand
 Like some who form the lordly band,
 And leave their king alone to lie
 In death's most dark extremity;
 And not one former friend be near,
 His parting soul to soothe and cheer;
 And thus, though terror bound them fast,
 On to the palace quick they pass'd.
 Within the dreary chamber shone
 No livid fires, no flames were streaming;
 One pallid watch-light's ray alone
 Was through the dark apartment gleaming.
 And not one echo of that sound
 Was heard throughout the palace round;
 It was as if the awful cry
 Did with those lurid meteors die,
 And all attendants silence kept,
 As if the king for ever slept;
 Save where the sound arose,
 Of the low prayer, and sullen toll
 That hymn'd to rest the parting soul,
 That its last hours might peaceful roll,
 And calm in death repose.
 'Tis known to all, that men have said,
 In death the heart may best be read;
 For then is torn the veil away
 That life wraps round our mortal clay;
 And gives unto the world's slight view
 Virtues and crimes alike untrue:
 But when Death's talisman is there,
 Deceptions all must melt in air,
 Then all we shew is plain and sooth,
 And all our words are words of truth.
 So 'twas with Charles:—to guilt resign'd,
 His loves and passions, heart and mind,
 Grew darker and more stain'd with sin,
 As guilt sway'd more his breast within:
 And then so false his heart reflected,
 That crimes on crimes pass'd undetected,
 And conscience sear'd by long delay,
 Spake not until his dying day.

That day was come :—around his bed
 Some few unwilling took their stand ;
 And fewer still a tear-drop shed
 O'er the lost ruler of their land.
 Oh ! 'twas a sight both sad and dread
 To view that now uncrowned head,
 Rack'd with vain fantasy's control,
 Unruled by reason's power his soul,
 Disease and pain around him flung,
 Distress and madness on his tongue,
 Which thus in passion's fits would wake,
 Till nature's ties in pity break.

“ Rivers of ice are round me flowing !
 Transport me where the golden sun,
 With noontide heat is ever glowing,
 And his bright race is never done.—

I did not bid ye, slaves, embrace
 My frozen limbs with Iceland snows ;
 But bear me bleeding from the chase,
 Warm furs around my form to close.

O heaven ! I shiver,
 And if thou wilt but hear my cry,
 Oh ! let not this keen agony
 Around my frozen members quiver.

It is as marble to my heart !
 Now through my brain
 A thousand lightnings dart,
 And yet I mourn in vain !

Aye,—Now the genial warmth returns again ;
 But that return
 Brings with it shafts of fire and scorching pain,
 Oh God I burn !

Whence come those flames that round my couch are spreading ?
 Whence come those fiends that on my bed are treading ?
 Oh ! Death ! thy near approach my soul is dreading ;

My guards there,—Ho !
 Seize ye upon that demon,—chain that fiend,
 I am a monarch yet,—and to the end
 I will be so !

What forms are these whose glances shed
 A pale yet fearful light on me ?
 Like lamps that watch beside the dead,
 Their cold blue eyes appear to be.
 No, they are living men ; for there
 Is Charles of France, the crowned heir
 Of him, the Wise, who stands beside
 His brother's form,—and men say died
 By those slow poisons !—O my brain
 To madness wanders back again ;
 Both my elixirs might defy,
 For if they drank, they did not die.”

He ceased : and from a source unknown
 Red flames burst out his couch around ;
 Then wilder horrors mark'd each groan.
 And frantic grew each dying sound.
 For none, though many a heart was brave,
 Those fires could quench, the king could save ;
 Till death had closed all mortal strife
 With pain, with nature, and with life ;
 And gave the sign that all was o'er,
 That Charles of Navarre breathed no more.
 He fell, and round the regal tower
 Where once he lived, where thus he died,
 E'en in that dark and dreadful hour,
 The SABLE BOW expanded wide !
 It spread o'er all created things
 That from the palace ye descry ;
 And still appears when evil kings
 Are call'd into eternity !

THE LEGEND OF DUNMORVEN.

The traveller shall come, he who knew me in health and beauty shall come, his eyes shall search the meads, but shall not find me.——OSSIAN.

SUPERSTITION in all ages has predominated more or less over the minds of the weak, the credulous, and the ignorant ; and more especially when the Catholic religion was the established faith, when the belief in miracles, the adoration attached to sacred relics, and the unequivocal dominion the priests held over the minds of the uninformed, contributed to render the light of reason more obscure. Yet in those ages this credulity was not entirely confined to the uncultivated intellects of the vulgar, and even now all classes cling with romantic fondness to the long cherished and far-traced traditions of the days of their father's ; for time having enwrapt their origin in his own dark mantle of obscurity, renders them still dearer from the mystery in which they are enveloped.

Now, as formerly, the natives of the more remote parts of the Highlands and will sit around their peat fires, on long winter nights, when

the northern blast " wi angry sough " whistles bleakly over the heath-covered hills, listening to the gude wife as she relates the tales " of other times ; " tales still replete with interest, as they cherish that national attachment, which so particularly distinguishes this free and brave people.

The inhabitants of the mountain huts even yet remember the Legend of Dunmorven.

When the storm shall rage bleak,
 O'er auld Aughtercla's grave,
 And the tower of Dunmorven
 Shall sink in the wave,
 Then the last of the line
 Shall meet with his doom ;
 And Dunmorven's proud heir
 Find a watery tomb.
 Then the storm shall rage bleak
 O'er auld Aughtercla's grave,
 And the tower of Dunmorven
 Will sink in the wave.

The wandering stranger, or way-worn traveller, often found an hospitable welcome beneath the stately roof of Dun-

Dunmorven Castle, whose lofty turrets proudly overlooked the northern wave, which lashed with incessant violence the rock on which it stood. The tower, to which the tradition alluded, was the remains of a small fortress, placed at the base of the rock, as a watch-tower, to guard the castle from the incursions of the Danish invaders, or hostile chieftains of their own mountains. The prophecy had long been sung by the old minstrels of the house of Dunmorven, when the halls resounded with festivity and mirth, and the wassail bowl was drained to the health of the laird; and so strongly was the truth of it impressed on the minds of each succeeding generation, that the boldest of the clan could not pass the grave of auld Aughtercla, or view the nodding tower rock fearfully with the wintry blast, without trembling for the fate of the then existing heir. Yet time rolled on, and generation after generation mouldered into dust; the tradition was enrolled among the current superstitions of the mountains, and the cradle of each infant heir was lulled to the lay that recorded the fearful warning. At length the terrors of the devoted vassals were raised to new apprehensions, by the death of Donald, the oldest son of the laird, which left Allan, the younger, the last and sole remaining heir of the noble house of Dunmorven. Allan, to the grief and dismay of his father, cherished an unfortunate attachment for the lovely daughter of one of the humblest of his clansmen. Sweet as the violet rears its azure head beneath the clustered fern, and as unheeded, bloomed the innocent Annie; and though the unfeeling proud one, in all the haughtiness inspired by superior rank, might regard her with disdain, yet the eye of affection could not find a more pure and spotless heart than that which resided in her fair bosom. Love, free as the mountain wind, refused to bow to the mandate of an imperious parent; and, though forced to resign his Annie, young Allan preferred a temporary exile from the house of his father to plighting

his vows to another, and therefore prepared to lead his clan to the assistance of a neighbouring chieftain. Yet his brave and generous mind disdained to bend at the shrine of interest or ambition, and still wished to cherish a lingering hope of future bliss.

It was evening when he bent his way to the lonely hovel where she resided, and the awful stillness that reigned through the air proclaimed an approaching storm; the sun, like a ball of fire, rolled on a mountain cloud, into whose dark bosom it sunk, as if in eternal night, for the darkness that succeeded was horrible; yet neither the darkness, the sullen brooding tempest, nor the rising blast which fearfully swept along the plain, could deter Allan from urging his dreary way to the habitation of his soul's best treasure. He arrived there, the door was opened, and amid a pious circle, where the little family were assembled, he beheld her he sought; every eye was raised to heaven in heartfelt devotion; hers seemed to have assumed an expression of piety still more celestial. The smile that welcomed his approach quickly gave place to a deep sigh of silent anguish, when she understood he had come to bid her a last farewell. He perceived that sorrow was deeply rooted in her heart, and that, in wishing to transplant this fair blossom to his bosom, he had caused a blight to descend on its sweetness, which had sapped its strength, and withered its bloom. Her words spoke resignation, but her look betrayed it was rather the effort of calm despair; and when he would have soothed her, when he would have awakened a hope of future happiness, it was too evident that even the delusions of hope had lost their charms for her. She had long acknowledged a conviction that she could never become the bride of the heir of Dunmorven, and she had long struggled to conquer an affection which daily gained strength in her heart; but the effort was now past, and she was prepared for their final separation. The night ad-

vanced, and Allan found himself compelled to leave her; each pronounced a last farewell, and he rushed from the house regardless of the tempest, which now raged with the utmost fury. Guided only by the streaming lightning, that glared on his intricate path, he hastened forward; dark and melancholy forebodings hung on his mind, he feared he had parted from his Annie for ever, he saw in her wasted form the presage of approaching dissolution. "Oh! that we were both at rest!" exclaimed he, and the sigh that accompanied the exclamation rent his heart with anguish. Wrapped in his plaid, he hurried forward, his ear scarcely conscious of the loud reverberations of the thunder that resounded in awful peals, lengthened as it echoed through every chasm of the mountains. At length his foot stumbled over something, and the scarcely conscious Allan observed it was the cairn which marked the before unnoticed grave of auld Aughtercla; for he had not perceived that he was near the ancient kirk. Streams of liquid fire poured over the sacred spot, and the storm did indeed "rage bleak o'er auld Aughtercla's grave." Allan started—with folded arms and thoughtful gaze he stood fixed, while fancy's busy tongue repeated the ancient ballad. The fall of Dunmorven's heir may perhaps be at hand, thought he, and he now shuddered at a tradition at which he had often smiled in the hour of gaiety: his mind, softened by sorrow, and enervated by despair, gave entrance for the first time to superstition; and, lingering and mournful, he bent his steps to the sea-shore.

Often, when the sun had shone on the lonely watch-tower, he had laughed at the idle story; but now, in this hour of dread and horror, when the night-

bird screamed from the lofty turrets amid the intervals of the blast, when the foam-crested wave swept with impetuous violence, even over its time-worn buttress, and the loud wind shook it almost to its firm basis, he trembled, recoiled, and his sickening soul beheld with coward fear his future fate. He had now reached the summit of the cliff, and he paused, dismayed at the increasing horrors of the tempest. The livid lightnings streamed from columns of black clouds, and fearful sight! he beheld the tower rocking to and fro with the fury of the blast. With petrified gaze and pensive brain he watched the terrific omen, and lingered as if in silent expectation of some direful event. Now shrouded in utter darkness, now lighted by the electric fluid, he perceived it still tottering, and every deep burst of thunder, that seemed to rend the clouds, he feared the bolt would fall which was to level it in ruins. A solemn pause succeeded; the suspended feelings of Allan's soul awaked to a dreadful consciousness of superstitious horror; it seemed to him as the silence of death, and he scarcely breathed as he awaited the returning peal. At length, rushing with collected fury over the far-distant wave, the resistless whirlwind swept around the devoted tower, a mighty peal of thunder burst over his head, and with a loud terrific crash its hoary fragments were hurled into the ocean, dashing its salt spray in mountainous waves even over the feverish brow of the terror-struck youth. "It is accomplished!" he exclaimed, as reason, yielding to the frenzy of delirium, left him no longer any power to repel the effects of the superstitious prediction; he flung himself from the jutting crag, and in one moment the last heir of Dunmorven was swept from the records of the living!



THE WATER SPECTRE ;

OR,

THE WEIRD SISTERS.

A Scottish Romance.

MUCHARDUS, the usurping Thane of **Dungivan**, had murdered **Roderic** the late owner of that title, whom he had treacherously invited to an entertainment in a castle that he possessed on the banks of the **Clyde**. As soon as the banquet was nearly concluded, **Roderic** arose, courteously took leave of his entertainer and his guests, and descended the stairs. But he was not allowed to quit **Boswell Castle**. His faithful followers had been previously dispatched, and buried in one of the vaults beneath the edifice. To one of these, which was formed into a kind of dungeon, the hapless **Roderic** was forcibly dragged, and fastened to the stone wall by an iron chain.

Three days and nights did the unfortunate **Roderic** remain in this wretched lodging ; his bed the cold ground, with oaten cake and water for food ; and this vile treatment he received from one on

whom he had heaped innumerable favours, and honoured with his confidence

On the fourth night of **Roderic's** dreadful confinement, **Muchardus** entered his dungeon ; in one hand he carried a written paper, in the other a dagger ; the man who had always brought **Roderic's** food, carried a torch before the recreant lord. **Roderic** surveyed his foe with silent indignation.

After a pause of a few minutes, **Muchardus** presented to the Thane the paper which he had brought, and desired him to peruse it with attention. He did so, and found it to be drawn up as a will, by which he bequeathed to his treacherous friend all his vast possessions, and the Thaneship of **Dungivan**.

" For what vile purpose have you brought me this infamous scroll ?" demanded the Thane.

" By signing that paper," replied

Muchardus, "you will preserve your existence. Liberty, 'tis true, I cannot grant you, consistent with my own designs and safety; yet you shall be secreted in the best apartment my castle affords; and every wish you can form, that will not tend to a discovery of your still being an inhabitant of this world, shall be attended to with the most scrupulous exactness."

The Thane's eyes darted fire at this disclosure of the premeditated villany of Muchardus, and he tore the paper to atoms.

The enraged Muchardus flew towards his victim, and repeatedly plunged his dagger in his breast, till, with a heavy groan, he fell, and expired at the feet of his murderer.

Muchardus then left the dungeon, and returned to his own apartment, where he employed one of his emissaries, whom he had sworn to secrecy, to draw up another paper of the same purport as that which the Thane had destroyed. Muchardus had several papers in his possession, which had been written by Roderic, and to most of them his signature was affixed. This they copied with great exactness, and then prepared to reap the fruits of their wicked design.

The corse of the murdered Thane was taken ere the dawn of day, and flung into a briery dell, where it was left, having been previously stript of every article of value.

The absence of the Thane and his attendants from the Castle of Dungivan, had caused a very serious alarm to his vassals and adherents, who had made many successful researches in the mountains, and inquired at every habitation, if they could give any tidings of their lord; but no one had seen the Thane since the day he went to Boswell Castle.

Some days after the murder had been committed, the body of the Thane was found in the dell, by some huntsmen, who were led to the spot by the sagacity of their hounds. The marks of violence on his person, and his being

despoiled of the property about it, which was known to have been of great value on that fatal day, as he had arrayed himself most sumptuously, and put on a variety of ornaments to honour the banquet of Muchardus, led the persons interested in the discovery, to conjecture that his attendants had murdered him, and made off with the booty. And as their bodies could nowhere be found, the report strengthened every day. Nor was Muchardus in the least suspected of the murder.

That chief having proceeded so far with a success equal to his most sanguine wishes, hastened to put the finishing blow to his manœuvres. He carried the forged will to be placed in a drawer in one of the chambers where he was sure it would not be overlooked. It was accordingly found by persons empowered to search for the papers of the deceased. Muchardus was accordingly declared sole heir of the late Thane of Dungivan: not much to the surprise of any person, as the great intimacy between him and Roderic had been so apparent; yet they greatly regretted the change, as the tyrannical disposition of Muchardus was too well known, and often experienced by those whom fortune had placed under him.

Muchardus (now Thane of Dungivan) had attained the height of his ambition; yet his pillow was strewn with mental thorns. Ah! how unlike the prosperity of the good man! Conscience, from whose reproaches we cannot flee, perpetually reminded of his crimes, and made him shudder with apprehension, lest retributive vengeance should overtake his guilty head.

The late Thane married, in early youth, a most beautiful lady, the heiress of a neighbouring chieftain. With her he fondly hoped for many years of happiness: but his hopes were vain; the peerless Matilda expired in giving birth to her first born, the lovely Donald; the traitor Muchardus being one of the sponsors that answered for his faith at the font.

Two years passed on, and the widowed Thane still indulged his grief, undiminished by the lapse of time. Muchardus artfully endeavoured to learn the sentiments of his friend, as far as regarded his re-engaging in matrimonial ties. To his great, though concealed satisfaction, he heard from Dungivan, that he had solemnly vowed never to take a second bride, but to cherish a tender remembrance of his Matilda, and pray for a reunion with her in those realms of bliss where the pangs of separation should be unknown.

Muchardus had for some time past viewed the possessions of Dungivan with a coveting eye; and he thought it feasible to obtain the Thaneship by the murder of the father and son, as they had no near relatives to make a claim. After much deliberation, he concluded that it would be most prudent to remove the child first from this world; as, in case of the death of the Thane preceding that of Donald, the latter might be placed out of his reach.

Annie, the young woman who nursed the little Lord, was walking on the banks of the Clyde, when she was seized by four men masked and armed, who tore Donald from her arms. Two of them ran off with the child; and the other two bound Annie to a tree, and then followed their companions.

The length of time that his son was absent alarmed the Thane, and he sent some of the domestics to search for Annie and her charge, and require their immediate return.

They soon discovered the nurse, and heard her dismal story. They led her back to the castle in an agony of grief, and acquainted the Thane with the tidings. He tore his hair, and rent his garments; nor would he listen to the consolations that Muchardus seemed so eager to administer.

Various conjectures were formed who could be the perpetrator of such a deed; but no one, upon mature reflection, appeared feasible.

The Thane had not, to his knowledge,

an enemy existing; for his demeanour had been good-will to all; nor did he conceive how any person, as he had no immediate heir, could be benefitted by the death or removal of his son. Alas! he clasped to his bosom as a chosen friend, his deadly foe, the cause of all his sorrow: for it was Muchardus that had employed ruffians to seize young Donald.

Allan, the man who was trusted with the management of this vile plot, was ordered by his employer, to take the child and precipitate him into the Clyde as soon as he had got rid of the men who were joined with him in the enterprise.

Allan took the young Lord to his cottage, where he intended to secret him till the surrounding objects were enveloped in the gloom of night, and then execute the horrid design which he had pledged his faith to commit. When he entered his humble habitation, he found Jannette, his wife, bitterly lamenting over the corpse of her son, their only child. When Allan departed in the morning, he had left the young Ambrose playing before the door of the cottage, with the rose of health glowing on his cheeks. A few hours after, death had seized his victim; and on the father's return, he found himself bereft of his only hope. Nor did he fail to attribute this calamity as the vengeance of an offended God. He felt what it was to lose a child: and he pitied the sufferings that the Thane must endure.—“They are more than my own,” ejaculated the now penitent Allan, “I know the end of mine; but the poor Lord is uncertain what is the fate of his at this moment.”

“But to-morrow,” continued Allan, after a pause, in which he recollected the injunctions of his employer, “to-morrow thy corpse will, perhaps, be discovered floating in the Clyde, and his apprehensions will be confirmed by a horrid reality.”

“You will not, surely, murder this sweet babe,” exclaimed Jannette in

agony, and clasped the young Donald to her breast.

"I must," said Allan; "I have sworn. Behold the price of my villainy;" emptying the contents of a well filled purse on the table; "and I am to have as much more when Lord Muchardus is convinced that the deed is executed."

"I will not part with him," said Jannette, "he shall supply the place of my child. You have been very wicked, Allan; but you are not yet a murderer. The children are nearly of a size; nor are their features much different; only the heir of Dungivan is so beautifully fair, and our Ambrose is nearly olive; yet that will not be perceived when the poor babe has lain in the water."

"What mean you?" said Allan, who instantly comprehended and applauded the plan which she had in part expressed.

Jannette gave the young Donald some food; and exchanging his apparel for some belonging to her own deceased baby, she lulled him asleep; and placing him in the cradle of his predecessor, she began to prepare her design.

She dressed her lifeless infant in the costly robes which had been worn by the heir of Dungivan, placing also the ornaments of that nobleman about the little corse; only reserving a gold chain, with a small miniature of the Thane attached to it, and which hanging loosely round the neck, might well be supposed to have dropt off in the water.

As soon as it was dark, Allan went and flung the child into the river Clyde, accompanying the act with many heartfelt tears and sorrowful lamentations.

Jannette, most fortunately for their plan, had not mentioned to any of the neighbouring cottagers the death of her Ambrose. Under the pretence of the child's being afflicted with a contagious disease, she contrived to keep him in the upper chamber of her cottage, from which she so completely excluded the light, that, if any one en-

tered by chance, it was impossible to discover the deceit that had been practised.

The body of the infant was not discovered till the third day, when it was brought on shore by some young men who had been out in a boat fishing. It was soon recognized by the dress to be the young Lord Donald, (for the features were not now discernible,) and was conveyed to the Castle of Dungivan. The Thane was overwhelmed with despair; he ordered a sumptuous funeral, and then immured himself in a solitary apartment of the north tower.

Allan waited on Muchardus to claim his promised reward, which he gave him, with much praise for his adroitness in performing his commands. Allan then repaired to Jannette, and gathering together what they wished to convey with them, left the cottage at the dead of night, and procured a conveyance to Perth, from whence they meant to travel to some remote part of Scotland, where they might dwell in safety, for they were not without fear of Muchardus, as they supposed that he would devise schemes to annihilate all those who were acquainted with his atrocities. Nor were their conjectures ill-founded; Muchardus rested not till he had removed those whose aid he had purchased with his gold; and he felt great disappointment on discovering that Allan had escaped with safety.

To murder the Thane was the next purpose of Muchardus; but while he was deliberating on the best means to facilitate his design with safety to his own person, Dungivan was suddenly ordered to attend his monarch to England, where he was going to ratify some agreement he had entered into with the monarch of that kingdom; and the schemes of his treacherous friend were at that time defeated.

After passing some time in England, the Thane of Dungivan joined the Crusaders, and repaired to the Holy Land, where he performed wonders with his single arm against the infidels.

He passed sixteen years in foreign countries ere he revisited his native place, which he did with a determination to domesticate there in peace for the remainder of his days.

He was yet in the prime of his age ; and his valour had made him an object of esteem and admiration. All the neighbouring nobility gave splendid entertainments in honour of his return.— Among the rest, Muchardus, with whom he had instantly renewed the friendship of their youth, was not slow in preparing the banquet, and planning the death of his unsuspecting guest.

The manner in which Muchardus obtained his ill-acquired grandeur has already been described ; but he was not happy. To divert his thoughts from dwelling on the past events of his life, which were not of a nature to bear retrospection, he resolved to marry. There was an heiress of great property, who had been consigned to his guardianship by her deceased father. The beauty of Lady Catharine fascinated his senses, while her accumulating wealth held out a lure to his avarice, and fondness for ostentatious parade. Muchardus was still handsome ; few men were more indebted to nature for the gifts she had so lavishly bestowed on him. His countenance was formed to command : but the tyrannical passions and habits he had for many years imbibed, sometimes spread over his features a fierceness almost terrific. Lady Catharine beheld him with a fixed aversion. Two years she had resided at Dungivan, and had witnessed enough of his disposition to make her shrink with terror, and daily deplore the infatuation by which her parent was blinded, when he chose the Thane during her minority.

At this period, Caledonia was much governed by the influence of the Weird Sisters. From the birth of young Donald, they had resolved to protect him, and work his weal, and the woe of his father's murderer.

Allan had long since lost his Jannette. He beheld Donald with the most fervent

affection. The noble and heroic mind of the youth often called forth his wonder and admiration. A native dignity, that adorned his soul, was not subdued by present poverty, or the small expectations he had of acquiring any worldly wealth. Allan could not subdue the regret that constantly arose when Donald met his view ; he wished to see him fill the place in society which was his right ; but his fears, and the improbability of his tale being believed, made him bury the secret in his bosom.

He had been very successful in the tilling of a small farm, which he had purchased with part of the money which Muchardus had given him as a reward for the supposed murder of the child. All the savings which arose from this source were hoarded for Donald ; for he had always retained that appellation from the time of his protectors leaving the precincts of Dungivan. The youth was now in his twentieth year, and the above-mentioned savings Allan was debating with himself how he could best lay out for the benefit of Donald, when he received an intimation from one of the Weird Sisters, that he was to return with his young charge to the banks of the Clyde. Allan disposed of his farm, and obeyed the commands he had received ; and he was once more settled in a cottage among the mountains of Dungivan ; and heard with horror of the murder of the late Thane, which, from the proofs he had already had of the villany of the present one, he was not slow in attributing to him.

Time had silvered over the head of Allan, and so altered his person, that no one recognised him as Allan, under the name he thought it now expedient with his own safety to assume. According to the instructions he had received from the Weird Sisters, he repaired to all the neighbouring Thanes, and made an avowal of the transaction in which he had been engaged with respect to the heir of Dungivan, and the way he was preserved by Jannette's interposition.

A particular mark, which Allan asserted to be on the back of Donald's neck, was well known to several of the nobles, who had heard it remarked while the heir was yet in his infancy; this, and several other convincing circumstances, placed his identity beyond a doubt: but none of them were willing to make an enemy of the fierce Muchardus, whose power and undaunted exploits had effectually awed the neighbouring chieftains from interfering in his concerns. Nor could all the endeavours of the aged Allan raise the hapless youth one friend to assert his rights, and the poor old man soon expired under the pressure of the regret that he experienced.

Donald was ignorant of these applications, and the purport of them; for Allan had never disclosed to him the nobleness of his birth. He knew his lofty spirit would not suffer him to sink into silent obscurity while an usurper enjoyed his domains. And what could his single arm effect against his deadliest foe, who would inevitably hurl him to destruction?

Though none of the chieftains would engage in the cause of the orphan, yet their converse on the subject was not carried on so secretly, but that it reached the ears of Muchardus, and gave him the most dire apprehensions; though he openly derided the report as a most absurd imposture.

Anxious to know if he should possess his guilty honours unmolested, and win the love of the beautiful Lady Catharine, he resolved to seek the Weird Sisters. For this purpose he left Dungivan Castle, attended by Sandy, the only domestic he took with him, and repaired to a forest near the cave of Fingal, where the mysterious Sisters were said to resort, and perform their midnight orgies.

When he approached the spot, he directed Sandy to wait his return at the foot of a large tree, which he pointed out to his notice. He then proceeded fearfully on. The soul of the Thane

was appalled; the wind rose to a tremendous height; the thunder rolled over his head, and the blue lightning flashed in his face—terror-struck, he resolved to give up his design of visiting the Sisters; but he had lost the path which led back to the castle, and he wandered he knew not whither. Now and then he beheld a faint light, which he hoped proceeded from the cave of some anchorite, where he could obtain shelter.

He soon came to a rock, in the hollow of which was a door partly open, whence issued a pale gleam of light. The door flew back at his touch, and he entered a misty cavern; the light increased to a supernatural brightness, and in a few moments the Weird Sisters appeared, and saluted him with a discordant voice.

"Hail! We know what brought thee here.
Wicked chieftain, shake with fear,
The assassin shuns his downy bed:
Can he shun the restless dead?
No, while in the forest drear,
Roderic, rise, and meet him here!
And the wounds he gave display.
Remorse be his by night and day."

The mysterious Sisters then severally requested what he sought to know. "Ask!"—"Require!"—"Demand!"—exclaimed the Weird Beings.

Muchardus inquired if he should perish by an avenging sword.

The first Sister replied, "that no human power should harm Muchardus."

He then demanded who was next to enjoy the domains of Dungivan.

The second Sister answered, "That the lawful heir of the murdered Roderic, and his bride, Lady Catharine, the peerless rose of the Clyde, would succeed him."

Muchardus's heart appeared to die within him at these words; and it was not till the third Sister again repeated the question, of what he sought to know, that he recovered sufficiently to ask how many years of his existence still remained.

The bearded sister would not give an explicit answer to this important ques-

ion ; but remarked to him, that he had once seen the apparition of the murdered Roderic.

Muchardus, while his frame trembled with horror at the recollection of the appalling scene he had witnessed in one of the galleries of the castle, faintly replied in the affirmative.

"Mark me then," said the witch ; "you will not survive the third appearance of the dreadful spectre."

The sisters then vanished from his view : and Muchardus, affrighted at the gloom, (for the witches had left him in total darkness,) was going to quit the cave with precipitation, when the murdered Roderic stood before him, and intercepted his progress.

Muchardus gazed on the airy form with the greatest agony, till a chilling sweat bedewed his forehead ; his limbs failed him, and he fell senseless on the floor of the cave.

In this situation he was found by Sandy, who alarmed by the Thane's long absence, ventured from his leafy shelter, as soon as the storm had abated, to seek him ; in which charitable design he succeeded with some difficulty, and was much terrified with meeting the Weird Sisters in his path, who maliciously diverted themselves with exciting his fears, and then suffered him to proceed.

He found his master just recovering from a death-like swoon. He assisted him to rise ; and Muchardus, having glanced his eye around, and, to his great relief, perceiving no spectre, exerted himself to leave the horrid cave ; and was led by Sandy to the Castle, where he retired to his splendid couch the most miserable of human beings.

Donald, since the death of Allan, his supposed parent, had remained in his cottage, as he had not yet met with the opportunity he coveted of embracing a military life.

In his solitary walks about the mountains, he frequently met Lady Catherine, and her attendant, Moggy Cameron. A fervent passion for the noble fair one

took possession of his bosom ; and he reasoned with himself in vain against its increasing influence ; for Love, that leveller of rank, was constantly inspiring him with hope.

Lady Catharine was not insensible to the attentions of Donald ; and she often breathed forth a secret prayer that he had been of equal birth with herself.

Near five weeks had elapsed since their first casual meeting, when one morning the Lady Catharine being with some of her attendants on the Clyde, in a small sailing-boat, a sudden gust of wind upset it ; and the fair lady was precipitated into the water. Donald, who had been walking on the banks for some time, and surveying the lovely Catharine with delight, as the vessel slowly glided along, immediately saw her danger, and plunged into the stream to snatch her from impending death. He happily succeeded in bearing his lovely burthen safe to the shore, and led her till they arrived at the castle gates, where he abruptly left her, ere she could express her thanks for the service he had rendered her to opportunely.

From this auspicious day, gratitude, united to love, created for Donald a strong interest in her heart : yet prudence bade her avoid him ; there was no prospect that the prejudices which her friends would entertain against such a suitor, could be overcome, and she resolved to spare him and herself, if possible from the pangs of a hopeless passion.

Donald no longer met her in his walks ; he felt the change in her behaviour most severely, and became a votary of sorrow and despair, courting the influence of these passions in the still hours of the night, wandering among precipices and dreary forests. Chance led him to the cave where Muchardus had obtained an audience with the Weird Sisters, about an hour after that Thane had quitted it. The Sisters again appeared. Instead of cringing to them with the abject servility of Dungivan's usurping lord, he demanded with some

sternness, what they wanted with him. But his asperity was soon transformed into profound respect, when they expressed their solicitude for his weal, and claimed his attention to what they had to impart.

The eldest of the Weird Sisters then gave a concise account of the crimes of the present Thane, and informed Donald that he was at that time plotting his destruction; being in dread of his revenge, and his gaining the affections of Lady Catharine.

The Weird Sisters then joined in admonishing him as to his future conduct; and one of them delivered to Donald a white silk flag, on which were woven some mysterious characters. This, she told him, would once, and once only, be of singular service to him in extreme danger, and that being the case, she exhorted him not to try its efficacy till all other resources had failed, and his own exertions proved abortive.

Donald took a courteous leave of the bounteous Sisters; and repaired to his cottage in a far different frame of mind from what he had ever experienced before. His birth was noble—worthy of Lady Catharine; and he felt that it was possible for time and perseverance to bestow on him a happiness which the preceding day he had regarded as unattainable.

The next day he was informed by a person who had a sincere regard for his safety, that the Thane had discovered him to be the lawful heir of the domain, and had privately suborned persons to assassinate him, not assigning the true reason for that horrid design, but charging him with the attempt to seduce Lady Catharine from her duty, by persuading her to leave the castle of her guardian, and share a beggar's fate.—That lady, the informant added, was now strictly confined within the circle of her own apartments, and forced to listen to the hateful addresses of the Thane.

Donald on receiving this intimation, thought it most prudent to leave his

present habitation, and repair to the court of King Malcolm, and submit the cause to him. In searching the papers of the deceased Allan, he discovered a written attestation of the deceit he had practised to save the infant's life, describing some particular marks of fruit he had on his body, together with the chain he wore round his neck, which was now fastened to the paper.

These proofs were very consoling to Donald, and made him commence his journey with more alacrity; and by the noon of the day on which he set out, he had travelled many miles. The heat of the mid-day sun greatly incommoded him, and he grew faint and weary.

A neat cottage presented itself to view, and he knocked at the door to request admittance, that he might rest till the cool of the evening. This the loquacious hostess denied him; and during his expostulations with her on the subject, she unguardedly betrayed to his knowledge, that her inhospitable refusal was owing to her having sheltered Lady Catharine, who had escaped from the Castle to her humble roof, she having been led hither by her attendant, Moggy Cameron, who was daughter to the cottager.

Donald had betrayed so much emotion during the recital, that the good dame, alarmed at the consequences that might ensue from her communicating so much to a stranger, entered the dwelling, and closed the door.

Donald, hurt at her manner, and disappointed at not obtaining an interview with Lady Catharine, to whom he wished to impart the intelligence he had received from the Weird Sisters, and worn out by fatigue, fainted at the door of the cottage. The noise he made in falling, brought its inmates to his relief; and Lady Catharine instantly recognised her faithful Donald. He soon revived; and the fair one had just listened with pleasing surprise to his narrative, when a party of Muchardus's soldiers, who had been sent in pursuit of the fugitives, arrived, and conveyed the lovers to the

place, where Donald was confined in dungeon, and Sandy, having interfered in the behalf of the young lord, was made a prisoner; and guards were placed over them; but, by a successful stratagem of Moggy, who intoxicated the keepers, and procured the keys, they were liberated, and quitted the castle walls.

By the direction of Moggy, they retired to an isolated building about two miles from Dungiven; and in less than an hour they were joined by Lady Catharine and her attendants, they having escaped from the spies which Muchardus had set round them, by means of a subterraneous winding, which led from the stairs of the north tower to a grotto that terminated one of the avenues of the castle grounds.

They proceeded in their flight for several days unmolested, when, alas! they were again taken in the toils, and the Thane in person headed the pursuers.

As soon as they arrived at the Castle, Muchardus ordered some of his followers to take young Donald to the cave of Fingal, (a long subterraneous passage cut through a rock, and filled with a stream of the river,) in a boat, and destroy him. In vain Catharine knelt, and besought him to avert the sentence; he was inexorable; and the fair one, frantically with despair, rushed out of the Castle ere the Thane had time to intercept her progress. Sandy, who had attentively watched her, followed, and by her directions procured a boat, and repaired with her to the cave of Fingal. They arrived there first; and securing the entrance in one of the inlets, Lady Catharine hid herself behind a projection of the rock, to watch the actions of the Thane, who soon arrived in a boat on the lake, attended by the man who handled the oars. Contrary to the expectations of Catharine, Muchardus suspected her being in the cave, and soon discovered

her hiding place, from which he dragged her into his boat, just at the instant that the one in which Donald and his intended assassins were sitting, entered the place pitched on for the scene of his destruction.

Catharine, in her struggles to get from the Thane fell into the water, and would have perished, but for the activity of Sandy, who succeeded in replacing her in the boat which had conveyed her hither, while Donald, who was a confined spectator of the accident, was almost senseless with despair.

The Thane now offered to grant Donald his life, if he would renounce his presumptuous claim and the hand of Lady Catharine; but the youth rejected the proposal with the scorn it merited. A secret impulse made Muchardus wish to save the youth's life, if he could consistent with his own terms; and he vowed to release him, and provide for his future weal, if Lady Catharine would instantly become his bride, and resign all thought of Donald. She gave an heroic refusal; and the enraged Thane ordered the assassins to strangle their victim. Struggles were of no avail; the youth remembered the injunctions of the Weird Sisters, and waved the flag three times in the air. The Spectre of his Sire arose in the midst of the water, and pronounced the doom of his vile murderer, who sank with the boat and perished.

Donald was instantly conveyed with Lady Catharine back to the Castle, where the most lively transports of joy took place among the domestics at receiving the son of Roderic for their lord; for they had groaned under the tyranny of Muchardus.

Donald found no difficulty in getting his title acknowledged by his sovereign; and his union with the fair Catharine was productive of the utmost felicity to themselves and their offspring.

THE SMUGGLER.

A Tale of the Sea.

I SPENT the whole of last summer, and a part of the ensuing winter, on the Hampshire coast, visiting successively most of the sea-ports and bathing-places, and enjoying its beautiful diversity of sea and wood scenery, often so intermingled, that the forest-trees dip down their flexile branches into the salt waters of the Solon sea; and green lawns and healthy glades slope down to the very brink of the water. In no part of Hampshire is this characteristic beauty more strikingly exemplified than at the back of the Isle of Wight, that miniature abstract of all that is grand and lovely throughout England. Early in August I crossed over from Portsmouth to Ryde, purposing to fix my headquarters there, and from thence to make excursions to all such places as are accounted worthy the tourist's notice.—But a guide-book is at best an unsympathizing companion, cold and formal as the human machine that leads you over some old abbey, or venerable cathedral, pointing out indeed the principal monuments and chapels, but passing by, unnoticed, a hundred less outwardly distinguished spots, where feeling would love to linger, and sentiment find inexhaustible sources of interest and contemplation.

I took up my abode for an indefinite time in a cottage of grey native stone, backed by the solid rocks, and tapestried in front with such an interwoven profusion of rose and myrtle, as half hid the little casements, and aspired far over the thatched roof and projecting caves. To me its attractions were irresistible; and, besides those of inanimate nature, I found other sources of interest in studying the character and habits of the almost amphibious dwellers on that coast. Generally speaking, there is something peculiarly interesting in the

character of seafaring men, even of those whose voyages have extended little beyond their own shores. The fisherman's life, indeed, may be accounted one of the most constant peril. For daily bread he must brave daily dangers. In that season when the tiller of the ground rest from their labours—when the artisan and mechanic are sheltered within their dwellings—when the dormouse and the squirrel hide in their woolly nests, and the little bird find shelter in hollow banks and trees, or resort to milder regions, the poor fisherman must encounter all the fury of the combined elements—for his children's bread is scattered on the waters.

It is this perpetually enforced intercourse with danger that interests our feelings so powerfully in their behalf together with its concomitant effects on their character—undaunted hardihood—insurmountable perseverance almost heroic daring; and, generally speaking, a simplicity of heart, and a tenderness of department towards the females and little ones of their families, finely contrasting their rugged exterior. But, unfortunately, it is not only in their ostensible calling of fisherman, that these men are forward in effronting peril. The temptation to contraband trade too often allures them from their honest and peaceable avocations, to brave the laws of their country, and encounter the most fearful risks, in pursuit of precarious, though sometimes considerable gains.

In my rambles along its shores, the inhabitants of almost every cottage and fisherman's cabin, for many miles round became known to me. I have always a peculiar pleasure in conversing with these people—in listening with familiar interest (to which they are never insensible) to the details of their feelings and

and of their family concern, of my new acquaintances I tried to expostulate on the ini- as well as hazardous nature of et traffic, and many wives and sanctioned, with approving half-constrained expressions, instances to their husbands and these heard, for the most part, down-looking silence, (not, expressive of ill-will towards sometimes answered my argu- ith the remark, that "Poor st live;" that "half of them, e war, had earned an honest d in other ways; but now they ed adrift, and must do some- get bread for their little ones; r all, while the rich and great re pleased to encourage their was plain they could not think rm of those who carried it on." t was a stinging observation, ose with which babes and suck- often confound the sophistry of wisdom. Among these humble there was one, at whose cabin I oftenest, and lingered longest, evening rambles. The little was wedged in a manner into f the grey rock, up which, on nting ledge, the hand of indus- cumulated garden mould, and a beautiful vegetation; and tely before it, a patch of the green sward sloped down to the the sea-sand, enamelled with wild thyme, and dotted, next o, with tufts of thrift, centaury, go, and with the gold-coloured of the horn poppy. ecular neatness of the little d early attracted my attention, as further interested by the sin- cearence of its owner. He was all man, of about sixty, distin- in his person by an air of un- dignity, and by a dress, the ty of which, together with his ding carriage, and countenance daring, always suggested the er of romantic legends to my

fancy. He wore large loose trowsers of shaggy dark blue cloth, a sort of wool- len vest, broadly striped with grey, for the most part open at the throat and bosom, and buckled in at the waist with a broad leathern belt, in which two pistols were commonly stuck, and not unfrequently an old cutlass; and over his shoulder was slung a second belt of broad white knitting, to which a powder flask, a leathern pouch, and of- ten a short thick duck-gun, were sus- pended. A dark fur cap was the usual covering of his head, and his thick black hair was not so much intermingled with grey, as streaked with locks of per- fect whiteness. Notwithstanding this formidable equipment, the harmless avocation of a fisherman was his osten- sible employment, though, to all ap- pearance not very zealously pursued; for, in the day-time, he was oftener to be seen lying along the shore, in the broad sun, or strolling by the water's edge, or cleaning the lock of his gun, under the shade of a projecting crag, than busied with the hook and line in his little boat, or mending his nets by the cabin door. At almost all hours of the night, a light was seen burning at the cottage window, and the master of the family, with his son, was invariably absent, if (as was sometimes my custom) I looked in on them after dark, on my return from some distant spot towards my own habitation.

At such an hour I was sure to find the female inmates, (the wife and wi- dowed daughter of the man I have been describing) in a state of visible pertur- bation, for which it was easy to assign a cause; but I had remonstrated in vain with the infatuated husband, and it was still more fruitless to argue with the helpless women. Richard Campbell was not a native of the Isle of Wight, nor one trained from his youth up, "to go down to the sea in ships, and occu- py his business in great waters." For many generations his family had owned and cultivated a small farm in the north of England; himself had been brought

up a tiller of the ground, contrary to his own wishes, for they had pointed from his cradle to a seafaring life; and all his hours of boyish pastime and youthful leisure were spent in the briny element, close to which, at the head of a small bay, or inlet, stood his paternal farm. Just as he had attained his twentieth year, his father died, leaving him, (an only child) the inheritor of all his little property, and at liberty to follow the bent of his own inclination. The temptation was strong;—tumultuous wishes and powerful yearnings were busy in his heart; but he was “the only son of his mother and she was a widow.” He staid to comfort her old age, and to cultivate his little inheritance, partly influenced perhaps in his decision by his attachment to a pretty blue-eyed girl, whose sweeter smiles rewarded his filial piety, and whose hand was very shortly its richer recompense. The widowed mother continued to dwell under her son’s roof, tended, like Naomi, by a daughter-in-law as loving as Ruth, but happier than the Hebrew matron in the possession of both her children.

Many children were born to the young couple, “as likely boys and girls as ever the sun shone upon,” said the wife of Campbell, from whom at different times I gleaned “the simple annals” I am relating. “But God was very good to them. He increased their store with their increasing family, and provided bread for the little mouths that were sent to claim it. She never grudged her labour, and a better nor a kinder husband than she was blessed with, never woman had. To be sure, he had his fancies and particular ways, and when he could steal a holiday, all his delight was to spend it on the bay that was near the farm, (the worse luck) for many an anxious hour had she known even then, when he was out in his little boat, shooting wild fowl in the dark winter’s nights. But no harm ever came to him, only their eldest boy, their dear Maurice,” (the mother never named him without a glistening eye)

“took after his father’s fancy for the sea, and set his heart on being a sailor” And the father called to mind his own youthful longings, and would not control those of his child, especially as he had another son, a fine promising lad, who took willingly to the business of the farm, and already lightened his father’s labours. The mother grieved sore at parting with her first-born, (what feelings are like those of a mother towards her first-born?) and the young Maurice was her most loving and dutiful child, and she had reared him with such anxious tenderness as only mothers feel, through the perilous years of a sickly infancy. But the father jested with her fears, and entered with the ardour of a boyish heart into his son’s enterprising hopes; and at last the youth won from her an unwilling consent. And when she shook her head mournfully to his promises of bringing rare and beautiful things from foreign parts, for her and his little sister, coaxed a half smile into her tearful looks, by concluding with—“And then I will stay quiet with you and father, and never want to leave you again.”—“My Maurice left us,” said the mother, “and from that time every thing went wrong. Before he had been gone a month, we buried my husband’s mother; but God called her away in a good old age, so we had no right to take on heavily at her loss, though we felt it sorely.” In addition to his own land, Campbell rented some acres of a neighbouring gentleman, whose disposition was restlessly litigious, and Campbell being unhappily fiery and impetuous, disputes arose between them, and which proceeded to such lengths, that both parties finally referred their differences to legal arbitrament. After many tedious and apparently frivolous delays, particularly irritating to Campbell’s impatient spirit, the cause was given in favour of his opponent: and from that hour he adopted the firm persuasion that impartial justice was banished from the land of his fathers. This fatal prejudice turned

of his thoughts to bitterness,—haunted him like a phantom in his fields, by his cheerful hearth, in his once peaceful bed, and in the very embraces of his children, “who were born,” he would tell them, in the midst of their innocent caresses,—“slaves in the land where their fathers had been free men.”

In this state of mind he eagerly listened to the speculative visions of a few agricultural adventurers, who had embarked their small capital on an American project, and were on the point of quitting their native country to seek wealth, liberty, and independence, in the back settlements of the United States. In an evil hour, Campbell was persuaded to embark his fortunes with those of the self-expatriated emigrants. The tears and entreaties of his wife and children were unavailing to deter him from his rash purpose; and the unhappy mother was torn from the beloved home, where her heart lingered with a thousand tender reminiscences, and most tenaciously in the persuasion, that if her lost child was ever restored to his native country, to the once happy abode of his parents, his first steps would be directed.

The ship in which the Campbells were embarked, with their five remaining children, and all their worldly possessions, performed two-thirds of her course with prosperous celerity; but as she approached her destined haven, the wind, which had hitherto favoured her, became contrary, and she lost sea-way for many days. At last, a storm, which had been gathering with awfully gradual preparation, burst over her with tremendous fury. Three days and nights she strove before it, but on the fourth, her mast and rigging went overboard, and before the wreck could be cut away, a plank in the ship's side was stove in by the floating timbers. In the confusion which had assembled every body on deck, the leak was not discovered till the water in the hold had gained a depth of many feet; and though the pump was set to work immediately, and for a time kept going by the almost superhuman

exertions of the crew and passengers, all was unavailing; and to betake themselves to the boats was the last hurried and desperate resource.

Campbell had succeeded in lowering his three youngest children into one of them, already crowded with their fellow-sharers in calamity, and was preparing to send down his eldest son and daughter, and to descend himself, with their mother in his arms, when a woman pressing before him with despairing haste, leaped down into the crowded boat, which upset in an instant, and the perishing cry of twenty drowning people mingled with the agonizing shrieks of parents, husbands, and children, from the deck of the sinking ship. The other boat was yet alongside, and Campbell was at last seated in her with his two surviving children, and their unconscious mother, who had sunk into a state of blessed insensibility, when the drowning screams of her lost little ones rung in her ears. Five-and-twenty persons were wedged in this frail bark, and a cask of water, with a small bag of biscuit. An old sail had been flung down with these scanty stores, which they contrived to hoist on the subsiding of the storm, towards the evening of the first day's commitment in that “forlorn hope,” to the wide world of waters. Their compass had been lost in the large boat, and faint indeed were their hopes of ever reaching land, from whence they had no means of computing their distance. But the unsleeping eye of Providence watched over them, and on the fourth day of their melancholy progress, a sail making towards them was descried on the verge of the horizon. It neered, and the ship proved to be a homeward-bound West India trader, into which the perishing adventurers were received with prompt humanity; and on reaching her appointed haven, (Portsmouth) Campbell, with his companions in misfortune, and the remnant of his once flourishing family, again set foot on British earth. He had saved about his person a small part of his lit-

the property; but the whole residue was insufficient to equip him for a second attempt, had he even been so obstinately bent on the prosecution of his transatlantic scheme as to persist in it against (what appeared to him) the declared will of the Almighty.

Once, in his younger days he had visited the Isle of Wight, and the remembrance of its stone cottages and beautiful bays was yet fresh in his mind. He crossed over with his family, and a few weeks saw him in possession of a neat cabin and a small fishing-boat; and for a time the little family was subsisted in frugal comfort by the united industry of the father and son. Soon after their settlement in the island, their daughter (matured to lovely womanhood) married a respectable and enterprising young man, the owner of a pilot-vessel. In the course of three years, she brought her husband as many children, and during that time all went well with them; but her William's occupation, a lucrative one in time of war, exposed him to frequent and fearful dangers, and one tempestuous winter's night, having ventured out to the assistance of a perishing vessel, his own little bark foundered in the attempt, and the morning tide floated her husband's corpse to the feet of his distracted wife, as she stood on the sea-beach, watching every white sail that became visible through the haze of the grey-clouded dawn.

The forlorn widow and her orphan babes found a refuge in the humble cabin of her father, and he and his son redoubled their laborious exertions for their support. But these were heavy claims, and the little family but just contrived to live, barely supplied with the coarsest necessities. When temptation assails the poor man by holding out to his grasp the means of lessening the hardships and privations of those dear to him as his own soul, is it to be wondered at that he so often fails, when others, without having the same excuses to plead, set him the example of yielding? Campbell (having first been se-

duced into casual and uncalculated ventures) was at last enrolled in the gang of smugglers, who carried on their perilous trade along the coast; and from that time, though comparatively plenty revisited his cottage, the careless state of innocent security no longer beamed on the features of its inmates.

One evening the storm raging furiously, warned me to retrace my homeward way, before the disappearance of a yet glimmering moon should leave me to pursue it in total darkness. Flapping my hat over my eyes, and wrapping myself snugly round in the thick folds of a huge boat-cloak, I issued forth from the cheerful brightness of the cottage-parlour into the darkness visible of the wild scene without. Wildly magnificent it was! My path lay along the shore, against which mountainous waves came rolling in long ridges, with a sound like thunder. Sleet, falling at intervals, mingled with the sea-surf, and both were driven into my face by the south-east blast, with a violence that obliged me frequently to pause, and gasp for breath. Large masses of cloud were hurried in sublime disorder across the dim struggling moon, whose pale light gleamed at intervals, with ghastly indistinctness, along the white sands, and on the frothy summits of the advancing billows. As I pursued my way, baffled by the conflicting elements, other sounds, methought, appeared to mingle in their uproar. The deep and shrill intonation of human voices seemed blended with the wailing and sobbing of the storm; the creaking and labouring of planks, and the splash of oars were distinguishable, I thought, in the pause of the receding waves. I was not deceived. A momentary gleam of moonlight glanced on the white sails of a vessel at some distance from the land, and one of her boats (a black speck on the billows) was discernible, making her way towards the shore. At that moment, another boat close in shore shot by with the velocity of lightning, and at the same instant a man rushed quickly by me,

whose tall remarkable figure I recognized for Campbell's, in that dim momentary glance. He darted on with the rapidity of an arrow, and immediately I heard a long shrill whistle, re-echoed by another and another from the cliffs, from the shore, and from the sea. The moon had almost withdrawn her feeble light, and I could no longer discern any object but the white sands under my feet and the sea foam that frothed over them.

More than two miles of my homeward path was yet before me; and in their progress I should have to cross two gullies furrowed through the sand by the land-springs from the adjacent cliffs. Intermingled and bedded in these were several rocky crags, and portions of the foundered cliff, amongst which it was easy to pick one's daylight way; but the impenetrable gloom that now enveloped every object, made me pause for a moment to consider how far it might be safe to continue onward in my wave-washed path. A light streaming from one of the windows of Campbell's cottage, a few furlongs up the beach, decided the result of my deliberation, and I turned towards the little dwelling, purposing to apply there for a lantern and a guide, should the younger Campbell chance to be at home.

I had no need to tap for admittance at the humble door. It was open, and on the threshold stood the mother of the family. The light from within gleamed across her face and figure, and I could perceive that she was listening with intent breathlessness, and with eyes rivetted, as if they could pierce the darkness, towards the quarter from whence I was approaching. My steps on the loose shingle at length reached her ear, and she darted forward, exclaiming,—“Oh, Amy, thank God! here's your father.” The young woman sprang to the door with a light, and its beams revealed my then unwelcome features, instead of those of the husband and father. “Oh, sir!—I thought”—was poor Margaret's elo-

quently unfinished ejaculation, when she discovered her mistake; “but you are kindly welcome,” she quickly added, “for this is no night for any Christian soul to be out in, though my husband and son—Oh, sir! they are both tossing in one little boat on that dreadful sea; and that is not all, the Ranger's boats are on the look out for the lugger they are gone to meet, and God knows what may happen.”

I did my best to calm their terrors. To dispel them was impossible, while the tempest raged louder and louder; and independent of that, there were other too reasonable grounds of apprehension. I suggested the probability of Campbell not being in the boat, as he had passed me on the beach so recently; but at all events, he was abroad in a tremendous night, and with a desperate gang, expecting and armed against resistance. Forgetting my own purpose of borrowing a lantern, to continue my homeward path, I entered the cabin with the distressed females, whose looks thanked me for abiding with them in this their hour of need.

There was something peculiarly interesting in this young woman; not beauty of feature, for, excepting a pair of fine dark eyes, shaded by lashes of unusual length, there was nothing uncommon in her countenance, and her naturally dark and colourless complexion was tinged with the sallow hue of sickness;—her lips were whiter than her cheek, and her uncommonly tall figure, slender and fragile as the reed, bowed down with the languor of weakness and sorrow. But when she lifted up those dark eyes, their melancholy light was touchingly expressive, and in unison with the general character of the slight shadowy frame, that seemed almost transparent to the workings of the wounded spirit within. Amy's young heart had never recovered the shock of her William's untimely death, and her timid tender nature was weighed down under a perpetual load of conscious self-reproach, that for her sake, and that of

her infants, her father and brother had engaged in the perilous unlawfulness of their present courses. As she sat looking on her mother's face, I could perceive what thoughts were passing in her mind. At last a large tear, that had been some time collecting, swelled over the quivering lid, and trickled slowly down her cheek, and rising suddenly, and letting fall the netting and shuttle, she came and edged herself on the corner of her mother's chair, and clasping one arm round her neck, and hiding her face on her shoulder, sobbed out,—“Mother!”—“My Amy! my dear child!” whispered the fond parent, tenderly caressing her, why should you always reproach yourself so? You who have been a good dutiful child, and a comfort to us ever since you were born. Before your poor father fell into evil company, and listened to their temptations, did we not contrive to maintain ourselves, and your dear fatherless babies, by honest industry; and where should you have taken refuge, my precious Amy, but under your parents' roof?” A look of eloquent gratitude, and a tender kiss was Amy's reply to these fond assurances.

For a few moments this touching intercourse of hearts, beguiled them from the intense anxiousness with which they had been listening to every sound from without; but the redoubled violence of the storm fearfully roused them from that momentary abstraction, and they started, and looked in each other's faces, and then in mine, as if beseeching comfort, when, alas! I had only sympathy to bestow.

The conflict of wind and waves was indeed tremendous! A gust of wind, more awful than any which had preceded it, rushed past us with deafening uproar, and as it died away, low sobs, and shrill moaning lamentations, seemed mingled with its deep bass. We were all silent, now straining our sight from the cabin door into the murky gloom without,—now gathering together round the late blazing hearth, where

the neglected embers emitted only a faint glimmer. The wind rushing through every chink and cranny, waved from the flame of the small candle, sitting in its socket, and at last the candle itself was struck by the old clock “ticked behind the door,” in its heavy case. At that moment a venerable looking book, that lay among a few others on a hanging shelf, near the chimney slipped from the edge on which it rested, and fell with a dull sound at Margaret's feet. It was a Bible that had belonged to her father's mother, and as she stooped to pick it up, and replace it, she perceived that it had fallen open at the page where twenty-two years back from that very day, the venerable parent had recorded, with pious gratitude, the birth of her son's first-born. “Ah, my son! my good Maurice!” ejaculated the heartstruck mother; I was not to forget the day God gave thee to me. Thou wert the first to leave me now,”—She was interrupted by the inarticulate murmur of a human voice that sounded near us. We all started, but Amy's ear was familiarized to the tone—it was one of her little sister's talking and moaning in its sleep. We rushed to the small chamber where they lay off from that we were in, and the mother crept softly towards the door, her sleeping infants. She was bending over them, when the outer door was suddenly dashed open, and a bell—Campbell himself, burst into the cottage. Oh! with what a shriek of ecstasy was he welcomed! With a rapture of inarticulate words, claspings, embraces, and tearful smiles! His joy was transcendent, and succeeded by a sudden chill of nameless apprehension for, disengaging himself almost from the arms of his wife and daughter, he staggered towards his own old room, and flinging himself back in it, covered his face with his clasped hands. The only cause for this fearful agitation suggested itself to his trembling wife. “My son! my son!” she shrieked

her husband's arms, "what have you done with him? He is dead! ordered!" shouted Campbell, in a voice of thunder, uncovering his face and started up wildly from his chair, his look of appalling fierceness—"woman! your son is safe;" then he suddenly dropping to a low murmur, he added, "This is not dead," and he flung on the table a white belt, on which the tokens of a bloody fray were frightfully apparent. "bell!" I cried, "unhappy man! have you done! To what have you subjected your wretched family? For what escape, escape for your life, the darkness favours you." He stood, and looked irresolute for a moment, immediately resuming the stern aspect of desperate sternness, "It is too late—they are at my door; they tracked me home;" and he yet spoke, the trampling of feet, the shout of loud voices were heard; the door burst open, and several rough men, in the garb of sailors, rushed into the cottage. "Ah! we have a man," they vociferated—"we have at last, though the young villain has slipped us the slip."—"Villain!" Campbell; "who dares call my son a villain?" But, checking himself suddenly, he added, in a subdued tone, "but I am in your power; you may do what you will;" and there he seated himself in sullen silence. The woman clung weeping to him, his unhappy wife exclaimed, "Oh! what has he done? what has been mischief, it is not his fault; he would not hurt a fly—For all his way, he is as tender-hearted as a child—Richard! Richard! speak—tell them 'tis a mistake." He spoke nor moved, nor lifted his eyes from the ground on which he was fixed. "No mistake at all," said one of the men, "he has shot one of our people, that's certain; we must just fit him with a pair of these new bracelets." And then, he began fastening a pair of

handcuffs round Campbell's wrists. He offered no resistance, and seemed indeed almost unconscious of what was doing, when the eldest of Amy's children, a pretty little girl of four years old, who having been awakened by the noise, had crept softly from her bed, and made her way unperceived towards her grandfather, burst into a fit of loud sobbing, and climbing up upon his knees, and clasping her little arms about his neck, and laying her soft cheek to his dark rough one, lisped out, "Send away naughty men, grandfather,—naughty men frighten Amy."

The springs of sensibility that seemed frozen up in Campbell's bosom were touched electrically by the loving tones and caresses of his little darling. He hugged her to his bosom, which began to heave with deep convulsive sobs, and for a moment the tears of the old man and the child mingled in touching silence. As he clasped her thus, the handcuff that was already fastened to his left wrist, pressed painfully on her tender arms, and as she shrunk from it, he seemed first to perceive the ignominious fetter. His brow was wrung with a sudden convulsion, but its distortion was momentary, and turning to his weeping daughter, he said quietly, "Amy, my dear child! take the poor baby; I little thought, dear lamb! she would ever find hurt or harm in her old grandfather's arms." It was a touching scene—even the rough sailors seemed affected by it, and they were more gently executing their task of fitting on the other manacle, when again steps and voices approached; again the door opened, and a second band appeared at it—a group of sailors likewise, bearing amongst them a ghastly burthen, the lifeless body of the unfortunate young man who had been shot in the execution of his duty, by the rash hand of the wretched culprit before us, whose aim was not the less fatal for having been almost unconsciously taken in the bustle of the desperate conflict. "We've missed our boat, and we could not let

him lie bleeding on the beach," said one of the new comers, in reply to an exclamation of surprise from those who before occupied the cottage. Campbell's agitation was dreadful. He turned, shuddering, from the sight of his victim. The women stood petrified with horror. I alone retaining some self-possession, advanced to examine if human aid might yet avail to save the poor youth, who was laid (apparently a corpse) on three chairs, near the door. Comprehending my purpose, the humane tenderness of poor Margaret's nature surmounted her agonized feelings, and she came trembling to assist in the painful examination.

The young man's face was turned from us towards the wall, and almost covered by the luxuriant hair, (a sailor's pride) which escaping from the confining ribbon, had fallen in dark wet masses over his cheek and brow. His right hand hung down from his side, and on taking it into mine, I found that it was already cold as marble, and that no pulse was perceptible in the artery. Margaret had as expeditiously as her agitation would permit, unclosed his sailor's jackets, and checked shirt, and though she started and shuddered at the sight of blood thickly congealed over his bosom, she persisted heroically in her trying task. His neck-handkerchief had been previously united, and stuffed down as a temporary pledget into the wounded breast. In removing it, Margaret's finger became entangled by a black string passed round the youth's neck, to which a small locket was suspended. She was hastily moving it aside, when the light held by one of the sailors fell upon a medallion, (a perforated gold pocket piece,) and her eye glancing towards it at the same moment, a half choaked exclamation burst from her lips, and, looking up, I saw her standing motionless, breathless, her hands clasped together with convulsive energy, and her eyes almost starting from their sockets, in the stare of indescribable horror with which they were rivetted on

the suspended token. At last, a shriek (such a one as I never before heard) the recollection of which still curdles the blood in my veins, burst from her lips, and brought her daughter and husband (even the unfortunate young man himself,) to the spot where she stood absorbed in that fearful contemplation. She looked up towards her husband (on whose brow cold drops of agony were thickly gathering, whose white lips quivered with the workings of a tortured spirit,) she gazed up in his face with such a look as I shall never forget. It was one of horrid calmness, more fearful to behold than the wildest expressions of passionate agony, and grasping his fettered hand firmly in one of hers, and with the other pointing to the perforated gold piece, as it lay on the mangled bosom of the dead youth, she said in a slow steady voice, "Look there! what is that?—Who is that, Richard?" His eyes rivetted themselves with a ghastly stare on the object to which she pointed, then wandered wildly over the lifeless form before him; but the tremendous agitation of his frame ceased, the convulsive working of the muscles of his face changed into rigid fixedness, and he stood like one petrified in the very burst of despair.

Once more she repeated in the same calm deliberated tone, "Who is that, Richard?" and suddenly leaning forward, dashed aside from the face of the corpse the dark locks that had hitherto concealed it. "There, there!" she shrieked—"I knew it was my son!" and bursting into a frenzied laugh, she called out, "Amy! Amy! your brother is come home! come home on his birth-day!—Will nobody bid him welcome? Richard, won't you bless him on his birth-day?" And snatching her husband's hand, she endeavoured to drag him towards the pale face of the dead. He to whom this heart-rending appeal was addressed, replied only by one deep groan, which seemed to burst up the very fountains of feeling and of life. He staggered back a few paces—

eyes closed—the convulsions of a corpse that was still clasped with frantic rapture to the heart of the brain-struck mother.

THE WATER SPRITE.

Hion relates, that in a very violent storm of thunder and lightning, a man of demonic appearance, mounted upon a horse, came rushing from a thick wood on the banks of Clyde, or not far distant, and after roaring in hollow and fearful tone of voice, "Now is the hour, but where is the man?" the rider and horse were observed to dash into stormy Clyde, and never were seen more!

LOUD the angry tempest roared,
The sleety shower swept past,
And loud the voice of fell discord,
Was heard amidst the blast.

Thunder roared and lightning gleamed:
The murkest night made light as day:
The water-spirit loudly screamed.
"The hour is come, but where's my prey?"

"Relentless Hate, and loathsome Lust,
And ripe Revenge await:
Now come he will, and come he must,
Or I supply his fate!"

Thrice, and three times thrice again,
The yells on Clutha's banks resound!
The demon agonized in pain,
Cried, "Now's the hour, no prey is found!"

But soon, from thicket dark and drear,
Rode Guilt on black steed, fleet as hind,
Remorse and Sorrow, Pain and fear,
And Terror rode behind.

Despair and Desperation push,
And dash them o'er the steep,
Around the yelling demons rush
And sink amidst the deep.

The fiends, though vanished from the sight,
Still in the mental view,
While frequent streaks of vivid light,
Gleamed on the waters blue.

A peal of laughter rent the spheres,
And shook this speck of earth:
Methinks it still rings in my ears,
Like wild "portentous birth."

Now all is hushed, save that long chime,
That floats along the stream,
And marks the solitary time,
When grisly spectres scream!



MADDALENA ;
OR,
THE FATE OF THE FLORENTINES.

An Italian Legend.

" It was a strange order that the doom
Of these two creatures should be thus traced out.
..... The one
To end in madness—both in misery."

THERE has always been to my mind a something hallowed and mysterious—a strange shadowy hue which seems not of this world, cast over the period of the history of Europe, generally designated "the dark ages." The minds of the nations seemed then to have sunk beneath the terrible and undermining convulsions which they had undergone, (ere the barbarian banners were triumphantly unfurled, and waved over the conquests of the Hun, the Vandal, and the Goth,) into a long, dark, dismal night of heavy and restless slumber. Their greatest efforts, inconsiderable though always daring, resembled the misdirected starts of a troubled rest. Their in-

telligence seems to have been as a dream to themselves, and is ever so now to us. Yet then there was the soul of bold enterprise and watchful prowess; the mailed knight and lady fair—the castle, the warden, and the armed retainers—the sternest encounters relieved by the brightness of soft eyes, and the stoniest hearts refined and purified beneath the tender influence of woman's love. Then too there were the name of Petrarch and his Laura, the wild and flashing light of Ariosto's muse, and the shadowy, unearthly inspiration of the patriot poet Dante. All, and much more than all this, is circled in our eyes within a halo which shades to softer loveliness, while

it does not obscure, those days of old romance; elating the mind to a fond enthusiasm for its brighter, while it steepens it into a willing forgetfulness of its darker and more repugnant shapes.

I remember hearing, some years ago, in the neighbourhood of Pisa, a legend of those dark yet fondly recollected times. I tell it, because it is of them, and this must be its only merit.

Every one knows, or at least ought to know the wretched condition to which the city of Pisa was reduced about the end of the fifteenth century. Then it was that this little state almost fell a victim to the ambition, or causeless vengeance, of the Florentines; and but for a spark of high independence, her only and best inheritance of the great republic, which still lingered among the petty communities of Italy, together with a fixed and rooted hatred towards the invaders of her liberty, she would have been swept from her existence as a nation and a people.

Just on the eve of the breaking out of that concealed and bitter enmity which had long rankled in the bosoms of the two states, Florence and Pisa, before the wild invasion of Charles the Eighth of France upon the liberties of Naples had roused their animosity to its full and reckless strength, their inhabitants lived in a sort of society together, restrained and suspicious it is true, yet not without the traces of apparent friendship at least. Many Florentines were to be seen in the streets of Pisa, and some Pisans in the streets of Florence. Still the collisions, when they happened to come into collision, was far from friendly. Each scowled on the other, as if he would have given way at once to open enmity; but both were equally afraid to begin the attack. The heart's wish of the one was to have spit in the face of the other, and cried "villain;" but somehow or other there existed for several years a sort of courtesy and restraint on both sides, which prevented this generally taking place, though sometimes it did occur.

As always happens in cases of this kind, the fair sex were sure to catch up and perpetuate the spirit of their lords. Withered matrons and spinster ladies had their national "likes and dislikes," and along with these their feuds and bitter hostilities. In spite of all this, however, there were often little love affairs between the youth of the two cities, genial and fond, though at times burning into madness, the same as love has always appeared and now appears under the sun of Italy;

"Where fiercest passion riots unconfined,
And in its madness fires the softest mind."

About this time there lived in Pisa a rich Florentine merchant, by name Jacopo. He had retired many years from trade, living quietly and contentedly on his gains. Pisa had become his place of residence, not so much from choice as from the strong associations with which it was connected in his mind—reminiscences of his early love, which his business-life and business-habits had all been unable to efface. Pisa had been the birthplace of his wife, and the first scene of the first and fondest affection he had ever known. There too the curtain had dropped, and left him widowed in heart and life. It was to him therefore as the enchanter's palace of light and darkness, which he would gladly have avoided, but which he found it impossible to tear himself from. He clung to it, as the spirit of an injured maid is said, in the old legends, to linger round the scene of her ruin. Those who have had the links of earliest and consequently most powerful love snapped asunder ere well united, alone know the feelings which still through life attach themselves to the scene of its first raptures, even though its original brightness may afterwards have been dimmed by, becoming the scene of its bitterest desolation.

His wife died little more than a year after they had been united, leaving Jacopo a daughter. On this solitary pledge of his wedded love, all his attention had

been lavished, and no expense spared ; so that when Maddalena attained the age of womanhood, there was scarcely a more accomplished, and not a more beautiful and gentle maiden to be found in the whole of Pisa. She was the image of her mother in figure, mind, and temper ; and this had bound, if possible, more closely the ties of paternal affection. Jacopo, in the warmth of his love had never allowed her to leave his sight, or at least to be far from him. She was seldom to be met with in the public places, to which, in those days, the youth of her age so generally resorted. The lists, the dance, and the marriage-feast were seldom graced by her presence ; and even when she did make her appearance there, it was more as a spectator than a partaker in their gaieties ; for Jacopo, though he lived in that dissolute age, knew and dreaded the danger to which youth and beauty are exposed to in their communion with the world.

Under the protection and guidance of this fatherly solicitude, Maddalena had arrived at the age of seventeen, and her heart was still her own. Many of the richest nobles of Pisa had made proposals for her hand, which Jacopo had deemed it prudent to refuse. Nay, scarce was there a finger in all Pisa that could touch the lute, which was not, some night or other of the year, sweeping its chords beneath her latticed window. She used to smile as she heard the serenades to her own beauty, at times admiring the musician's skill, and sometimes blushing as she heard herself, in the same stanza, compared to the rose, the lily, and the morning star.

One night in December—it was a cold and silent night, and the moon was up, which steeped, as it were, the pure white marble of Pisa in her own still purer and whiter light—Maddalena sat alone in her panelled chamber, in anxious expectation of the return of her father, who had been absent for some hours. The moonlight, streaming through the casement at which she sat, fell full

and bright on the picture of an old crusader, giving a shadowy and unusual look to the countenance. This, together with the wild imagery of one of the Provençal ballads she had been reading, deeply embued her mind with a melancholy and tender feeling. She threw down the ballad—she gazed on the bold and rugged outlines of the warrior's face—she attempted again to read—she desisted—and her eyes were rivetted on the dark contour of the warrior's countenance, made more striking by the moonlight which rested upon it. Her mind could not settle. The hour and the scene altogether had wrought her up into that feverish feeling of romance which all young hearts have known, and they the most who have held least intercourse with the world.

While she continued in this state, half in pleasure, half in pain, the tones of a lute, in a slow and solemn Italian air, softly arose from below the casement at which she sat. At first the musician's fingers seemed scarcely to touch the chords. A single note was only now and then heard, like the distant murmur of a stream in the desert ; then it gradually rose, and rose, and swelled into deeper softness, till the music at length burst into all the voluptuousness of perfect melody. Love could not have fixed upon a better hour to insinuate himself into the most impenetrable heart. A maid alone and in moonlight, with her senses floating on the lovely sounds of music, and her heart steeped in romantic feeling, rather woos than shuns his approaches ; and we need scarcely inform our readers of either sex that so it was with Maddalena.—While the stranger sung in a clear and manly voice the words of a plaintive canzonetta, she drew back the casement, and half afraid, yet anxious to catch a glimpse of the musician, she leant herself timidly over it. The minstrel's eyes were fixed intently on the spot where she was ; and when he saw her gently open the lattice, the notes of his lute seemed to swell into greater rap-

ture, continuing on the air even after the musician had ceased. Maddalena could perceive, standing in a shadow of the moonlight, occasioned by a projecting part of the building, a young cavalier, wrapt in a loose cloak, and underneath it and across his breast one of those old fashioned lutes which we may see every day represented in the prints of the wandering Troubadours. The youth sighed, looked fondly, knelt, and talked of love. She spoke not, but she listened.

We write not for the stupid elf, squire, or dame, who has yet to be told that love needs but a beginning; or who cannot guess, till they have it staring them out of countenance in black and white, that Borgiano (for so the youth was called) and Maddalena were lovers before a week had past. It is time, however, to inform our readers that the youth was of Florentine extraction; that he had come to Pisa to avail himself of her schools, which had even then obtained great celebrity throughout Europe; and that he was in the middle of his studies when the incident which we have related took place.

Love, more perhaps in Italy than in any other country, has always had free liberty to run its own course. Plant it but in two bosoms, and they are sure, in spite of the keenest vigilance, to have their meetings, their sighs, and their oaths. Jacopo knew no more of what was going on between his daughter and Borgiano than the nightingale which sat and sang above the bower, the scene of their earliest and only interview. Women, if the truth must be told, were then the same as they are now; daughters, in love matters, cheated their gray-haired fathers, and wives not unfrequently their fatherly husbands.

Jacopo had been invited one evening to the house of the nobles, where several of the principal men of Pisa were assembled. Meali Lanfranchi, one of these, had paid court to the old gentleman, and completely cheated him out of his affection. A proposal was made

by him for the hand of Maddalena, which was readily enough agreed to by Jacopo, who saw no reason, nor did he rack his brain for any, why he should not unite himself in the person of his daughter with the first of the Pisan nobility. Meali was a branch of the Lanfranchi family, one of the oldest and most powerful in the state. He had lived but little in his native place, and having newly returned to it after a long absence, he was, of course, the theme of much and general observation. His faults were either altogether unknown, or glossed over in the novelty of his return; and whether it was that Jacopo was dazzled with his rank, or captivated by his address, it was agreed before they parted that an interview should take place on the following day. Lanfranchi, satisfied with the progress he had made, went exulting to his palace, and Jacopo, musing and chuckling all the way over the elevation which he fondly anticipated for his daughter. He found her in a thoughtful mood, and waiting his return.

Borgiano had that evening made a more open avowal of his love than he had hitherto done. He had sworn his plighted faith, and had entreated a return from her; but however pleasing the request might be, it had distressed Maddalena. It was true she loved him, yet she had scarcely ever dared to own it to herself. With the strange caprice of every maiden who loves for the first time, she had dwelt with fond delight on her affection, and every thing connected with it, when alone, and when it was seen only in the lights and shadows which fancy chose to bestow. Yet when her lover made the avowal, which she could not but expect, she was strangely disconcerted, and even depressed in spirits. In this state Jacopo found her on his arrival at home.

"Maddalena," he said, patting her at the same time under the chin, "what would you say, Maddalena, if you were now to become a wife?"

"A wife, father?"

"Aye, a wife, Maddalena; and a wife to the first noble in Pisa. What think you of that, my girl?"

"I think, father; I only think I would rather be your child than wife to the first noble in all the world."

"Well, well, Maddalena, your affection is not unreturned, and I like you not the worse for this coyness; 'tis your sex's best failing. But we shall talk more of it to-morrow, when your lover comes. And then, my girl, when he is here, there will be soft words and stolen glances. You will be gay as a lark in a May morning, and your lover—But good night, good night," he said, suddenly stopping when he saw that his daughter took little heed of the rhapsody he was pouring upon her ears; and imprinting a paternal kiss upon her cheek, which had flushed into a burning crimson when she heard him talk of the morrow and a lover, he left her to herself.

Next morning Lanfranchi, punctual to a moment, was at the house of his new friend Jacopo, who of course received him with the kindest welcome.—Maddalena stood with her arm leant upon the lattice, her eye turned to the broad expanse of field and vineyard, gradually lessening perspectively till they joined in with the blue towering Appenines in the distance: and, strange for a female in the immediate presence of an avowed lover to whom she had no heart to give, she looked all unconcern. But it was only the appearance of a command, and not a real mastery which she possessed over her feelings. And Lanfranchi, though a man of the world, and little accustomed to lay any restraint upon his inclinations, felt confused under the composed look and commanding beauty of Maddalena. She ventured to cast but one glance on her professed suitor. He was a man apparently about thirty years of age, with a keen grey eye, whose expression, though subdued at present, seemed rather of command than of entreaty, and suited well with the dark and oversha-

dowing mass of his eyebrows. A green silk doublet, bespangled with gold, hung down from his shoulder, and in his hand he bore a round cap of the same colour, which was ornamented with an eagle's feather.

When Jacopo, in order to give him an opportunity of declaring himself, had left the apartment, Lanfranchi changed immediately his former awkwardness and want of confidence for the manner and freedom of a man who had only to speak in order to be obeyed. Gazing on Maddalena with the licentious look of a professed libertine, he seized her by the hand, and poured forth a torrent of vows and protestations. The maid gave a sort of involuntary shudder, and started back, but Lanfranchi still pressing his suit, attempted to put his arm round her waist.

"Is this the manner, Sir, you repay my father's kindness, by insult to his daughter?" she said; and she accompanied these words with a look of offended dignity, which for a moment confused Lanfranchi, and ere he could recover from his surprise, she left the apartment.

Jacopo, as he entered the room, smiling, smirking, and looking sufficiently wise, found Lanfranchi standing as if a spell had hardened every limb of him to stone. But whatever the old man's thoughts were, he determined to remain silent on the subject till the other should inform him of what had passed. Lanfranchi, however, bade him adieu, without adverting even to the object of his visit, but not without many invitations from Jacopo to return on the morrow. The morrow came, and so did Lanfranchi; but Maddalena remained inflexible in never leaving her apartment as long as his visits lasted. She was convinced that her father would never force her into a marriage so much against her inclination. All this time (what will not love effect?) Borgiano and the maiden had their stolen interviews, and surely not the less delightful that they were stolen. Often, when all were at rest,

and the moon threw her faint light across their path, they wandered in the garden, which sloped beautifully down to the banks of the river. There day-break often found them, and that hour—the loveliest hour of all—when the sun rises from behind the Appenines, like a new-born spirit starting from the mountain tops, and his freshened beams rest on the glittering rocks of Carrara and the white marble buildings of Pisa, or float on the green waves of the far-rolling Tuscan sea—that hour was the least beloved by them, for it told of parting.

Matters were in this situation when the report of the invasion of Charles the Eighth of France, who had already entered the Italian frontier, spread consternation far and wide throughout the whole land. Some beheld in this wild and ambitious scheme, the foreboding clouds of that ruin and desolation which, a month or two afterwards, it spread over the fairest cities in Italy. Others, who with reason or from imagination looked upon their wretchedness as already beyond the possibility of being increased, turned to the Gallic invader as to a saving angel, and flocked to do him homage.

The gradual and ambitious encroachments made upon the territories of Pisa by the Florentines, had, previously to Charles's invasion, kindled into a flame those sparks of enmity which had so long lain smothered in the bosoms of the two states. Pisa had now taken the alarm, but as yet ventured upon no act of open hostility. She lay like a tigress in her den, determined to avoid any offensive measures on her part, but resolved to offer the firmest resistance to any assault upon her liberty. She knew that her ill-disciplined and worse organized army, formed but a feeble barrier against the regular condottiere of Florence. This consciousness of her own weakness, more, perhaps, than any other consideration, served to continue, so long, her sullen and unwilling forbearance.

To her inhabitants, in such a state of mind, Providence seemed to have interposed in directing Charles's march across the Alps. Scarcely, therefore, had he quitted Lucca on his way to this city, when its inhabitants gathered around him, pouring forth the most tumultuous expressions of their joy, and hailing him as the saviour of their country. The wavering and deceitful policy of this monarch, whose good deeds seldom went farther than the promise, was not wanting on the present occasion. He met the ardent solicitations of the Pisans, and gave them the assurance of his protection. This favourable reply raised them from the lowest despondency into the wildest exultation. Regarding it as their emancipation from slavery, they broke forth into the utmost excesses; every badge which distinguished the Florentines throughout the city was demolished: and it might well be said, that the matin bell of liberty to the one state pealed a death note on the ear of the other.

Jacopo was within the sphere of this persecution, but on account of his age, and the influence he possessed with many of the nobles, he was allowed two days to deliberate whether he should leave the city unmolested, or brave the fury of the populace, by remaining within its walls. Lanfranchi had all along continued his suit to Maddalena, with as little success as he had at first commenced it; though his addresses had assumed a more determined tone, and he demanded her union with him, more as if he were condescending on his part than she granting a favour on hers.

On the night after Charles had made his entrance into Pisa, Lanfranchi came to the house of Jacopo. He was dressed out as a reveller, and indeed from his eye and gait, it was evident he had lately risen from a company of Bacchanals. The old man, attended by his daughter, sat in an apartment the farthest from the street, (for not a Florentine dared to be seen,) whose dark

hangings and sombre tapestry gave a melancholy hue to the faces of its inmates, and contrasted strangely with the gay colours of Lanfranchi's dress. As the old man rose to receive him, his guest seemed to cast upon them both the eye of a serpent, which already has its prey within its power;—pityless, remorseless, determined,—his look was like that of one, whose word carried life or death. Jacopo seemed almost to tremble under his scowl, and the heart of Maddalena almost leapt from its seat as her eye met his.

"Cheer up, good father," said Lanfranchi in a merry tone—Nay, look not so dull, man, ne'er a dog in all Pisa dares to bite when I say hold; and the boldest hand in the city shall not touch a single hair of that white head of thine, if I say no."

The old man remained silent.

"Rouse thee, man, or I shall think thee coward if thou quakest so. As father of my bride, I pledge my word you shall be safe were you ten Florentines, aye, by the holy virgin, were you ten thousand Florentines."

At this last sentence, the tears burst forth from Maddalena's eyes.

"What! weeping and groans on a bridal eve? throw them away, my pretty ladybird, we shall have no clouds over our honeymoon:" continued Lanfranchi in the same tone—and advancing to where Maddalena was sitting, he attempted to put his arm round her neck, but she repelled him—"Desist, sir; for though you were hateful to me in your prosperity, you are doubly so in our distress."

Lanfranchi burst into a scornful laugh—"How pretty the fair thing looks in a passion; by my faith she might enact tragedy."

Jacopo's blood was fired within him, at this last insult.

"Villain!" cried the old man,—
"dost thou think to trample upon us in our misery; and triumph over us in our misfortunes? She shall never be yours."

"Villain—ha,—villain; I think that

was the word you used. Why you miserable dotard—villain, forsooth—a gentleman can't make love to your daughter, and tell her how beautiful she is, but you must call him—villain! Hark you, old man, you have been drinking freely, and I pardon you; besides, there's not a Florentine now in the city that does not hate us Pisana. I tell you plainly, your daughter shall be mine to-morrow!"

"Never! never!" exclaimed Maddalena.

"Hush! peace! my pretty prattler. By to-morrow's night she shall be mine, old man, or death may chance to you, and worse perhaps to her."

"Holy virgin!" said Maddalena, kneeling before a small image of the Madona, "shield his gray hairs—save, oh save my father; let not him die for the misfortune of his daughter."

"A pretty enough orison, and prettily told," said Lanfranchi, scornfully; "but even that will scarcely save you."

Maddalena still knelt; her hands were clasped over her face, down which her tears fell heavy and fast.

Lanfranchi looked upon her more with the eye of wild licentious appetite than of love; more of keen-searching mockery than of pity.

"Pray on," he said, "aye, pray loud, and well too; it may be the last prayer your father can partake in."

"Have you no pity?" exclaimed Maddalena, seizing at the same time, with both hands, the corner of his doublet; "Spare him—stain not your hands with his blood.—I am your victim, slay but me, heaven will pardon you the murder."

"That may be all in good time, thou prattler," Lanfranchi replied, in a deep calm tone of voice; and tearing his doublet from her hands, he left the house.

When he was gone, the father and the daughter remained silent. The old man's thoughts of himself and his own safety were drowned in one resistless and pervading feeling of horror for the

wretch who had just left them. He thought but of the villain that interview had disclosed ; to whom, but a day before, he would have given his daughter in preference to any other. Maddalena's emotions were not so easily concentrated in one point. The man whom she had always before regarded with indifference ; as one whom, as she could not love, she could easily cast off ; now appeared to her in all the colours of a demon, crying aloud for her father's blood and her destruction. But wretched and pitiable as was her present condition, she attempted to comfort her father, who had sunk upon his knees in a state of terrible bewilderment. The old man rose as she addressed him ; he had no heart to speak. His dim eye, on which a tear swam, like a cloud of vapour hanging over a dying light, the last of a deserted hall, told more than his tongue could utter. " Good night, Maddalena, good night, and heaven be your protector ;" said Jacopo as he embraced his daughter. " God have mercy," answered Maddalena, as he left the apartment.

When the maiden was left alone, and her mind was distracted between the thoughts which tempestured within her breast ; then, indeed, she felt the anguish of a horror-haunted spirit.— When she thought of her approaching doom, and her own miserable situation, she fancied the cup of her grief was full. But when she recurred to Borgiano, and thought of their love and their misfortunes, her spirit died within her. Then she reverted to the horrors threatened to her by Lanfranchi, and an icy coldness crept around her heart, like one who stands on the outermost verge of a tottering precipice, chained to the spot without the power of escaping. And was there really no way of saving themselves ? she thought, and at last resolved to go to the house of a Pisan lady, at a short distance, and consult with her on the likeliest means of escape.

She seated herself at the latticed window ; her eyes rested, but all un-

conscious of its beauties, on the splendid night scene which lay stretched before her. The moon shone over the vine rows, the palaces, and hanging tower of Pisa, resting on the calm, clear wave which almost slumbered on the shore close by ; for the sea had not then, as it has now, like a capricious mistress, abandoned this delightful city ; while the nightingale, seated on top branch of an olive tree, seemed to " tune its sad heart to music." But these had no pleasure for Maddalena's mind. Her mind rolled unobserving over the beauties of the one, and her ear was not attuned to the melody of the other. She had remained in this situation but a short time, when the figure of a man appeared below the window at which she sat. It was Borgiano. He beckoned her to speak ; but ere she could undo the casement, he had fled, and immediately a crowd of Pisans ran shouting up the same path he had taken. When the confusion was past, and all was again silent, Maddalena, wrapping herself in one of those long folding mantles, so common a part of the ladies' dress in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, glided with light and anxious steps along the gallery leading from her apartment into the street. Even in that hour of darkness, (for it was already far past midnight,) the ways were crowded with groups of Pisans, and resounded with the burst of their boisterous revelry. With trembling step and fearful heart, she hurried past the assemblages of riotous nobility and drunken rabble, which in every corner stopped her passage ; and, luckily no one attempted to interrupt her, till she arrived in safety at the top of the avenue, from which she had a view of Lanfranchi's palace. She raised the hood and veil which hid her face, retiring at the same time beneath a portico at one corner of the street. While she stood here, looking down upon the palace below, which shone with a thousand coloured lights, and from which she heard the sounds of Wassail, and the full loud notes of mu-

sic, an individual in a loose riding cloak, with a mask over his face, approached her. Maddalena drew forward her veil, but the stranger had already recognised her. "You are a Florentine, and daughter of the rich Jacopo;" he said, in a low voice.

"May I ask," replied Maddalena, "who the stranger is that takes an interest in my fate?"—as she spoke, she again walked on.

"Stay!" said the other, seizing her by the arm; "are you mad thus to run heedless to your own destruction? Fly! another hour in this city! the death hounds are abroad; and woe to every Florentine that shall then be found in Pisa. These are not the words of a man who has any interest in you or in any one more than common humanity." The maid knew not what to say, or what course to follow. She had no reason to distrust the stranger; yet at that moment she was little inclined to place confidence in any one. While she remained in this uncertainty, several individuals, clad in bright armour, issued from the palace, and entered the avenue, at the top of which Maddalena and the stranger stood.

"Haste with me, maiden," he said anxiously, "or all is lost."

She remained mute and motionless; she had not the power to move. This last adventure had completely worn out her already exhausted spirits. In the mean time the stranger raised her up in his arms, and hastened with her down a narrow passage, leading from that part of the city to its suburbs. They had scarcely entered it, when the voices of those they had already seen, were heard distinctly as they passed along the avenue.

"Now for the old Florentine Jacopo!" said one.

"Take him," said another, "flesh, blood, bones, and all: give me his coffer, my staunch hearts, and you may hack, and hew, and divide his anatomy amongst you."

"Coffer!" interrupted a third,

"curse the old dotard and his gold; give me but—"

"What?" said a gruff voice.

"The sweet little jewel that decks his casket."

"A mere lapidary; shut his mouth!" said, or rather bellowed the same rough voice, and a hoarse laugh ran through the whole party.

"Aye, laugh on," said the other, "but this bright jewel shall be mine; this lady rose-bud; this daughter of the Florentine."

"Bah;" said he of the gruff voice, "the girl shall be mine; I've sworn it on my sword: and whoso makes me break my oath, must break its blade too."

The sound of their voices gradually dying away as they passed on, their conversation was no longer audible. The stranger, in the meantime, hurried on with Maddalena, sometimes supporting her in his arms, at other times assisting her as she walked almost unconsciously along the path he conducted her. At length they reached an old massy ruin, the solitary remnant of a former age, where were already assembled a crowd of Florentines. Amongst them there were several females, many with their clothes loosely thrown about them, some bearing in their arms half naked children, and all of them in tears. When Maddalena and her conductor arrived, they were just upon the point of setting forth upon their journey. She was mounted on a quiet pony, along side of which the stranger rode; leading it by the reins, and at the same time assisting the maiden to retain her seat. With several other ladies, apparently of distinction, she was placed in the troop of armed horsemen; all the time unconscious of where she was, or of the part she was acting. Thus prepared, the party rode on at a sharp pace in the direction of Florence.

They chose, for greater security, a lonely and sequestered road along the banks of the river Arno. The rapid motion with which she was hurried

forward, somewhat brought Maddalena to herself. "My father! where is my father?" were the first words she uttered.

"Fear not, he is safe," said the person who conducted her. There was no time for farther conversation on either side, for as they turned up a road which led round a little bend formed by the river, they were met by a party of armed Pisans. "Pisans!" ran in whispers round the whole of the one party. "Arm, arm my brave hearts!" shouted the other. In a moment or two all was in an uproar—the men on either side attacked, and were attacked, while the clash of their arms was mingled with the screams of the women.

The stroke of a halbert, aimed at her conductor, slightly grazed the shoulder of Maddalena; and slight as the blow was, it was sufficient in her enfeebled state to fell her to the ground. This encounter ended as encounters generally did at that time, especially in Italy, where more blows were given than blood spilt, and more booty taken than lives lost. In the present instance, as each Pisan struck his adversary to the ground, he took from him what most pleased his fancy, and then galloped off, leaving his companions to provide for themselves. Maddalena became the prize of one of these, not, however, before her conductor, who persisted in defending her, was fell to the earth by a mortal wound. In falling, the mask dropped from his face, and revealed to Maddalena the features of a faithful domestic, who had lived in her father's family several years before. She was hurried again towards the city with even more rapidity than she had left it. When again within its walls, she was led to one of the prisons, where many Florentines had that night been shut up. As they passed along the damp gallery, a dismal groan arose from the floor of the passage which conducted to her cell. The light of a torch, which was carried by one of the attendants, discovered the body of a man apparently in the writhings of death, stretched

across her path. As she passed him, the dying man took firm hold of Maddalena's foot with his hand. The others attempted to disengage his gripe, but it was clenched in a death grasp. Maddalena still possessed her senses enough to be able to discover the mangled form of the expiring wretch who held her to the spot, and to see the dark clotted blood in which he weltered. At the sight she staggered where she stood, and uttering one of those wild hysteric screams, which any one who has once heard a woman utter can never forget, she fell senseless to the ground. A Pisan of the party severed the hand and arm from the body; for a while it still clung to her foot, as the others carried her within the cell; where, laying her on a stone bench which ran along the wall, they left her in a death-like stupor, to live or die.

Charles the Eighth, though fond in the extreme of all the pomp and display of chivalry, possessed few of the milder and more refined shades of character, which, in its early existence, distinguished that splendid institution. A species of absurd vanity often drowned in him even the common feelings, which are seldom altogether extinguished in any breast, imparting to some parts of his character a dismal hue of tyranny and oppression, while it stamped others with an appearance of weakness and imbecility. In spite of all this, he was not devoid, when freed from this his worst and greatest failing, of the seeds of a more elevated mind, which, had it never felt the contagion of despotic royalty and its power, might have ripened into better fruit than it ever bore in him. His best virtue was, perhaps, a strong commiseration for the miseries of which his ambition was the cause, and a consequent desire of repairing them.

A feeling of this sort came over him when he was informed of the outrages committed on the Florentines; and next morning, forgetting the pleasures to which he was naturally so prone, he rode through the streets of Pisa, attend-

ed by a party of armed knights, commanding the prisoners to be immediately released. Among the number of miserable prisons which the monarch visited in person, was the one into which Maddalena had been thrown the evening before. Accompanied by two knights of his retinue, he entered the cell where she sat, or rather lay, on the stone bench which was formed out of the body of the wall. The lower part of her garment was soaked in blood, her face was as pale as ashes, and her eyes being closed, it seemed as if she was in sound untroubled sleep.

"A pretty chaffinch this," whispered one of his attendants in the ear of the king; "is't not a shame to see so pretty a bird in so rascally a cage?"

"By my knighthood, 'tis," replied the monarch in an equally low tone of voice.

"Methinks these white lips," replied the other, "would grow redder beneath a kiss—shall I taste them out of courtesy to your majesty?"

"Out upon thee for a recreant knight!—can I not taste them, think ye, myself?"

As he spoke, the monarch leaning forward imprinted a kiss on Maddalena's cheek. She started up, and looked wildly round her—her large blue eyes were dim, but even then not without expression.

"Ha! there's blood upon thee!" the poor girl exclaimed; "see—there, you have murdered Jacopo—go wash thyself—thou hast too gay a look!"

The monarch spoke some words of comfort to her, taking her at the same time by the hand.

"Let me see thee," said Maddalena, in a hollow disconnected voice, and looking closely into his face. "I'faith, a sprightly executioner to kill an old man and then his daughter. There's an old song—but I've forgot it now: I used to sing it long ago, and Borgiano liked it—no, no, I don't mean Borgiano—Jacopo liked it; but—they're all dead! all dead!"

"With crimson drops his grey hairs dripp'd,
For they murdered the good old man!
The knights they danced, the ladies tripp'd,
As they murdered the poor old man!
Then sadly sing, heigh ho! sweetheart!
They've murdered the poor old man."

"A sad song for so lovely a songstress!" said one of the attendants to the monarch.

"Some love-go-mad girl," said the other, "some Florent—"

"Hush!" interrupted the king, "this is no subject for ribald mirth."

"Mirth!" said the broken-spirited girl, casting her body at the same time into a sort of capricious bend, and smiling; "mirth, my love-a-lady—aye, there shall be mirth, and laughter, and smiles, when this poor heart shall have broken utterly. We shall sing, and be happy, and free from care, when all of us meet again, Jacopo, Borgiano, and I. Nay, look not so dull—your bride is not dead. Hark! there she sings, light o' heart—she is beckoning you.—Go!"

Less, probably, than those of any other man of his day, had Charles's feelings been exposed to the appeals of human misery. The pitiable condition of this wretched girl roused his deepest commiseration; and "albeit unused to the melting mood," he turned away from the melancholy spectacle, and fairly wept.

"Nay, weep not for me," she said in a more connected tone than she had hitherto used; "all, all are gone who loved me, or whom I loved—and I must weep when I would often sing."

She spoke in such a note of settled sorrow, and such a look of placid composure still seemed to float over her destitution, that the monarch could not command his feelings enough to speak. While he stood thus mute and pitying, his eyes intently fixed on the still beautiful face and form of the unfortunate maniac, Jacopo rushed into the apartment. He ran to his daughter, but she started wildly back from his embrace.

"Do you not know your father?" said the old man; "I am your father

—speak to me Maddalena!"—"You! you cannot be my father," exclaimed the girl, "his hair was as white as now, and yours is red with blood! look how the blood drips from it—my old father's blood and Borgiano's."

"My child! my child!" the old man cried in an agony of heart.

"This is indeed too much for him to bear!" said the monarch, supporting at the same time Jacopo, whose inward feeling had completely overpowered his strength. Maddalena came up to him as he lay fainting in the arms of the king.

"Sad heart, he has lost his father too; perhaps they have murdered his lady-love, as they did my Borgiano. We shall weep together over our misfortunes; aye, and sing to ease our hearts."

By the order of the monarch, the still insensible Jacopo was borne out of the apartment. From this state of lethargy he never totally recovered, lingering on in the same miserable condition for several days till at length he expired. Once only, immediately before his death, when his soul, as it were, found a resting place between light and darkness, he recovered for a moment to a sense of his afflictions. In this brief period, he had called frequently on the name of his daughter, and accused Lanfranchi as the murderer of himself and her.

Charles himself assisted in conveying Maddalena from her dungeon; and, save that her cheek was pale, and her eye was at one time moveless, and at another rolled wildly, she was still as beautiful as ever. A weeping fit, which had succeeded in the capriciousness of her mind's disorder, the wilder ebullitions of the moment before, had tamed her look into that state of meaningless quiescence, the most distressful condition in which any one can witness a fellow creature, especially as it was in the present instance, in the case of a beautiful young woman.

As they were slowly conducting her

along, they were met at the prison-door by Borgiano, who having been freed along with the other Florentines, took the earliest opportunity of enquiring after the fate of Maddalena.

We shall not attempt to describe their meeting. Even he was unrecognized. All may imagine, though none can adequately describe the utter loneliness of heart, the agony and the despair which fell upon Borgiano, as he saw his fondest hopes blighted; and when he beheld the face upon which in happier hours he had delighted to gaze, now causelessly brightening into a smile, and now clouded with a tear, giving him the maddening assurance that her mind was gone for ever.

In the retirement to which she was conducted, her frenzy gradually subsided from its first turbulence, and at times she had even a dim recollection of the miseries which had befallen her. But these intervals were always brief, and she again, after a few minutes' apparent coherence, relapsed into the dull sombre melancholy, which ever marks the victims of her distemper. Borgiano, though he strove, when she was gay, to assume in her presence a gaiety which his heart knew not, was in secret tormented with a thousand passions. Pity, and love, and sorrow at times melted his very heart within him; at others, a sort of undirected rage swept away every softer feeling: till at length his whole soul settled in a burning and wreckless desire of vengeance, and Lanfranchi was its object. He had been present when Jacopo had uttered his last words. They had sunk deep into his heart at the time, and weighed heavily on his recollection now. Till at last he waited only for a fitting opportunity to hurl destruction on the head of a wretch whom the lips of a dying man had cursed.

As he walked one evening moody and melancholy along a quiet and retired quarter of the *Lang' darno*, he met with the object of his hate; swords were mutually drawn; and however

Lanfranchi might have the advantage of his adversary in skill, Borgiano pressed upon him so furiously, that he rushed within his guard, and stabbed him to the heart. The weapon broke as the dying man staggered to the ground; and sheathing the remainder of his sword, the Florentine retired hastily from the spot. A crowd was speedily gathered to the scene. At first the name of Lanfranchi was on the lips of every one; but when Florence was decyphered in the faint light on the fragment of the weapon, which some one had extracted, still reeking and warm with blood, the sorrow of the people burst forth into tumultuous rage. "Some accursed Florentine!" passed from man to man.—"Down with the Florentine curs!" was next their cry; and when their minds were more settled, and they knew their own object, a search was commenced in the house of every Florentine family within the city. Borgiano, with that infatuation which seems ever to haunt men when engaged in the most desperate enterprises, had carried home with him the handle of the blade. It was stained with blood—the fragment corresponded with it exactly. These were damning proofs of guilt to the minds of the outrageous populace, to whom even more superficial evidence would have sufficed to convict any Florentine in their present ebullition of fury. They hurried him before judges who were not less prejudiced against him than his accusers; and as in those days proceedings against a criminal were brief in proportion as they were unjust;—his trial was concluded ere it was well begun. Death by the wheel was the sentence.

Maddalena, even in her lowliness and retirement, could distinguish the name of Borgiano uttered in curses from Pisan tongues from every corner of the city. Roused by this into a state of excitement, restless, yet without an object, she escaped into the street; her dress in careless disarray, her hair untied, and her eye fixed in the wildness of

unsettled thought. She wandered on through the people, an object of pity to some, of derision to others. She came, whether by instinct or chance, to the very spot where the whole circumstance of death was going on. Already had Borgiano's slow and terrible death been begun. He had endured the agonies of their most refined torture without gratifying their cruelty by uttering a single groan; and even the executioners, in spite of their hatred to his race, began almost to pity him, when they beheld one so young surrendering his life without a murmur.

Maddalena saw and recognised Borgiano as his limbs were writhing on the wheel. She rushed into the middle of the crowd—most of whom made way for her, as if unconsciously; others she tore aside, till she stood on the very spot where Borgiano was expiring on the rack; his eyes were then almost closed for ever—another turn of the wheel, and life was fled. Had Maddalena really recognised in him the companion of her moonlight wandering, the gentle wooer, whom even in her madness her soul had ceaselessly clung to?—For a while she stood motionless, as if gazing on the terrific sight before her, then fell to the ground stiff and moveless. Her heart had leapt for ever from its seat; and there she lay a cold and lifeless corpse, within a foot or two of Borgiano's mangled remains.

They were buried in the same grave by the kindness, or it may have been, by the derision of the Pisans. It was immediately under the hanging tower; and upon it some friend had placed a slab of polished marble, upon which the words "Borgiano and Maddalena" were engraved. At the beginning of the last century it was still to be seen, though the ground had then gradually risen around it, and it was in some degree hid beneath a profusion of luxuriant wild flowers. Now it is completely lost to the sight, and no record remains to tell of their ill-fated love.



RIP VAN WINKLE.

An American Legend.

" By Woden, god of Saxons,
From whence comes Wensday, that is Wodensday,
Truth is a thing that ever I will keep
Unto thylke day in which I creep into
My sepulchre."

CARTWRIGHT.

The following tale is extracted from that admirable Collection of desultory papers "The Sketch Book," by Geoffrey Crayon—and appears to have been suggested to the author by a little German superstition concerning the Emperor Frederick *der Rothbart*, and the Kyffhäuser Mountain, which has been already incorporated in our Volume (Vide Peter Klaus, page 31), where we have observed that the whole of the Legends on this subject appear to have their origin from that of the "*Seven Sleepers*;"—only disfigured by the lapse of ages and by the introduction of other superstitions.

Mr. Knickerbocker (among whose papers the tale of Rip Van Winkle was found) appears, however, to disclaim the idea of his having attempted a second hand version—and the subjoined note which he appended to the tale shews that it is an *absolute fact* narrated with his usual fidelity and ability.

"The story of Rip Van Winkle may seem incredible to many, but nevertheless I give it my full belief, for I know the vicinity of our old Dutch settlements to have been very subject to marvellous events and appearances. Indeed, I have heard many stranger stories than this, in the villages along the Hudson; all of which were too well authenticated to admit of a doubt. I have even talked with Rip Van Winkle myself, who, when last I saw him, was a very venerable old man, and so perfectly rational and consistent on every other point, that I think no conscientious person could refuse to take this into the bargain; nay, I have seen a certificate on the subject taken before a country justice, and signed with a cross, in the justice's own hand writing. The story, therefore, is beyond the possibility of doubt."

We now present our readers with the story itself, and leave them to judge of its *authenticity*.

WHOEVER has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Kaatskill mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed every hour of the day produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains, and they are regarded by all the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of grey vapours about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

At the foot of these fairy mountains, the voyager may have descried a light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists, in the early times of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant, (may he rest in peace!) and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of some yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gable fronts, sur-

mounted with ancient weathercocks. —In that same village, and in one of these very houses, (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten), there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles, who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christiana. He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors. I have observed that he was a simple, good-natured man; he was, moreover, a kind neighbour, and an obedient henpecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity; for these men are more apt to be obsequious and conciliating abroad, who are under the discipline of shrews at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation, and a curtain lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long suffering. A termagant wife may therefore, in some degree, be considered a tolerable blessing; and if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.

Certain it is, that he was a great favourite among all the good wives of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles; and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in their even-

ing gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their play-things, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them, hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the whole neighbourhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labour. It could not be from want of assiduity or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbour even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn, or building stone fences; the women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them.—In a word, Rip was ready to attend to any body's business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm; it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country; every thing about it went wrong, in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cows would either go astray, or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than any where, else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some

out-door work to do; so that though his patrimonial estate had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst conditioned farm in the neighbourhood.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody.—His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off galligaskins, which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled disposition, who takes the world easy, eat white bread or brown, which ever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Morning, noon, and night, her tongue was incessantly going, and every thing he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife; so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house—the only side which, in truth, belongs to a henpecked husband.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much henpecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honourable

dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods—but what courage can withstand the ever-during and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house, his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground, or curled between his legs, he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle, he would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony rolled on; a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edge tool that grows keener with constant use. For a long while he used to condole himself, when driven from home by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village; which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of His Majesty George the Third. Here they used to sit in the shade of a long lazy summer's day, talk listlessly over village gossip, or tell endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions that sometimes took place, when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands from some passing traveller. How solemnly they would listen to the contents, as drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, a dapper learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place.

The opinions of the junto were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village, and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun; and keep in the shade of a large tree; so that the neighbours could tell the

hour by his movements as accurately as by a sun dial. It is true, he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however, (for every great man has his adherents,) perfectly understood him, and knew how to gather his opinions.—When any thing that was read or related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently, and send forth short, frequent, and angry puffs; but when pleased, he would inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly, and emit it in light and placid clouds, and sometimes taking the pipe from his mouth, and letting the fragrant vapour curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation.

From even this strong hold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage and call the members all to naught; nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible virago, who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair; and his only alternative, to escape from the labour of the farm and the clamour of his wife, was to take gun in hand, and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathised as a fellow sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf!" he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad, whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!" Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

In a long ramble of the kind on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill mountains. He was after his favourite sport of squirrel shooting,

ill solitudes had echoed and with the reports of his gun. And fatigued, he threw himself, afternoon, on a green knoll, with mountain herbage, that he brow of a precipice. From between the trees he could ill the lower country for many rich woodland. He saw at a ie lordly Hudson, far, far be- moving on its silent but mæ- se, with the reflection of a ud, or the sail of a lagging e and there sleeping on its id at last losing itself in the ands.

other side he looked down in- mountain glen, wild, lonely, ed, the bottom filled with from the impending cliffs, ely lighted by the reflected setting sun. For some time xing on the scene; evening lly advancing; the mountains row their long blue shadows alleys; he saw that it would ig before he could reach the d he heaved a heavy sigh hought of encountering the Dame Van Winkle.

as about to descend, he heard om a distance, hallooing,— Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" around, but could see nothing w winging its solitary flight mountain. He thought his have deceived him and turn- descend, when he heard the ing through the still evening Van Winkle! Rip Van Win- the same time Wolf bristled t, and giving a low growl,

his master's side, looking wn into the glen. Rip now of vague apprehension steal- m; he looked anxiously in direction, and perceived a ure slowly toiling up the bending under the weight of he carried on his back. He ed to see any human being ely and unfrequented place,

but supposing it to be some one of the neighbourhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stran- ger's appearance. He was a short square- built old fellow, with thick bushy hair, and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion—a cloth jer- kin strapped round the waist—several pair of breeches the outer one of am- ple volume, decorated with rows of but- tons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulder a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though ra- ther shy and distrustful of his new ac- quaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity, and mutually relieving each other, they clambered up a narrow gul- ly, apparently the dry bed of a moun- tain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long rolling peals, like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft between lofty rocks, towards which their rugged path conducted. He paus- ed for an instant, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder showers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheatre, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time Rip and his companion had laboured on in silence; for though the former marvelled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensi- ble about the unknown, that inspired awe, and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheatre, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the centre was a com- pany of odd looking personages playing at nine-pins. They were dressed in a

quaint outlandish fashion; some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches, of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar: one had a large head, broad face, and small piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugarloaf hat, set off with a little red cockstail. They all had beards of various shapes and colours. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high heeled shoes, with roses in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting, in the parlour of Dominie Van Schaick, the village parson, which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip, was, that though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene, but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such fixed statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lack-lustre countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling: they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees, Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the ~~me~~, which he found had much the

flavour of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another, and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often, that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

On waking, he found himself on the green knoll from whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with a keg of liquor—the mountain ravine—the wild retreat among the rocks—the wo-begone party at nine-pins—the flagon—"Oh! that flagon, that wicked flagon!" thought Rip—"what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel encrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roysters of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun.—Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him, and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol, and if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip, "and if this frolick should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame

Van Winkle." With seeming difficulty he got down into the glen: he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening, but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witch hazel, and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grape vines that twisted their coils and tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of net-work in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheatre; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice; and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? the morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun, he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and, with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and

whenever they cast their eyes upon him, they invariably stroked their chins.—The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip, involuntarily to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long.

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered: it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors—strange faces at the windows—every thing was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but the day before. There stood the Kaatskill mountains—there ran the silver Hudson at a distance—there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been—Rip was sorely perplexed—"That flagon last night," thought he, "has addled my poor head sadly!"

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay—the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog that looked like Wolf was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed—"My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me!"

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. This desolateness overcame all his conjugal fears—he called loudly for his wife and children—the lonely cham-

bers rung for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn—but it was gone. A large rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doo-little." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red night cap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes—all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognised on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceable pipe; but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a sceptre, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, "General Washington."

There was, as usual, a crowd of folks about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco smoke instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens—elections—members of congress—liberty—Bunker's hill—heroes of seventy-six—and other words, that were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece,

his uncouth dress, and the army of women and children that had gathered at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eyeing him from head to foot, with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and drawing him partly aside, inquired "on which side he voted?" Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, "whether Federal or Democrat." Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes, and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded, in an austere tone, "what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?"—"Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the king, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders—"A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!" and it was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit, what he came there for, and whom he was seeking. The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbours, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well—who are they?—name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and then inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was a silence for a little while,

Then an old man replied, in a thin piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder? why he is dead and gone these thirteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotted and gone too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed in the storming of Stoney-Point—others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Antony's Nose.—I don't know—he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the school-master?"

"He went off to the wars too, was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away, at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand:—war—congress—Stoney-Point;—he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three, "Oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself, as he went up the mountain: apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name?

"God knows," exclaimed he, at his wit's end: "I'm not myself—I'm somebody else—that's me yonder—no—that's somebody else, got into my shoes—I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountains, and they've changed my gun, and every thing's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't

tell what's my name, or where I am!"—

The bystanders now began to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief, at the very suggestion of which the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the grey-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush, you little fool, the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind.—"What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, his name was Rip Van Winkle; it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since—his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice:

"Where's your mother?"

Oh, she too had died but a short time since; she broke a blood vessel in a fit of passion at a New-England pedlar.

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms.—"Young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now!—Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment exclaimed, "Sure enough! it is Rip

Van Winkle—it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbour—Why, where have you been these twenty long years?”

Rip's story was soon told, for the twenty years had been but as one night. The neighbours stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks; and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth, and shook his head—upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighbourhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed from his ancestor the historian, that the Kaatskill mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. That it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years, with the crew of the Half-moon, being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river, and the great city called by his name. That his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at nine pins in a hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls, like distant peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her; she had a snug, well-furnished house, and a cheery farmer

for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm; but evinced an hereditary disposition to attend to any thing else but his business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time; and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favour.

Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can do nothing with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench at the inn door, and was revered as one of the patriarchs of the village, and a chronicle of the old times “before the war.” It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip, or could be made to comprehend the strange events which had taken place during his torpor. How had there been a revolutionary war—that the country had thrown off the yoke of England—and that, instead of being a subject of His Majesty George the Third, he was now a free citizen of the United States. Rip, in fact, was no politician; the changes of states and empires made but little impression on him; but there was one species of despotism under which he had long groaned, and that was—petticoat government. Happily, that was at an end; he had got his neck out of the yoke of matrimony, and could go in and out whenever he pleased, without dreading the tyranny of Dame Winkle. Whenever her name was mentioned, he shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes; which might pass either for an expression of resignation to his fate, or joy at his deliverance.

He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was observed, at first, to vary on some points every time he told

LEGENDS OF TERROR.

ch was, doubtless, owing to his so recently awaked. It at last dawned precisely to the tale I have, and not a man, woman, or in the neighbourhood, but knew the heart. Some always pretended to the reality of it, and insisted that it had been out of his head, and that was one point on which he always differed. The old Dutch inhabitant, however, almost universally

gave it full credit. Even to this day, they never hear a thunder storm, of a summer afternoon about the Kaatskill, but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of nine pins, and it is a common wish of all henpecked husbands in the neighbourhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.

THE NORWEGIAN ROVERS;

OR,

THE CURSE OF THE ISLAND SEER!

A Romance of the North.

Down the great wind sweeps from the hills,
With mighty rushings; and the gale
The forest's gloomy chamber fills
With sighings; and o'er hill and dale
Spreads its rough violence, and sings
With midnight howlings, and of midnight things.

Hot as desire is the breath
Of night—the distant lightning flash
Tells of a storm, and down beneath
The shore the rising billows dash—
On speeds the curlew to her rest,
The raven's gone, the bittern to her nest.

Voices are on the gale; ere now
A shout comes breaking thro' the roar
Of winds and waves—a vessel's prow
Comes sweeping—bursts upon the shore;
Her boat is manned, and stems the tide;
They land, and follow up their lightning guide.

Up Heldgeland's beach their steps are led,
Their steel is glitt'ring in the blue
The lightning beams—their noiseless tread
Ascends the cliff—the Rover crew
Range round the fishers' cottages,
Like tigers lurking for their prey are these.

The storm hath pass'd, the waves are still,
The clouds are hanging high above,
The gale sighs softly down the hill,
The nightingale calls to her love;
'Tis midnight yet, and lock'd in sleep
Man dreams of joy, and ceases now to weep.

LEGENDS OF FERRON.

A pistol flash!—a shriek!—again!
Bursts from the cottages—thick light
And flames ascend—upon the main,
It gleaming lies—the heavy night
Is red with fire, and hill and dale
Echo the misery of woe and wail!

Young mothers kneel, babes—children—cry,
And cling about their murderers' knees;
Stern ancient men before them die,
As vessels fade on foaming seas:
Brothers, and sons, and fathers go,
Torn by the Rovers from their homes in woe.

Who is it dares to curse—to tell
Strong men like these, with fire and steel
Of conquerors, of pain and spell?
The Island Seer; he now doth kneel.
Firm is his eye—his voice is strong—
The curse floats rioting the gale along.

“The curse of God, of man, and hell,
Shiver the sinews of your might;
Eternal winds around ye dwell,
Eternal billows drench their spite,
And whirl ye on the ocean's breast,
Nor give the murderers one hour of rest!

“Dreams of the murder'd haunt your sleep,
Spells of the murder'd blast your deeds,
Terror and misery o'er ye creep,
And strike the wound that ever bleeds;
Hunger and thirst, all racking pains,
Torture your soul, and rot your evil brains!

“Vessels shall shun your aching eyes,
As from a plague they all shall flee;
Men shall abhor, shall hate, despise,
And curse the Rovers of the Sea;
And woman's love for ye is cold,
Your tainted hearts shall ne'er with her's enfold!

“Go!—but when night returns again,
Ye shall be on this wasted spot,
Nor shall ye quit the briny main
Till life itself shall be forgot;—
This shall be yours—thus blood atone,
Till ye be left of men in grief alone!”

The shout of mockery they raise,
A trigger's loos'd—a bullet flies;
The Seer one moment views the blaze,
The next a lifeless corpse he lies;
—they shout, “Old dotard first
which of us are the most accursed!”

The vessel presses on the deep,
Her pennon dances in the gale ;
Her sculptur'd prow's resistless sweep
Dashes the foam like wind-tossed hail ;
On—on she sweeps, as gallant bark
As ever swam where all is cold and dark.

Now doth the rosy morning's blush
Come painting deep the vessel's sides ;
Crimson the foam—the billow's rush
Is golden streak'd ; on, on she slides,
Her shadow stretching o'er the stream,
Her brodered flag ting'd in the morning's gleam.

Close round the billows dash and roar,
Yet far away the waves are still ;
A whirlwind drives her on before,
Yet not a breeze slides down the hill.
Waves, winds, and storms her course enclose,
Yet elsewhere heaven and sea taste but repose.

Look on the helmsman's pallid cheek,
He trembles at the yielding helm ;
Upon the sea a bloody streak
Lies thick, nor waves can overwhelm
Its purple hue ; upon the flood
It follows, pointing to their deeds of blood !

Toss'd in the foam around her prow,
Whirl'd by the furious gale, she drives,
Tho' elsewhere wind nor gale doth blow,
Nor on the sea one billow strives ;
Strange mists around her hang and cling,
And strange wild whisperings in her cordage sing.

The morning's done ; and softer noon
And grey-eyed eve come on the sea ;
How bright, how short-lived ;—and how soon
The night spreads out her canopy ;
On drives the bark by wave and wind,
Leaving the track of foam and blood behind.

Now comes the lustrous moon, and studs
Of blue that deck her diadem—
The crystal stars, like violet buds
Hung round a fairer lily's stem ;
Yet o'er the vessel darkness clings,
With all its moodiest and fitful things.

A cloudy speck lies on before,
The helmsman hears the signal "land !"
And answers "curse the Heldegeland shore ;
A curse upon its barren sand ;
This morn we cross'd the sea, and yet
The spell returns us ere the night has set."

And now the vessel's dashing prow
Sweeps the white surf upon the beach,
Roaring amidst the knell of woe,
The dismal owl and raven's screech ;
Her anchor's cast, her sails are stay'd,
Her mariners on deck, yet none dismay'd.

Tho' from their restless home they see,
Lit by the moonlight's silver ray,
Dead mothers—infants—on their lee
Upon the wither'd mountain lay ;
And think the eyes that death has glaz'd
Again light up and on their bark are rais'd.

Strong stubborn men, they have no fear,
But cursa the still more stubborn wind.
“ The pining pris'ners we have here
Work'd thus the spell—leave them behind ;
We shall not prosper, take my word,”
The helmsman cries, “ with such as these on board.”

“ Approv'd !” they shout, “ yet give the seas
A bribe a fairer voyage to gain :
Our whining prisoners will please
The palate of old dainty main ;
And calm and smooth he will convey
Our vessel to her own and welcome bay.”

Wild piercing shrieks rise on the night ;
Bound back to back by cruel hand,
• Their murder'd infants in their sight,
The pris'ners on the vessel stand ;
They plunge, and as they sink beneath,
Their murderers cry, “ We ransom you with death.”

Now doth the helm the hand obey,
The sails swell proudly in the gale,
The waves arise, she scuds away,
Just as the east with morn is pale ;
The gale's a whirlwind now—she flies
Thro' mountain billows which before her rise.

The day comes on, and noon day glows,
And evening spreads her purple shades,
Yet o'er the seas in storms she goes,
Till day and light from heaven fades ;
Then spite of helm, of sail, or oar,
Again she bursts upon the Heldgeland shore !

'Tis now the courage of their hearts,
Their trembling nerves and breasts forsake
They sail where down the moonlight darts,
Dead men from out the billows break ;
Half risen from the waves, they clasp
Each other's hair with cold and stiffen'd grasp.

Sickening and faint they put about,
 Again the storms around them low'r ;
 They cross the seas—nor curse nor shout
 Escapes them in this heavy hour ;
 And though by day they cross the main,
 Yet night returns them to that shore again !

Months—years pass by, e'en cent'ries go,
 Yet may they never change their course ;
 The dreadful curse hath work'd their woe,
 Obey they must—obey perforce ;
 A higher hand than theirs ordains
 The ills that ever o'er the bark remains.

Age upon age doth rise and fall,
 Men pass away from off the earth ;
 Things are—are not—is—was—and all
 Sink in the death that follows birth ;
 Yet is the vessel's course unchang'd,
 Tho' all else being from her estrang'd.

Oh Time ! thou master of all things,
 How hast thou scath'd her with thy scythe ;
 Her once fair deck now creaking springs,
 And 'neath the lightest step doth writhe ;
 Her cordage rattling, banners torn,
 Her mast half fall'n, and sails to tatters worn.

Her mariners—a remnant sav'd
 From generations long gone by ;
 Their sunken cheeks—their brows engraved
 With misery—the speechless eye,
 The tomb-fed voice—the shrivell'd skin
 Mark well thy iron reign, thou ruthless king !

The world is still, no music creeps
 At eve upon the curdling sea—
 No warriors shout—no maiden weeps
 Her lover dead, nor sigheth he
 To gain a smile ; nor nightingale
 Can now accompany his midnight tale.

Earth fadeth fast ; her green is gone,
 Her palaces are mould'ring tombs,
 Decaying—mould'ring—still—forlorn !
 Such is the fate her Master dooms.
 Her proud inhabitants have fled !
 Ah, whither ? naught can tell, but this—they're dead !

Her streams exhausted are—no more
 Their crystal moisture shall run down,
 Nor ocean's restless booming roar
 The cry of mariner shall drown ;
 Nor they upon her bosom sail—
 Like old men's blood she flows ;—time shall prevail.

LEGENDS OF TERROR.

No more shall morning fire the east,
 Or eve come soothing,—they are past.
 The moon is dark, the sun hath ceas'd
 To travel o'er the empty vast ;
 Yet not quite cold—a sickly gleam,
 Like twilight's haze, comes from his cheerless beam !

The world is closing—nearly dark,
 And to eternity doth sink ;
 One cent'ry more is gone ; the bark
 Hath dwindled to the tideless brink ;
 Her mariners fell one by one,
 And all but he who had the helm is gone !

His eye rests on a human form,
 Standing ashore 'mid sickly light,
 Gazing upon him ;— and the storm
 Of human fear doth stir its might ;
 The helmsman shrieks, yes, shrieketh he,
 And plunges from him in the waveless sea.

The lonely raven on the mast,
 Frighten'd falls down, and flutt'ring dies ;
 The vessel slowly sinks at last,
 Inch down by inch, while round her sighs
 The little wind disturbed, and down
 She slowly sinks, till all of her is gone.

Then kneels the form on shore—to heav'n
 His eye is bent, 'tis sank and wan,
 He prays for all to be forgiv'n ;
 The sinner prays ; the sad last man,
 He who the cross stood close beneath,
 And curs'd our Saviour with his dying breath.

He trembles ; and the earth doth shake
 Like the last writhe of dying heart ;
 The sun goes out—the heavens break,
 And all that once was—now depart,
 Mingling shapeless and formless, where
 All seeing, hearing, feeling, all bewilder'd are !

W. G. B.



THE SPECTRE BRIDEGROOM.

A Traveller's Tale.

He that supper for his dight,
He lyes full cold, I trow, this night!
Yestreen to chamber I him led,
This night Gray-steel has made his bed!

SIR EGER, SIR GRAHAME AND SIR GRAY-STEEL.

On the summit of one of the heights of the Odenwald, a wild and romantic tract of Upper Germany, that lies not far from the confluence of the Maine and the Rhine, there stood, many, many years since, the Castle of the Baron Von Landshort. It is now quite fallen to decay, and almost buried among beech trees and dark firs; above which, however, its old watch-tower may still be seen struggling, like its former possessor to carry a high head, and look down upon the neighbouring country.

The Baron was a dry branch of the great family of Katzenellenbogen, and inherited the reliques of the property, and all the pride of his ancestors.

Though the warlike disposition of his predecessors had much impaired the family possessions, yet the Baron still endeavoured to keep up some show of former state. The times were peaceable, and the German nobles, in general, had abandoned their inconvenient old castles, perched like eagle's nests among the mountains, and had built more convenient residences in the valleys; still the Baron remained proudly drawn up in his little fortress, cherishing with hereditary inveteracy, all the old family feuds; so that he was on ill terms with some of his nearest neighbours, on account of disputes that had happened between their great great grandfathers.

The Baron had but one child, a daugh-

ter; but nature, when she grants but one child, always compensates by making it a prodigy; and so it was with the daughter of the Baron. All the nurses, gossips, and country cousins, assured her father that she had not her equal for beauty in all Germany; and who should know better than they? She had, moreover, been brought up with great care under the superintendence of two maiden aunts, who had spent some years of their early life at one of the little German courts, and were skilled in all the branches of knowledge necessary to the education of a fine lady. Under their instructions, she became a miracle of accomplishments. By the time she was eighteen she could embroider to admiration, and had worked whole histories of the saints in tapestry, with such strength of expression in their countenances, that they looked like so many souls in purgatory. She could read without great difficulty, and had spelled her way through several church legends, and almost all the chivalric wonders of the Heldenbuch. She had even made considerable proficiency in writing; could sign her own name without missing a letter, and so legibly that her aunts could read it without spectacles. She excelled in making little elegant good-for-nothing lady-like nick-nacks of all kinds; was versed in the most abstruse dancing of the day; played a number of airs on the harp and guitar; and knew all the tender ballads of the Minnie-singers by heart.

Her aunts, too, having been great flirts and coquettes in their younger days, were admirably calculated to be vigilant guardians and strict censors of the conduct of their niece; for there is no duenna so rigidly prudent, and inexorably decorous, as a superannuated coquette. She was rarely suffered out of their sight; never went beyond the domains of the castle, unless well attended, or rather well watched; had continual lectures read to her about strict decorum and implicit obedience; and, ~~was~~—pah!—she was taught

to hold them at such distance, and in such absolute distrust, that, unless properly authorized, she would not have cast a glance upon the handsomest cavalier in the world—no, not if he were even dying at her feet!

The good effects of this system were wonderfully apparent. The young lady was a pattern of docility and correctness. While others were wasting their sweetness in the glare of the world, and liable to be plucked and thrown aside by every hand; she was coyly blossoming into fresh and lovely womanhood under the protection of those immaculate spinsters, like a rose-bud blushing forth among guardian thorns. Her aunts looked upon her with pride and exultation, and vaunted that though all the other young ladies in the world might go astray, yet, thank heaven, nothing of the kind could happen to the heiress of Katzenellenbogen.

But, however scantily the Baron Von Landshort might be provided with children, his household was by no means a small one; for providence had enriched him with abundance of poor relations. They, one and all, possessed the affectionate disposition common to humble relatives; were wonderfully attached to the Baron, and took every possible occasion to come in swarms and enliven the castle. All family festivals were commemorated by these good people at the Baron's expense; and when they were filled with good cheer, they would declare that there was nothing on earth so delightful as these family meetings, these jubilees of the heart.

The Baron, though a small man, had a large soul, and it swelled with satisfaction at the consciousness of being the greatest man in the little world about him. He loved to tell long stories about the stark old warriors whose portraits looked grimly down from the walls around and he found no listeners equal to those who fed at his expense. He was much given to the marvellous, and a firm believer in all those supernatural tales with which every mountain

and valley in Germany abounds. The faith of his guests exceeded even his own: they listened to every tale of wonder with open eyes and mouth, and never failed to be astonished, even though repeated for the hundredth time. Thus lived the Baron Von Landshort, the oracle of his table, the absolute monarch of his little territory, and happy above all things, in the persuasion that he was the wisest man of the age.

At the time of which this story treats, there was a great family gathering at the castle, on an affair of the utmost importance. It was to receive the destined bridegroom of the Baron's daughter. A negotiation had been carried on between the father and an old nobleman of Bavaria, to unite the dignity of their houses by the marriage of their children. The preliminaries had been conducted with proper punctilio. The young people were betrothed without seeing each other; and the time was appointed for the marriage ceremony. The young Count Altenburg had been recalled from the army for the purpose, and was actually on his way to the Baron's to receive his bride. Missives had even been received from him, from Wurtzburg, where he was accidentally detained, mentioning the day and hour when he might be expected to arrive.

The castle was in a tumult of preparation to give him a suitable welcome. The fair bride had been decked out with uncommon care. The two aunts had superintended her toilet, and quarrelled the whole morning about every article of her dress. The young lady had taken advantage of their contest to follow the bent of her own taste; and fortunately it was a good one. She looked as lovely as a youthful bridegroom could desire; and the flutter of expectation heightened the lustre of her charms.

The suffusions that mantled her face and neck, the gentle heaving of the bosom, the eye now and then lost in reverie, all betrayed the soft tumult that was going on in her little heart. The

aunts were continually hovering round her; for maiden aunts are apt to take great interest in affairs of this nature. They were giving her a world of staid counsel how to deport herself, what to say, and in what manner to receive the expected lover.

The Baron was no less busied in preparations. He had, in truth, nothing exactly to do: but he was naturally a fuming, bustling little man, and could not remain passive when all the world was in a hurry. He worried from top to bottom of the castle, with an air of infinite anxiety; he continually called the servants from their work to exhort them to be diligent; and buzzed about every hall and chamber, as idly restless and importunate as a blue-bottle fly of a warm summer's day.

In the mean time the fatted calf had been killed; the forest had rung with the clamour of the huntsmen; the kitchen was crowded with good cheer; the cellars had yielded up whole oceans of Rhein-wein and Ferne-wein: and even the great Heidelberg tun had been laid under contribution. Every thing was ready to receive the distinguished guest with Saus and Braus in the true spirit of German hospitality—but the guest delayed to make his appearance. Hour rolled after hour. The sun that had poured his downward rays upon the rich forests of the Odenwald, now just gleamed along the summits of the mountains. The Baron mounted the highest tower, and strained his eyes in hopes of catching a distant sight of the Count and his attendants. Once he thought he beheld them; the sound of horns came floating from the valley, prolonged by the mountain echoes. A number of horsemen were seen far below, slowly advancing along the road; but when they had nearly reached the foot of the mountain, they suddenly struck off in a different direction. The last ray of sunshine departed—the road grew dimmer and dimmer to the view; and nothing appeared stirring in it, but now and then a peasant lagging home-

ward from his labour.—While the old castle of Landshort was in this state of perplexity, a very interesting scene was transacting in a different part of the Odenwald.

The young Count Von Altenburg was tranquilly pursuing his route in that sober jog-trot way, in which a man travels towards matrimony when his friends have taken all the trouble and uncertainty of courtship off his hands, and a bride is waiting for him as certainly as a dinner at the end of his journey. He had encountered, at Wurtzburg, a youthful companion in arms, with whom he had seen some service on the frontiers; Herman Von Starkenfaust, one of the stoutest hands and worthiest hearts of German chivalry, who was now returning from the army. His father's castle was not far distant from the old fortress of Landshort, although an hereditary feud rendered the families hostile, and strangers to each other.

In the warm-hearted moment of recognition, the young friends related all their past adventures and fortunes, and the count gave the whole history of his intended nuptials with a young lady whom he had never seen, but of whose charms he had received the most enrapturing descriptions.

As the route of the friends lay in the same direction, they agreed to perform the rest of their journey together; and that they might do it the more leisurely, set off from Wurtzburg at an early hour, the count having given directions for his retinue to follow and overtake him.

They beguiled their wayfaring with recollections of their military scenes and adventures; but the count was apt to be a little tedious, now and then, about the reputed charms of his bride, and the felicity that awaited him.

In this way they had entered among the mountains of the Odenwald, and were traversing one of its most lonely and thickly wooded passes. It is well known that the forests of Germany have

always been as much infested by rob-

bers as its castles by spectres; and, at this time, the former were particularly numerous, from the hordes of disbanded soldiers wandering about the country. It will not appear extraordinary, therefore, that the cavaliers were attacked by a gang of these stragglers, in the depth of the forest. They defended themselves with bravery, but were nearly overpowered, when the count's retinue arrived to their assistance. At sight of them the robbers fled, but not until the count had received a mortal wound. He was slowly and carefully conveyed back to the city of Wurtzburg, and a friar summoned from a neighbouring convent, who was famous for his skill in administering to both soul and body; but half of his skill was superfluous: the moments of the unfortunate count were numbered.

With his dying breath he entreated his friend to repair instantly to the castle of Landshort, and explain the fatal cause of his not keeping his appointment with his bride. Though not the most ardent of lovers, he was one of the most punctilious of men, and appeared earnestly solicitous that this mission should be speedily and courteously executed. "Unless this is done," said he, "I shall not sleep quietly in my grave!" He repeated these last words with peculiar solemnity. A request, at a moment so impressive, admitted no hesitation. Starkenfaust endeavoured to soothe him to calmness, promised faithfully to execute his wish, and gave him his hand in solemn pledge. The dying man pressed it in acknowledgment, but soon lapsed into delirium—raved about his bride—his engagement—his plighted word; ordered his horse, that he might ride to the castle of Landshort; and expired in the fancied act of vaulting into the saddle.

Starkenfaust bestowed a sigh, and a soldier's tear, on the untimely fate of his comrade; and then pondered on the awkward mission he had undertaken. His heart was heavy, and his head perplexed; for he was to present himself

an unbidden guest among hostile people, and to damp their festivity with tidings fatal to their hopes. Still there were certain whisperings of curiosity in his bosom to see this far-famed beauty of Katzenellenbogen, so cautiously shut up from the world; for he was a passionate admirer of the sex, and there was a dash of eccentricity and enterprise in his character that made him fond of all singular adventures.

Previous to his departure he made all due arrangements with the holy fraternity of the convent for the funeral solemnities of his friend, who was to be buried in the cathedral of Wurtzburg, near some of his illustrious relatives; and the mourning retinue of the count took charge of his remains.

It is now high time that we should return to the ancient family of Katzenellenbogen, who were impatient for their guest, and still more for their dinner; and to the worthy little Baron, whom we left airing himself on the watchtower.

Night closed in, but still no guest arrived. The banquet, which had been delayed from hour to hour, could no longer be postponed. The meats were already overdone; the cook in an agony; and the whole household had the look of a garrison that had been reduced by famine. The Baron was obliged reluctantly to give orders for the feast without the presence of the guest. All were seated at table, and just on the point of commencing, when the sound of a horn from without the gate gave notice of the approach of a stranger. Another long blast filled the old courts of the castle with its echoes, and was answered by the warder from the walls. The Baron hastened to receive his future son-in-law.

The drawbridge had been let down, and the stranger was before the gate. He was a tall gallant cavalier, mounted on a black steed. His countenance was pale, but he had a beaming, romantic eye, and an air of stately melancholy. The Baron was a little mortified that

he should have come in this simple solitary style. His dignity for a moment was ruffled, and he felt disposed to consider it a want of proper respect for the important occasion, and the important family with which he was connected. He, however, pacified himself with the conclusion, that it must have been youthful impatience which had induced him thus to spur on sooner than his attendants.

"I am sorry," said the stranger, "to break in upon you thus unseasonably—"

Here the Baron interrupted him with a world of compliments and greetings; for, to tell the truth, he prided himself upon his courtesy and his eloquence. The stranger attempted, once or twice, to stem the torrent of words, but in vain, so he bowed his head, and suffered it to flow on. By this time the Baron had come to a pause, they had reached the inner court of the castle; and the stranger was again about to speak, when he was once more interrupted by the appearance of the female part of the family, leading forth the shrinking and blushing bride. He gazed on her for a moment as one entranced; it seemed as if his whole soul beamed forth in the gaze, and rested upon that lovely form. One of the maiden aunts whispered something in her ear; she made an effort to speak; her moist blue eye was timidly raised; gave a shy glance of enquiry on the stranger; and was cast again to the ground. The words died away; but there was a sweet smile playing about her lips, and a soft dimpling of the cheek, that showed her glance had not been unsatisfactory. It was impossible for a girl of the fond age of eighteen, highly predisposed for love and matrimony, not to be pleased with so gallant a cavalier.

The late hour at which the guest had arrived, left no time for parley. The Baron was peremptory, and deferred all particular conversation until the morning, and led the way to the untasted banquet.

It was served up in the great hall of the castle. Around the walls hung the hard-favoured portraits of the heroes of the house of Katzenellenbogen, and the trophies which they had gained in the field and in the chase. Hacked corslets, splintered jousting spears, and tattered banners, were mingled with the spoils of sylvan warfare; the jaws of the wolf, and the tusks of the boar, grinned horribly among cross-bows and battle-axes, and a huge pair of antlers branched accidentally over the head of the youthful bridegroom.

The cavalier took but little notice of the company, or the entertainment. He scarcely tasted the banquet, but seemed absorbed in admiration of his bride. He conversed in a low tone that could not be overheard, for the language of love is never loud; but where is the female ear, so dull that it cannot catch the softest whisper of the lover? There was a mingled tenderness and gravity in his manner, that appeared to have a powerful effect upon the young lady. Her colour came and went as she listened with deep attention. Now and then she made some blushing reply, and when his eye was turned away, she would steal a side-long glance at his romantic countenance, and heave a gentle sigh of tender happiness. It was evident that the young couple were completely enamoured. The aunts, who were deeply versed in the mysteries of the heart, declared that they had fallen in love with each other at first sight.

The feast went on merrily, or at least noisily, for the guests were all blessed with those keen appetites that attend upon light purses and mountain air. The Baron told his best and longest stories, and never had he told them so well, or with such great effect. If there was any thing marvellous, his auditors were lost in astonishment; and if any thing facetious, they were sure to laugh in the right place. The Baron, it is true, like most great men, was too

ed to utter any joke but a dull

one; it was always enforced however by a bumper of excellent Hoch-heimer; and even a dull joke, at one's own table, served up with jolly old wine, is irresistible. Many good things were said by poorer and keener wits, that would not bear repeating, except on similar occasions: many sly speeches whispered in ladies' ears, that almost convulsed them with suppressed laughter; and a song or two roared out by a poor, but merry and broad-faced cousin of the Baron, that absolutely made the maiden aunts hold up their fans.

Amidst all this revelry, the stranger guest maintained a most singular and unseasonable gravity. His countenance assumed a deeper cast of dejection as the evening advanced; and, strange as it may appear, even the Baron's jokes seemed only to render him the more melancholy. At times he was lost in thought, and at times there was a perturbed and restless wandering of the eye that bespoke a mind but ill at ease. His conversation with the bride became more and more earnest and mysterious. Lowering clouds began to steal over the fair serenity of her brow, and tremours to run through her tender frame.

All this could not escape the notice of the company. Their gaiety was chilled by the unaccountable gloom of the bridegroom; their spirits were infected; whispers and glances were interchanged, accompanied by shrugs and dubious shakes of the head. The song and the laugh grew less and less frequent; there were dreary pauses in the conversation, which were at length succeeded by wild tales, and supernatural legends. One dismal story produced another still more dismal, and the Baron nearly frightened some of the ladies into hysterics with the history of the goblin horseman that carried away the fair Leonora; a dreadful, but true story, which has since been put into excellent verse, and is read and believed by all the world.

The bridegroom listened to this tale

with profound attention. He kept his eyes steadily fixed on the Baron, and, as the story drew to a close, began gradually to rise from his seat, growing taller and taller, until, in the Baron's entranced eye, he seemed almost to tower into a giant. The moment the tale was finished, he heaved a deep sigh, and took a solemn farewell of the company. They were all amazement. The Baron was perfectly thunderstruck.

"What! going to leave the castle at midnight? why, every thing was prepared for his reception: a chamber was ready for him if he wished to retire."

The stranger shook his head mournfully and mysteriously: "I must lay my head in a different chamber to-night!"

There was something in this reply, and the tone in which it was uttered, that made the Baron's heart misgive him; but he rallied his forces and repeated his hospitable entreaties. The stranger shook his head silently, but positively, at every offer; and, waving his farewell to the company, stalked slowly out of the hall. The maiden aunts were absolutely petrified—the bride hung her head, and a tear stole to her eye.

The Baron followed the stranger to the great court of the castle, where the black charger stood pawing the earth, and snorting with impatience. When they had reached the portal, whose deep archway was dimly lighted by a cresset, the stranger paused, and addressed the Baron in a hollow voice, which the vaulted roof rendered still more sepulchral. "Now that we are alone," said he, "I will impart to you the reason of my going. I have a solemn, an indispensable engagement—"

"Why," said the Baron, "cannot you send some one in your place?"

"It admits of no substitute—I must attend it in person—I must away to Wurtzburg cathedral—"

"Aye," said the Baron, plucking up spirit, "but not until to-morrow—to-morrow you shall take your bride there."

"No! no!" replied the stranger, with tenfold solemnity, "my engagement is with no bride—the worms! the worms expect me! I am a dead man—I have been slain by robbers—my body lies at Wurtzburg—at midnight I am to be buried—the grave is waiting for me—I must keep my appointment!"

He sprang on his black charger, dashed over the draw-bridge, and the clattering of his horse's hoofs were lost in the whistling of the night blast.

The Baron returned to the hall in the utmost consternation, and related what had passed. Two ladies fainted outright, others sickened at the idea of having banquetted with a spectre. It was the opinion of some, that this might be the wild huntsman famous in German legend. Some talked of mountain sprites, of wood-demons, and of other supernatural beings, with which the good people of Germany have been so grievously harassed since time immemorial. One of the poor relations ventured to suggest that it might be some sportive evasion of the young cavalier, and that the very gloominess of the caprice seemed to accord with so melancholy a personage. This, however, drew on him the indignation of the whole company, and especially of the Baron, who looked upon him as little better than an infidel; so that he was fain to abjure his heresy as speedily as possible, and come into the faith of the true believers.

But, whatever may have been the doubts entertained, they were completely put to an end by the arrival, next day, of regular missives, confirming the intelligence of the young Count's murder, and his interment in Wurtzburg cathedral.

The dismay of the castle may well be imagined. The Baron shut himself up in his chamber. The guests who had come to rejoice with him, could not think of abandoning him in his distress. They wandered about the courts, or collected in groupes in the hall, shaking their heads and shrugging their

shoulders, at the troubles of so good a man ; and sat longer than ever at table, and ate and drank more stoutly than ever, by way of keeping up their spirits. But the situation of the widowed bride was the most pitiable. To have lost a husband before she had embraced him—and such a husband ! if the very spectre could be so gracious and noble, what must have been the living man ! She filled the house with lamentations.

On the night of the second day of her widowhood she had retired to her chamber, accompanied by one of her aunts, who insisted on sleeping with her. The aunt, who was one of the best tellers of ghost stories in all Germany, had just been recounting one of her longest, and had fallen asleep in the very midst of it. The chamber was remote, and overlooked a small garden. The niece lay pensively gazing at the beams of the rising moon, as they trembled on the leaves of an aspen tree before the lattice. The castle clock had just tolled midnight, when a soft strain of music stole up from the garden. She rose hastily from her bed, and stepped lightly to the window. A tall figure stood among the shadows of the trees. As it raised its head, a beam of moonlight fell upon the countenance. Heaven and earth ! she beheld the Spectre Bridegroom. A loud shriek at that moment burst upon her ear, and her aunt, who had been awakened by the music, and had followed her silently to the window, fell into her arms. When she looked again, the spectre had disappeared.

Of the two females the aunt now required the most soothing, for she was perfectly beside herself with terror. As to the young lady, there was something, even in the spectre of her lover that seemed endearing. There was still the semblance of manly beauty ; and though the shadow of a man is but little calculated to satisfy the affections of a lovesick girl, yet, where the substance is not to be had, even that is consoling. The aunt declared that she would never

sleep in that chamber again ; the niece, for once was refractory, and declared as strongly that she would sleep in no other in the castle : the consequence was, that she had to sleep in it alone ; but she drew a promise from her aunt not to relate the story of the spectre, lest she should be denied the only melancholy pleasure left her on earth—that of inhabiting the chamber over which the guardian shade of her lover kept its nightly vigils.

How long the good old lady would have observed this promise is uncertain, for she dearly loved to talk of the marvellous, and there is a triumph in being the first to tell a frightful story ; it is, however, still quoted in the neighbourhood, as a memorable instance of female secrecy, that she kept it to herself for a whole week ; when she was suddenly absolved from all further restraint, by intelligence brought to the breakfast table one morning, that the young lady was not to be found. Her room was empty—the bed had not been slept in—the window was open, and the bird had flown.

The astonishment and concern with which the intelligence was received, can only be imagined by those who have witnessed the agitation which the mishaps of a great man cause among his friends. Even the poor relations paused for a moment from the indefatigable labours of the trencher ; when the aunt, who had at first been struck speechless, wrung her hands, and shrieked out, “ the goblin ! the goblin ! she’s carried away by the goblin ! ”

In a few words she related the fearful scene of the garden, and concluded that the spectre must have carried off the bride. Two of the domestics corroborated the opinion, for they had heard the clattering of a horse’s hoofs down the mountain about midnight, and had no doubt that it was the spectre on his black charger, bearing her away to the tomb. All present were struck with the direful probability ; for events of this kind are extremely com-

mon in Germany, as many well authenticated histories bear witness.

What a lamentable situation was that of the poor Baron ! What a heart-rending dilemma for a fond father, and a member of the great family of Katzenellenbogen ! His only daughter had either been rapt away to the grave, or he was to have some wood-demon for his son-in-law, and, perchance, a troop of goblin grandchildren. As usual, he was completely bewildered, and all the castle was in an uproar. The men were ordered to take horse, and to scour every road and path and glen of the Odenwald. The Baron himself had just drawn on his jack-boots, girded on his sword, and was about to mount his steed to sally forth on the doubtful quest, when he was brought to a pause by a new apparition. A lady was seen approaching the castle, mounted on a palfrey, attended by a cavalier on horseback. She galloped up to the gate, sprang from her horse, and falling at the Baron's feet, embraced his knees. It was his lost daughter, and her companion—the Spectre Bridegroom ! The Baron was astounded. He looked at his daughter, then at the spectre, and almost doubted the evidence of his senses. The latter, too, was wonderfully improved in his appearance, since his visit to the world of spirits. His dress was splendid, and set off a noble figure of manly symmetry. He was no longer pale and melancholy. His fine countenance was flushed with the glow of youth, and joy rioted in his large dark eye.

The mystery was soon cleared up. The cavalier (for in truth, as you must have known all the while, he was no goblin) announced himself as Sir Herman Von Starkenfaust. He related his adventure with the young Count. He told how he had hastened to the castle to deliver the unwelcome tidings, but that the eloquence of the Baron had interrupted him in every attempt to tell his tale. How the sight of his bride had completely captivated him, and that to

pass a few hours near her, he had tacitly suffered the mistake to continue. How he had been sorely perplexed in what way to make a decent retreat, until the Baron's goblin stories had suggested his eccentric exit. How, fearing the feudal hostility of the family, he had repeated his visits by stealth—had haunted the garden beneath the young lady's window—had wooed—had won—had borne away in triumph—and, in a word, had wedded the fair.

Under any other circumstances, the Baron would have been inflexible, for he was tenacious of paternal authority, and devoutly obstinate in all family feuds ; but he loved his daughter ; he had lamented her as lost ; he rejoiced to find her still alive ; and, though her husband was of a hostile house, yet, thank heaven, he was not a goblin. There was something, it must be acknowledged, that did not exactly accord with his notions of strict veracity, in the joke the knight had passed upon him of his being a dead man ; but several old friends present, who had served in the wars, assured him that every stratagem was excusable in love, and that the cavalier was entitled to especial privilege, having lately served as a trooper.

Matters, therefore, were happily arranged. The Baron pardoned the young couple on the spot. The revels at the castle were resumed. The poor relations overwhelmed this new member of the family with loving kindness ; he was so gallant, so generous, and so rich. The aunts, it is true, were somewhat scandalized that their system of strict seclusion and passive obedience, should be so badly exemplified, but attributed all to their negligence in not having the windows grated. One of them was particularly mortified at having her marvellous story marred, and that the only spectre she had ever seen should turn out a counterfeit ; but the niece seemed perfectly happy at having found him substantial flesh and blood—and so the story ends.

THE MURDERESS;

OR,

THE FATAL PREDICTION!

A Romantic Tale.

"Let's talk of graves."—SHAKESPEARE.

ON the south-west coast of the principality of Wales stands a romantic little village, inhabited chiefly by the poorer class of people, consisting of small farmers and oyster dredgers, whose estates are the wide ocean, and whose ploughs are the small craft, in which they glide over its interminable fields in search of the treasures which they wring from its bosom; it is built on the very top of a hill, commanding on one side, a view of an immense bay, and on the other, of the peaceful green fields and valleys, cultivated by the greater number of its quiet inhabitants. Distinctions were unknown in the village, every man was the equal of his neighbour.

But, though rank and its unpolished distinctions were strange in the village, the superiority of talent was felt and acknowledged almost without a pause or a murmur. There was one who was as a king amongst them, by the mere force of a mightier spirit than those with whom he sojourned had been accustomed to feel among them: he was a dark and moody man, a stranger, evidently of a higher order than those around him, who had but a few months before, without any apparent object, settled among them: he was poor, but had no occupation—he lived frugally, but quite alone—and his sole employments were to read during the day, and wander out unaccompanied into the fields or by the beach during the night. Sometimes indeed he would relieve a suffering child or rheumatic old man by

and herbs, reprove idleness and

drunkenness in the youth, and predict to all the good and evil consequences of their conduct: and his success in some cases, his foresight in others, and his wisdom in all, won for him a high reputation among the cottagers, to which his taciturn habits contributed not a little, for, with the vulgar as with the educated, no talker was ever seriously taken for a conjuror, though a silent man is often decided to be a wise one.

There was but one person at all disposed to rebel against the despotic sovereignty which Rhys Meredith was silently establishing over the quiet village, and that was precisely the person most likely to effect a revolution; she was a beautiful maiden, the glory and boast of the village, who had been the favourite of, and to a certain degree educated by, the late lady of the manor; but she had died, and her pupil, with a full consciousness of her intellectual superiority, had returned to her native village, where she determined to have an empire of her own, which no rival should dispute: she laughed at the maidens who listened to the predictions of Rhys, and she refused her smiles to the youths who consulted him upon their affairs and their prospects; and as the beautiful Ruth was generally beloved, the silent Rhys was soon in danger of being abandoned by all, save doting men and paralytic women, and feeling himself an outcast in the village.

But to be such was not the object of Meredith; he was an idle man, and the gifts of the villagers contributed to spare him from exertion; he knew too, that

in another point of view this ascendancy was necessary to his purposes ; and as he had failed to establish it by wisdom and benevolence, he determined to try the effect of fear. The character of the people with whom he sojourned was admirably calculated to assist his projects ; his predictions were now uttered more clearly, and his threats denounced in sterner tones and stronger and plainer words ; and when he predicted that old Morgan Williams, who had been stricken with the palsy, would die at the turn of tide, three days from that on which he spoke, and that the light little boat of gay Griffy Morris, which sailed from the bay in a bright winter's morning, should never again make the shore ; and the man died, and the storm arose, even as he said ; men's hearts died within them, and they bowed down before his words, as if he had been their general fate and the individual destiny of each.

Ruth's rosy lip grew pale for a moment as she heard of these things ; in the next her spirit returned, and " I will make him tell my fortune," she said, as she went with a party of laughers to search out and deride the conjuror. He was alone when they broke in upon him, and their mockeries goaded his spirit ; but his anger was deep, not loud ; and while burning with wrath, he yet could calmly consider the means of vengeance : he knew the master spirit with which he had to contend ; it was no ordinary mind, and would have smiled at ordinary terrors. To have threatened her with sickness, misfortune, or death, would have been to call forth the energies of that lofty spirit, and prepare it to endure, and it would have gloried in manifesting its powers of endurance ; he must humble it therefore by debasement ; he must ruin its confidence in itself ; and to this end he resolved to threaten her with crime. His resolution was taken and effected ; his credit was at stake ; he must daunt his enemy, or surrender to her power : he foretold sorrows and joys to the listening throng,

not according to his passion, but his judgment, and he drew a blush upon the cheek of one, by revealing a secret which Ruth herself, and another, alone knew, and which prepared the former to doubt of her own judgment, as it related to this extraordinary man.

Ruth was the last who approached to hear the secret of her destiny. The wizard paused as he looked upon her,—opened his book,—shut it,—paused,—and again looked sadly and fearfully upon her ; she tried to smile, but felt startled, she knew not why ; the bright inquiring glance of her dark eye could not change the purpose of her enemy. Her smile could not melt, nor even temper, the hardness of his deep-seated malice : he again looked sternly upon her brow, and then coldly wrung out the slow soul-withering words, " Maiden, thou art doomed to be a murderer !"

From that hour Rhys Meredith became the destiny of Ruth Tudor. At first she spurned at his prediction, and alternately cursed and laughed at him for the malice of his falsehood : but when she found that none laughed with her, that men looked upon her with suspicious eyes, women shrunk from her society, and children shrieked at her presence, she felt that these were signs of truth, and her high spirit no longer struggled against the conviction ; a change came over her mind when she had known how horrid it was to be alone. Abhorring the prophet, she yet clung to his footsteps, and while she sat by his side, felt as if he alone could avert the evil destiny which he alone had foreseen. With him only was she seen to smile ; elsewhere, sad, silent, stern ; it seemed as if she were ever occupied in nerving her mind for that which she had to do, and her beauty, already of the majestic cast, grew absolutely awful.

But there were moments when her naturally strong spirit, not yet wholly subdued, struggled against her conviction, and endeavoured to find modes of averting her fate : it was in one of these,

perhaps, that she gave her hand to a wooer, from a distant part of the country, a mariner, who either had not heard, or did not regard the prediction of Rhys, upon condition that he should remove her far from her native village to the home of his family and friends, for she sometimes felt as if the decree which had gone forth against her, could not be fulfilled except upon the spot where she had heard it, and that her heart would be lighter if men's eyes would again look upon her in kindness, and she no longer sat beneath the glare of these that knew so well the secret of her soul. Thus thinking, she quitted the village with her husband; and the tormentor, who had poisoned her repose, soon after her departure, left the village as secretly and as suddenly as he had entered it.

But, though Ruth could depart from his corporeal presence, and look upon his cruel visage no more, yet the eye of her soul was fixed upon his shadow, and his airy form, the creation of her sorrow, still sat by her side; the blight that he had breathed upon her peace had withered her heart, and it was in vain that she sought to forget or banish the recollection from her brain. Men and women smiled upon her as before in the days of her joy, the friends of her husband welcomed her to their bosoms, but they could give no peace to her heart: she shrunk from their friendship, she shivered equally at their neglect, she dreaded any cause that might lead to that which, it had been said, she must do; nightly she sat alone and thought, she dwelt upon the characters of those around her, and shuddered that in some she saw violence and selfishness enough to cause injury, which she might be supposed to resent to blood. Against the use of actual violence she had disabled herself; she had never struck a blow, her small hand would have suffered injury in the attempt; she understood not the usage of fire-arms, she was ignorant of what were poisons, and a knife she never allowed herself, even

for the most necessary purposes: how then could she slay? At times she took comforts from thoughts like these, and at others, she was plunged in the darkness of despair.

Her husband went forth and returned upon the voyages which made up the avocation and felicity of his life, without noticing the deep-rooted sorrow of his wife; he was a common man, and of a common mind: his eye had not seen the awful beauty of her whom he had chosen; his spirit had not felt her power; and, if he had marked, he would not have understood her grief; so she ministered to him as a duty. She was a silent and obedient wife, but she saw him come home without joy, and witnessed his departure without regret; he neither added to nor diminished her sorrow: but destiny had one solitary blessing in store for the victim of its decrees,—a child was born to the hapless Ruth, a lovely little girl soon slept upon her bosom, and, coming as it did, the one lone and lovely rosebud in her desolate garden, she welcomed it with a kindlier hope.

A few years went by unsoiled by the wretchedness which had marked the preceding: the joy of the mother softened the anguish of the condemned, and sometimes when she looked upon her daughter, she ceased to despair: but destiny had not forgotten her claim, and soon her hand pressed heavily upon her victim; the giant ocean rolled over the body of her husband, poverty visited the cottage of the widow, and famine's gaunt figure was visible in the distance. Oppression came with these, for arrears of rent demanded, and he who asked was brutal in his anger and harsh in his language to the sufferers.

Thus goaded, she saw but one thing that could save her, she fled from her persecutors to the home of her youth, and, leading her little Rachel by the hand, threw herself into the arms of her kin: they received her with distant kindness, and assured her that she should not want; in this they kept their

promise, but it was all they did for Ruth and her daughter; a miserable subsistence was given to them, and that was embittered by distrust, and the knowledge that it was yielded unwillingly.

Among the villagers, although she was no longer shunned as formerly, her story was not forgotten; if it had been, her terrific beauty, the awful flashing of her eyes, her majestic stature, and solemn movements, would have recalled it to their recollections. She was a marked being, and all believed (though each would have pitied her, had they not been afraid) that evil destiny was not to be averted; she looked like one fated to some wonderful deed. They saw she was not one of them, and though they did not directly avoid her, yet they never threw themselves in her way, and thus the hapless Ruth had ample leisure to contemplate and grieve over her fate. One night she sat alone in her little hovel, and, with many bitter ruminations, was watching the happy sleep of her child, who slumbered tranquilly on their only bed: midnight had long passed, yet Ruth was not disposed to rest; she trimmed her dull light, and said mentally, "Were I not poor, such a temptation might not assail me, riches would procure me deference; but poverty, or the wrongs it brings, may drive me to this evil; were I above want it would be less likely to be. O, my child, for thy sake would I avoid this doom more than for mine own, for if it should bring death to me, what will it not hurl on thee?—infamy, agony, scorn."

She wept aloud as she spoke, and scarcely seemed to notice the singularity (at that late hour) of some one without, attempting to open the door; she heard, but the circumstance made little impression; she knew that as yet her doom was unfulfilled, and that, therefore, no danger could reach her; she was no coward at any time, but now despair had made her brave; the door opened, and a stranger entered, without either alarming or disturb-

ing her, and it was not till he had stood face to face with Ruth, and discovered his features to be those of Rhys Meredith, that she sprung up from her seat, and gazed wildly and earnestly upon him.

Meredith gave her no time to question; "Ruth Tudor," said he, "behold the cruellest of thy foes comes suing to thy pity and mercy; I have embittered thy existence, and doomed thee to a terrible lot; what first was dictated by vengeance and malice became truth as I uttered it, for what I spoke I believed. Yet, take comfort, some of my predictions have failed, and why may not this be false? In my own fate I have ever been deceived, perhaps I may be equally so in thine; in the mean time have pity upon him who was thy enemy, but who, when his vengeance was uttered, instantly became thy friend. I was poor, and thy scorn might have robbed me of subsistence in danger, and thy contempt might have given me up. Beggared by some disastrous events, hunted by creditors, I fled from my wife and son because I could no longer bear to contemplate their suffering; I have sought fortune all ways since we parted, and always has she eluded my grasp till last night, when she rather tempted than smiled upon me. At an idle fair I met the steward of this estate drunk and stupid, but loaded with gold; he travelled towards home alone; I could not, did not wrestle with the fiend that possessed me, but hastened to overtake him in his lonely ride.—Start not! no hair of his head was harmed by me; of his gold I robbed him, but not of his life, though, had I been the greater villain, I should now be in less danger, since he saw and marked my person: three hundred pounds is the meed of my daring, but I must keep it now or die. Ruth, thou too art poor and forsaken, but thou art faithful and kind, and wilt not betray me to justice; save me, and I will not enjoy my riches alone; thou knowest all the caves in the rocks, those hideous hiding places, where no foot, save thine, has dared to

thead; conceal me in these till the pursuit be past, and I will give thee one half my wealth, and return with the other to gladden my wife and son."

The hand of Ruth was already opened, and in imagination she grasped the wealth he promised; oppression and poverty had somewhat clouded the nobleness, but not the fierceness of her spirit. She saw that riches would save her from wrath, perhaps from blood, and, as the means to escape from so mighty an evil, she was not scrupulous respecting a lesser: independently of this, she felt a great interest in the safety of Rhys; her own fate seemed to hang upon his; she hid the ruffian in the caves and supplied him with light and food.

There was a happiness now in the heart of Ruth—a joy in her thoughts as she sat all the long day upon the deserted settle of her wretched fire-side, to which they had, for many years, been strangers. Many times during the past years of her sorrow she had thought of Rhys, and longed to look upon his face and sit under his shadow, as one whose presence could preserve her from the evil fate which he himself had predicted. She had long since forgiven him his prophecy; she believed he had spoken truth, and this gave her a wild confidence in his power; a confidence that sometimes thought, "if he can foreknow, can he not also avert?"

And she thought she would deserve his confidence, and support him in his suffering; she had concealed him in a deep dark cave, hewn far in the rock, to which she alone knew the entrance from the beach; there was another (if a huge aperture in the top of the rock might be so called), which, far from attempting to descend, the peasants and seekers for the culprit had scarcely dared to look into, so perpendicular, dark, and uncertain was the hideous descent into what justly appeared to them a bottomless abyss; they passed over his head in their search through the fields above, and before the mouth

of his den upon the beach below, yet they left him in safety, though insensate and fear.

It was less wonderful, the suspicious conduct of the villagers towards Ruth, than the calm prudence with which she conducted all the details relating to her secret; her poverty was well known, yet she daily procured a double portion of food, which was won by double labour; she toiled in the fields for the meed of oat-cake and potatoes, or she dashed out in a crab-boat on the wide ocean to win with the dredgers the spoils of the oyster-beds that lie on its bosom; the daintier fare was for the unhappy guest, and daily did she wander among the rocks, when the tides were retiring, for the shell-fish which they had flung among the fissures in their retreat, which she bore, exhausted with fatigue, to her home—and which her lovely child, now rising into womanhood, prepared for the luxurious meal; it was wonderful too, the settled prudence of the little maiden, who spoke nothing of the food which was borne from their frugal board; if she suspected the secret of her mother, she respected it too much to allow others to discover that she did so.

Many sad hours did Ruth pass in the robber's cave; and many times, by conversing with him upon the subject of her destiny, did she seek to alleviate the pangs its recollection gave her; but the result of such discussions were by no means favourable to her hopes; Rhys had acknowledged that his threat had originated in malice, and that he intended to alarm and subdue, but not to the extent that he had effected:—"I know well," said he, "that disgrace alone would operate upon you as I wished, for I foresaw you would glory in the thought of nobly sustaining misfortune; I meant to degrade you with the lowest; I meant to attribute to you what I now painfully experience to be the vilest of the vices; I intended to tell you, you were destined to be a thief, but I could not utter the words. I had

arranged, and I was struck with horror at those I heard involuntarily proceeding from my lips; I would have recalled them but I could not; I would have said, 'Maiden, I did but jest,' but there was something that seemed to withhold my speech and press upon my soul, 'so as thou hast said shall this thing be'—yet take comfort, my own fortunes have ever deceived me, and doubtlessly ever will, for I feel as if I should one day return to this cave and make it my final home."

He spoke solemnly and wept,—but the awful eye of his companion was unmoved as she looked on in wonder and contempt at his grief. "Thou knowest not how to endure," said she to him, "and as soon as night shall again fall upon our mountains, I will lead thee forth on thy escape; the danger of pursuit is now past; at midnight be ready for thy journey, leave the cave, and ascend the rocks by the path I shewed thee, to the field in which its mouth is situated; wait me there a few moments, and I will bring thee a fleet horse, ready saddled for the journey, for which thy gold must pay, since I must declare to the owner that I have sold it at a distance, and for more than its rated value."

That midnight came, and Meredith waited with trembling anxiety for the haughty step of Ruth; at length he saw her, and hastily speaking as she descended the rock:—

"You must be speedy in your movements," said she, "when you leave me; your horse waits on the other side of this field, and I would have you hasten, lest his neighings should betray your purpose. But, before you depart, Rhys Meredith, there is an account to be settled between us: I have dared danger and privation for you; that the temptations of the poor may not assail me, give me my reward, and go."

Rhys pressed his leathern bag to his bosom, but answered nothing to the speech of Ruth: he seemed to be studying some evasion, for he looked upon

the ground, and there was trouble in the working of his lip. At length he said cautiously, "I have it not with me; I buried it, lest it should betray me, in a field some miles distant; when I go thither I will dig it up, and send it to thee from the place of my destination."

Ruth gave him one glance of her awful eye when he had spoken; she had detected his meanness, and smiled at his incapacity to deceive. "What dost thou press to thy bosom so earnestly?" she demanded; "surely thou art not the wise man I deemed thee, thus to defraud my claim: thy friend alone thou mightest cheat, and safely; but I have been made wretched by thee, guilty by thee, and thy life is in my power; I could, as thou knowest, easily raise the village, and win half thy wealth by giving thee up to justice; but I prefer reward from thy wisdom and gratitude; give, therefore, and be gone."

But Rhys knew too well the value of the metal of sin to yield one half of it to Ruth; he tried many miserable shifts and lies, and at last, baffled by the calm penetration of his antagonist, boldly avowed his intention of keeping all the spoil he had won with so much hazard. Ruth looked at him with scorn, "Keep thy gold," she said; "if it can thus harden hearts, I covet not its possession; but there is one thing thou must do, and that ere thou movest thy foot. I have supported thee with hard earned industry—that I give thee; more proud, it should seem, in bestowing I could be, from such as thee, in receiving: but the horse that is to bear thee hence to-night I borrowed for a distant journey; I must return with it, or its value; open thy bag, pay me for that, and go."

But Rhys seemed afraid to open his bag in the presence of her he had wronged. Ruth understood his fears; but, scorning vindication of her principles, contented herself with entreating him to be honest, "Be more just to thyself and me, she persisted:

"the debt of gratitude I pardon thee ; but, I beseech thee, leave me not to encounter the consequence of having stolen from my friend the animal which is his only means of subsistence ; I pray thee, Rhys, not to condemn me to scorn."

It was to no avail that Ruth humbled herself to entreaties ; Meredith answered not, and while she was yet speaking, cast side-long looks towards the spot where the horse was waiting for his service, and seemed meditating whether he should not dart from Ruth, and escape her entreaties and demands by dint of speed. Her stern eye detected his purpose ; and, indignant at his baseness, and ashamed of her own degradation, she sprung suddenly towards him, made a desperate clutch at the leathern bag, and tore it from the grasp of the deceiver. Meredith made an attempt to recover it, and a fierce struggle ensued, which drove them both back towards the yawning mouth of the cave from which he had just ascended to the world. On its very verge, on its very extreme edge, the demon who had so long ruled his spirit now instigated him to mischief, and abandoned him to his natural brutality : he struck the unhappy Ruth a revengeful and tremendous blow. At that moment a horrible thought glanced like lightning through her soul ; he was to her no longer what he had been ; he was a robber, ruffian, liar ; one whom to destroy was justice, and perhaps it was he ———, "Villain !" she cried, "thou—thou didst predict that I was doomed to be a murderer ! art thou—art thou destined to be the victim ?" She flung him from her with terrific force, as he stood close to the abyss, and the next instant heard him dash against its sides, as he was whirled headlong into the darkness.

It was an awful feeling, the next that passed over the soul of Ruth Tudor, as she stood alone in the pale sorrowful-moonlight, endeavouring to remember what had chanced. She gazed on the

purse, on the chain, wiped the drops of agony from her heated brow ; and then, with a sudden pang of recollection, rushed down to the cavern. The light was still burning, as Rhys had left it, and served to shew her the wretches extended helplessly beneath the chains. Though his body was crushed, the bone splintered, and his blood was on the cavern's sides, he was yet living, and raised his head to look upon her ; and she darkened the narrow entrance to the passage : he glared upon her with the visage of a demon, and spoke the fiend in pain. "Me hast thou murdered !" he said, "but I shall be avenged in all the life to come. Deem not that thy doom is fulfilled, that the deed which thou art fated is done : in my dying hour I know, I feel what is to come upon thee ; thou art yet again to do a deed of blood !" "Liar !" shrieked the infuriated victim. "Thou art yet doomed to be a murderer !" "Liar !" "Thou art—and of—thine only child !" She rushed to him, but he was dead.

Ruth Tudor stood for a moment by the corpse blind, stupified, deaf, and dumb ; in the next she laughed aloud, till the cavern rung with her ghastly mirth, and many voices mingled with and answered it ; but the voices scared and displeased her, and in an instant she became stupidly grave ; she threw back her dark locks with an air of offended dignity, and walked forth majestically from the cave. She took the horse by his rein, and led him back to the stable : with the same unvarying calmness she entered her cottage, and listened to the quiet breathings of her sleeping child ; she longed to approach her nearer, but some new and horrid fear restrained her, and held back her anxious step : suddenly remembrance and reason returned, and she uttered a shriek, so loud and shrill, that her daughter sprung from her bed, and threw herself into her arms.

It was in vain that the gentle Rachel supplicated her mother to find rest in sleep. "Not here," she muttered, "it

not be here; the deep cave and hard rock, these shall be my resting place; and the bed-fellow, lo! now, waits my coming." Then she would aloud, clasp her Rachel to her loving heart, and as suddenly, in horrid thrust her from it.

The next midnight beheld Ruth for in the cave, seated upon a point of rock, at the head of the corpse, her hands resting upon her hands, gazing earnestly upon the distorted face. Decay already begun its work; and Ruth there watching the progress of mortality, as if she intended that her stern should quicken and facilitate its action. The next night also beheld there, but the current of her thoughts changed, and the dismal interval which had passed appeared to be forgotten. She stood with her basket of food; "Wilt thou not eat!" she demanded; "arise, strengthen thee for journey; eat, eat, thou sleeper; thou never awaken? Look, here is the meat thou lovest;" and as she laid his head, and put the food to his lips, the frail remnant of mortality shuddered at her touch, and again she knew he was dead.

It was evident to all that a shadow of a change was over the senses of Ruth; till this period she had been only melancholy, but now madness was mingled with her grief. It was in no way more apparent than in her conduct towards her beloved child: indulgent to all her wishes, ministering to all her wants with a liberal hand, till men wondered from whence she derived the means of indulgence, she yet seized every opportunity to send her from her presence. The gentle-hearted Rachel, at her conduct, yet did not complain, for she believed it the effect of disease, that had for so many years preying upon her soul. Her nights passed in roaming abroad, her days in the solitude of her hut; and this became painful, when the step of her child broke upon it. At length it signified that a relative of her hus-

band had died and left her wealth, and that it would enable her to dispose of herself as she had long wished; so leaving Rachel with her relatives, she retired to a hut upon a lonely heath, where she was less wretched, because abandoned to her wretchedness.

In many of her ravings she had frequently spoken darkly of her crime, and her nightly visits to the cave; and more frequently still she addressed some unseen thing, which she asserted was for ever at her side. But few heard these horrors, and those who did, called to mind the early prophecy, and deemed them the workings of insanity in a fierce and imaginative mind. So thought also the beloved Rachel, who hastened daily to embrace her mother, but not now alone as formerly; a youth of the village was her companion and protector, one who had offered her worth and love, and whose gentle offers were not rejected. Ruth, with a hurried gladness, gave her consent, and a blessing to her child; and it was remarked that she received her daughter more kindly, and detained her longer at the cottage, when Evan was by her side, than when she went to the gloomy heath alone. Rachel herself soon made this observation, and as she could depend upon the honesty and prudence of him she loved, she felt less fear at his being a frequent witness of her mother's terrific ravings. Thus all that human consolation was capable to afford was offered to the sufferer by her sympathising children.

But the delirium of Ruth Tudor appeared to increase with every nightly visit to the secret cave of blood; some hideous shadow seemed to follow her steps in the darkness, and sit by her side in the light. Sometimes she held strange parley with this creation of her phrenzy, and at others smiled upon it in scornful silence; now, her language was in the tones of entreaty, pity, and forgiveness; anon, it was the burst of execration, curses, and scorn. To the gentle listeners her words were blas-

phemy; and, shuddering at her boldness, they deemed, in the simple holiness of their own hearts, that the evil one was besetting her, and that religion alone could banish him. Possessed by this idea, Evan one day suddenly interrupted her tremendous denunciations upon her fate, and him who, she said, stood over her to fulfil it, with imploring her to open the book which he held in his hand, and seek consolation from its words and its promises. She listened, and grew calm in a moment; with an awful smile she bade him open, and read at the first place which should meet his eye: "From that, the word of truth, as thou sayest, I shall know my fate; what is there written I will believe." He opened the book, and read—

"Whither shall I go from thy spirit, or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I go up into heaven, thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, thou art there; if I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me."

Ruth laid her hand upon the book: "It is enough; its words are truth; it hath said there is no hope, and I find comfort in my despair: I have already spoken thus in the secrecy of my heart, and I know that he will be obeyed; the unnamed sin must be——." Evan knew not how to comfort, so he shut up his book and retired; and Rachel kissed the cheek of her mother, as she bade her a tender good night. Another month and she was to be the bride of Evan, and she passed over the heath with a light step, for the thought of her bridal seemed to give joy to her mother. "We shall all be happy then," said the smiling girl, as the youth of her heart parted from her hand for the night; "and heaven kindly grant that happiness may last."

The time appointed for the marriage of Rachel Tudor and Evan Edwards had long passed away, and winter had set in

with unusual sternness even stormy coast; when, during tempest, on a dark November of a stranger to the country, journeying on foot, lost his way in endeavouring a short route in his destination stubble fields and meadows following the footmarks of those who had preceded him. The stranger was a young man, of a bright eye, a hardy look, and he went on through the elements, and buffeted by without a thought of weariness; a single expression of impatience descended upon him as he walked; the snow-storm came down with unusual violence, as if to try the strength of his mind, a mind cultivated; lightened, though cased in a habit accustomed to hardships, and was a plain, nay, almost rustic. The thunder roared loudly above, and the wind blowing tremulously raised the new-fallen snow from the earth, which, mingling with the elements as they fell, raised a clatter about the head which bewildered and blinded the traveller, who, finding himself among some leafless brambles and a few scattered bushes of the mountain took shelter under them to reconnoitre his way. "Of all these ingredients for a storm," said he, smilingly to himself, "lightning is the most enduring; all; for if it does not kill, it is the least cure, by lighting the way through the labyrinth, and by its bright flash hope to discover where I am." He hoped he was not mistaken: the light and beautiful gleam shewed him the snow shower had somewhat lessened every stunted bush and blade for some miles, and something of the distance of one, that looked like a white-washed cottage of some village, closer of the miserable heath which he was now standing. He hoped of a shelter from the storm; he lit onwards by the magnificent heaven, the stranger trod cheerfully onwards, and in less than half an

making full allowance for his retrograding between the flashes, arrived at his beacon the white cottage, which, from the low wall of loose lime-stones by which it was surrounded, he judged to be, as he had already imagined, the humble residence of some poor tenant of the manor. He opened the little gate, and was proceeding to knock at the door, when his steps were arrested by a singular and unexpected sound; it was a choral burst of many voices, singing slowly and solemnly that magnificent dirge of the church of England, the 104th psalm. The stranger loved music, and the sombre melody of that fine air had an instant effect upon his feelings; he lingered in solemn and silent admiration till the majestic strain had ceased; he then knocked gently at the door, which was instantly and courteously opened to his enquiry.

On entering, he found himself in a cottage of a more respectable interior than from its outward appearance he had been led to expect: but he had little leisure or inclination for the survey of its effects, for his senses and imagination were immediately and entirely occupied by the scene which presented itself on his entrance. In the centre of the room into which he had been so readily admitted, stood, on its tressels, an open coffin; lights were at its head and foot, and on each side sat many persons of both sexes, who appeared to be engaged in the customary ceremony of watching the corse previous to its interment in the morning. There were many who appeared to the stranger to be watchers, but there were but two who, in his eye, bore the appearance of mourners, and they had faces of grief which spoke too plainly of the anguish that was reigning within: one at the foot of the coffin, was a pale youth just blooming into manhood, who covered his dewy eyes with trembling fingers that ill concealed the tears which trickled down his wan cheek, beneath the other——; but why should we again describe that still unbowed and

lofty form? The awful marble brow upon which the stranger gazed, was that of Ruth Tudor.

There was much whispering and quiet talk among the people while refreshments were handed amongst them; and so little curiosity was excited by the appearance of the traveller, that he naturally concluded that it must be no common loss that could deaden a feeling usually so intense in the bosoms of Welch peasants: he was even checked for an attempt to question; but one man—he who had given him admittance, and seemed to possess authority in the circle—informed the traveller that he would answer his questions when the guests should depart, but till then he must keep silence. The traveller endeavoured to obey, and sat down in quiet contemplation of the figure who most interested his attention, and who sat at the coffin's head. Ruth Tudor spoke nothing, nor did she appear to heed aught of the business that was passing around her. Absorbed by reflection, her eyes were generally cast to the ground; but when they were raised, the traveller looked in vain for that expression of grief which had struck him so forcibly on his entrance; there was something wonderfully strange in the character of her perfect features: could he have found words for his thought, and might have been permitted the expression, he would have called it triumphant despair; so deeply agonized, so proudly stern, looked the mourner who sat by the dead.

The interest which the traveller took in the scene became more intense the longer he gazed upon its action; unable to resist the anxiety which had begun to prey upon his spirit, he arose and walked towards the coffin, with the purpose of contemplating its inhabitant: a sad explanation was given, by its appearance, of the grief and the anguish he had witnessed; a beautiful girl was reposing in the narrow house, with a face as calm and lovely as if she but slept a deep and refreshing sleep, and

the morning sun would again smile upon her awakening: salt, the emblem of immortal soul, was placed upon her breast; and, in her pale and perishing fingers, a branch of living flowers were struggling for life in the grasp of death, and diffusing their sweet and gracious fragrance over the cold odour of mortality. These images, so opposite, yet so alike, affected the spirit of the gazer, and he almost wept as he continued looking upon them, till he was aroused from his trance by the strange conduct of Ruth Tudor, who had caught a glimpse of his face as he bent in sorrow over the coffin. She sprung up from her seat, and darting at him a terrible glance of recognition, pointed down to the corse, and then, with a hollow burst of frantic laughter, shouted—"Behold thou liar!"

The startled stranger was relieved from the necessity of speaking by some one taking his arm and gently leading him to the farther end of the cottage: the eyes of Ruth followed him, and it was not till he had done violence to himself in turning from her to his conductor, that he could escape their singular fascination. When he did so, he beheld a venerable man, the pastor of a distant village, who had come that night to speak comfort to the mourners, and perform the last sad duty to the dead on the morrow. "Be not alarmed at what you have witnessed, my young friend," said he; "these ravings are not uncommon: this unhappy woman, at an early period of her life, gave ear to the miserable superstitions of her country, and a wretched pretender to wisdom predicted that she should become a shedder of blood: madness has been the inevitable consequence in an ardent spirit, and in its ravings she dreams she has committed one sin, and is still tempted to add to another."

"You may say what you please, parson," said the old man who had given admittance to the stranger, and who now, after dismissing all the guests save the youth, joined the talkers, and

seated himself on the settle by this side; "You may say what you please about madness and superstition; but I know Ruth Tudor was a fated woman, and the deed that was to be I believe she has done: aye, aye, her madness is conscience; and if the deep sea and the jagged rocks could speak, they might tell us a tale of other things than that: but she is judged now; her only child is gone—her pretty Rachel. Poor Evan! he was her suitor: ah! he little thought two months ago, when he was preparing for a gay bridal, that her slight sickness would end thus: he does not deserve it; but for her—God forgive me if I do her wrong, but I think it is the hand of God, and it lies heavy, as it should." And the grey-haired old man hobbled away, satisfied that in thus thinking he was shewing his zeal for virtue.

"Alas! that so white a head should acknowledge so hard a heart!" said the pastor; "Ruth is condemned, according to his system, for committing that which a mightier hand compelled her to do; how harsh and misjudging is age! But we must not speak so loud," continued he; "for see, the youth Evan is retiring for the night, and the miserable mother has thrown herself on the floor to sleep; the sole domestic is rocking on her stool, and therefore I will do the honours of this poor cottage to you. There is a chamber above this, containing the only bed in the hut; thither you may go and rest, for otherwise it will certainly be vacant to-night: I shall find a bed in the village; and Evan sleeps near you with some of the guests in the barn. But, before I go, if my question be not unwelcome and intrusive, tell me who you are, and whither you are bound."

"I was ever somewhat of a subscriber to the old man's creed of fatalism," said the stranger, smiling, "and I believe I am more confirmed in it by the singular events of this day. My father was a man of a certain rank in society, but of selfish and disorderly habits. A

f extravagance and idleness was
d by difficulties and distress.
d by creditors, he was pained
demands, and his selfishness
ble to endure the sufferings of
and children. Instead of ex-
ne had recourse to flight, and
face the difficulties from which
rk. He was absent for years,
is family toiled and struggled
ceas. Suddenly we heard that
concealed in this part of the
he cause which made that con-
necessary I forbear to mention ;
he suddenly disappeared from
of men, though we never could
of men, though we never could
ave always believed that I should
find my father, and have lately,
with difficulty, prevailed upon
er to allow me to make my resi-
n this neighbourhood ; but my
at an end to-day—I believe that
ound my father. Roaming along
ch, I penetrated into several of
ark caverns of the rocks, which
ell, by their rugged aspects, deter
and the timid from entering.
h the fissures of one I discovered,
interior, a light. Surprised, I
ted to its concealment, and dis-
a man sleeping on the ground.
eed to awake him, and found
eshless skeleton, cased in tatter-
decaying garments. He had
ly met his death by accident, for
over the corpse I observed, at a
distance, the day-light, as if
ng down from an aperture above.
he wretched man must have
but how long since, or who had
red his body, and left the light
I beheld, I knew not, though I
help cherishing a strong convic-
it was the body of Rhys Mere-
it I saw."

ho talks of Rhys Meredith," said
voice near the coffin, "and of
e where the outcast rots?" They
quickly at the sound, and beheld
udor standing up, as if she had
ntently listening to the story.

"It was I who spoke, dame," said the
stranger gently, "and my speech was
of my father, of Rhys Meredith ; I am
Owen his son."

"Son ! Owen Rhys !" said the be-
wildered Ruth, passing her hand over
her forehead, as if to enable her to re-
cover the combinations of these names ;
"and who art thou, that thus givest
human ties to him who is no more of
humanity ? Why speakest thou of
living things as pertaining to the dead ?
Father ! he is father to nought save sin,
and murder is his only begotten !"

She advanced to the traveller as she
spoke, and again caught a view of his
face ; again he saw the wild look of re-
cognition, and an unearthly shriek fol-
lowed the convulsive horror of her face.
"There ! there !" she said, "I knew
it must be thyself ; once before to-night
have I beheld thee, yet what can thy
coming bode ? Back with thee, ruffian !
for is not thy dark work done ?"

"Let us leave her," said the good
pastor, "to the care of her attendant ;
do not continue to meet her gaze your
presence may increase, but cannot allay
her malady : go up to your bed and
rest."

He retired as he spoke ; and Owen,
in compliance with his wish, ascended
the ruinous stair which led to his cham-
ber, after he had beheld Ruth Tudor
quietly place herself in her seat at the
open coffin's head. The room to which
he mounted was not of the most cheer-
ing aspect, yet he felt that he had often
slept soundly in a worse. It was a
gloomy unfinished chamber, and the
wind was whistling coldly and drearily
through the uncovered rafters above his
head. Like many of the cottages in
that part of the country, it appeared to
have grown old and ruinous before it
had been finished ; for the flooring was
so crazy as scarcely to support the huge
wooden bedstead, and in many instances
the boards were entirely separated from
each other, and in the centre, time, or
the rot, had so completely devoured the
larger half of one, that through the

gaping aperture Owen had an entire command of the room and the party below, looking down immediately above the coffin. Ruth was in the same attitude as when he left her, and the servant girl was dozing by her side. Every thing being perfectly tranquil, Owen threw himself upon his hard couch, and endeavoured to compose himself to rest for the night, but this had become a task, and one of no easy nature to surmount; his thoughts still wandered to the events of the day, and he felt there was some strange connexion between the scene he had just witnessed, and the darker one of the secret cave. He was an imaginative man, and of a quick and feverish temperament, and he thought of Ruth Tudor's ravings, and the wretched skeleton of the rock, till he had worked out in his brain the chain of events that linked one consequence with the other: he grew restless and wretched, and amidst the tossings of impatient anxiety fatigue overpowered him, and he sunk into a perturbed and heated sleep. His slumber was broken by dreams that might well be the shadows of his waking reveries. He was alone (as in reality) upon his humble bed, when imagination brought to his ear the sound of many voices again singing the slow and monotonous psalm; it was interrupted by the outcries of some unseen things who attempted to enter his chamber, and, amid yells of fear and execrations of anger, bade him "Arise, and come forth, and aid:" then the confined form which slept so quietly below, stood by his side, and in beseeching accents, bade him "Arise and save her." In his sleep he attempted to spring up, but a horrid fear restrained him, a fear that he should be too late; then he crouched like a coward beneath his coverings, to hide from the reproaches of the spectre, while shouts of laughter and shrieks of agony were poured like a tempest around him: he sprang from his bed and awoke.

It was some moments ere he could

recover recollection, or shake off the horror which had seized upon his soul. He listened, and with infinite satisfaction observed an unbroken silence throughout the house. He smiled at his own terrors, attributed them to the events of the day, or the presence of a corse, and determined not to look down into the lower room till he should be summoned thither in the morning. He walked to the casement, and looked abroad to the night; the clouds were many, black, and lowering, and the face of the sky looked angrily at the wind, and glared portentously upon the earth: the sleet was still falling; distant thunder announced the approach or departure of a storm, and Owen marked the clouds coming from afar towards him, laden with the rapid and destructive lightning: he shut the casement and returned towards his bed; but the light from below attracted his eye, and he could not pass the aperture without taking one glance at the party.

They were in the same attitude in which he had left them; the servant was sleeping, but Ruth was earnestly gazing on the lower end of the room upon something, without the sight of Owen; his attention was next fixed upon the corpse, and he thought he had never seen any living thing so lovely; and so calm was the aspect of her repose, that it more resembled a temporary suspension of the faculties, than the eternal stupor of death, her features were pale, but not distorted, and there was none of the livid hue of death in her beautiful mouth and lips; but the flowers in her hand gave stronger demonstration of the presence of the power, before whose potency their little strength was fading; drooping with a mortal sickness, they bowed down their heads in submission, as one by one they dropped from her pale and perishing fingers. Owen gazed, till he thought he saw the grasp of her hand relax, and a convulsive smile pass over her cold and rigid features; he looked again; the eye-lids shook and vibrated like the

some fine strung instrument ;
 rose, and the head cloth moved :
 he sprang up, ashamed : " Does the
 of this woman affect all who
 sleep beneath her roof ? " said
 he : " What is this that disturbs me—
 yet in a dream ? Hark ! what

It was the voice of Ruth ;
 risen from her seat, and was
 near the coffin, apparently
 some one who stood at the
 door of the room : " To what
 art thou coming now ? " said she,
 and melancholy voice, " and
 dost thou laugh and gibe ? Lo !
 I am here, and the sin you know
 of me ; how can I take the life
 from thee, who hath already withdrawn ?
 Hence to thy cave of night, for
 no place of safety for thee." " Thou
 art now taking another turn ;
 dost thou intend to hide one from the pur-
 suiters ; " Lie still ! lie still ! " he
 answered ; " put out thy light !
 I will pass by and mark thee not ;
 safe ; good night, good night !
 I will go home to sleep ; " and she
 sat herself in her chair, as if com-
 ing to rest.

He was again bewildered in the
 thought, but for this time he
 tried to subdue his imagination,
 giving himself up upon his bed,
 and gave himself up to sleep ; but
 the images of his former dreams still
 haunted him, and their hideous phan-
 tasms were more powerfully renewed ;
 he heard the solemn psalm of
 David, sung by mortals—it was
 brought from earth up to the high
 by myriads of the viewless and
 mighty : again heard the execrations
 of the angels for some unremembered sin,
 and the wrath and the hatred of a world
 raining upon him : " Come forth !
 I will fight thee ! " was the cry ; and amid
 the howls they were darting upon
 him the pale form of the beauti-
 ful woman arose between them, and shield-
 ed him from their malice ; but he heard
 aloud, " It is for this, that thou
 hast saved me ; arise, arise, and help ! "

He sprang up as he was commanded :
 sleeping or waking he never knew ;
 but he started from his bed to look down
 into the chamber, as he heard the voice
 of Ruth loud in terrific denunciation :
 he looked : she was standing, uttering
 yells of madness and rage, and close to
 her was a well-known form of appalling
 recollection—his father, as he had seen
 him last ; he arose and darted to the
 door : " I am mad," said he ; " I am
 surely mad, or this is still a continua-
 tion of my dream : " he looked again ;
 Ruth was still there, but alone.

But, though no visible form stood by
 the maniac, some fiend had entered her
 soul, and mastered her mighty spirit ;
 she had armed herself with an axe, and
 shouting, " Liar, liar, hence ! " was
 pursuing some imaginary foe to the
 darker side of the cottage : Owen strove
 hard to trace her motions, but as she
 had retreated under the space occupied
 by his bed, he could no longer see her,
 and his eyes involuntarily fastened
 themselves upon the coffin ; there a
 new horror met them ; the dead corpse
 had risen, and with wild and glaring
 eyes was watching the scene before her.
 Owen distrusted his senses till he heard
 the terrific voice of Ruth, as she marked
 the miracle he had witnessed ; " The
 fiend, the robber ! " she yelled, " it is
 he who hath entered the pure body of
 my child. Back to thy cave of blood,
 thou lost one ! back to thine own dark
 hell ! " Owen flew to the door ; it was
 too late, he heard the shriek—the blow :
 he fell into the room, but only in time
 to hear the second blow, and see the
 cleft hand of the hapless Rachel fall
 back upon its bloody pillow ; his ter-
 rible cries brought in the sleepers from
 the barn, headed by the wretched Evan,
 and, for a time, the thunders of heaven
 were drowned in the clamorous grief of
 man. No one dared to approach the
 miserable Ruth, who now, in utter
 frenzy, strode around the room, brand-
 ishing, with diabolical grandeur, the
 bloody axe, and singing a wild song of
 triumph and joy. All fell back as she

approached, and shrunk from the infernal majesty of her terrific form; and the thunders of heaven rolling above their heads, and the flashings of the fires of eternity in their eyes, were less terrible than the savage glare and desperate wrath of the maniac:—suddenly, the house rocked to its foundation; its inmates were blinded for a

moment, and sunk, felled by a stunning blow, to the earth; slowly each man recovered and arose, wondering he was yet alive;—all were unhurt, save one. Ruth Tudor was on the earth, her blackened limbs prostrate beneath the coffin of her child, and her dead cheek resting on the rent and bloody axe;—it had been the destroyer of both.

BILL JONES.

A Tale of Wonder.

“ Murder may pass unpunished for a time,
But tardy justice still o’ertakes the crime:
And oft a speedier pain the guilty feels;
The hue and cry of heaven pursues him at his heels.”

The wild and singular story, upon which this ballad is founded, was first related to the author, Monk Lewis, by his friend Sir Walter Scott, to whom the author was also indebted for the following particulars. Every thing, which falls from the pen of the author of “Marmion” and of “The Lay of the Last Minstrel,” will, doubtless, be read with interest by the public.

“ In spring, 1801, Mr. William C——, Advocate, while travelling to London in the mail coach, had for his companion the person, by whom the following story was originally told. He was a sea-faring man and a native of Liverpool, but had been lately settled at Hamburg, whence he had been driven by the threatened rupture betwixt Britain and the Northern Powers. A magpie having appeared by the side of the road, the seaman made some superstitious observations, exactly to the purpose of the first verses, except that the evil which befel him of the second ill-omened conjunction of three of those birds, was, I believe, a fall from a horse. This led to the story called “Bill Jones,” which the seaman (who had been mate a-board the vessel in which the event happened) told under the evident feelings of the strongest conviction. He mentioned the date of the event, the name of the vessel, and its owner, with those of the captain and murdered man, and gave so circumstantial a detail, as to leave no doubt on the mind of the hearers, that the events, so far as natural, were certainly true, and that the marvellous had been supplied by the superstitious imagination of the sailors. The narrative is literally versified, excepting in the following particulars. The captain shot the sailor with a blunderbuss, and had gone indeed down to the cabin to provide himself with that weapon after the quarrel commenced. The man was on the yard arm when he received the mortal wound, and was handed down by his companions. While he lay dying on the deck, the dialogue passed betwixt him and his murderer, precisely as in the following tale. It may also be mentioned, that the spectre was only affirmed by the mate to be visible to the crew during the night. He had often seen him, he said, himself, on the yard arm. He had interfered to prevent the murder, or, rather after it was over, for which the captain put him in irons, and he was not released, till he had made a submissive apology. The captain communicated, or rather hinted, his resolution of suicide to the narrator, when they were together in the cabin—he said he could not stay—that he must leave the ship—that the spectre, whom they saw but occasionally, was constantly before his eyes, and that he could bear it no longer. At this moment, something obliged the mate to go on deck, when he heard a heavy plunge into the sea, and saw the captain floating astern of the vessel—the drowning man gave a wild cry, exclaiming,—“Bill has me now!”

The sailor left the audience to make their own inference ; he himself seemed rather to insinuate, that the apparition had some immediate share in the captain's death. After this strange story was finished, Mr. C. asked the seaman whether he did not think the captain mad ? He paused, as if the idea had never occurred to him, and answered after some deliberation, he did not think he was ; for unless in the frantic fits of passion, into which he was thrown by the least opposition, he *conversatiomed* well enough.

These circumstances have been very often told me by my friend Mr. C. and the difference here noticed, occurred to us both on reading the poem.—W. SCOTT.

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- “ Now well-a-day !” the sailor said,
 “ Some danger must impend !
 Three ravens sit in yonder glade,
 And harm will happen, I’m sore afraid,
 Ere we reach our journey’s end.”
- “ And what have the ravens with us to do ?
 Does their sight then bode us evil ?”
- “ Why, to find one raven is lucky, ’tis true ;
 But it’s certain misfortune to light upon two,
 And meeting with three is the devil !
- “ I’ve known full threescore years go by,
 And only twice before
 I’ve seen three ravens near me fly ;
 And twice good cause to wish had I,
 That I ne’er might see them more.
- “ The first time, I was wrecked at sea ;
 The second time by fire
 I lost my wife and children three
 That self-same night : and woe is me,
 That I did not then expire.
- “ Still do I hear their screams for aid,
 Which to give was past man’s power !
 I saw in earth their coffins laid—
 Well ! my heart of marble must be made,
 Since it did not break that hour !”
- “ Poor soul, your tale of many woes
 Brings tears into my eyes :
 But think you then such ills arose,
 Because you saw your fancied foes,
 Three ravens near you rise ?
- “ No doubt, since this fantastic fear
 Has thus possess’d your head,
 You firmly believe that ghosts appear,
 And that men rise from the blood-stained bier
 To haunt the murderer’s bed ?”
- “ Believe it, master ? well I may !
 Now mark what I’ll relate :
 For gospel-true are the words I say,
 When I swear, that during three weeks and a day,
 A ghost was my own ship-mate !

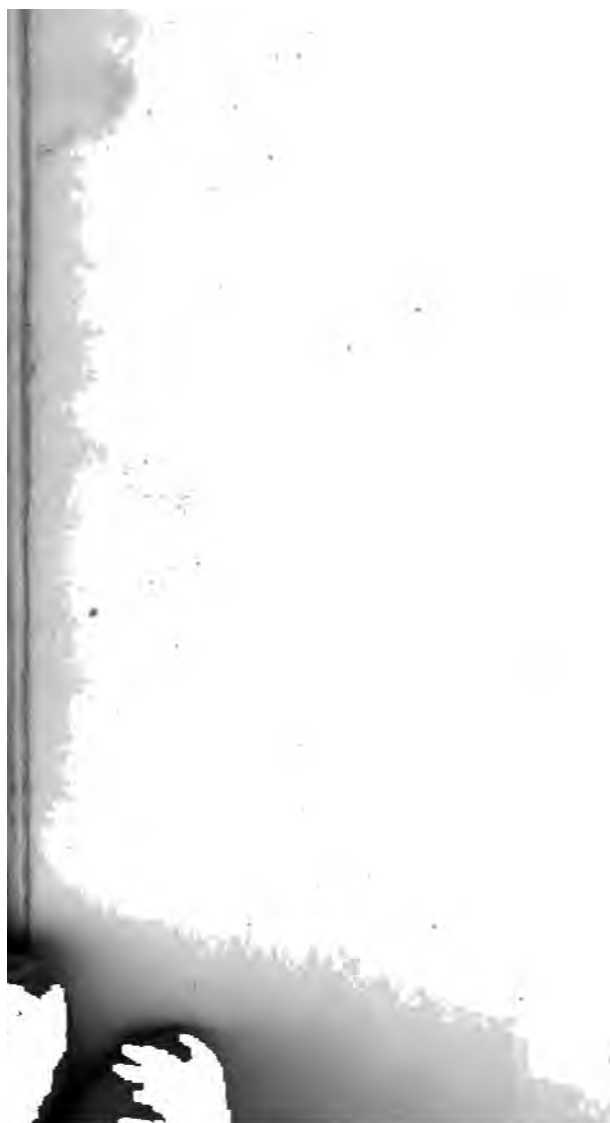
- “ My cash ran low : no beef, no flip,
And the times were hard to live ;
So I e'en resolved to make a trip
For slaves on board a Guinea-ship,
Which crime may God forgive !
- “ Oh ! it's a sad, sad thing to hear
The negroes scream and groan,
And curse the billows, which bear them near
To the tyrant white-man's land of fear,
And far, far away from their own.
- “ But soon the sailor found his part
Scarce better than the slave's ;
For our captain had a tiger's heart,
And he plagued his crew with such barbarous art,
We all wished us in our graves.
- “ We scarce were two days' sail from port,
Ere many a back was flayed :
He flogged us oft in wanton sport,—
His heart was of stone, not flesh—in short,
He was fit for such a trade !
- “ Though each in turn was treated ill,
'Mongst all the crew alone
Bill Jones opposed our tyrant's will :
For Bill was cross, and old, and still
He'd give him back his own.
- “ And many a brutal harsh command
Old Bill had grumbled at,
Till once he was ordered a sail to hand,
When Bill was so weak he scarce could stand ;
But the captain scoffed at that.
- “ For a ' lazy old brute ' poor Bill he abused,
And he forced him aloft to go :
But their duty to do his limbs refused,
And at length from the ropes his hands Bill loosed,
And he fell on the deck below.
- “ Towards him straight the captain flew,
Crying, ' Dog, dost serve me so ? '—
And with devilish spite his sword he drew,
And he ran Bill Jones quite through and through,
And the blow was a mortal blow.
- “ At the point of death poor Bill now lies,
And stains the deck with gore,
And fixing his own on his murderer's eyes,
' Captain, alive or dead,' he cries,
' I'll never leave you more !'
- “ ' You won't ? ' says the captain,—‘ time will show,
If you keep your word or not,
For now in the negro-kettle below,
Old dog, your scoundrel limbs I'll throw,
And I'll see what fat you've got !'

- “ So he caused the cook to make water hot,
And the corpse both flesh and bones,
(To see what fat Bill Jones had got,)
The captain boiled in the negro-pot,
But there wasn't *much* fat in Jones.
- “ If well his word the captain kept,
Bill Jones kept his as well ;
For just at midnight, all who slept,
With one consent from their hammocks leapt,
Roused by a dreadful yell.
- “ Never was heard a more terrible sound !
Fast to the deck we hied ;
And there by the moon-beam's light we found
The murdered man, in spite of his wound,
Sitting close by the steerman's side !
- “ And from that hour among the rest,
Bill served, nor left us more ;
With bloody trowsers, bloody vest,
And bloody shirt, and bloody breast,
Still he stood our eyes before.
- “ And he'd clean the deck, or fill the pail,
Or he'd work with right good will,
To stop a leak or to drive a nail,—
But whenever the business was *handing a sail*,
Then *specially* ready was Bill.
- “ And to share in all things with the crew
Did the spectre never miss :
And when to the cook for his portion due
Each sailor went, Bill Jones went too,
And tendered his platter for *his*.
- “ His face looked pale ; his limbs seemed weak,
His footsteps fell so still,
That to hear their sound you'd vainly seek ;
And to none of the crew did Bill e'er speak,
And none of us spoke to Bill.
- “ But when three weeks had crept away
Just as you now have heard,
The captain came on deck one day,
And quoth he, ‘ My lads, I've something to say,—
Bill Jones is as good as his word.
- “ ‘ He never leaves me day nor night !
But haunts me, haunts me still !
By the midnight lamp I see the sprite,
And when at morn the sky grows light,
The first sunbeam shows me Bill.
- “ ‘ At meals, his pale lips speak the grace,
His cold hand gives the wine :
At every hour, in every place,
To which ever side I turn my face,
Bill's eyes are fixed on mine !’ ”

- “ ‘ Now, lads, my resolution's made,
One means will set me free,
And Bill's pursuit for ever evade—
He comes ! he comes ! then away !’ he said,
And plunged into the sea.
- “ None moved a joint the wretch to save !
All stood with staring eyes !
Each clasped his hands ! a groan each gave !
When lo ! on a sudden above the wave
Once more did the captain rise.
- “ ‘ Fix'd and fearful was his eye,
And pale as a corpse his brow,
And we saw him clap his hands on high,
And we heard him scream with a terrible cry,
‘ By God ! Bill's with me now !’
- “ Then down he sunk through the foaming flood
To Hell, that worst of havens !—
Now Heaven preserve you, Master good,
From perilous rage, and from innocent blood,
And from meeting with three ravens.”



A. work in three vols 12^{mo}
called Tales of the Northern
Nations. Was published in
1823. It contains but part
of the tales published in
this volume. Still it is
scarce, and sells high.



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